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Harper's *Magazine*

AMERICA'S GREATEST NEED TO-DAY

NEW INVESTMENT AND HOW IT COULD BE ORGANIZED

BY GUY GREER

WILL anybody now read an article that is not about the war in Europe? Can anybody be enticed into thinking long and seriously about the economic plight of America, when the war seems to promise a palliative for our ills?

Surely the answer must be yes; for surely there must be some who realize, and many more who suspect, that Europe is a shambles to-day chiefly because during the past quarter of a century one great nation after another has failed to cope with a breakdown of its internal economic machinery no more complete than the breakdown we ourselves have suffered. If our distress has not turned to desperation and driven us into the sort of dictatorship that breeds aggressive war it is only because of our longer tradition of democracy and our immensely greater resources. But our economic sickness has not been cured; and meanwhile here and there over the country, lying low, are would-be *führers*, ready to seize upon the opportunities of an-

other crisis like that of the spring of 1933 and promise salvation in exchange for freedom.

Whatever our feelings about the nightmare in Europe, therefore, our first positive action must be to set our own economic house in order. We must resolve the shameful paradox of want in the midst of plenty, and we must never forget that it would be worse than the repetition of a tragic farce for us again to attempt to make the world safe for democracy until, as the world's richest nation, we have demonstrated that democracy is safe for the world.

Now it happens that during the past year or so data have been assembled and verified which show with certainty what is the fundamental cause of our most devastating depressions. This fundamental cause is rooted in a proven fact—the fact that the savings of the country do not always go in their entirety into investment. The unspent portion, corresponding to a part of the goods and

services offered for sale, lies idle; and consequently there is not enough effective purchasing power in the country to keep our productive equipment in full operation. A downward spiral ensues, and presently we have increasing unemployment and misery, to say nothing of the risk of riot and bloodshed.

The situation back of the fact is complex, though apparently understood and more or less clearly described in learned treatises by a few economists. But such obvious measures as have been proposed to meet it, ranging all the way from complete abolition of government control of industry to so much control that the result would be some brand of socialism, are already—and will be increasingly in the future—among the most controversial subjects in American politics. Those of us, therefore, who have neither the time nor the peculiar sort of training required to read the learned treatises are going to be bewildered, and perhaps unwittingly guilty of grievous mistakes in the influence we exert upon our representatives in Congress and in the White House, unless we can get this intricate mass of facts and tendencies into terms simple enough to be understood and seen in something like total perspective. Let us try, beginning with a parable—remembering that this will result in oversimplification but that it need not distort the picture of the real world thus outlined.

II

Once upon a time there was a great plantation so happily located as to climate and so well endowed as to all kinds of natural resources that it provided the setting for a self-contained economy. It was owned at the time our story opens by a good and intelligent family, and there were many additional families who were tenants or employees. Because of their energy and skill and the wise direction and leadership of the owning family, the whole population enjoyed the increasing prosperity and well-being that the potential wealth of the domain made possible.

Mansions for the owners, great barns and other utility structures, parks and gardens and playgrounds, comfortable dwellings for all the people, splendid school and other community buildings, spreading fields of grain, wide green pastures, sleek horses and cattle, forests and lakes and clear flowing streams, all manner of fish and game—these things and more, enriched by lusty and contented living, made of our plantation a Utopia that would have delighted the heart of Sir Thomas More.

The economic system was in effect feudal; but the owners were so fair-minded and took it so completely for granted that their wealth was held in trust for the benefit of the community that for a long time nobody thought of tampering with the established order. At some period in the dim past an arrangement had been worked out and had become traditional, whereby the owning family took for the purpose of maintaining and improving the plantation, and incidentally for its own use, about one-fourth of the total production. This contribution was made in the form of goods and services—grain and all sorts of food, cotton, wool, flax, hides, and leather, etc., and work performed. Additional work required for improvements was paid for directly in the goods the workmen needed, until the surplus not consumed by the owning family was all employed. Thus the economic system remained constantly in equilibrium: all the savings of the community were promptly spent for investments of one sort or another and became effective purchasing power.

In years of bumper crops greater improvements and additions were made. People had opportunity to work more and for higher wages—although, thanks to the extraordinary productivity of the soil, there was always plenty of leisure for everybody. If more food was produced than could be eaten, the surplus was held over, less was planted the next year, and more labor power—even with plenty of time left to go fishing—was available.

The owning family and everybody else of course stored grain and other necessities against possible bad years.

With the passage of time the owners began to see that a good many of the articles of common use could be better and more efficiently made in shops than in the homes of the people. So in due course a number of shops were started, the workers being paid in goods as before and the rest of the output not needed by the owning family either stored or traded with the rest of the population for such goods as they had to spare. Thus there was at all times a reserve of wealth in consumable form, representing savings, regularly increased by new accumulations and regularly drawn off as investment became permanent wealth.

This perfectly balanced functioning of the economic system continued until a clever member of the owning family got hold of a brilliant idea. He proposed to keep books, in order to determine whether the various enterprises of the community were profitable or not; and under the spell of his genius the owners all agreed with enthusiasm to let him do so. The accounting soon got to be pretty involved, but by the device of pricing everything else in terms of bushels of wheat it was possible to obtain a fairly accurate idea of the status of each business establishment. After a few years the new departure had become the accepted procedure, and the regular annual audit of each enterprise came to be looked upon as an indispensable element in the conduct of affairs. The principle was established that each should stand on its own feet and pay its way—or else!

Late one summer, after an abundant harvest, the accounts were examined as usual and it was discovered that several of the enterprises were running at a loss. There appeared to be nothing to do but shut them down, or at least curtail their operations. Above all it seemed necessary to omit the usual program of expansion of the plantation's productive equipment. The economic system was suffering its first loss of "confidence."

When the obvious measures of business prudence became effective a considerable number of people had been thrown out of work. They were, therefore, unable to exchange anything for their customary share of the output of various other establishments. Some of the other establishments then became unprofitable and were shut down. A substantial portion of the savings of the community had failed to go into investment, and soon the economic system was in a tailspin. By the middle of the winter an alarming number of people were threatened with starvation, avoiding it only by living off their relatives and friends or by accepting charity from the owning family.

Meanwhile the owners were profoundly distressed. Some of them had mastered the principles of economics, and they knew that something was badly wrong somewhere, although for the moment nobody could see just what and where the trouble was. When presently the wealth in the granaries and storehouses began to rot they grew desperate. A council was assembled, and after much deliberation a conclusion was reached that called for nothing less than a revolution. It was realized at last that the laws of economics had not functioned properly because the prevailing order was not capitalism. The automatic forces of the law of supply and demand could not be relied upon to keep the system in equilibrium because, in spite of the benevolence of the owning family, business enterprise was not free. But to change to capitalism would require a veritable *tour de force*. A government would have to be set up, regular money would have to be invented, banks would have to be established.

Debates were long and sometimes furious. But certain members of the owning family had not only read their Adam Smith and David Ricardo but had pondered deeply over the political philosophers, from Plato and Aristotle to Montesquieu and Rousseau. Their learning, combined with their energy, prevailed: the revolution was decreed—

although with the understanding that the owning family should retain control, in the interest of sound administration, of a substantial part of the permanent wealth of the community. Some of the elders did indeed point out that everything had been fine until the bookkeeping started, that the new-fangled notions were to blame for all the trouble; but they were ridiculed for wanting to turn back the clock and promptly overruled. And so, with only the grumbling to be expected from the elders, the younger leaders were instructed to draw up a constitution, which they proceeded to do. After its adoption by the family and by the entire community they were empowered to go ahead as promptly as possible with the establishment of the new order.

The constitution of course was taken up largely with political matters. It dealt also, however, with property and personal rights. Its final form in fact was a compromise between two sharply opposed political philosophies, which forever afterward divided the population into hostile camps, sometimes one faction gaining control of public affairs for a while and sometimes the other. One doctrine, formulated by a handsome and able young foreigner who had come to the plantation as a boy and had been of inestimable help with the revolution and the new government, was to the effect that political power must always be vested in persons of wealth, without too much attention paid to how the wealth had been acquired and retained. The other, vigorously preached by the disciples of Rousseau, was based on a large degree of confidence in the native good sense and the capacity for improvement through education of all the people. This philosophy in later years came to be called democracy, and nearly everybody paid lip service to it, although in the far future a good many of its nominal adherents were in their hearts believers in the opposing doctrine.

Meanwhile the depression had ended, chiefly because the accumulated savings had rotted. After a year or so main-

tenance requirements, to say nothing of the new improvements started when confidence returned, were such as to provide all the employment anybody wanted.

III

From its inception the new order had its ups and downs. As the population increased a large tract of adjoining land was annexed and an era of expansion set in. Capitalism soon demonstrated that it was a powerful force for progress. The system of money and banking did indeed cause a good deal of trouble. Moreover, depressions occurred from time to time in a manner that could not be fully harmonized with accepted economic principles. But most of the economists, from generation to generation, managed to explain away the inconsistencies. Now and then a bold thinker would discover and proclaim that, in spite of the establishment of capitalism, enterprise was not and never had been free for everybody; that on account of the concentration of wealth and the increasing outlays required for capital equipment, fewer and fewer people could in fact set themselves up in business; that for this reason, combined with numerous other unforeseen impediments to the free operation of the law of supply and demand, automatic forces alone could not be relied upon to regulate the economic system. But when demagogues used distorted versions of these teachings to stir up the people the rulers stood firm against radical proposals.

Eventually the money and banking system was perfected and provided with so great a degree of flexibility that it alone could no longer be blamed for the recurring disruptions of economic life. To the chagrin of the monetary theorists, however, depressions continued to occur. They caused a good deal of hardship, although the available free land permitted those thrown out of work eventually either to start all over again on farms or to find employment in other ways of pushing back the frontier.

There came a time when the frontier had disappeared and the only means of keeping the still increasing population employed was through expansion and better use of the enormous resources of the plantation itself. In point of fact such expansion and better use had already made extraordinary progress. Abundant iron and other minerals, including coal and oil, had been discovered, and a great industrial development had taken place. The very nature of the society had been changed; agriculture remained important but the predominant activity was now industrial.

Inevitably, therefore, the economic organization of the community had become very complicated. Wealth was more widely distributed, although the large accumulations were still in the hands of a small percentage of the population. Even when the great business and industrial establishments were actually owned by a multitude of stockholders, their effective control remained with small groups that were practically self-perpetuating. The original owning family had more or less petered out, its survivors taking little or no part in the conduct of affairs, but a number of new fortunes had been built up by energetic individuals (some of whom had been immensely useful to the community). Evidences of wealth now consisted for the most part of paper claims—bonds, mortgages, stock certificates, and the like. There was a maze of debt—among banks, business establishments, individuals, and the Government itself—adding a rigidity to the economic system that fatally hampered the automatic forces making for its balanced functioning. There were even foreign debts, for by this time the plantation was trading briskly with the rest of the world. A somewhat peculiar kind of debt was that arising out of sales of goods on the installment plan, to people who were expected to pay for them out of future income.

Savings were now concentrated either in the great institutions such as the

various kinds of banks and insurance companies or in the possession of a few individuals with incomes so large they could not spend them all on consumption. Most people simply turned over to these institutions the money they wished to save, with the understanding that they could get it back when they needed it, and then forgot all about it. The institutions and the wealthy individuals, assisted by the investment bankers, took care of the actual investment of the bulk of the savings—sometimes wisely and sometimes not.

In the midst of what appeared to be the most magnificent prosperity in the plantation's history there came a depression that seemed incomparably worse than any of its predecessors. It struck the feverishly optimistic community with such suddenness and force that bankers, business leaders, statesmen, to say nothing of orthodox economists and well nigh everybody else, were knocked positively dizzy. According to the accepted rules of the game, it should not have occurred.

Gradually, as the government made half-hearted efforts to control the situation, a certain degree of ability to think returned. And then began the search for comforting explanations of what had happened, explanations that would not call for any fundamental change in the control of the wealth of the community. Everything, from spots on the sun and a recent world war to the extravagance of the people and the morals of the younger generation, was declared by one pundit or another to be to blame. It was not until after some years of patient collection and analysis of facts that the villain was discovered to be the same old failure of savings to flow into investment that had caused the breakdowns of the past.

IV

The analysis leading to this conclusion about our imaginary plantation (which has now served its purpose) is based on a statement describing the circuit of money under modern capitalism, which is true

by definition wherever there is a properly functioning money and banking system: *In the production and marketing of any item of goods or services enough purchasing power is created to buy it at the price it brings.* The owners of the land or the productive equipment or of the brain or muscle power involved, the producers or the transformers at the various stages, the transporters, the intermediate traders, and the ultimate vendors do actually receive in the aggregate (when all their takings are added up), as purchase price for materials, rent, interest, fees, wages, commissions and the like, and profits, exactly the price for which the item is finally sold. (If it is sold at a loss the last entry in the list of receipts to be added up will be a negative quantity.) The statement is true as regards everything produced and sold in the entire economic system, for the same reason that a balance sheet always balances (because there is always added at the bottom of one side or the other a sum labeled "surplus" or "deficit" sufficient to make it balance). It follows, therefore, that there will always be in the community enough purchasing power to buy the maximum possible output of goods and services, if only the final step in the process, namely *sale*, is taken. To keep the system functioning at any given level of activity—such, for example, as to have substantially all the equipment and manpower employed (with the output increasing if there is an improvement in efficiency)—the total purchasing power currently created must be currently spent, including, paradoxically, the part of it which is saved. That is to say, the savings must go into investment and thus be paid out for materials, labor, etc., to people who again will spend the bulk of them for goods and services and save the rest for further investment, the process being repeated indefinitely so that all the purchasing power keeps moving. If any substantial portion of it stops for an appreciable period there is likely to be trouble. A war, rebuilding operations after a great calamity such as an earth-

quake or fire, a large volume of foreign loans, an increasing use of installment credit, or a mere expansion of ordinary bank credit (through government deficits or otherwise), might have temporarily the same effect as genuine investment, thus tending to postpone the advent of a depression; but sooner or later the fundamental lack of balance will play havoc.

Recent statistical compilations have shown that it has indeed played havoc in the United States. In May, 1939, the Temporary National Economic Committee summoned a number of investigators to present their findings on the subject of savings and investment, among them Dr. Lauchlin Currie, then of the Federal Reserve System, and Dr. Alvin Hansen of Harvard University. Of the many facts revealed by their testimony the most significant was this: that even during the boom years of the twenties the demand for genuine investment money fell short of the volume of savings. In the hectic activity of the time the true state of affairs was obscured, because substantial portions of our surplus funds were being used for foreign loans, for speculation in the securities markets, and for a continuing increase in the volume of installment debt. Owing to the extreme flexibility of our credit facilities, the consequences of what was going on could be postponed for a time. The economic system was like a great machine driven faster and faster, but constructed in some of its vital parts of materials that were full of flaws, so that sooner or later it was bound to break down and tear itself to pieces.

Opportunities which would attract investment by private enterprise have been for a long time falling short of the volume of savings available, and the situation in this respect seems to be getting worse from year to year. The rate of growth of our population is known to be falling off and the increase may be expected shortly to stop entirely. With a stationary population we can no longer as in the past count on a rapidly mounting number of people in the country for

an increased demand for goods and for the capital equipment to make them. The demand will have to be increased, if at all, by raising our standard of living. Foreign loans, as far as we can see into the future, are not likely to absorb any considerable volume of our savings. Existing industries can maintain their plant and equipment, and indeed expand them, out of surpluses and presently allocated depreciation reserves; for improvements in technological efficiency are constantly reducing the cost of industrial plant and machinery. No great new industry, calling for heavy capital investment, can be expected to appear in the immediate future—although of course nobody knows what the far future may hold. At any rate there is none on the horizon.

These are facts about which there is little dispute, except as regards the actual amount of savings involved and the extent to which some of the uses made of them prior to the collapse of 1929 represented genuine investment. But controversy begins when the conclusion is drawn, that in order to effect a real recovery from the present depression and to prevent still worse ones in years to come, the Government must intervene in far greater measure than it has done heretofore.

Generally speaking, the conservative elements of both our political parties reject the conclusion. The liberals, or progressives, for the most part accept it, although there are wide differences of opinion among them as to just what form the intervention of the Government should take. Nearly all of them agree, however, that effective measures must be taken, both to increase consumption by reducing the volume of savings and to make sure that the full amount of the savings actually accumulated shall go promptly into investment. The spokesmen of practically all conflicting schools of thought are able to find theoretical justification for their arguments in the teachings of the founding fathers. Jefferson, for example, is declared by both the

conservatives and the progressives to be their inspiration—a circumstance which would suggest that, apart from policies favoring or opposing the Hamiltonian doctrine of vesting all power in an oligarchy of wealth, the teachings of the founding fathers are irrelevant to the facts and tendencies that challenge us to-day.

V

The conservatives base their case partly on what they believe to be a realistic philosophy of economic development and partly on questioning the importance of the facts summarized above. But their main arguments rest on the enormous possibilities known to be still remaining, for expansion of our productive equipment, and on the hair-raising danger which they deem unavoidable, that once the Government starts directing savings into investment there will be no stopping until we have gone into Fascism or Communism.

Most conservatives accept recurring periods of depression as an inescapable accompaniment of the operations of capitalism. They would do everything possible to mitigate the painful effects of such periods, short of seriously hampering freedom of enterprise; but they would expect the Nation to bear the suffering that is unavoidable, as the price of freedom and of the extraordinary progress made in the intervals between depressions. They recognize that complete freedom of enterprise for everybody is an unattainable ideal, and they even admit that the utmost freedom we can hope for will result in concentrations of financial and economic power so great that freedom for others will be somewhat curtailed. Consequently they would have the Government protect these others through the establishment and enforcement of rules, particularly where monopolies or virtual monopolies have grown up. But they would limit the Government's role to that of an umpire and would not under any circumstances permit it to go directly into business in com-

petition with the monopolies or take them over and run them itself.

They do not question the facts of recent economic history nor do they deny that in all probability our population will soon stop increasing. Moreover, they do not pretend to see on the horizon just now any great new industry that will require large capital outlays. But they assert that the importance of the facts has been greatly exaggerated. Foreign loans, they point out, might be wholly eliminated without drastic consequences. Even with a stationary population, the number of families in the country (because of the smaller number of persons per family) may be expected to go on increasing for many years, perhaps for generations; and this will have much the same effect on the demand for many classes of durable goods—houses and household equipment, for example—as would a continuing increase in population. Nobody, they insist, has the right to predict what our requirements for new capital equipment will be, particularly in view of the needs and desires of the American people for more goods and services.

From here on the conservative argument that all our savings will be absorbed through private initiative rests on the same set of facts and circumstances that for a decade has been driving many of us, whether conservatives or progressives, into a frenzy of frustration—a country incredibly rich in everything necessary for an abundant life for everybody, millions of people competent and eager to go to work and make the potential abundance real, and the same millions idle and threatened with starvation and billions of dollars' worth of capital equipment rusting and rotting!

Such a state of affairs is an insult to common sense. If we could forget the past ten years we might reasonably expect that nothing more than a widespread realization of the monstrous absurdity of the situation would be required to end it. And if then we could forget what was going on during the 'twenties,

when business and private enterprise in general were subject to a minimum of governmental interference or regulation, we might be prepared to accept the conservative case all along the line. We might even agree that the present lack of "confidence" among enterprisers and business leaders is the fault of the Government if only we could overlook the fact that "confidence" disappeared and did not reappear under an Administration that made a fetish of relying on and encouraging private enterprise and rugged individualism to solve all our economic problems.

Many of us would be relieved and happy to accept the thesis of the conservatives if we could; for we recognize that their final argument, based on the danger of a drift into totalitarianism, must be taken very seriously indeed. When they remind us that if the Government begins to supplant private enterprise in the vital matter of directing the investment of our savings there will be a strong tendency for all private enterprise to stop expanding we are obliged to take account of the danger signal they are waving. And we dare not ignore their warnings with respect to the enormous economic power that might accrue to the political group in control of the Government, reaching into every community in the land and enabling it to avoid defeat in elections and to become a dictatorship whenever it liked.

On their face these dangers would seem to put those of us who call ourselves progressives in a dilemma. We are convinced, and there is an overwhelming array of factual evidence to prove our conviction, that we dare not any longer rely entirely on private enterprise to keep our economic system in equilibrium. Many of us have come to believe that we shall never recover from the present depression (except perhaps temporarily by getting mixed up with the war in Europe) until the Government has taken measures much more far-reaching than any that have been taken or seriously considered by Congress to date. Consequently we

believe ourselves to be already impaled on one horn of the dilemma. We are sure, moreover, from our study of recent experience, that no Administration, whether conservative or progressive, can be expected to resist the pressure of public opinion for governmental intervention in a serious depression, either through the rescue of big business and finance on the theory of relief from the top down or through measures of direct relief from the bottom up. And we know, whatever we may think of the chances of recovery through letting deflation run its course, that intervention such as that started by the Hoover Administration and continued (on a different philosophy) by the Roosevelt Administration, will delay and in all probability nullify the action of such automatic forces as might otherwise be counted upon to bring about recovery. We are driven to the conclusion, therefore, that the Government must act now, before another crisis comes and provides an opportunity for a new incarnation of Huey Long or for Father Coughlin himself, or for some other imitator of Adolf Hitler, to make capital of the wretchedness and despair of millions of our people.

And yet we are obliged to recognize the danger of precipitate action. The fears of the conservatives are sincere and worthy of all respect. If in disengaging ourselves from one horn of the dilemma we cannot avoid falling on the other our predicament is desperate indeed.

I believe that it is dangerous but not desperate; that we *can* free ourselves from the horn representing our present unbearable position and at the same time keep clear of the other. But we can do so only by constantly remembering that the horn representing Fascism or Communism is, and always will be, nearby, and that we shall surely fall upon it if we make a misstep. We shall have to adopt now all the safeguards we can devise against the contingencies foreseen by the conservatives and we must be prepared as time goes on to devise and adopt new ones to avoid the new dangers that ex-

perience will reveal. Eternal vigilance will still be the price of our freedom.

VI

Having stated my conviction that the Government must intervene to make sure that the Nation's savings are offset by its investments and that it can do this without destroying the essentials of our democratic system, I have of course assumed the obligation to go on and say how. I shall do so in the remainder of this article, devoting the discussion primarily to the matter of investment (although recognizing that even now the increase in consumption by reduction of savings may be actually more important); but first I wish to make it clear that I am not the spokesman for any group or faction. Moreover, I do not intend to make any argument for or against the lending bill that Congress defeated last summer, for the plan I shall outline is based on a different procedure.

Our immediate action, as well as all measures taken thereafter, should be based on the time-tested principle that our economic system must provide for everybody the greatest degree of individual liberty that is compatible with its reasonably efficient and regular functioning. Save only in dire emergency, private enterprise must have complete freedom from governmental intervention or competition in those fields of economic activity where all four of the following conditions prevail:

1. There is still the need and the prospect of important technological or organizational advances;
2. There is (or will be in the case of new activities) genuine competition among the persons or concerns engaged to improve quality and lower price;
3. There is the promise of substantial profits to be gained, not by financial manipulation, but through improvement of quality and lowering of price, and
4. There is evidence, not too long delayed in the case of activities essential to the general welfare, that private initiative is aware of and prepared to take advantage of its opportunities.

The substance of the foregoing should be embodied in the preamble of a new law, to the end that all potential enterprisers and venturesome investors may know with certainty where their opportunities lie. And it would do no harm to add a reaffirmation of our purpose to maintain forever, come what may, complete freedom for everybody to say or write and publish anything he pleases about the Government and its business and political activities.

If all the various kinds of industry and business in the country are tested by these four criteria it will be seen that the bulk of our economic activity would be left entirely free for private initiative. Included would be all farming operations, practically all manufacturing and mining (except where virtually complete monopolies have developed), all wholesale and retail trade, whether domestic or foreign, banking and insurance (with necessary regulation), all imaginable new industries, all private and much of our public transportation, most of the service industries, and the professions. Railroads and public utilities would not qualify, although in the case of both there is still an urgent need for technological and organizational advances. Residential construction for the mass market, which, together with the railroads and public utilities, constitute a potentially profitable field for the investment of a very large portion of our savings, qualifies under the first three of the criteria, but is questionable as regards the fourth. Housing, except for the luxury market, has been almost entirely neglected by private enterprise; but it is of such importance to the general welfare that it will continue to be a special problem, and a suggestion as to what might be done to solve it will be made presently. In the meanwhile let us get on with a description of the new law mentioned a while ago.

It should provide for the creation of a separate Department, of Cabinet rank, to be charged with making investments for the Government. It should not, however, provide for control or operation

of any industry except in case of generally acknowledged necessity. Investment should be clearly defined, and the activities of the Department should be completely segregated from all relief activities or other emergency measures. The law itself should list the industries or businesses in which the Department could invest and it should lay down the conditions under which investment could be made. It should provide further that no new field of investment could be entered by the Department until specifically authorized by Congress, after public hearings and full opportunity for discussion and debate. At the outset the list of eligible industries might be limited to railroads and public utilities, and the primary condition for investment in their securities would be their complete reorganization, both technical and financial, solely in the national interest (with confidence that this would result also in reasonable and stable net earnings). Possibly a separate law, under the interstate-commerce clause of the Constitution, might be required to compel the necessary reorganization.

In the case of the railroads the plans devised just after the first World War, by the Interstate Commerce Commission and other groups, should be dusted off and re-examined. Out of a study of these should come the specifications for a railroad system designed for the best service to the Nation as a whole that our technical resources can provide. Probably the result would involve a number of regional systems, each operated by a separate company but co-ordinated with all the others. Each should own and operate all the lines and equipment in its area. Useless lines should be eliminated and all obsolete equipment should be replaced by the best and most efficient that can be built. The terminal facilities in many of our cities should be reorganized and reconstructed. All existing lines needing improvement should be improved (including their electrification where feasible) and such new lines as are required should be built.

All this of course would require an immense amount of money. The bulk of it would be supplied by the Department of Investments from funds obtained through selling its own bonds (fully guaranteed by the Government) to those persons and institutions in possession of savings—unless it should happen that the holders of savings wished to invest them directly.

But the new investment would take place only after a fundamental financial renovation and reorganization of each regional system. This would begin with a valuation of the property and the issue of only one class of common stock for the full amount, which would be exchanged on a fair and equitable basis for all securities of all classes now outstanding. (I know this would be a difficult and enormously complicated transaction, but I know it could be done.) New stock (of the same class as that exchanged for existing securities) would be issued to cover the new expenditures, and the Department of Investments would stand ready to take it all. Opportunity should be offered, however, to such investment bankers as might wish to do so, to underwrite sizeable blocks of it (all of it if they could) and sell it to the public.

As a stockholder, the Department of Investments would have the same rights as any other stockholder, no more and no less, exercising the prerogatives of its share in ownership through voting for members of the Board of Directors. That it would exercise them wisely, by helping the other stockholders to obtain a Board composed of the most competent men to be found in the country, is not an unreasonable expectation.

Simultaneously with the reorganization and rehabilitation of the railroads, we should undertake a similar operation with respect to the public utilities. Here again for several years would be provided a constructive use for a large volume of our savings. With both operations going on, it is not too much to hope that the total amount available would be absorbed, especially in view of the feeling

of confidence that might be expected to revive among potential enterprisers and investors in those fields which would have been definitely reserved for private initiative.

The Department of Investments should be charged with handling the capital account of the Government and a long overdue reform of our national book-keeping should be carried out. The functions of the Department should be entirely separated from the budget and from regular Treasury operations. It should take over all existing obligations of the Government that can be unequivocally offset by assets turned over to it which meet the specifications for eligible investments. It should be required to publish annual reports showing in detail its assets and liabilities and the financial results of its transactions—all subject of course to criticism, whether fair or unfair or by wise men or by fools. Its administration should be strictly on the merit system and, through a requirement of standardized accounting practices, it would be made more readily responsive to the will of its ultimate owners than are the directors and managers of our great private corporations to their stockholders.

Investments should be defined to include only such property as has a demonstrable cash value corresponding to its cost to the Department. For the time being only those investments should be declared eligible which give promise of fair cash earnings. Possibly at a later date this rigorous requirement might be somewhat relaxed, to permit a wider range of investment, especially if, as would be likely, operations of the Department should prove profitable. Moreover, the Department might very well be permitted to own certain classes of real property, such as public buildings, which could be rented to governmental agencies. Perhaps also the securities might be purchased of such enterprises as toll bridges, or even of the public works of States and cities where taxes are levied for the specific purpose of meeting

their charges for construction and operation.

All the influence of the Department should be exerted to change the form of investment everywhere from evidences of debt to actual ownership or participation therein—stocks instead of bonds—thus aiding in a long overdue rationalization of the capital structure of business and industry.

Such a plan of governmental participation in industry and commerce is not new in the modern world. Essentially the same procedure has been followed on a large scale in Sweden and other democratic countries, not only with respect to railroads and public utilities but also in the fields of mining, water transport, airways, and several others. Indeed, the stock of the railroads and public utilities is often owned by combinations of municipal, provincial, and other local governments, with the national government participating in varying degrees, but with private investors also holding substantial interests. All these take part in choosing the Boards of Directors, and it is well known to students of the problem that the system has worked exceedingly well.

This is not intended to be a discussion of housing, which is a difficult enough problem on its own account. But a suggestion has been promised and here it is: Apart from the matter of slum elimination, which is essentially a social problem, the Government should not take measures with respect to housing comparable to those recommended for railroads and public utilities—at least not yet—although the problem is actually more urgent. Certain stimulants, in addition to those already being administered, should be tried, particularly in the field of good housing for rent and for sale to families with incomes under two thousand dollars a year. Some sort of new governmental encouragement should be offered, perhaps in the form of a guarantee for a limited period of a minimum return on the entire investment (not merely insurance of mortgages), which

might be expected to result in the organization of a number of very large housing companies, building both for rental and for sale and operating with the efficiency of mass production over wide areas. First among the underlying causes of the failure of residential construction to become a modern industry is the fact that it is a local small-scale industry. Large companies, therefore, financially strong enough to tackle the other obstacles to adequate quantities of good housing at low prices, are so urgently needed that the possible cost of the sort of guarantee just mentioned would be small indeed in comparison with the benefits—especially in view of the danger that public opinion will demand and compel far more drastic action than this if private initiative delays much longer in coming to grips with the problem.

VII

The situation I have tried to clarify presents a challenge to all who truly hold with the principles of democracy. It is the most fateful test that those principles have ever had to meet. Likewise the line of remedial action suggested, or the better one that someone else may bring forward; whatever the measures undertaken, they will call for the best thinking and the steadiest nerves we can muster. For we must keep ever in mind the dreadful fact that a number of great nations, probably no less competent though less well endowed with material resources than we are, have tried to manage similar situations and failed—failed so tragically that they are now destroying themselves.

The proposals I have outlined are not intended to cure all our economic ills. There will remain all sorts of problems, such as the irreducible minimum of unemployment, agricultural complications, menacing public and private debt, labor relations, irrational taxation, the increase in the average age of our population, bituminous coal mining, oil supply depletion, migration of populations, soil

erosion, and many more. Our cities are from almost every physical point of view a mess; huge investments from savings will be required to put them right. But solution of all these problems will be immeasurably simplified by an even flow of savings into investment. To try to solve them without this would be like trying to cure festering sores with the circulatory system debilitated by a diseased though curable heart.

Given only brief mention in this discussion is an aspect of the problem of savings and investment that may, as suggested, be even more important than the aspect considered—the probability that in future we shall not need to save so large a proportion of our national income as in the past, that instead we positively ought to consume more of it. Several other countries, including especially England, have in recent years actually experienced substantial reductions in the percentage of the national income saved, to the unmistakable advantage of the economy as a whole. Proposals to this end in our own country include an extension of the principle of old-age

pensions, so that people will not feel obliged to save for their declining years. Another method, employed already to some degree, is that of high taxes on incomes so large that the recipients cannot spend them all on consumption. Such measures, as well as others which will no doubt be proposed, will call for consideration in the light of all the facts and the potential gains and losses to our democratic system that might follow their application.

Our greatest need just now is confidence in ourselves, confidence in our ability to make democracy work. Haunting doubts and fears on this score, far more than the dread of any governmental action taken or proposed, constitute the real reason for our seeming poverty in bold enterprisers. We are in a vicious circle: without confidence we cannot do the things necessary to make democracy work, but democracy has to work in order that we may have confidence. We shall break the circle when we can see that courageous action promises better than an even chance of salvation.





THE SECRET FOE

A STORY

BY HELEN HULL

LEWIS HENDRICK climbed the hill to the College. The strong west wind rushed up the tunnel of the street, flapping his spring overcoat, whisking past his head with a tang of abattoirs. The spring sunlight lay thin and without warmth on the wide plaza of steps which led to the college buildings. Lewis noted that the iris spears of green, in spite of the continued cold, had thrust themselves out of the tangled old leaves. A late spring this year. He walked toward his office slowly, moving with resistance to the rush of the wind, setting his feet down like a heavy, elderly man. He was neither old nor heavy, but his tall, spare body had something too like fumbling in its motion. A few hardy young things, boys and girls, perched on the stone benches. Lewis did not glance at them; they all looked alike; he had stopped years ago trying to recognize students outside the classroom. The library cut off the wind, and he went more slowly, his reluctance almost a physical barrier. As he had left the apartment Judith, his wife, had called from her bedroom, where she was trying to sleep off a bad headache, "Be sure to telephone when you reach the office."

"There may be no news this morning," he had said.

"But the Trustees had their meeting yesterday! I'd call you, but you're never in the office when I call, at least your secretary tells me that!"

"I wish you wouldn't count on it so,"

he had said. "They're paring the budget right and left; what chance have I for a promotion?"

"If you'd only do something instead of taking that attitude!"

She hadn't lifted her head to look at him; he had closed her door before he gave a weary shrug.

Someone burst out of the Psychology Building, strode along the walk, bare-headed, arms swinging. Ridley. Lewis didn't want to meet him! He stood stock still, but Ridley saw him, fairly jumped for him, his face keen, hard, triumphant.

"Ah, Hendrick!" He waved a blue envelope in Lewis's face. "Did you get yours? Right in the middle of my desk, pretty little flower that blooms in the spring, tra-la! We take pleasure, ah, but not so much as I do, my dear President!"

"Congratulations," said Lewis dryly. He saw the secret malice in Ridley's eyes. "I haven't seen my mail yet." Unwillingly he added, "I didn't know you were up."

"Yes, I was. Up and not down." His diaphragm expanded, he snapped at the envelope. "It was that monograph that did it. Got me two other offers, you see. Well, hope you have a break too."

He knows damned well I haven't, thought Lewis as he entered the building. His mouth felt dry, coated with the dust of defeat. Monographs, offers!

"You've been here long enough, Hendrick," the Dean had told him; "your teaching is valuable. But, to speak frankly, you haven't produced enough. But you're going up this year, and I'll see what I can do for you. It might have been wiser if you hadn't taken on summer school, and that extension course too. You haven't left much leeway."

"Leeway doesn't take up the slack in the budget," said Lewis. Perhaps a family was a luxury no academic man should have. Schools, camps, food, doctors, nurses, servants. Funny, Judith had been so well, so indefatigable, so apparently indestructible, when they married.

He tried the handle of the office door and reached for his key. He was glad Frieda Kane, the secretary, hadn't come yet. As a matter of fact, he had come early to make sure he could look over the mail first. Why, Ridley had been in the department only three years—against the twenty Lewis had given. Most of the twenty Frieda had been the secretary. Not much she didn't know about the inner workings.

He had known there would be no blue envelope, but in spite of that he went through the little pile of letters twice, his fingers awkward, his thin face set in its habitual mask of indifference. What he hadn't known was that Ridley would be given his promotion. For by rights it belonged to Lewis. Conceited, bombastic young upstart! Lewis hated him, wearily, without fire. Judith would say shrilly, "They didn't pare the budget when it came to Ridley, did they?"

Lewis opened the letters methodically, reading circulars which advertised new texts on psychology as if he really had some interest in them. He found a note from Parker, adviser in extension: would Professor Hendrick drop in as soon as possible to talk over his son, Gilbert. He heard voices in the hall, some activity in the main office across the way, and presently Miss Kane opened his door.

"Have you any dictation this morning, Professor Hendrick?"

Lewis turned in his chair and looked at her. He was thinking how pretty she had been when she first appeared as secretary. Blonde, some Scandinavian blood, quiet, smooth, slight, competent. Gray shows slowly in fair hair; he hadn't really seen before how streaked with ash her hair had grown. She still wore it in a braid round her small head, and her eyes were as clear and blue as ever, although her soft skin had wrinkles now. And hips spread when a girl sits all day at a typewriter. She knows all about it, he thought, I won't have her pity!

"Nothing," he said. "If I need you I'll send for you."

She ruffled the pages of the stenographer's notebook she carried, her generous mouth, usually so firm, curiously pursed. Lewis swung round in his chair, making a show of opening his portfolio. He heard her close the door. He stared at the desk telephone; the wire coiled round the cord to prevent kinks began to move under his eyes; it was circumfluent, its coiling a slow, continuous movement. If he picked up the instrument the coiling would reach his throat, it would strangle him, and Judith's sobbing when he told her would strangle him. She would be angry if he didn't call, but she would be angry anyway.

He had a class at ten, and no lecture ready. He jerked open a drawer of the metal filing case and fumbled through the papers. His hands had a queer gray look, the skin tight over long fingers and large knuckles, the triangle of dark hair on the back like pencil-strokes of shading. He should have worked out a new lecture; the typed sheets showed their age, discolored along the edges. Miss Kane would copy it if he asked, but after hours. She was overworked anyway; he was supposed to give her nothing but department letters. He thumbed over the pages. When he had written them they were fair. He should have checked over several new volumes—that Gestalt theory . . . Oh, God, what difference did it make? He had enough to fill the hour, he would read it in his unresonant voice,

and his weariness would communicate itself to the bored students. He couldn't even teach any more!

He gave the lecture at ten and again at eleven. He was supposed to lunch at the Faculty Club on Tuesday, to give the maid time for the ironing, but he walked straight past the building and down the rocky slope of the little park. The wind was high above him in the branches of the tall trees, and he found a bench against a steep black face of rock. The branches waved under the smoke-dulled blue of the sky, scarcely a sign of swelling buds as yet. Perhaps spring wouldn't come this year. One way, a bleak way, to end the world. He sat so still, hands on his knees, shoulders rounded, that a gray squirrel, after several sorties, came to sit almost at his feet, his paws folded against his pale soft breast, his hard bright eyes fixed on Lewis, his plume jerking. Lewis moved one foot, and the squirrel streaked away. I won't be stared at, said Lewis; your eyes are like Ridley's.

He was a coward of course, but he did not wish to go home. The end of the day marched toward him; almost one o'clock now, there was no time to acclimate himself to this new evidence of failure. He should be indurated to failure by now, it was no foreign clime for him! If he only had a day or two to himself before he had to face Judith. He realized how hard it was for her, that she had placed all her passion of ambition, of pride in his clumsy hands. He thought, as he had thought so often that he no longer needed words for recognition, that if only she had gone on with her music she might have had some pleasure in it. But not Judith, when she learned after some years of training that her voice was too small a thing for concert work or opera. Years since he had heard her sing. "I can't. I'm out of practice. I haven't the energy." He had loved her voice, its quality had the essence of the woman, heartbreaking with its pure fire, its passion.

And now the boy had disappointed her too. He would be hanging about

the apartment, moody, irritable. I ought to see his adviser to-day, he thought. You'd think he'd buckle down and work when they agreed to let him back in college if he made a good record this semester. I don't see what possesses him! "You're just like your father," Judith would say, and both he and Gilbert would know she meant it for the worst diatribe she could find.

It would be better if I were dead, thought Lewis, and lifted his head a little, surprised. Why, that's really true. She'd have enough to live on, more than we have now with the annuity, the insurance. It might be better for the boy too, with me off the scene. Sally would miss me. That girl climbing the long flight of steps lightly, as if she felt too alive for any pull of gravity, was at this distance a little like Sally, slim, quick, a kind of gaiety about her movements. But Sally had her own life, job, husband. She wouldn't ache much with missing her father, she'd get over it. Sally had courage. Look at the way she'd stood up to her mother about getting married. Judith had fought with all her weapons, ridicule, reason, migraine, and Sally had taken young Carver down to the Justice of the Peace. Carver may turn out all right, Judith had said; he's so young no one can tell, he has no money, he's certainly queer looking, no distinction, you can make a brilliant marriage, why waste yourself? At least wait till he can support you. It ruins a man to have a wife who's independent. No wife has time for anything except her husband's career, it's folly, madness, I won't have it! Sally had come over to the office to tell Lewis what she meant to do. She had graduated from college in June, she had her first job, a small one in the text-book section of a publishing house. Carver had his degree in law; he was not much more than office boy in a firm on Exchange Street. "You shouldn't have told me," said Lewis. "Your mother will not forgive me for knowing."

"Don't let her guess you know!" He could even now feel the fine, fragrant

smoothness of her young face against his. "You know, Bill agrees with me about having a job. That way, I won't run him ragged. You see, I *am* a little like Mother."

"You're not!" The very violence of his protest had been almost a betrayal; he had jumped to his feet and gone to stand at the window of the office, wishing Sally not to see his face. After a moment she had said lightly:

"I just mean she should have been President or something, and then she could lay off us. When you've been away from home and come back you see more. I adore my Bill, but I won't make him my life work."

"Don't you want children?"

"Sure! Quite a bunch of them. But later. If I'm good at my job I can get time off for a baby. Lots of girls I know do."

That had been last fall, and so far Sally had lost none of that gay, almost luminous happiness. Bill was working hard, but he seemed contented too. Lewis counted the months on his fingers. Eight. That was a long time to stay happy; perhaps it was a test. Sally wouldn't think much of him and his morbid thoughts, would she? But there might be some way, some kind of accident. He was cold. A shiver rippled through his nerves. Someone walking on my grave, he thought wryly, and got to his feet. How peaceful it would be to be forever deaf and blind and sleeping.

He'd walk across to Main Street and have coffee at some drugstore counter. He couldn't eat. I have broken the bread of bitterness, I have drunk the wine of defeat. He walked several blocks before he took a side street, to avoid the College and anyone who might know him. He looked at the men and women he passed, his eyes searching and reflective. How did life taste to each of them, he wondered, what did they live by, what was the pattern, what kept each going? Headlines of afternoon papers on a stand screamed at him of Danzig, Poland, and

he thought, with distaste, what is my private life in such a world? Then he thought, whatever the world is, a man dwells within himself. He might enlist, go fight for Poland. He was too old, he'd never elude pursuit and capture if he tried that way out. The coffee warmed him, and he turned back to the routine of the afternoon.

At five he let himself again into his office. The hours of work had numbed him, although he had been aware that just outside the margin of his consciousness there lay this heavy despair, like a dismal swamp from which rank mist blew across his every word and thought. He laid his books and papers on the desk and walked to the long window which filled the end of the narrow room. Like a cell, some ten paces from door to window. He had paced it three times and was half way to the window again when he stopped at a light knock. He held his breath, willing whoever knocked to go away, to leave him alone. But the handle turned slowly, the door swung ajar, and Frieda Kane looked at him.

"Haven't you gone home yet?" he asked sharply.

She pulled the door shut, and shook her head.

"I thought you—you might want me—for something."

Lewis swung on his heel and continued his pacing to the window.

"Well, I don't," he said. "Not for a thing." He stared through the dust-filmed glass at the square of lawn in front of the building, hedged with privet. How deep and green it looked! Men threw themselves from windows, despair pushed them over the sills, the coroner's verdict was a heart attack, he must have gone to the window for air; but this window was too near the ground, a pity his office was on the second floor.

"Oh, don't! Don't!" Frieda's voice was a whisper in the silence. After a moment Lewis faced her. She stood there against the door in her plain dark dress; she had grown white, her eyes were full of tears. Her wide mouth, the little up-

ward movement of her hands had an intensity of tenderness; it lay like light upon her brow.

Lewis tried to shape his face into a smile, to find a word to tell her she was absurd, but he couldn't. He sat down on the wide ledge of the window, his hands clenched over the wood.

"All day I've been so frightened. It's ached—" she touched her breast. "I had to see you."

"Frightened? Why, Frieda?"

She brushed the tears from her eyes.

"You've done so much for me. If only I could do something for you. I would do anything. Anything!" She moved forward quietly until she stood beside the desk. "You know, last night I couldn't sleep. I wanted to see you, I almost telephoned your house. I thought if I could tell you, perhaps this morning you wouldn't be so disappointed. Why should it matter so dreadfully? It isn't fair . . . Oh, I don't mean to be impertinent. You know how Ridley pushes himself."

"I know." Lewis looked at her, remembering as one remembers the contents of a book once read, all he knew of her. She had told him about her life, shyly at first, fragments; she had lingered after he had dictated letters; she would say, "I don't know what makes me tell you everything, I don't usually talk so much." Lewis would answer, "You need someone to talk to, I should think." He knew all about her. Spinster daughter, her own life eaten up by her family. Her father had died the year she started in the department. Her mother, never reconciled to life in America, lived with her, kept house for her, was lonely if Frieda so much as took a walk alone. Her brother, married to an extravagant and incompetent wife, borrowed from Frieda; after all, he had children and she had no one but herself and she had a steady job; times were bad for a man. Lewis had advised her, he had looked at pictures of her nephews and nieces, he had enjoyed her warm friendliness, her admiration of him. Judith disliked her.

"The little Swede is crazy about you. Office wife. I know how she flatters you and you lap it up." That had been years ago. Judith never came to the office now. Frieda growing middle-aged no longer stirred her jealousy, she was a familiar piece of office furnishings. Lewis had thought he knew all about Frieda. Equable, dependable. And now—

"Another year . . ." She was breathing quickly, her voice had a richness in its tones. "They'll put you through next year, I know they will. Especially if you push yourself a little. If you worked on your book. Maybe if you just talked about it! You're better than all the rest of them!"

"Frieda, I'm not worth a tinker's damn. I'm—"

"Hush! You think I don't know what's happened to you?" There was color in her fair skin, running down her throat to the fold of white at the neck of her dark frock; her eyes were brilliant through her tears. "All these years! I've never said a word, I shouldn't now, but my heart hurts so."

"My dear, my dear, I'm not worth this." He had known it, he had helped eat her up, he had rested on her strength, he had accepted her love because it gave him a pleasant half hour.

"If I could only do something for you!"

"You do." He got to his feet and came to stand near her. Her tenderness, her love for him was quiet and dark and simple, it had peace at its core because it was selfless; he could take her and become a man again.

"I know you don't love me," she was saying. "You love a different kind of woman."

"I'm not worth it." Lewis thought, I could be happy with her, a little. I don't love her, she knows. We could go away together, she would do even that if I asked her. Her eyes darkened, the color drained from her face, she lifted her hands as if she showed him how her wrists were shackled with the claims of others.

"I say too much," she said. "These things—oh, and more!—I have said to you so long in dreams that now I have no shame."

"You should have pride, Frieda. Listen. You aren't to worry about me. You understand? I'll be all right."

She looked steadily at him; for a moment Lewis had the extraordinary sense that there were no barriers between them, that his actual inner self stepped out of flesh and blood and bone, that her clear and lovely self listened to hear the strong beat of heart no longer so afraid. Then she nodded, the late sun striking the fair braided hair to radiance, and with no word at all she went quickly away. Lewis stood where she had left him, while the light grew dull. He could contrive no accident which would deceive Frieda. Curious how her knowledge of his wish for death thrust the wish back into the darkness from which it had risen. Not because she would suffer at such an act, but because the man she saw when she looked at him could not destroy himself. He wasn't that man, he knew. He was a figure in her dreams, she had told him that, the symbol of the lovers she had never had, a figure invested with manhood, with even a small kind of glory, by her tenderness, her depth of feeling.

He knew, as he walked slowly homeward in a twilight quiet, the wind blown out now, that Judith would strip that investiture from him with a phrase. If he could find some way to mind less what she said, if he could make her see . . . If you worked on your book. Frieda had not spoken of the book since—when? A year ago? Longer? She has copied the first chapters for him, she had spoken of it to that fellow from the college department of Scribner's; he had been interested. God, five years ago! Lewis hadn't opened the drawer where the manuscript and notes lay, he had been careful never to open it.

Judith had had some trouble with her eyes that spring—he had finished chapter four, he remembered. He had read

aloud evening after evening. "There's no money in another dull book on psychology," she had said. "Your style is exactly like a caterpillar tank. It's just an excuse to stick around the office!" He hadn't been sure enough of either style or motive. Yet he'd started it with real enthusiasm. He wondered—probably it would be dated. Or someone else had written it by this time. He walked more quickly, and his original plan for the book, bits of ideas, came crawling out of the den of his mind, sluggish turtles stirring out of hibernation, thrusting out their pointed heads, balancing on their scaly feet, trundling their spotted shells into the sunlight. I'd be sticking out my neck too, thought Lewis, if I spoke of getting at the book again. Hadn't the reference to it been Frieda's gentle way of saying the whole thing's your fault, you're a mess? Ah, no, he wouldn't wrong Frieda! She really thought he could do it.

When he reached the door of the apartment he did not stand and gird himself, he fitted the key clumsily into the lock and entered; but he moved his body against reluctance which pressed up to meet him almost like material force. He listened to voices from one of the front rooms and then went forward more easily. Sally was here. That always helped. They were in the living room, Judith lying on the divan, Sally in her old spot, the long bench under the window, from which she could watch the river, sitting as she always did, knees drawn up, toes waving on balanced heels. As a girl in her teens she had sat there, a book on her knees, an apple in her hand.

"Hi, Dad!" She waved at him. "I'm bumming a free dinner. Bill's left me, some kind of bull meeting."

Lewis stopped beside the divan and bent to kiss Judith. She turned her face, her gray eyes hard, her cheek dry, a definite odor of malaise about her, composite of unguents and eau de cologne. She had on a plain dark frock with no white fold at the neck; she hadn't bothered to change, she felt too miserable.

He remembered how the color had warmed Frieda's throat. Judith's throat was firm and round, the structure of her body was fine, well-proportioned, the bones slender and beautifully articulated; there was nobility in the shape of the head, with the high temples, the crest of heavy gray hair flattened now where she had bound her forehead all day with ice-water. But her face had strokes of deep lines, the delicate modelling of the eye-sockets had changed, the eyes were sunken, the lids dark; it was a face too worn by her intensities and illnesses. For several years she had scarcely left the house in spite of her former delight in dinners, first nights at the theater (which they had just begun to afford), Sunday concerts; in spite too of the brilliant charm with which she responded to social stimulus. She couldn't accept invitations, she said, when she didn't know at what moment one of these mysterious and terrible headaches would stretch her on the rack. Lewis thought, with dry irrelevance, as he went on to the window and seated himself beside Sally's feet, that if only his own hair had gone gray when Judith's did, she would have had one less grievance. She was younger than he, but for a time she had looked a dozen years older. Not now; he knew he moved like an old man.

Sally dug her feet against his thigh. "You look sorta seedy, you had a hard day?"

He could see her face now, instead of just the outline of her head against the evening sky. She'd been having a set-to with her mother; he knew the signs, high color, mouth drawn in at the corners, short, light-brown hair rumpled where she had run distracted fingers through it.

"You must have been busy," said Judith, "when you hadn't time to call me."

"I was," said Lewis, and Sally tapped a toe against him.

"Have you seen Gilbert?" Judith pushed herself upright, one fine, thin hand against her forehead.

"No, I never see him. Isn't he home?"

"Did you call his adviser?"

"I forgot it. I will to-morrow."

"I suppose you've been so busy—celebrating your promotion." Judith curled her hand into a fist, her eyes, dark-circled, accused him. "Oh, I knew you wouldn't get it! I knew!"

"Maybe that's why I didn't," Lewis cried out, and stared at her, his nostrils flaring. Sally dropped her feet to the floor, sitting erect beside him.

"You mean it is *my* fault?"

"I don't mean anything." What did he mean? What was this malice, this triumph, that streaked against his dark despair, sudden and jagged as lightning, a delight that out of his impotence came a perverse power, a power to hurt her with further failure?

Sally touched his hand lightly, and said, "If you're going to fight, make it a good one! Don't mind me." She made a face at him, crinkling her nose, and Lewis shrugged.

"I'm sorry," he said.

"You're flip enough now," said Judith, shrilly. "Wait till your health is gone, your hope is gone, your son . . ." She dropped back on the divan, hiding her face against her arm.

"Good grief, Mother, Dad's still got a good job. Gilbert's just a silly kid." Sally fished in the pocket of her gray jacket, pulled a cigarette from a limp package, lighted it. Lewis thought: she isn't really hard, but she's escaped her mother, she slides away from her. Judith knows it. "You've got your headache blues, that's all." She rolled an eye at her father: buck up, come on, be a help. "Anyway, I want to tell Dad about Bill and see what he thinks."

Lewis rose and went to the divan, stooping to pick up the Paisley shawl which had fallen to the floor. He spread it over Judith, tucking an edge under her body, his hand lingering a moment. The center of the shawl glowed, its vermilion so pure and intense it floated from the soft fabric. "Don't feel so bad, Judy," he said humbly. "Another year . . ." Her arm dropped, and her

somber eyes held his, but her tense body relaxed under his touch. Then he seated himself in a wing chair, across the room from the window. Unconsciously he had broken the alliance between himself and Sally as part of his petition to Judith.

"What about Bill?" he asked.

Sally told her story gaily. Bill had had an offer, a regular job, routine work, handling claims for an insurance company, accidents. Pretty fair salary. He'd take it if she said so. In Buffalo.

"Mother thinks I'm not seeing straight because I like my job here. It's enough for Bill to support me, not in elegance, but so-so. We could even afford a baby." Sally was frowning now, intent.

"What's the out?"

"It's all outs, except that it's safe and sure. I don't believe I'm thinking just about myself, but it's hard to know. Dull work, Bill wouldn't grow. He's doing well here, he's learning just heaps!"

In the dining room the maid moved about the table, setting silver and glass in place. Lewis watched her idly. Sally's words were the tinkle of distant water; he was thinking of a decision he had made—or had Judith made it?—twenty years ago. Safe and sure. He'd had a chance to go abroad, a fellowship, to work on abnormal psychology in Vienna, he'd just been appointed instructor at the college. Sally was a baby, Gilbert wasn't born. He had stayed right here.

"Don't you see . . ." He listened to Judith's voice—it might have been twenty years ago, the words of the song hadn't altered. "Bill has no certainty about his future in this firm, he's one of countless fledgling lawyers. He won't grow, as you put it, until you let him have the responsibility of your whole life! He's still too much in love with you to ask you to give up your precious job, and you are very self-centered."

"But he wouldn't consider it for a split second if it weren't for me! If he took it it would be because I was afraid he couldn't make good by himself! And I know he can, he's pretty damned won-

derful, my Bill!" Her young face had flushed, her eyes found Lewis's. She was tainted for the moment with doubt of herself, she needed help.

"If Bill doesn't want it, where's any argument?" asked Lewis slowly. Judith made an impatient gesture, her white hands flashing, but Sally jumped to her feet.

"I'll tell Bill just that! He can make up his own mind by himself. I must clean up a bit for dinner." She stopped as she passed Lewis. "You know, last night Bill wanted to read me a paper he'd been writing. All statistics and everything. What do you think? I fell sound asleep! When I woke up I was paralyzed. I was so scared he'd think I didn't care. Bill sat there, looking at me. Do you know what he said? He said, 'I knew it was too dull, I been figuring out a way to make it better.' " Sally hugged herself, glowing. "That's Bill!"

Lewis wanted to follow her down the hall. He hoped the maid wouldn't go off to the kitchen. He had no reason for doing anything except to sit right there, while the silence in the room tightened round him turn by turn. He could see the top of Judith's head, his fingers knew the texture of the heavy, crisp gray hair. He could see one hand, trailing toward the floor, the fingers pinning folds in the shawl so that the patterned border made strange designs. He looked away from Judith at the room, seeing it as a stranger might. Not shabby exactly, but neglected, no longer informed by the eagerness, the concern of anyone for a home, a shelter. Like a garment hanging forgotten in a closet, keeping some shape with which the one who once wore it had imbued it, but forgotten. When Judith had selected this apartment he couldn't afford the rental. That year he began the work in summer school. Such a good address, Judith had said. We can entertain, later Sally will need a decent place for her friends. He remembered the zest, those long years ago, with which Judith had chosen draperies and rugs, making a setting for the fine old pieces of

mahogany and pine and maple from her family. Now it was all too like her piano in the corner, closed, unused, no luster in the flat, harp-shaped top, its strings untuned. Sally must have brought in that bunch of daffodils.

The colored maid, walking softly in her flat slippers, went away, the whites of her eyes flashing as she peered toward Judith.

Judith's hand dragged the shawl up to her knee and, without turning, she said, "I suppose Ridley got it."

Lewis swallowed; at least he knew now where she struck.

"He did."

Her hand dropped toward the floor again, inert, nothing left to hold. Before the silence choked him the doorbell rang.

"I'll answer," called Sally, and then, "Why, hello, my little prodigal brother, welcome home!"

"Well, look who's here!" came Gilbert's drawl, nasal, taunting. "Come home to Mother? Bill couldn't stand another minute of you?"

Sally giggled. "No, I couldn't live without seeing you, darling little Bertie."

"Yeuh? Listen, Sal, is Dad home?" Then, so low Lewis just caught it, "Did he say anything about me?"

"Not a word. What you been up to now?"

"Cripes, do you have to jump me too, suspecting me . . ."

"Don't scream, Mother's got a headache."

"Oh, I suppose so." Gilbert thumped into his room and banged the door.

Judith lifted herself on an elbow, just enough to turn her face toward Lewis, the cords of her throat taut. "I knew something was wrong. The way he acted this morning. He thinks you know what it is. Why didn't Parker tell you? Isn't that supposed to be his work?"

"I did have a note from him." Lewis moved his hands uneasily. "It didn't sound urgent. I—I've had sort of a bad day."

"*You* have?" Judith sank backward, her hand flung palm outward, a symbol of her rejection of him, his day, his excuses. "At least—" her voice was thin, diluted, as if she had no breath—"you'll have to talk to Gilbert, to-night. I can't. I can't endure another thing."

The despair of the morning enclosed him again, even the faint echo of Frieda's warm, rich words sounded from a distant mountain, high above this darkness, almost from a different life. I can't endure another thing, his mind mocked Judith.

Sally came to the doorway, her glance quick, inquiring. "Maudie says dinner is ready."

Lewis rose, looking down at Judith. Her eyes were closed, blind, sealed with the umber shadow of the lids. "Dinner, Judy?"

"I don't wish any dinner."

"We'll fix you something nice." Sally took her father's arm and led him briskly into the dining room. "Call Gilbert, Maudie," she said. "And bring a tray for Mother; we'll arrange it."

Gilbert came, a shaggy, overgrown boy with a sullen, immature face, a boy's face above broad shoulders, hunched forward in his gray pullover. He disappeared into the living room, but Lewis did not hear the words in Judith's vibrant murmur. When Gilbert scuffed into the dining room, his ears red, he answered his father's good-evening with a mumble and slid into his chair. Sally chattered about her work; she'd been asked to write out reports on some of the manuscripts for the chief editor, she was pretty proud of that. Some day she'd get to be an editor herself. Maudie served the dinner with languid indifference; she had cooked it in the same way. She was one of a procession of spindle-legged, sleek-headed colored girls who moved through the Hendrick kitchen, departing at night laden with mysterious bundles. "She's worse than the last one," said Sally, poking at the disheartened vegetables, the overdone beef. "I'd better poach an egg for Mother."

"I can't afford to pay any more," said Lewis. "Your mother's—well, they take advantage of her illness. When she has a good day and tries to whip one of them into shape, the girl gets mad and walks out."

"I remember, we never did keep a girl long, but by golly, they were stepping lively while they lasted," Sally smiled. "Bill and I don't have anybody now; we bought a vacuum on the installment plan, and we clean house Sunday morning. Bill's getting good."

"Making a sissy of him," mumbled Gilbert. "When I get a wife, she's gonna do the housework."

"And everything else too, I guess," said Sally, sharply. "At the rate you're going!"

Gilbert glowered at her and drank a second glass of milk. He ate stolidly through second helpings of everything.

"What you been doing to-day?" asked Lewis. I've got to tackle him, he thought, he's got every bristle up, he probably won't talk—

"Aw, nothing much, the usual grind." He peered at his father suspiciously under sandy lashes. "I was in the library a long time."

"I'll fix the tray for Mother. You got a fresh egg, Maudie?" Sally followed the maid out to the kitchen, and Lewis pushed back his chair. He had tried to eat—perhaps his fatigue was in part hunger—but the odor of food dried his throat and he could scarcely swallow. The coffee, bitter as gall, had cleared his head. He might wake in the night with the knife of indigestion at his vitals, but he couldn't eat now.

Gilbert rose with alacrity. "I promised some of the fellows I'd be around," he said, lowering his voice. "We're going to work at those trig problems."

"Wait a minute." Lewis's voice caught him at the door. "Come along to the study, I want to see you."

Gilbert did a brief contortion, his long, loose body expressing in its twist the degree of his desire to escape. But he subsided, and with his father crossed the hall

to the small room which Lewis called his study. Lewis shut the door, the desk lamp threw shadows over the book-lined walls, the boy lingered at the door.

"Have a chair," said Lewis, sitting in the armchair beside the desk.

"I really have this date, Dad."

"One with me first." Here is another of my failures, thought Lewis. We are strangers, my son looks at me with hostility out of eyes like mine, he wishes only to elude me. I talk to him on such occasions as this.

"Shoot then," said Gilbert. "Get it over." Then, in a voice suddenly hoarse, "I suppose ole Parker's been crabbing about me again; it's worse'n any Nazis, picking on me, you all pick on me . . ." His voice broke, he hurdled the room and muffled his head in the folds of chintz that hung at the window. Lewis looked at his son's shoulders, agitated, at the faded pattern of flowers which jumped round his bent head. What was Gilbert saying? Lewis leaned forward, the palms of his hands prickling. "I tell you I wish I was dead! Leave me alone! I wish—"

"Gilbert! You needn't tear the curtain down. Brace up! Turn round here. You haven't committed a murder, have you?" He spoke dryly, curtly, his authority puncturing the swollen emotion. "Sit down here, let's have it. What's up?" It can't be girl trouble, he thought; the boy's afraid of girls.

Gilbert straightened his shoulders, he removed his face from the curtains, and in a lower, strangled voice, said, "I know I'm a punk, I'm no good, I get sick of hearing it, I don't care what I do, I hate it." He turned, his eyelids flushed, his mouth uncertain.

"I didn't see Parker. I thought I'd ask you what he wanted."

Gilbert sat on a straight chair, his hands dangled between his knees. "You know all right."

"Have you flunked out again?"

"I don't know."

"You must know."

Gilbert screwed his face into a belligerent scowl, one eyelid jerked.

"You've been cutting again?" Lewis didn't like that jerking, it was almost a tic.

"I couldn't pass the mid-terms, I wasn't going back to their lousy classes. Go on, tell me I'm a disgrace, my father's a professor, I can't make the grade. I tell you I wish I was dead. I knew a fellow last year, and he ran away, to Spain. But I don't know how to get on a boat."

Lewis felt a dreadful catabolism begin within him, as if the very cells of his body were split. This adolescent despair in his son's face, in his words, was like an inverted image of himself, to the very words! He said quietly, "I have never called you a disgrace. I don't understand what you're trying to do. Could you help me out a little? I don't like to see you ruining all your chances." (You are too young to know the taste of failure, why should you destroy yourself?) "Just what do you do all day, when you don't go to the lousy classes?" His tone was so gentle, so deeply charged with a need to understand, that Gilbert lifted his head a trifle, staring at his father.

"I start out to go," he said, slowly. "Honest, I do. And then—then I can't get there. I read. I go sit in a movie. Sometimes I play pool with the fellows if I have any money."

"The odd thing is you're smart enough to do the work with your eyes shut. You got on all right in high school." Lewis leaned back in his chair, his mind was suddenly keen and strong, hovering like a hawk on wings spread and unmoving, a fish-hawk, high enough above the surface of the boy's life, the known surface, to detect through the dark water a flash of silver, the living clue. "All right. Why, you were only fifteen when you graduated, with honors. So young your mother didn't wish you to go away from home to college." His mind swooped downward, talons closing over the struggling, living, silver clue.

"If she'd let me alone," said Gilbert, in a hoarse, shamed whisper. "She

watches me so I can't breathe right!" He twisted in his chair, hiding his face under an upflung arm. "I don't want to be like this!"

Lewis got to his feet stiffly and went past the boy to the window. Pushing back the curtains, he looked out and down. The window gave on a side street, with an angled glimpse of the river. Cars moved below him, their tops reflecting the lights of the drive. Down the river moved a boat, a tug, probably, towing barges, its lights like a constellation fallen to the surface of the water, drifting down to the lower bay. Haze concealed the real stars. Looking down, he heard again Frieda's voice, her whisper, "Don't! Oh, don't!" He thought, he took Him unto a high place, and showed Him—not the kingdoms of the world, but peace, escape—said, all these will I give Thee . . .

I cannot have it, he thought, but Gilbert must. Now that at last I begin to comprehend. Gilbert had never been as strong as Sally. As a little boy he had had all the childish diseases, he had grown too fast, he was nervous, always his mother's boy. Lewis had tried to show her that her solicitude harmed the child. He had taken the boy fishing, Gilbert had slipped from a rock, he had had pneumonia. Lewis had insisted that the boy be sent to camp; he had tried twice to run away, being homesick, and then had fallen from a horse, breaking his leg. After that, Lewis let Judith decide the boy's fate. But Gilbert himself had wished to go away to college; he had picked the place, a Middle-Western university. He could see the curious uncertainty in the boy's face when Judith had said, "Darling! You don't want to go so far away! Not yet, you're just a little boy, you aren't strong enough, you don't mean you wish to leave me? When I have so little time left . . ." Her white fingers knew how to pluck at the strings of his heart; in her unhappiness had she wrenched them until they snapped? For the boy had changed, growing secretive, sullen. Judith had

been incredulous at the reports of his failure, then she had used the tactics she had perfected with Lewis, satire, caustic comment, bitter entreaty. "You can't fail, I'd give my very life to help you!" Recently she had added, "You're just like your father!"

Lewis tingled with shock; this was a moment of revelation which he might not keep. He must act quickly while his eyes were clear. Something heady about it, something tonic, giving him an illusion of strength, lifting him above habits of restraint, above the habit of dreading consequences. Judith knew the boy was struggling to free himself. She would destroy him, not seeing what she did, rather than let him go! He rested his forehead against the glass; it was cool and smooth, and then it seemed to ring with the beat of blood in his temples. Poor Judith, she was dying of her thwarted strength. She has tried to live in us, he thought, having no other way to satisfy her boundless desires for power, for fame, for achievement. Gilbert had chosen the weapon of a weakling; if, conforming to his mother's plan for his life, he failed, then he defeated her. *And I too!* Lewis pushed himself away from the window. Secretly he had blamed Judith. It had taken him a long time to look at the truth, that a man's hardihood might be nourished—or not—from without, but its roots should go down deep into the soil of his own being. In the silent room the little scuff of the boy's feet as he shifted in his chair was loud and bewildered. Frieda knows this, thought Lewis; without her I should never have seen it. He turned to the boy.

"You need to get away," he said. "That's what ails you. You're growing up, and that hurts. Mixes you all up. I don't know . . . I should think you'd want an education. You can't do much without one. Would you tackle work at some other school? I think I could get you in in spite of all this."

Gilbert lifted his head, his face creased from the ribbed sleeve of the sweater,

even his mouth pale. "She wouldn't let you," he said. "She—when I wanted to go . . . What if I went away and she died?"

"Listen to me." Lewis stood near the boy, his hand pressed hard against the round bones, the undeveloped muscles of the shoulder. "She'd like it if you were making good, wouldn't she? You know, this morning I felt pretty much the way you do. I thought I'd pull up stakes." He saw in his son's eyes a flicker of maturity, an admission that he had more knowledge of his father than he could yet use. "But I'm staying on condition that you get out. No one can stop you. It's April now." He withdrew his hand, plunging it into a pocket. "Some of the engineering boys are going to Chicago in May, to spend the summer in the steel mills there. You want to be an engineer, at least you did a year ago. Have you got the guts to go? I can get you in. You won't earn much, it's hot as hell and dirty. Then in the fall you can enter the university. As a freshman, mind you."

Gilbert stumbled up to his feet. His eyes were on a level with Lewis's. He thrust out his chin, the line of jaw hardening.

"Can you fix it?" he asked.

"Yes," said Lewis. "I can fix it."

"Okay." Gilbert's face moved, the eyelid twitching, his mouth opened, his throat gulped twice before he added, "I won't let you down." Then he lunged across the room, jerked at the door, and clattered down the hall, as if he ran with a bomb which must be rushed outdoors before exploding. Lewis heard Judith call, "Gilbert? Where are you going? *Gilbert!*" and heard the outer door slam shut.

Need he talk with Judith to-night? It might be better to wait until he had the boy's summer arranged. Ah, he was dodging again! He would tell her to-night. But first . . . He sat down at his desk, searching among the papers in the top drawer for a key. This he fitted into the lock of the deep drawer at his left. He had to tug before the drawer

came open, disclosing the dull red of manilla folders. If you push yourself, Frieda had said. If you would work on your book. He lifted one of the folders to the desk and spread his hands over it, flat. It might not be as obsolete as he had thought.

Sally spoke from the doorway. "I've got to run along, Dad." He rose, stepping toward her, and she took both his hands, swinging them gently. "It's nice to come home. You look as if your bedtime talk had been a great success."

"It was a good one." Then he added, "You mean it's nice to come home now you don't have to stay." Her hands stopped abruptly. "It's all right, Sally. What I mean, it's time Gilbert got away too. Isn't it?"

Sally nodded.

"That's all. Good-night. Give Bill my best."

"Could I help?"

"No. It's my job."

Sally nodded toward the living room. "Mother feels better, I think. She ate the egg. She was quite cheerful about Gilbert; she says he's just too young for college yet. She said if you weren't busy—"

"Okay," said Lewis, smiling at his daughter. We drink of any strength we find, he thought, liking the way she carried her slim figure as she called a final good-night to Judith and went lightly down the hall.

The house was empty now except for him and Judith. He walked into the living room, his face compassionate and stern, no hint of fumbling in his step.

BOX-CAR KID

BY MARY N. S. WHITELEY

*THE hobo waits to jump with practiced eye
On the screaming wheels, knowing that every freight
Contains some box car where his fellows lie.
Also he knows that if he jump too late
Or earlier than the strict-timed forward fling
There will be no obituary tales
To trim his deed, and no high voice will sing
Of one kid less who smeared the guilty rails
And tramped the road. And as he stands to go
On his death-fed spring, counting the passing cars,
His mind sees rails turn into iron bars
More cold than death and twenty times as slow.
And so his muscles flex for the crucial leap
To a friendly box car or a final sleep.*



COMMUNISM LIQUIDATES ITSELF

BY NATHANIEL PEFFER

THE political and military consequences of Soviet Russia's change of front it may not be possible to estimate for years to come, but when Von Ribbentrop and Molotoff put their signatures to the so-called non-aggression pact, on August 23, 1939, Soviet Russia liquidated the communist party. On that day organized communism as an economic world program, as we have known it since 1917, was shattered. And this I, for one, call an unmixed good from any broad social point of view. For thus the effort to solve the economic problems of our time is freed of its worst incubus. We can now examine anew the economic question on its merits and without the extraneous issues and irrelevant irritants unnecessarily injected into it in recent years. We can, therefore, examine it with better prospect of solution, a fact that will be welcomed by all except the fanatics at the opposite extremes of the economic controversy. Indeed, the most bigoted reactionaries will have the greatest cause for regret. The communist party has been their most valuable asset, as a horrid example and a menace. Stalin has deprived them of it.

From the long-run social point of view it does not matter what role Soviet Russia will play in the European war or whether the war ends by negotiation before this article appears in print. It is immaterial whether Russia remains neutral and inactive, or helps Germany with supplies, or arrays its army by the side of Germany's, or even turns against Germany in the end. Russia cannot retrieve its

position as stronghold and standard-bearer of social revolution, as exemplar of a new economic order. It cannot do so even if the neo-machiavellianism now so loosely and generally imputed to the Kremlin should be successfully consummated.

Suppose Stalin does contrive to push both sides in western Europe into a war of destruction while husbanding Russia's energies and then emerges over the ruins of war as master of the European continent. This would be, at least in externals, the application of orthodox communist grand strategy. But now nothing follows therefrom with respect to world revolution. Even if Stalin should succeed and then impose on Europe a revolutionary order on the model of contemporary Soviet Russia, the state of which he was head would not be the center of a new world system. However it designated itself and whatever the economic and social forms into which it was pressed, the result would not be a socialist or communist society that Karl Marx or Lenin would recognize, even if it were one that the American Bankers' Association would revile. It would be just a new unit of power of unprecedented magnitude, an omnipotent, militarized nationalism. By all recent tokens it would also be a gigantic Asiatic despotism, with a tyrant surrounded by janissaries, sycophants, informers, poisoners, and all the other accompaniments (new style) of a barbaric Asiatic court. And it would be as abhorrent to Marx and Lenin as to any of the west Europeans nurtured in

the traditions stemming from the Renaissance and the eighteenth century.

The communist experiment reared by Lenin on the principles of Marx is dead, no matter what the relationship between Russia and Europe after the war. To say that it was slain by Stalin in the fullness of life on August 23, 1939, is not historically accurate. He only gave it the *coup de grâce*. It had been visibly dying for years. Perhaps it had never really lived, but was born a monstrosity, doomed to early death. That Karl Marx would have found life in Soviet Russia unbearable in the past few years (and been relieved of the strain by a shot fired in the course of one of Mr. Stalin's purges) seems self-evident. He would have been disillusioned and wretched almost from the beginning. The communist international has always been a misnomer, the word international a patent fraud. But if it ever existed it is now dead. The faith of all western Europe's communists, except a small unreconstructed minority, has been irreparably shattered. If it could be patched together in spots it would not endure. If Russia should win sovereignty over Europe a majority of former communists would be apathetic or dissident, submitting to force like the rest of Stalin's alien subjects. They would recognize a dictatorship, but not the dictatorship of the proletariat in which they had believed and for which they had sacrificed.

All the arguments drawn from the premise of Moscow machiavellianism are somewhat artificial however. The premise is tempting but at the least premature. The trouble with Machiavelli himself was that his precepts were too well advertised. Stalin may know that he is playing Machiavelli—though not quite so sure of it as editorial interpreters and commentators. But Hitler knows it too, and so do the French and so do the British. The neatly designed chess stratagem has seldom if ever come off in international politics. It is generally detected by historical writers after the fact. The subtleties imputed to Stalin are too

simple and easily recognizable to have much chance of success, just as the presumptive design of Chamberlain to set the Russians and Germans at each other was too simple and obvious last year. It is, then, too early to jump at conclusions about Stalin setting the British and Germans to digging each other's graves. In fact, if one wishes to venture on speculation in the logic of high politics, one can make at least as convincing an argument for the diagnosis that the war that began on September 1, 1939, was the first round of a long struggle in the last round of which Great Britain, France, and Germany will be found fighting on the same side against Russia. If necessary, Great Britain and France may deem it politic in the first round not to crush Germany too completely, so that she can be reconstituted as a spearhead to thrust at Russia. Indeed, it may turn out that what Stalin is now doing will materialize the long-professed communist bugaboo—the formation of a continental coalition by the great capitalist states for the purpose of ganging up on the Red Russian menace. More surprising events could happen than that certain German elements should soon begin negotiating with England behind Hitler's back so that Germany might join such a coalition.

Whatever direction the tortuous course of diplomacy finally takes and on whichever side the scale of power tips, the result will be the same so far as the relationship of Russia and social revolution is concerned. There will be no relation. Whether Russia comes a cropper in its presumptive strategy or is military master of Europe, its sponsorship of international communism is done, and for the time international communism is done too. And that, as I have already said, is one clear gain out of the tragic events of these last two years. By that fact alone we shall have made a long stride in social progress, provided Europe comes out of the war intact and the prophecies of the destruction of Western civilization by another war are not vindicated. One of the most formidable obstacles to social

progress in the past twenty years will have been removed, and removed in the easiest way—by self-elimination.

II

Not by the most charitable construction can it be said that the Western World has made much social progress in the generation since the first World War. Next only to war, the worst scourge of modern man is economic depression. The question may be passed over whether the two are not inseparably related or whether war is not even a symptom of economic depression. However that may be, economic depression is one disease that with all the advance of science we have been unable to conquer or control. Europe has been in a state of semi-prostration since 1919, the United States since 1929. In neither continent has there been any significant improvement or sign of agreement on procedure or principle on which to bring about improvement. It is a savage commentary on Western civilization that the only visible economic betterment is in large measure attributable to the frantic rearmament of the past three or four years, which is to say that men have earned their bread by preparing the instruments of slaughter. Aside from that, a large part of the population has been unemployed, undernourished, supported by governmental dole or charity, dejected and depleted of hope. A civilization which had wrung from nature its innermost secrets and laid the atomic elements in subjection has been unable to feed and clothe its people.

The causes of the economic breakdown are various and complex and do not concern us here. What is in point is the failure to deal with them, the lack of any fruitful results from such attempts as there have been. Had any of the lesser problems of physics or chemistry or mechanics been approached in the same way we should not now be flying and we should still be cultivating the soil with hand implements and dying of diphtheria and tuberculosis. The difference in ap-

proach and result cannot be attributed to any single cause. For one thing, it has been distinctly to the material advantage of the most powerful groups in society that there be no serious approach, at least no approach that threatened fundamental changes. The status quo constitutes the most formidable vested interest in contemporary society. But almost equally important with the vested interest in the status quo has been the paralyzing influence of the communist party—not communism and socialism as doctrine but organized communism with its irrelevant excrescences and psychiatric accompaniments. This has served to immobilize those unaffected by the vested interest or willing to waive immediate interest for a distant and general good. The communist party has provided a red herring to be drawn across every trail that might lead to economic reconstruction and by so much has fortified those whose interest lay in preventing economic reconstruction. For reasons which have nothing to do with economic theories or programs the communist party has repelled those who otherwise could be rallied for reform or outright reconstruction, and thus too it has fortified the obscurantists and reactionaries as well as genuine conservatives. In a word, to attempt to do something about unemployment, regulation or control of monopoly, limitation of the rights and perquisites of private property, it has been necessary to argue about the abolition of God, the proscription of Hamlet as an advance agent of J. P. Morgan and Company, and the abrogation of the binomial theorem as a device for the enslavement of what is technically known as the toiling masses. By an easy process of transference, advocacy of collective bargaining for labor unions could be manipulated by reactionaries to denote advocacy of atheism, censorship of Shakespeare, and the destruction of the family, and thus collective bargaining could be discredited.

It is one of the curious phenomena of our times that although a majority of the people of the Western world have been

dispossessed or disinherited under the existing economic system, their loyalty to the existing system remains unshaken. There have been between ten and fifteen million unemployed in the United States for ten years; the communist party has barely touched the surface of the country, except in little semi-detached pockets not quite connected with the country. In no Western country has there been any appreciable relation between economic decline and communist growth. With every social development favoring the growth of communism, communism has receded. The world was nearer a successful revolution in 1919 than twenty years later, although there had been steady economic deterioration in that period. Nor is the decline of communist influence explainable only by the growth of fascism; rather the growth of fascism may be explained at least in part by the failure of communism.

One of the sad phenomena of our times has been the political homelessness of a large class of the well-educated, precisely those who ought to exercise social leadership. If the word had not become depreciated by misuse, I should describe this class as the intellectuals. By whatever word described, they exist and they are numerous. They are to-day sad figures, because they are intellectually, even emotionally, unemployed, reduced to ineffectiveness by circumstances outside themselves and beyond their control. Desirous of making themselves felt, perceiving where their capacities can and should be put to use, they still have nowhere to go. And as a class, if not as individuals, they suffer from all the psychological consequences of frustration, of consciousness of unused energies, of lack of faith and focal point for loyalty and activity. They no longer have any conviction of the worth or desirability of the system in which they live. They perceive the defects and failings of the present economic organization and the necessity of remedying them. Many of them have fairly clear ideas of what the remedy should be or from what body of princi-

ples it should derive. They would do something to give effect to their ideas. There is nothing they can do. They have no organ or vehicle. They drift in a kind of inanition, negative and fatalistic.

Both phenomena derive in the main from the fact that opposition to the existing economic order has been pre-empted by the communists. Partly because the communist party can be used as a red herring and partly because extremes always tend to drive out or silence what lies between, there has been no place for those not committed to absolutes. The great mass of the disinherited are concerned mainly with opportunity for livelihood. They want jobs, with sufficient pay to live without worry, working hours short enough to allow opportunity for amusement, prospect of security, some satisfaction in their work, decent treatment in working hours. They do not want to be wholly excluded from the promise of an ampler life made possible by the rise in standard of living which the machine age has visibly opened before them. But they do not want to abolish God, they do not want to outlaw the family or repeal parental authority, they do not want to renounce loyalty to the land of their birth, they do not want to "class-angle" geography, jazz, and the comic strips; they have a good, healthy, earthy distaste for, or at least boredom with, ideologies, and they have no genuine urge for dictating as a proletariat, especially in a country like America, where they do not regard themselves as a proletariat—though they may be in process of becoming one. They may be right or they may be wrong; but twenty years of communist appeals has left them cold. The looser, live-and-let-live, less fanatic creed of pre-1914 social democracy had a greater appeal, though the deprivations of the poorer classes were less cruel.

III

So far as the intellectuals are concerned, membership in the communist party is excluded for them by the nature

of the communist party and by their own nature. They might in individual instances be convinced as a matter of observation and exercise of reasoning faculties that the Marxist analysis and prescription are valid, or at least that capitalist or laissez-faire economic organization is unworkable, if not undesirable. But from that point to incorporation in the rigidities, bigotries, dogmatisms, and auxiliary lunacies of communist orthodoxy is an unbridgeable chasm. The public record of the communist party is evidence that full adherence to the party entails not declaration of conviction and dedication to a social cause but abdication of intellectual integrity and renunciation of self-respect. Of the few educated men who have adhered, nearly all have so discovered to their discomfiture and have resigned or dropped out or been read out, bell, book, and candle—I use the ecclesiastical figure advisedly. André Gide is the best-known example. There are many of lesser note in Europe and the United States. There was a period after the beginning of the depression when a number of American educators and literary men, having newly discovered the economic question, began drifting toward or into the communist party. The literary doves became palpitant with subversive words and brave with verbal defiance. The conferences of pedagogues rang with formations of new societies. It was short-lived. One by one they have returned repentant, not necessarily in recantation of belief but in repulsion from the new more than from the old. They could not stomach what was forced on them as sustenance. It has been the uniform experience in all countries. The exceptions have been among those who combine education with a strain of blind fanaticism and sometimes with an unrecognized bent toward the pleasures of a Torquemada.

The economic beliefs of the communists are something apart. They are, in fact, of lesser importance. The excess baggage taken on for reasons having

more to do with psychiatric conditions than social philosophy is the repellent. The jargon of communist language, the “party line,” the slogans and their enforced usage, perhaps most of all the slogans—these are unbearable to anyone not prepared to forfeit every characteristic of personality. Why, if you happen to believe that social control of economic processes is preferable to laissez-faire and unrestricted profit—why is it necessary to espouse “class zoölogy”—whatever that may be? Or Marxist eugenics, as recently pronounced by Moscow? Why is an Elizabethan dramatist on the *Index* as bourgeois or a modern composer banned for non-proletarian counterpoint? Why can you never say “people” but only “toiling masses”? And why must not only content of speech be prescribed but manner of expression? I think it fair to say that to the correct communists what you believe is of less importance in judging your orthodoxy than the language of abuse you employ. No matter what a thinking man’s economic beliefs, this is the sort of thing he cannot long swallow. He cannot see why it is inherent in any program for economic reconstruction or even has anything to do with economic organization.

Still less can he swallow the more serious infringements on the person summed up in what is known as the party line. In practical translation party line means being told precisely and in cosmic detail what to believe on Monday and then to believe precisely the opposite on Tuesday—and being forced to proclaim both beliefs publicly as your own on successive days. This is not an unfair description of what has been exacted of communists in the past few years. At first democracy was a fraud and socialists, progressives, New Dealers, and men of their kind were “social fascists.” It was prescribed with encyclical finality who were social fascists, and by the true believer they could be referred to in no other terms. Then came the German resurgence and the German-Italian alliance. The Popular Front was decreed

from Moscow. From that point forward democracy was the goal of all right-thinking men, the American Declaration of Independence became a sacred document to American communists and that arch-Jeffersonian, Josef Stalin, proclaimed a democratic constitution a few weeks before beginning to butcher off his associates *en masse*. Democracy became the highest good and collective security, the aim of right-thinking nations, though just before the League of Nations had been a fraud and its members imperialist robbers banded for imperialist wars against the Soviet Union, protector of proletarians and oppressed nations—except when trouncing the Chinese for trying to take back the Chinese Eastern Railway, which had been wrested from them by the Russia of the Tzars. Democracy was the watchword and fascist nations the arch-fiends until August 23, 1939, after which the alliance with Germany proved that, the Germans being given a free hand to make war on Poland, the Soviet Union worked only for peace, and the nations that resisted Germany were making imperialist wars. To be a good communist in the past ten years it was required to believe and to say all these things, to defend any of them at one time and their exact opposites at another time—in each case an order from without. Palpable truth or palpable falsity were irrelevant. The party line was laid down; true believers toed the line. What if it was dishonest? Honesty was a bourgeois virtue. What if the change marked out individuals or groups for undeserved suffering? The party was a cause above suffering or persons. It is said, for example, that on the western front now hogs are being sent into enemy fortified zones to find out whether mines are laid. If there are mines the hogs are blown up. In precisely the same way Negroes have been used by communists in the United States. The Lenin “theses” of 1920—“theses” and “theoreticians” are hallowed words—pronounced that colonies and subject minorities constituted the Achilles-heel of

capitalist empires. There the empires should be struck. The Negroes are America’s oppressed minority. Therefore they must be incited to become the spearhead of internal revolution. What if using Negroes for revolution would, if and when the time came, light the pyre for a million lynchings? There is nothing in political history in recent years more ghoulish than the transactions of the American communists with the Negroes.

The perfect and conclusive example of course was the spectacle of the communist party organs in the days immediately following the signing of the German-Russian treaty. It is no exaggeration to describe this as a demonstration of the lowest limit in degradation of personality. New explanations followed on successive days, each in contradiction of the one before, each palpably following the line laid down in the official Russian news agency dispatches and each offered without reference to what had gone before and as an article of genuine belief. . . . One need not be hyper-sensitive to the things of the mind and spirit to declare for oneself a rule of non-intercourse with any group or movement so ordered, no matter what one’s economic beliefs. Better a social order doomed to destruction than that. . . . And so the great majority of Europeans and Americans have elected. On this ground rather than on its program the communist party has been rejected.

It has been rejected, but until now it has preëmpted for itself a political position, a position defensible on other grounds, and thus made that position untenable. And so long as it held that position it could be used for ulterior purposes by those interested only in maintaining themselves under the status quo. The brand “communist” could be used unscrupulously but to good tactical effect. Thus many a man and movement could be smirched though it had no connection or sympathy with the communist party. The New Deal is an example. Without reference now to the merits or

demerits of the New Deal, the fact is that the cry of communism was among the measures resorted to by its opponents to stop it in mid-course. And so long as the communist party was the only or principal vehicle of opposition to the existing system the preference of the majority for what is can be understood.

The communist party preëmpted a position, but Josef Stalin vacated the position. By signing the treaty with Germany he dislodged the communist party. The position is free. It can be taken up by those untrammelled by excess baggage—by “ideology” and brummagem dialectics and the mumbo-jumbo of cafeteria metaphysics, all wholly irrelevant to the basic problem that confronts us: how can we organize economic processes to assure to all who work a livelihood on a standard consonant with our capacity to produce? We can now examine that problem on its merits and within the compass set by its content. It may be possible to solve it within the framework of existing economic institutions. It may be possible gradually to adapt those institutions to the needs of changes brought about by order. It may be necessary to change those institutions at the foundations, but possible to shore up existing institutions while doing so. It may be found necessary to discard the whole structure—to disestablish the profit system and private ownership of the means of production and substitute therefor social control exercised either by the state or by producer groups. Which it shall be can be

discussed rationally and in terms pertinent to the subject. The process of determining which it shall be does not carry with it a platform providing for universality or even planetary dispositions outside economic and social organization. Astronomy can be taught without reference to class implications. Geology will not be searched for bourgeois taint. Even if the disestablishment of private property be advocated and finally carried, it will still be possible to go to a Methodist meeting, listen to Stravinsky, read “Hamlet” or the *Forsyte Saga*, and leave both *Alice in Wonderland* and the *Iliad* unedited. And if social control be found necessary it is not without the bounds of political theory or human capacity for social organization to devise a state which shall have the power requisite for ordering an integrated economy without one-party dictatorships and an absolutism reaching down into the minutiae of diet and purely subjective beliefs. Even under a collectivist economy communication can be possible without slogans hardened into rubrics. We can, in short, come back to sense on the economic problem. We can also harness the capacities and energies of those who believe in social change and refuse to go to the psychiatric clinic for the methods with which to bring it about.

There is not much in 1939 from which one can take comfort. But the international communist party has committed suicide. Nothing in its life became it as the leaving of it. By its leaving the world has been advantaged.



GAMELIN

BY JOHN R. TUNIS

IN THE summer of 1918 the situation on the front in France had become critical. The German thrust on the Marne had reached within a few miles of Paris and the rumble of their guns could be plainly heard on the boulevards of the capital. One warm afternoon in the middle of July I happened to be near the village of Cumières in Champagne, when a young captain on the French staff whispered in my ear, "See that little man over there talking to General Buat? That's the commander of the 9th Division, the General Gamelin who beat the Germans north of Noyon last March. He's the *coming man* of the French army."

During that war Ferdinand Foch was the pre-eminent military leader of the world. To-day the "coming man" of 1918 holds even more power than Foch did, more in fact than any Frenchman since Napoleon; in his hands are the destinies of France, England, and all the Stop Hitler bloc. Maurice Gustave Gamelin has taken Foch's place; in fact *is* Foch, 1940 model.

The French are a military nation. They have to be. As a Frenchman once put it to me with some slight understatement, "We have disobliging neighbors." Luckily Americans have no such neighbors. When General George Marshall was appointed Chief of Staff of our army this year, it is probable most Americans had never heard of him. Yet every Frenchman knew Gamelin even back in 1935 when he was chosen to head the armies of France.

There are two reasons for this. In that country every male who can walk does compulsory military service in the army and is called on in time of conflict. That means every able-bodied male, for a man who fought in the last war and was wounded twice was mobilized last September at the age of fifty-nine, although his son was a *Député* and held an important position in the Chamber. The Frenchman knows and understands the army. It isn't something distinct, apart; it is the French nation.

There is another reason why Gamelin is known. To-day he is and has been for some time practically the government. What he says counts, and everyone in France knows and trusts him. At present the tremendous responsibility for the safety of the country falls on his shoulders, and his is also the unenviable task of conducting the war not only on the western front but wherever it is to be fought by the armies of the allied nations.

This isn't, however, the first time General Gamelin has been on the spot. Back in the early days of September, 1914, when the armies of the Kaiser were swooping down on the French and British forces, a group of red-eyed, tired, and sleepless officers met one morning at Joffre's G.H.Q. at *Bar-sur-Aube*, south of Paris, for a conference with the *Chef de Cabinet* of the Generalissimo, a forty-four-year-old major named Gamelin.

Over a huge map spread upon the table this blue-eyed major explained the audacious plan he had conceived to turn and attack the German forces.

Von Kluck had overrun the fortified camp of Paris, leaving French troops on his exposed flank. "*Il faut les coiffer.* We must grab them by the hair. Gentlemen, we should seize the opportunity at once, abandon the defense of the Seine, and attack to-morrow." Consternation struck the roomful of weary men. Impossible! It was gambling with the lives of men, and more, with the army of France, that is, with the safety of the nation. But Gamelin has always had one fixed rule of conduct. "When things are going well, optimism is a luxury; when they are going badly, it is a necessity." Things were going badly enough. The staff was hesitant and worried, then the door opened and in walked the mighty figure of the Commander-in-Chief, the great Joffre himself. Silence, save for the quiet, precise voice of the blond major explaining in logical steps the tactical situation and his plan to profit therefrom. Instantly words were heard round the table. One general, Belin, was not sure. He rather disliked the idea. The ponderous Berthelot advised caution. If Paris fell and the army was safe the war would continue. But without the army . . .

Excited voices filled the room. Arguments began. Joffre, impassive, listened. Finally he rose from his chair. "*Messieurs, on va se battre sur la Marne.*" This was the signal to turn and strike. Calling Gamelin into his inner office, he told him to prepare plans for an immediate attack. The major at once pulled from his pocket the orders already drawn up. These were the basis for what history now calls the Battle of the Marne.

To-day this major of 1914, who by 1918 had become a marked man in the army, is leader of the French and British armies in the field. Were Joffre alive he would be the first to applaud the choice. For Gamelin lived and worked with him twenty years before and during the War. At present the General has several different titles and several different jobs. First, he is Chief of Staff of National De-

fense, charged with co-ordinating the work of the army, navy, and air forces. Next, he is Vice-president of the *Conseil Supérieur de Guerre* (Daladier, the Premier, is the President by law) which makes all plans for land operations. As Chief of Staff of the army, he has charge of the training and readiness of all branches of the French services. Just before the outbreak of hostilities he was made Commander-in-Chief, a title which adds to his responsibilities.

II

Possibly it might be interesting to visit the General in his office, 4 Bis, Boulevard des Invalides, in Paris as I did last July. What would you expect to find in the office of a general commanding millions of men? A profusion of magnificent sentries, non-coms clicking their heels in the corridors, officers loaded with medals on their chests? If so you would be surprised. This man who runs one of the biggest human machines on earth does his job with far less fuss and ceremony than most corporation executives in Manhattan. As a nation the French attach little value to externals, and Gamelin is nothing if not French to the core.

"Quatre Bis," as it is called in army slang, is the headquarters of the generalissimo in command of the forces of the nation. On a side street leading from the great Place des Invalides you see a high gray-stone wall such as there are by the hundreds in every town in France, and half way along the street is a small, inconspicuous doorway. Behind the wall is a low, two-storey building—as unpretentious as the man who uses it—with a gray-slate mansard roof, and back of it looms the gilt dome of the Invalides.

Press the button in the wall outside. The door instantly swings open and we're in a cobbled courtyard with a small lodge at one side. No elaborate precautions, no Gestapo searching us for concealed weapons, no goose-stepping sentries, only a one-armed war veteran in

carpet slippers who shuffles out and asks what we want. The General Gamelin? He indicates the building ahead. So we enter a large hall where a second-class private in a badly fitting blue uniform takes our names and ushers us into an anteroom furnished with red-leather couches, chairs, and tableaux of ancient battles on the wall.

Probably the General is busy and we shall have to wait? No, we shan't. In Gamelin's office things move. Almost immediately we are ushered into the office of Colonel Pettibon, his *chef de cabinet* or military secretary. Gamelin has many things in common with his old commander Joffre, and one is that he surrounds himself with younger men. Captain Huet, his orderly officer, is only thirty-six, Colonel Pettibon is hardly forty-five, a blue-eyed man who looks directly at you when he talks and speaks with the clear, clipped voice of the cultivated Frenchman.

You notice that everyone on the staff of the General speaks of "we." This is the old Joffre formula, the team, a unit working together, a homogeneous organization that has been assembled and functioning for many years. Colonel Pettibon tells you with a trace of pride in his voice that he has served the General for twenty-two years, Colonel Guillaud, his other assistant, has been with him thirteen years, and Captain Huet ten years. That's a long while in any army.

The telephone rings. The Colonel speaks into it sharply. He is one of those square-chinned Frenchmen who are often very tough customers. "*Oui . . . oui . . . I know . . . never mind . . . this gentleman is an American ex-service man. . . . Very good, slip him in between the Quartermaster General and the Military Attaché of Yugoslavia.*" He rises. Now we are going to meet Gamelin. How should one address him? Just as "*Mon Général*," that is all. To everyone from the President of the Republic to the second-class private he is "*Mon Général*."

A door at the end opens and we step

into the most important room in all France, the place where Gamelin worked daily for many years, the meeting chamber of the General Staff, the office where decisions are made which affect the destiny of every male in the country. Take a quick look round. It is an oblong room with a longish table down the center covered with maps and a desk at the far end. There is a bust of Napoleon on a console at the side, and some faded oil paintings by old French masters on the spaces of the wall not covered with maps. One of the maps is the largest we have ever seen, an enormous one reaching from the floor to the high ceiling. The table is also piled with maps, they are rolled up on the chairs, on the mantelpiece, over the fireplace, even on the floor; for Gamelin lives and functions by maps. (He knows by heart all roads on the Franco-German frontier on both sides of the border, a knowledge very useful at this moment.) Then there are the portraits of his predecessors who once commanded the armies of France and used this room, Joffre, Foch, Pétain, and Weygand. Like old college flags above his desk, are the *fanions* or pennants of the three units of Chasseurs which he once led; they go everywhere he goes. His desk is clear except for the telephone and a couple of books.

Then there is Gamelin himself. He is walking down the long room, hand outstretched, a smile on his face. He is square, short, about five feet four, with sandy graying hair brushed back from his forehead, and clean shaven except for a mustache. On the breast of his blue uniform is only one decoration, the red rosette of the Grand Cross of the *Légion d'Honneur*.

Many famous men resemble their photographs. Gamelin does not. The reason is his smile, which changes his whole expression, which seems to say, "Look here. You're a good fellow, so am I. Let's make the best of this thing." Smiling, he leads us down the room, past the long table littered with maps where he plots the defense of France with the

officers of the General Staff, and so to his desk where he shoves out a chair. Then, instead of retreating behind the desk, he pulls his chair round front, places it close to ours, and opening his legs, puts his hands on his knees with a gesture typically French and says, "*Eh bien*, an American ex-service man! I had good friends with the American troops during the War, in the 32nd Division." The twinkle leaves his eyes, the smile fades from his face as his mind goes back to October, 1918, when the Iron Jaws Division, boys from Detroit and Grand Rapids, from Ashland and Superior, boys he had trained behind the lines, went into action above Montfaucon in the Argonne. "Ah, yes, I have had many good friends in that Division . . . many. . . ." He speaks in a low tone. His phrases are dry, his words clipped. No gestures, none of the exclamations or theatrical waving of arms that people often associate with the French.

Maybe that is why he has been called colorless. To be sure he has none of the front, the bravado, the dramatic eccentricities that are often thought of as giving a man color. Gamelin is unemotional, businesslike as befits his job. Color he may not have, but no casual visitor could fail to feel his warmth or to retain an impression of character and a penetrating mind. That staff captain who pointed him out to me near Rheims back in 1918 is now a banker in Paris, and as a reserve officer had the right to attend the lectures given on Sunday mornings by Gamelin to the Staff. "I wouldn't miss one for anything," he said, "just for the intellectual pleasure it gives me to watch Gamelin's brain function."

III

In his alertness, in the clarity of his intelligence, and in his individualism, Gamelin is a typical Frenchman. He rarely accepts the opinions of others but does his own thinking on every subject. A tremendous reader, he spent much time reading and thinking every night

right up to the outbreak of war. Although he never smokes, he has an excellent cellar in his home on the Avenue Foch in Paris and, like most Frenchmen, enjoys nothing more than sitting at dinner with several friends and making good conversation over a bottle of burgundy.

An "*officier de carrière*," that is a regular, he comes from a military family. His father was Controller General of the army, his grandfather was a Quartermaster General, and one uncle, General Uhrich, was the last Governor General of Strasbourg before German rule. How does Gamelin differ from the average West Pointer? For one thing he is far more traveled, he speaks several languages well, and judging by the regular army officers we were exposed to in 1917-19, he is probably better read and has a wider culture. He also lacks the hard-boiled, go-get-'em attitude prevalent among so many West Pointers who seem to believe that warmth and human understanding are signs of weakness. Gamelin certainly isn't the conventional type of army officer. Small, sensitive-looking, one might take him for a musician (and in fact he is passionately fond of opera and good music) or a painter (and he was an excellent amateur in oils before staff duties curtailed his leisure). You would probably find few American generals who have the table at their bedside loaded with books on philosophy and political history.

Even to-day Gamelin reads incessantly, especially history and philosophy, and demands that his staff and troop commanders read also. "You must read and read much, always with a pen or a pencil in your hand. Not that reading is sufficient to form the mind, but it furnishes it. An officer should have the most varied kind of culture, for our functions touch all sorts of national activities." On the other hand he insists that his officers shall be human. "Don't be ascetic. You can't win battles with 'good little boys' only" (*Des petits garçons bien sages*).

You ask him something about discipline. Was American discipline more or less strict than French discipline during the War? He thinks for a minute before replying.

"We don't give many orders in the French army. We tell them what we want done. It's up to the subordinate commanders, even down to the non-commissioned officers, to lead rather than command. In my eyes a good commander is a good leader. For in certain ranks you cannot command, you must persuade."

Like Joffre, from whom he learned so much, Gamelin never raises his voice. "To act is not to agitate," he often tells his staff. He has an even temper. In fact one of his favorite remarks is, "A man who is in anger is a man who knows himself beaten." The one soldier who knows him best and has worked beside him for years sums up Gamelin's character in this phrase: "*Un homme de juste mesure*." That is, a man of balance, not likely to be buoyed by false hopes nor yet over-discouraged when things go wrong. Gamelin himself puts it this way: "During the War Joffre and Foch showed us that one should have a warm heart and a cool head at the same time."

The Joffre influence on his character is plain. It was back in 1908 that Joffre looked up one day from his desk and saw a clean-cut, youthful captain of Chasseurs Alpins in his dark-blue uniform standing at attention before him. Joffre was instantly pleased with the officer whom he had asked to have attached to his staff.

"H'm . . . the Capitaine Gamelin." He stroked his mustache. "Glad to see you. Your professor, the Major Foch, has already mentioned you several times. But anyhow, I've watched your career ever since you left the École." (The *École Supérieure de Guerre*, the French War College where Gamelin stood at the head of his class.) "Well, I trust we'll get along. With calm and method things will get done. We shall try not to let you regret your beloved Chasseurs, and I

hope you won't find my menu too bad. By the way, do you happen to know the wine of the Roussillon?"

Now Joffre was a peasant, son of a cooper in the village of Rivesaltes near Perpignan in the eastern Pyrenees, and to the end of his days kept his peasant tastes. This liking for the strong wine of the South was one of them. Gamelin had traveled through the Roussillon, he knew the wine, liked it, and said so sincerely. Again Joffre was pleased. From that moment a tie was formed between the General and his orderly officer which lasted until the Victor of the Marne retired from active service during the War.

But as the confidential adviser to the simple soldier, Gamelin was no yes-man. In fact he made a study for Joffre before the War of the problem of a German invasion, and not only predicted the attack on Belgium, but fought the General's advisers on the Staff who laughed at the idea and planned an offensive on the Rhine. Twenty years later it was Gamelin who supported André Maginot when he was Minister of War and helped build the now famous Maginot Line along that same river behind which the French forces now stand. He has probably had as wide an experience as any general commanding an army ever had; for after Joffre's retirement he went back into the lines, and at the age of forty-five became a brigade commander. A year later he was heading his celebrated 9th Division in the terrible battles of Maurepas and Cléry-sur-Somme, but his reputation as a leader was made in the dark days of March, 1918, during the Third Somme.

When General Gough's Fifth Army was broken by the German attack, Gamelin's troops arrived near Noyon on March 22nd to help the British and try to stem the tide. From that moment until the 26th they fought steadily, holding off six enemy divisions. On that afternoon the Germans succeeded in seeping through the troops on the left and right, and consequently Gamelin

was in danger of being surrounded. Two courses were open—either to order an immediate retreat on each flank which would entail severe losses, or to counter-attack under cover of darkness. Gamelin did not hesitate. Issuing the necessary orders, he fixed his headquarters just back of the front lines, invited two British generals to dinner, and prepared for battle. The attack was successful, and in darkness the whole division was withdrawn to safe positions in the rear. The General stayed to the end and only retreated with the rear guard.

All through the War he was known as a commander able to take the maximum advantage of terrain to conserve manpower, and early French operations this past fall on the Western Front indicate that he has not forgotten the lessons of 1915-18. There won't be any bloody offensives such as Passchendaele or the Champagne-Artois battles of 1915 this time if Gamelin can help it. His reputation as a commander who saved lives by spending ammunition grew. Jean de Pierrefeu of the *Journal des Débats*, who as a lieutenant wrote the official *communiqués* during the War and knew the General well, says, "Gamelin showed the most remarkable qualities of sang-froid and decision; a fact which should be brought to light inasmuch as the majority of those grand personages on the Staff did not justify the hopes placed in them once they took command of units in action."

Following the Armistice, Gamelin headed several French military missions abroad in Brazil, Rumania, and in Yugoslavia. His duties have taken him all over Europe, Africa, and South America, and to the Near East, adding to his breadth and knowledge. In 1929 he became Under Chief of Staff to General Maxime Weygand, and he succeeded to General Weygand's place in 1935. That was almost five years ago. France has a reputation of changing governments every Tuesday and Thursday; politicians come and go fast in the Chamber of Deputies on the banks of the Seine. But not Generals of the Staff at

"Quatre Bis." Since 1935, longer than any government, Gamelin has been in supreme command although he is now past the retirement age. At sixty-seven he looks fifty-seven or less, and the politicians have not forgotten that Foch was just sixty-seven when he took over the task of leading the Allied armies in 1918. Gamelin's iron constitution may be due to the fact that he is an athlete and has been an open-air man all his life. In fact he learned to ski well and led his battalion of Chasseurs in the Alps long before the sport became fashionable in the winter resorts of Europe and North America.

At times he has a disconcerting habit of saying nothing, of seeming not to pay attention, and then coming out with a penetrating remark which points up the question discussed. In the fall of 1938 in London the British military leaders were explaining to him that the Germans would not attack France directly but would march east on Russia. Gamelin hardly agreed, but he did not express his opinion. He simply said, "So much the better! I prefer to see their backs rather than their faces." At first the British staff officers were shocked. They thought he sounded as if he were afraid. He simply meant he did not want war, for he realized that a war would in the end be disastrous for his nation as for every other. "Nothing new in that attitude," he will recall. "Remember that Napoleon once remarked, 'Good soldiers make war but desire peace.'"

Last June he paid another visit to London for more conferences with the British staff. This time the English were praising the strength of the Maginot Line, suggesting that there was nothing to fear in the way of invasion. Gamelin listened to their praise, looked round, and in his quiet way said, "Maginot Line! Siegfried Line! Gentlemen, no line is better than the breasts of the men who defend it."

The English General Staff likes him. This modest, balanced little Frenchman appeals to them, and appreciating his ability, they term him the right **man in**

the right place. Colonel Horace Fuller, our military attaché in Paris, who knows Gamelin well, calls him "the coolest and calmest man in authority I've ever seen." Colonel Fuller served in France through the War and has seen many great generals.

A man needs courage these days to carry a burden such as Gamelin's. The General likes to tell his troops, "We must have courage nowadays. Not only in our hearts—and no one doubts that the French have that—but in our heads also." Gamelin has that courage. He has shown it in recent years by his defiance of the government on more than one occasion when he felt they were wrong. A few years ago he insisted that the conscript period of service with the army should be increased from twelve to eighteen months. The Premier was sure the French people wouldn't stand for such a change. Gamelin insisted and threatened to resign. Not often does a General oppose the Premier without losing his head. But the conscript period was increased and later increased again from eighteen to twenty-four months. No protest came from the people. If Gamelin wanted it that was sufficient.

During the last war too he showed plenty of courage both in the field and on

the staff. As Chief of Staff for Joffre he convinced the Generalissimo of the necessity of conserving his troops and placing forty-seven divisions, one half the army, in reserve. It took a tremendous fight to accomplish this because the politicians wanted troops used to clear the enemy from France. After Joffre left G.H.Q. at Chantilly and Gamelin went with him, those divisions were, however, still in reserve. They were the men who saved France at Verdun and on the Somme.

Captain Basil Liddell Hart, the English military critic, believes that the French for lack of numbers cannot defeat Germany by any offensive campaign, and that their strategy will be to remain largely on the defensive. Gamelin's tactics up to the time of writing seem to bear this out. But an unspectacular, defensive plan with no victories and little terrain captured in Germany is likely to be as monotonous to the men at the front as it will be distasteful to the civilian population of England and France. Especially if, as now appears likely, the war stretches into a second and a third winter. Then will come the test of character. It is true that Gamelin has courage in his head as well as his heart. He will need it all before this war is over.





SINCE YESTERDAY

THE SOCIAL CLIMATE OF THE NINETEEN-THIRTIES

PART II. Sport, Gambling, Religion, Social Salvation

BY FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

AMONG the changes in everyday American life during the nineteen-thirties were several which might seem at first glance to have been unrelated but which seem to combine into a sort of loose pattern—a pattern of relaxation.

1. *Saturdays off.* During 1931 and 1932, when factories and business offices were short of work, there were very general reductions in hours—intended partly to “spread the work” and partly to appease workers whose pay must be reduced. When the NRA codes came into being in 1933 and 1934 these reductions were continued or extended. After the NRA was abolished most of them—though not all—were continued. The result was that millions of people, rich and poor, found themselves with Saturdays free during part of the year if not all of it. A study made by the National Industrial Conference Board in 1937 showed the advance of the five-day week: out of 2,452 companies (mostly manufacturing companies) reporting, 57.3 per cent had a five-day week for their wage-earners, 45.3 per cent had a five-day week for their clerical workers, and 7.5 per cent reported a five-day week but did not specify what types of workers were included. “While five years ago the five-day week was exceptional,” summarized the report, “it has now become quite general.” Business offices followed a similar pattern in the larger cities (especially New York); and although few

shops were closed on Saturdays, there was an increasing tendency among them to stagger the hours of their employees.

Perhaps no change that took place during the decade more sharply altered the weekly routine of millions of men and women. It altered the pattern of automobile and train traffic too, increasing the Friday rush out of the cities, decreasing the Saturday rush. I recall a certain train which until the Depression used to leave New York for Westchester County in two crowded sections every Saturday noon; by 1933 it was running in one modest section, so thin was the Saturday traffic—and presently a second section was added to one of the Friday evening trains. The two-day week-end was supplanting the day-and-a-half week-end. On Saturday mornings, especially in summer, the business districts of the larger cities were coming to wear a Sunday aspect. Quantities of people had gained new leisure—quite apart from those millions upon whom an unwelcome idleness had been thrust. The long slow trend toward shorter work periods and longer play periods, a trend which had been under way in America for as long as any living man could remember, had been sharply accelerated.

2. *A democratization of sport.* To the aid of men and women who had more leisure and less money came the relief and public-works agencies, putting millions of unemployed men to work build-

ing motor parkways, public bathing beaches, playgrounds, and other conveniences for people who were looking for sport. According to the 1935 *Year Book of National Recreation* the number of public bathing beaches, public golf courses, ice-skating areas, and swimming pools in 2,204 communities had already *doubled* since 1925. Some of these new facilities were built on a modest scale, but others were huge: Jones Beach on Long Island, for example, as magnificent an example of enlightened public planning as the decade produced, could and did comfortably accommodate one hundred thousand people or more on a sunny Sunday in midsummer.

Consider what happened to the game of golf. The Depression hit the private golf clubs hard. As many as 1,155 clubs had belonged to the United States Golf Association in 1930. By 1936 the number had been reduced to 763—and this despite frantic drives for new members, special summer-membership schemes, and other rescue devices. The golf clubs of the country were said to have lost something like a million members since 1929. But meanwhile the number of municipal golf courses grew from 184 in 1925 to 576 in 1935, and there were over a thousand courses—most of them probably private-club courses which had gone bankrupt—now operating on a daily-fee basis. In short, expensive, publicized golf had lost ground; inexpensive golf had gained.

In general there was a gain in the acceptance of the simpler and less pretentious sports. Although school and college basketball, professional baseball, and college football retained their pre-eminence as sports to watch, nevertheless it was interesting to note that in the older colleges and schools football attracted a somewhat less blind devotion among the undergraduates themselves than in earlier years. Let the editors of *Fortune* (writing in 1936) summarize one element in the change: "The football star, the crew captain, the 'muscular Christian' from the college Y.M.C.A., the

smoothie from the big prep school who becomes track manager, the socially graceful prom leader—these still have honor and respect. But the intellectually curious person, who used to be considered queer or 'wet' unless he had extra-intellectual characteristics to recommend him, is climbing past the conventional big man. Englishmen, long accustomed to spotting future undersecretaries of the Foreign Office . . . on visits to Cambridge and Oxford, have remarked on this mutation in American campus leadership, and are inclined to set 1932 as the date at which the mutation became apparent." Meanwhile there was a significant increase, in many colleges and schools, in the interest taken in *playing* games such as soccer, lacrosse, rugby, squash racquets, and tennis, which existed without benefit of massive stadia.

In the country at large the game which made the most striking gain in popularity was softball—that small-scale version of baseball which had once been known chiefly as "indoor baseball." Coming into its own at about the beginning of the decade, it grew so fast that by 1939 there were said to be half a million teams and more than five million players of all ages; there were numerous semi-professional teams, there were world's series matches, and among the semi-professionals were girls' teams the members of which delighted the crowds by wearing very abbreviated shorts but occasionally sliding to bases nevertheless. The Depression brought minor booms in such sports as bicycling and roller-skating. The bicycling boom began as a fad in the Hollywood area in the winter of 1932-33 (when it gave California girls a fine excuse for putting on "trousers like Dietrich's") and spread widely during the next two or three years, chiefly perhaps because it was inexpensive.

The simultaneous skiing craze was a more complex phenomenon. For country-dwellers who lived where the terrain and winter temperature were suitable it was inexpensive; for city-dwellers who

had to carry their equipment long distances, it was not. Perhaps one secret of its rise was the increasing vogue of winter holidaying, which itself had a complex ancestry (the discovery of the delights of winter holidaying in the warmth of Florida or California, the rising popularity of winter-cruising and of motoring outside the country to escape from prohibition, the shortening of the work-week, the secularization of Sunday and the rise of the week-end habit, etc.). At any rate the skiing craze grew rapidly during the Depression, stimulated in 1932 by the holding at Lake Placid, New York, of the winter Olympics. The Boston & Maine Railroad had made such a success of the experiment of running Sunday "snow trains" into the comparatively wide open spaces north of Boston that by 1937 snow trains or snow buses were running out of New York, Pittsburgh, Chicago, Portland, San Francisco, and Los Angeles; department stores were importing Norwegian specialists and building ski-slides; the Grand Central Station in New York was posting prominently in its concourse the daily temperature and snow data for a dozen skiing centers in New England and New York; and rural hotel-keepers in icy latitudes were advertising their unequaled skiing facilities and praying nightly throughout the winter for the snowfall upon which their fortunes depended.

The skiing craze was beyond the means of the urban poor and was geographically limited; nevertheless it confirmed in one respect the general trend. More Americans were getting out into the sun and air; learning to play themselves instead of simply paying to see others play. Women were purchasing strange new play-garments, ranging from shorts to beach-pajamas, overalls, slacks, and "playsuits." More and more men were going hatless in summer, to the anguish of the hatters (and, for that matter, were going waistcoatless and soft-collared and garterless and undershirtless); the bathing-suit top had been generally discarded; and men at play were even beginning to

break out into bright-colored playshirts, slacks, and shorts. By 1939 one saw men of conservative taste strolling unabashed through summer-resort villages in costumes whose greens and blues and reds would have drawn stares of amazement in 1929.

In short, so far as the tension of the times would permit, Americans were apparently learning to relax.

3. *An increase in bridge-playing.* If one superimposes upon a graph of business conditions during the decade a graph showing the taxes collected on playing cards, one notices an odd variation. While the business index was plunging into the depths from 1929 to 1932, the index of playing-cards manufactured, after dropping between 1929 and 1930, actually *rose* between 1930 and 1931, only to sag thereafter and never recover to its 1931 point. The year 1931, it will be recalled, was the year when Mr. and Mrs. Ely Culbertson played contract against Sidney S. Lenz and Oswald Jacoby in a green-and-rose drawing-room at the Hotel Chatham in New York, with favored spectators peeking at them through a screen, star reporters clustering in a neighboring room to study the play-by-play bulletins, and direct news wires flashing to an eager public the narrative of some rather indifferent play. Throughout the following year Culbertson's books on bridge ranked high among the best sellers.

For a long time bridge had been a standard after-dinner sport among the adult prosperous; but now its vogue was spreading. The Lynds reported that in "Middletown" there was much more bridge played in 1935 than in 1925; there was more playing for money; the game had reached down through the high school to children in the sixth grade; and it was invading the working class, "spreading there first through the women's groups and then more slowly to a more resistant group of men, who prefer their pinochle and poker."

4. *An increase in gambling.* Allied perhaps to the increase in bridge-playing

was a notable increase in the number of gambling devices made accessible to the American people. Most of these were devices for wagering a small amount of money in the hope of a big return, and their rise may have been due partly to Depression desperation—the wild hope of winning in a gamble what the ordinary processes of the economic system stubbornly withheld. But they bore witness also to that continued weakening of the puritan traditions which helped bring repeal, the week-end of motoring or sport, and the bridge vogue.

According to Samuel Lubell, the business of manufacturing and operating slot machines, punchboards, pinball games, jar deals, and other similar contrivances for separating the public from its nickels grew during the Depression to giant proportions, and in 1939 “its annual take was somewhere between one half and three quarters of a billion dollars—between ten and fifteen billion nickels”—as much money as is spent annually in the shoe stores. There was nothing new in principle about the slot machine, the improved model of which looked like a cash register and was known as a “one-armed bandit”: the founder of the leading company engaged in manufacturing them had begun business in 1889 and had died in 1929, a millionaire. Slot machines had had a bad reputation, having been widely in the control of gangs and dependent for operation upon political “fix,” yet they continued to flourish widely, sometimes one jump ahead of the police, sometimes with police connivance. And in 1932 a new game, pinball, was introduced which could be played simply for fun, at a nickel a turn, as well as with gambling intent, and it swept the country: pinball boards were to be found in unmolested operation in drugstores, tobacco stores, hotel corridors, cafés, and all sorts of other places. It was based upon the old game of bagatelle: the player shot marbles out of a chute and watched them run down a slope into holes partially protected by pins. The punchboard

and jar games—the latter invented in 1933—also prospered; between 1933 and 1939 some two million jar games were sold.

A quite different kind of gamble was represented in the tremendous American participation in the Irish Sweepstakes, a lottery inaugurated in 1930 on behalf of a group of Irish hospitals, and conducted with such honesty and efficiency that within five years it had become the most successful lottery in the world. Although a Federal statute made lottery information unmailable in the United States and this at first prevented newspapers from printing accounts of the Sweeps in their mail editions, the ban on news publication was later relaxed, every Sweeps drawing became a front-page story, and Americans grew used to reading of janitors and unemployed chefs into whose astonished hands a hundred and fifty thousand dollars had dropped. Many of the tickets sold in the United States never reached Ireland; but if, in the drawing for the 1933 Derby, over six and a half million tickets were in the drum (as was estimated) and 214 of the 2,404 winners (or more than one in fifteen) were American, one may reasonably guess that there may have been over four hundred thousand Americans whose tickets actually got into that particular draw.

Nor should we forget, in any survey of the trend, the relaxation in many States of the laws against race-track betting; the “Bank Night” device of drawing for cash prizes in the movie theaters (a device introduced by Charles Urban Yeager in the Egyptian Theater at Delta, Colorado, and the Oriental Theater at Montrose, Colorado, in the winter of 1932–33, and subsequently copyrighted by him as it spread to thousands of other theaters, which by 1937 were paying Yeager’s firm a total of \$30,000 to \$65,000 a week); the game of bingo (or beano, or keno), which became immensely popular as a money-making entertainment for churches, and in various forms was widely played in movie theaters and

elsewhere, till in 1938 some people were referring to it as the most popular money game in the country; and possibly the pathetic epidemic of chain-letter writing which spread from Denver all over the United States in 1934-35 ("Scratch out the top name and send a dime"). Nor has this brief survey taken account of various older gambling devices which persisted, sometimes in new guises and under new sponsorship—as did the numbers racket when Dutch Schultz, the liquor racketeer, took over its management in the Harlem section of New York and systematized it during the last days of prohibition.

In 1938 a Gallup poll revealed that during the preceding year an estimated 29 per cent of the American people—meaning, one supposes, adults—had taken part in church lotteries (presumably including bingo parties), 26 per cent had played punch boards, 23 per cent had played slot machines, 21 per cent had played cards for money, 19 per cent had bet on elections, 13 per cent had taken sweepstakes tickets, 10 per cent had bet on horse races, and 9 per cent had indulged in numbers games. There were no Gallup polls in the preceding decade, but one wonders if any score even approaching that would have been made in the nineteen-twenties—unless, perhaps, playing the stock-market and buying Florida real estate had been included as gambles?

II

Yet despite all these manifestations of gaiety, relaxation, and sport there was a new tension, a disquiet. For between 1929 and 1933 the Depression wrecked so many of the assumptions upon which Americans had previously depended that millions of men and women were inwardly shaken.

Let us look for a moment at the pile of wreckage. In it we find the assumption that well-favored young men and women coming out of school or college could presently get jobs as a matter of course;

the assumption that ambition, hard work, loyalty to the firm, and the knack of salesmanship would bring personal success; the assumption that poverty (outside the farm belt and a few distressed communities) was pretty surely the result of incompetence, ignorance, or very special misfortune, and should be attended to chiefly by local charities; the assumption that one could invest one's savings in "good bonds" and be assured of a stable income thereafter, or invest them in the "blue-chip" stocks of "our leading American corporations" with a dizzying chance of appreciation; the assumption that the big men of Wall Street were economic seers, business forecasters could forecast, and business cycles followed nice orderly rhythms; and the assumption that the American economic system was sure of a great and inspiring growth.

Not everybody, of course, had believed all of these things. Yet so many people had based upon one or more of them their personal conceptions of their status and function in society that the shock of seeing them go to smash was terrific. Consider what happened to the pride of the business executive who had instinctively valued himself, as a person, by his salary and position—only to see both of them go; to the banker who found that the advice he had been giving for years was made ridiculous by the turn of events, and that the code of conduct he had lived by was now under attack as crooked; to the clerk or laborer who had given his deepest loyalty to "the company"—only to be thrown out on the street; to the family who had saved their pennies, decade after decade, against a "rainy day"—only to see a torrent of rain sweep every penny away; to the housewife whose ideal picture of herself had been of a person who "had nice things" and was giving her children "advantages," economic and social—and who now saw this picture smashed beyond recognition; and to the men and women of all stations in life who had believed that if you were virtuous and industrious you would of

course be rewarded with plenty—and who now were driven to the wall. On what could they now rely? In what could they now believe?

One might have expected that in such a crisis great numbers of these people would have turned to the consolations and inspirations of religion. Yet this did not happen—at least in the sense in which the clergy, in innumerable sermons, had predicted it. The long slow retreat of the churches into less and less significance in the life of the country, and even in the lives of the majority of their members, continued almost unabated.

The membership rolls of most of the larger denominations, to be sure, showed increases. Between 1929 and 1937-38, for example, the Roman Catholic population increased from 20,203,702 to 21,322,608—a modest gain. The Methodist, Baptist, and Lutheran churches also grew in numbers. Yet membership figures are a notoriously uncertain measure of religious vitality. As regards the large Protestant—or nominally Protestant—population of the country, the observations of the Lynds, returning to "Middletown" in 1935 and contrasting the religious life of the city then with what it had been in 1925, offer probably a fairer measure.

The Lynds found some imposing new churches in "Middletown"—products of the hopeful days of the Big Bull Market—but inside the churches they saw little visible change. "Here, scattered through the pews," they reported, "is the same serious and numerically sparse Gideon's band—two-thirds or more of them women, and few of them under thirty—with the same stark ring of empty pews 'down front.'" The congregations seemed to the Lynds to be older than in 1925, the sermon topics interchangeable. Consulting the ministers, they gathered such comments as these:

"The Depression has brought a resurgence of earnest religious fundamentalism among the weak working-class sects . . . but the uptown churches have seen little similar revival of interest."

"There has been some turning to religion during the Depression, but it has been very slight and not permanent."

From a local editor they gleaned the possibly revealing comment that "All the churches in town, save a few denominations like the Seventh Day Adventists, are more liberal to-day than in 1925. Any of them will take you no matter what you believe doctrinally." They quoted as typical of the attitude of the "Middletown" young people toward formal religion the comment of a college boy on Christianity: "I believe these things but they don't take a large place in my life." Their analysis concluded with the judgment that religion, in "Middletown," appeared to be "an emotionally stabilizing agent, relinquishing to other agencies leadership in the defining of values."

The preponderance of evidence from other parts of the country would seem to sustain this judgment. Put on one side of the balance such phenomena as the upsurge of intense interest, here and there, in the refined evangelism of the Oxford Groups led by Dr. Frank Buchman, and their "Moral Rearmament" campaign in 1939; put on the other side the intensified hostility of radicals who regarded the churches as institutions run for the comfort of the rich and the appeasement of the poor; recall how briefly the stream of Sunday-pleasuring automobiles was halted by the men and women straggling at noontime out of the church on Main Street; compare the number of people to whom Sunday evening was the hour of vespers with the number of people to whom it was the evening when Charlie McCarthy was on the air—and one can hardly deny that the shock of the Depression did not, generally speaking, find the churches able to give what people thought they needed.

III

Yet in the broader sense of the word religion—meaning the values by which people live, the loyalties which stir them

most deeply, the aspirations which seem to them central to their beings—no such shock could have failed to have a religious effect. One thinks of the remark of a young man during the dark days of 1932: "If someone came along with a line of stuff in which I could really believe, I'd follow him pretty nearly anywhere." That remark was made, as it happens, in a speakeasy, and the young man was not thinking in terms of puritan morality or even of Christian piety, but in terms of economic and political and social policy. For such as he the times produced new creeds, new devotions.

But these were secular.

Their common denominator was social-mindedness; by which I mean that they were movements toward economic or social salvation—whether conceived in terms of prosperity or of justice or of mercy—not so much for individuals as such but for groups of people or for the whole nation; and also that the movements sought this salvation not through individual conversion but through organized action.

In political complexion the secular religionists ranged all the way from the Communists at one end of the spectrum to the more fervent members of the Liberty League at the other; they included the ardent devotees of technocracy, Upton Sinclair's "Epic," Huey Long's "Share-the-wealth," Father Coughlin's economic program, the Townsend Plan, the CIO, and, of course, the New Deal. How the battles raged between these groups—the whole battlefield gradually moving to the left, so to speak, as the pressure of events forced the conservative groups to give ground again and again—need not be demonstrated here. But it might be remarked that most of the new religions of social salvation did not gather their maximum momentum until after the first few honeymoon months of the New Deal, in 1933, were over—or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that the New Deal, during its honeymoon, overshadowed nearly all of them. It was during the next three or four years,

the middle years of the decade, that the fires of zeal burned most intensely.

They kindled all sorts of people and set them off on all sorts of crusades. There was a kinship of mood between such diverse people as the elderly couple who drove to Chicago to sing "Onward, Townsend Soldiers" for the sacred cause of old-age pensions, the Johnstown steelworker to whom the CIO was the embodiment of a flaming hope, the college intellectual who picketed Hearst newsreels or—with a dash of humor—joined the "Veterans of Future Wars," and the man of inherited wealth who told his friends that they must wake up and get into politics to save the Supreme Court. But most of the social salvationists were radical. And in no group in the country perhaps was the change of temper brought about by the onset of the secular religion of social salvation more conspicuous than among the urban intellectuals.

If back in the heyday of Coolidge prosperity—let us say in the year 1925—you had gone to a cocktail party in New York attended by writers, critics, artists, musicians, and professional men and women interested in the newest ideas and the newest tendencies in the arts, you would probably have heard some of the following beliefs expressed or implied in the conversation screamed over the Martinis:

That there ought to be more personal freedom, particularly sex freedom.

That reformers were an abomination and there were too many laws.

That Babbitts, Rotarians, and boosters, and indeed American business men in general, were hopelessly crass.

That the masses of the citizenry were dolts with thirteen-year-old minds.

That most of the heroes of historical tradition, and especially of Victorian and puritan tradition, were vastly overrated and needed "debunking."

That America was a standardized, machine-ridden, and convention-ridden place and people with brains and taste naturally preferred the free atmosphere of Europe.

If after a lapse of ten years you had strayed into a similar gathering in 1935

or thereabouts, you would hardly have been able to believe your ears, so sharp would have been the contrast. It is unlikely that you would have found anybody showing any conversational excitement over sex freedom, or the crassness of Babbitts, or the need for debunking Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. (It was characteristic of the nineteen-thirties that the Queen Victoria with whom Lytton Strachey had dealt sharply in the previous decade became a popular heroine as portrayed on the stage by Helen Hayes, and that Longfellow himself and other worthies of Victorian Boston were largely restored to favor in Van Wyck Brooks's *The Flowering of New England*.) In the conversation screamed over the somewhat more palatable Martinis of 1935 you would probably have heard some of the following beliefs expressed or implied:

That reform—economic reform, to be sure, but nevertheless reform by law—was badly needed. (Some members of the company might even scout reform as useless pending the clean sweep of capitalist institutions which must be made by the Communist revolution.)

That the masses of the citizenry were the people who really mattered, the most fitting subjects for writer and artist, the people on whose behalf reform must be undertaken. (Indeed, if you had listened carefully you might have heard a literary critic who had been gently nurtured in the politest of environments referring to *himself* as a proletarian, so belligerently did he identify himself with the masses.)

That America was the most fascinating place of all and the chief hope for freedom; that it was worth studying and depicting in all its phases but particularly in those uglier phases that cried most loudly for correction; and that it was worth working loyally to save, though perhaps it was beyond saving and was due to collapse along with the rest of civilization.

The young men and women who had said good-by to Wisconsin and Ohio and Pennsylvania in the nineteen-twenties and gathered about the little tables of the Dôme and the Rotonde to fight the battles of literature and the arts over their aperitifs had been driven home by economics, and for most of them economics offered now the battleground of rebellion. Daughters of patrician families

were horrifying their staid parents, not by advocating companionate marriage but by marching to the aid of striking cafeteria-workers and raising money for the defense of Haywood Patterson in the Scottsboro case. To be wide awake and liberal was to be excited, not about psychoanalysis, James Joyce, Dora Russell, and Picasso, but about share-croppers, ideologies, Marx, Veblen, Rivera, the CIO, production for use, and (in 1937 and 1938) the Spanish Loyalists. How fully the rebelliousness of the intellectually rebellious had turned into political and economic channels may be suggested by the fact that H. L. Mencken's *American Mercury*, which had been the bold standard-bearer of the young highbrows during the nineteen-twenties, lost its hold upon them as they discovered that Mr. Mencken, though liberal in matters of literature and morals, was a tory in matters of politics and economics; until by 1933, when he resigned his editorship, they were dismissing him airily as a back number. Nor did the intellectuals rise as a body in furious defense of freedom of expression when the Legion of Decency imposed a censorship upon the movies in 1934-35. They were tired of arguments over personal morality and their protests were faint. They had turned to fresh woods and pastures new.

IV

Underneath the tumult and the shouting of argument, underneath the ardor for this cause or that, there remained, however, gnawing doubts. The problems which confronted the country were so huge, so perplexing. The unsettlement of ideas had been so shaking. Things had changed so frightfully fast. This plan, this social creed, looked all right to-day—but would it hold to-morrow? To many Americans—indeed perhaps to the majority of them—the complexity of the national problems, the hopelessness of arriving at sure solutions, seemed so appalling that no social ardor could inflame them. While the social

salvationists marched in earnest procession toward their various goals of revolution or reform, these others stood silent and bewildered by the roadside. Something had gone wrong with the country but they didn't know what, couldn't figure it out, wondered if anybody could figure it out.

Toward the end of the decade, when Archibald MacLeish published his *Land of the Free*, through the poem he introduced the recurring words, "We don't know—we can't say—we're wondering. . . ." and observers who had talked with numbers of the drought refugees as they traveled in their jalopies to a tragic serfdom in California said that these very words were constantly on the refugees' lips. So it was with innumerable others whose lives had been overturned by the Depression, and with still others who had suffered no bitter hurt themselves but realized that something queer and incomprehensible was happening to the community. They didn't know; and they were likely to fall back into apathy or fatalism, into a longing for a safe refuge from the storm of events.

To quote the editors of *Fortune* once more (speaking, in 1936, of the majority of college students, not the intellectual minority): "The present-day college generation is fatalistic . . . the investigator is struck by the dominant and pervasive

color of a generation that will not stick its neck out. It keeps its shirt on, its pants buttoned, its chin up, and its mouth shut. If we take the mean average to be the truth, it is a cautious, subdued, unadventurous generation, unwilling to storm heaven, afraid to make a fool of itself, unable to dramatize its predicament. . . . Security is the *summum bonum* of the present college generation." This sort of caution was not confined to the campuses. One saw it in business men: "We used to feel pretty sure about what would happen. Now we know we don't know what will happen." One felt it in the constant iteration, in economic discussions, of the word "confidence"—which enters the vocabulary only when confidence is lacking. One detected it in the strength of the movements for old people's pensions, in the push for social security. The sons and daughters of the pioneers might hazard their small change on bingo or the one-armed bandit, but they did not want life itself to be a gamble.

Except during the hopeful interval of the New Deal honeymoon, in 1933, when hope suddenly and briefly rode high, through the shifting moods of the American people ran an undercurrent of fear. They wanted to feel certainty and security firm as a rock under their feet—and they did not, and were afraid.

[A third installment of "Since Yesterday" will discuss the effect of the social salvationists upon literature and the arts.]



RAINBOW OVER THE FARM

BY ROGER BURLINGAME

WHEN I was a boy I lived on a dairy farm. The main topics of conversation were cows and corn. I was too small to do much farm work but I followed the cows and the corn pretty closely through all the things that happened to them. I asked questions. Sometimes I waited long enough for the York State farmer to answer.

There was one perennial mystery. It involved matters which boys of my age were not supposed to know about. Regularly at the same time every year, before the corn harvest, all the farm hands in the countryside went on a week's bender. They got gloriously drunk and their inebriation had a savage quality and awful after-effects. It was not just an ordinary Saturday-night affair when the horse would follow his nose home, occasionally pulling an empty buggy whose recent occupant would find himself by the roadside in the morning. In this business no horse and buggy were involved. The boys hadn't been to the village and, at this season, they were usually too broke to buy liquor anyway.

The mystery tormented me but I was good at snooping and presently I got the answer. I knew that at the bottom of every silo there was a mass of vile-smelling stuff called ensilage. Before the new corn was cut the ensilage was cleaned out of the silo and used for fertilizer. I discovered that before this clean-up began holes were bored through the silo into the ensilage and the rankest, most headache-producing "likker" known to man was tapped out.

I left the farm and forgot the ensilage for more than thirty years. Then, one day in 1936, I came on a news item that brought it back. A factory had just been built in Kansas. It took in some 4,000 bushels of corn a day and turned out 10,000 gallons of ethyl alcohol. This was used not to provide a bender for farm hands, but to aid the operation of motors. It was mixed with gasoline to make a more efficient fuel or it went into anti-freeze. But, incidentally, *as a by-product*, there emerged from this factory some thirty-two tons of protein feed for farm stocks.

Between these stories there lies a hint of radical change. In the first—a memory of the turn of the century—we see the production of food as the main enterprise of the farm: indeed, as far as corn was concerned, it was the only enterprise. The by-product went to the stomachs and heads of boys too poor to buy good liquor. In the second—a news story of to-day—we find a factory using every month the yield of some 350 acres to produce a drink, not for farmers but for automobiles, with the by-product going to the cows. Between the stories may have come the climax of the ancient war of agriculture and industry. In it a strange genius like Henry Ford, whose industrial vision has never blotted out the haunting memories of his rustic origin, can see the rainbow over the farm.

The armistice between agriculture and industry will not be drawn up in terms of "power-likker" alone. The Kansas fac-

tory suggests possibilities in a single sphere still only partly explored. There are other alcohols valuable or essential in the making of lacquers, paints, varnishes, and plastics. They are not dependent on corn, and experiment on a large scale is now in progress with sugar cane, Jerusalem artichokes, and other crops which once were raised only for their food value. Corn, on the other hand, has been made to yield laundry starches, mucilage, face powder, cough medicine, fireworks, twine, soap, textiles, and paper. But beyond the fields of corn lie oats and wheat, orchards of tung trees and acres of the much-publicized soy bean whose uses, apart from food, range from lubricating oil to fabric, from building material to fountain pens, from photographic film to gear wheels.

Across no man's land from all this array lie mineral deposits, the coal mine, and the oil well with powerful economic forces behind them. Somewhere in the middle—a referee, arbiter, strategist, spy, or whatever you please to call him—stands the chemist. He is attached permanently to neither army but is drawn back and forth from one side to the other according to the strength of the prevailing economic force. As an arbitrator of peace, therefore, the chemist is untrustworthy. He is likely to be at the mercy of the short-term thinker, the promoter whose eyes are focussed on immediate wealth rather than on conservation for the future. The hope for the farmer will come only from long-term thinking, from a broad understanding of future needs and the general future welfare of a whole civilization.

On the far horizon lie two threats. One is the depletion of such raw materials of industry as are derived from mineral deposits. The other is the threat to the producer of food. Of the two, the second is the more serious and, at present, the more alarming.

Experts tell us there is plenty of petroleum. Even if the supply runs low, a synthetic substitute can be derived from

the hydrogenation of coal, a process said to be already commercially practicable for the production of gasoline. But what about the coal? Experts are equally optimistic about that, in spite of the difficulty of exploiting some of the older mines; but here they may be dealing with unknown factors. The making of gasoline from coal is a recently discovered process. The manufacture of fabric from coal is an even later invention. Scarcely a year goes by that some new use for coal is not explained by the picture-puzzle chemists. In the past fifty years, formulas for the "synthetic" manufacture of dyes, flavors, sugars, alcohols, medicines, all of which were once made from plants, have been worked out from the study of coal by organic chemists momentarily allied with the industrial army. Some of these products are better, and all, under the prevailing economic set-up, seem to be cheaper than the "natural" ones. But if the chemists are going on with their diagrams into infinity until this useful mineral forms the dominant physical basis of our economy, is not the knowableness of the supply somewhat reduced?

The other threat is, however, more imminent. In spite of continual shots of artificial stimulant into the arm, the "farm problem" is far from being solved—at least in the United States. Indeed, the nearer it has moved toward solution in other countries the more difficult it has become in America. The war between agriculture and industry is still on. If it continues with industry backed by capital, backed by the chemist, and backed by the traditional attitude toward "civilization," industry will win a disastrous victory. If the farmer is forced to the wall he will turn to some other occupation. Then, unless the chemists have worked out a picture-puzzle by which food as well as clothing, medicaments, and other matters can be derived from carboniferous deposits, we shall face a famine more lethal than that caused by the exhaustion of the mines.

But this war need not go on in its

present direction. The chemists, through their work with synthetic picture-puzzles, have stated the terms of the armistice. The armistice does not constitute a victory for either side. It merely establishes a compromise by which both sides will benefit. This compromise can be applied as soon as we can revise our attitude toward "civilization"—a word despised by the semantic professors and one which might well be dropped from our vocabulary except in occasional concrete applications.

II

There is a general belief that in the history of a people "civilization" sets in at the moment when industry begins to dominate agriculture. At this point society becomes interested in the refinements of life rather than in its bare necessities. There is concentration on the work of the artisan, who fabricates luxuries and comforts or instruments of power and wealth: fire textiles, leather, ornaments, glass, pottery; guns, tools, machines, and vehicles. When this happens the farmer who grows mere food-stuffs or the raw materials of clothing takes a step downward in the social scheme and is shoved off into the fringes of society.

In the celebrated English industrial revolution England borrowed the Roman device of a colonial empire to provide her fringe. As textile and other industries invaded the countryside agriculture was shoved across the Atlantic, and English planters and farmers subdued a wilderness in order to supply the industrialized mother country with the materials of the harvest. That they did this at a loss to themselves was of course a part of the colonial policy. A favorable balance of trade for the political center and an unfavorable one for the colonies is the obvious basis of a smooth-running empire. In the British case it brought wealth to the island, success to the industrial revolution, and "civilization" to England.

The colonial, however, lost caste in the process. He was no longer an Englishman but a British subject. He was regarded as less civilized than his brother who stayed at home and made or enjoyed industrial refinements. Yet when, finally, his burdens became intolerable and he fought free of them, the American planter or farmer held the highest standing among his own people.

Scarcely more than a hundred years ago the tillers of the soil composed the aristocracy of America. They formed, indeed, the large majority of the population. They dictated the economic and social policies of government and made the laws. They were the pillars of the church, the promoters of education. The geography of the nation grew largely from their plan. Land was explored, divided, deforested, fenced, and settled with no other thought than to exploit it for agriculture.

Then, heralded by industrial revolution, "civilization" arrived. In the new United States the British colonial scheme was repeated with remarkable precision. The Northeast, notably New England, became the industrial center and every effort was made to make it the political and economic center as well. The South, conveniently immune to industry because of the institution of slavery, became a colony, which it has remained almost to this day. Because it fought against such domination and lost, its political power was crippled, thus removing the last hindrance to complete industrial revolution. The West fared better, partly because mines of gold, silver, and copper west of the Rockies brought a unity between the Far West and the industrial East and the resulting railroads scattered a variety of industries across the midlands.

Yet the lot of the American farmer has grown steadily worse under the impact of this civilization. He was obliged to fight the heroic battle of the Grange to keep himself from feudal serfdom under the railroad barons. Then the value of his products was manipulated and jug-

gled on industrially motivated exchanges until everyone seemed to be making money out of them except himself. Every happy turn of fate which brought fortune to the industrialist seemed to bring disaster to the farmer. The improvement of his technic, the mechanization of his harvesting brought the bogey of "overproduction"; his prices, in terms of the manufactured products of industry, dropped to a point at which his standard of living fell below that of the factory worker. As a result his boys drifted away to the cities where work was easier and pay higher and, by the early years of the new century, this drift had altered the whole social hierarchy and political control of the nation.

More and more the farmer came to rely on export trade. In the World War he saw a rainbow; for a brief interval it was bright in the sky. Prices soared to undreamed heights but they dropped quickly enough in the post-war chaos when the hungry nations of Europe, frightened by war debts and new tariffs, turned to their own fields for food. As the American farmers in the post-war deflation borrowed right and left to enable them to survive, the momentary rainbow disappeared and the blackest clouds of all came in its place. These clouds burst in the industrial boom of the '20's when the purchasing power of the dollar increased and the farmer realized that his debts were in the terms of the inflated period.

Meanwhile one of the farmer's large markets had vanished. Since the War some nine million horses and mules had been replaced by automobiles. This threw thirty million acres out of production for horse and mule feed—which had been the fuel for his power plant. If these acres could have been turned immediately into crops to feed automobiles no great harm would have been done. But the industrialists had devised another fuel for the internal combustion engine. It came out of the ground, to be sure, but not by means of agriculture. The farmer was forced to buy this fuel

with cash. Incidentally, its use left him less manure to put back into the land.

Thus the farmer was put still more at the mercy of industry. The self-sufficiency of the farm cycle had been interrupted by a new, outside element. Now he must buy the horse-power he once got out of his field. From an industrialist he must buy the fertilizer he once got out of his horse. At the same time the new power enormously increased his production. Yet the human stomach had not enlarged. On the contrary, people had learned, on the whole, to eat less. Instead of vast quantities of salt pork and bread, products of corn and wheat staples, they now ate many varieties of fruit and vegetables, and population was no longer increasing on a large scale; there were few more mouths to feed.

To-day the farmer is a virtual ward of government. Government's ingenuity has been strained to its limit to provide tricks to replace normal economic laws. Government has tried the old Wall Street game of cornering farm produce to jack up prices. It has adjusted freight rates, investigated rural electrification, engaged in laboratory experiment on soil, pests, and disease, attempted to control floods and erosion, irrigated land. At the very moment when it has reclaimed millions of acres of desert it has been forced to limit production, startling the world by instructing the farmer to burn or plow in his crops, to slaughter his stock. It has granted large subsidies for bucolic relief, and most of the expense has been paid by the city dweller. It has bought quantities of mortgaged land and rehabilitated the tenant farmers by giving them acres and houses on a plan of long-term payment. Yet all of these devices have not greatly quieted the distress; boys and girls, descendants of once prosperous farm families, are thumbing their way back and forth across the continent, whole families are migrating in their jallopies to vague destinations in the Steinbeck manner and great tracts of land are going fallow or lapsing into pasture.

At the same time the contempt of the "civilized" industrialist, the city dweller, the business man, has increased toward the rustic whom his taxes help support. He is a necessary evil but an evil. Science, which has done such wonders for industrial production, has been wasted on the farm; it has merely brought about vast new supplies of food which there are no new stomachs to digest.

Yet has science, in the long run, been wasted here? Is it not possible that science, in the end, will restore agriculture to its normal place in the scheme? As we put the various picture-puzzles of the organic chemists together into a complete whole is there not visible a compromise between agriculture and industry that will end the war? Looking at this integral picture, is it not evident that the very processes which have done so much to throw the fields out of production are capable of throwing them back into exceedingly fruitful harvests?

Certain plants have always been grown and certain stock has always been raised primarily or partly for industrial purposes. These among many others include trees, cotton, flax, hemp, indigo, madder, rubber, sheep, goats, cattle, hogs, silkworms. Intermediate between foodstuffs and the raw material of manufactured goods stand such things as tobacco, hops, malt, medicinal herbs.

When, in the nineteenth century, synthetic or "creative" chemistry came along it was found that some of the commodities manufactured from these materials could be made more cheaply if not better from minerals. Thus the dyes such as indigo and madder were made from coal. So were many medicines, flavors, and perfumes. Eventually coal, under certain treatment, was even made to yield various alcohols, aldehydes, acetates, resins, and an inventory of other substances which had formerly had plant origins. Another mineral, calcium carbide, is the basis for a synthetic rubber which will undoubtedly be better for the principal current purpose of transportation than that made from the rubber plant.

Yet at the same time that creative chemistry showed these apparently unlimited possibilities of eliminating the products of the soil it incidentally developed other new industrial materials which made abundant use of them. It developed an immense number of cellulose products including film, rayon, certain plastics, explosives, many of which can be made from farm waste—straw, husks, cobs, cornstalks which were formerly thrown away. It developed alcohols from various plants which formerly had only food value and a vast quantity of new alcohol uses. It showed how starch could be extracted from sweet potatoes and it introduced the soy bean and the tung tree to the paint factory.

Farm wastes have provided many substitutes for wood. By transferring the production of raw material from the forest to the farm our difficult conservation problem must move toward easier solution. Wall board, insulating board, lath, paper can be made cheaply and efficiently from crop wastes. These crop wastes, according to the older agricultural tradition, should be used as fertilizer, though in American extensive farming they were usually not put back into the soil. But to-day the chemistry which deals with minerals has provided synthetic, so-called commercial, fertilizers to take its place. If we can fertilize our soil with minerals and thus be able to sell every straw and husk that we raise instead of merely the fruit or kernel of the grain, have we not made an enormous advance in efficiency?

III

For a quick understanding of some of the new uses of agricultural products in industry we cannot do better than to make a close inspection of our car. This will have a considerable American significance, as the automobile industry is the largest in the country; it supports more collateral industries and is responsible for the employment of more labor than any other.

To the average car owner it seems a far cry from sprouting corn and wheat or wistful cows to that sleek, shiny, iron-hearted, mechanical monster in the garage. In late years everything that hinted of trees or plants or animals seems to have disappeared from it. One of my superstitious friends maintains that accidents on the road have increased since there is no longer any wood for the driver (either in the front or back seat) to knock on.

Yet a handful of statistics recently shaken out of the manufacturers seems to deny this appearance. These show that into the production of one year's model by one manufacturer, there go (in round numbers) 100,000,000 feet of lumber, 350,000 pounds of goat's hair, 30,000 head of cattle, half a million bushels of corn, 350,000 pounds of castor oil, 2,500,000 pounds of linseed oil, two million pounds of soy beans, 2,500,000 gallons of molasses, 70,000,000 pounds of cotton, 20,000 hogs, 3,250,000 pounds of wool, 2,750,000 pounds of turpentine and tung oil, and the product of more than 90,000,000 honey bees. These are all products of American farms, ranches, and forests. Beyond them, in other parts of the world, lie the vast rubber plantations.

With these formidable figures before us, we may look more closely at our own car. What gives it that hard, shiny finish? Is it just paint—the mineral color we use for the house? It was in the early days of the automobile just that. But when the car makers tried to improve the old paint they got something that took twenty-six days to dry. Then as car production increased they had to use their whole plant for drying space. So a quick-drying lacquer had to be found. With the soy bean, with oil from the castor bean or the nut of the tung tree, with cellulose, with alcohols and other solvents, the problem was met by the soil.

As we get into the car we look through the clear windshield which we know cannot shatter because of its middle ply made with cellulose from fibrous vege-

table pulp. We sit on comfortable cushions to which sheep and goats have contributed, or, if the seat be leather, cattle. No matter how cold the day, the car starts quickly because of the corn "likker" from the silo in the radiator and perhaps in the gas tank as well. The handle of the gearshift lever is probably a plastic made with a filler of flaxseed or bean meal or starch or ground-up nutshells. The window trim, the dashboard panels are made from the same material. So is the steering wheel. So are the more mysterious parts of the car's anatomy under the hood: distributor bases and covers, timing gears. In the Ford these things are soy-bean products. I was puzzled for a while by the honey bees, but I found their wax in the insulation of the electric wires. The molasses goes into solvents and shock-absorber fluids. The cattle, in addition to leather, furnish glue (made from both hides and milk) and certain greases (in which the hog assists).

If the engine drives the car up grades without knocking it may be because alcohol made from vegetable matter has been mixed with the gas. If the lubricant is highly efficient it may be because furfural is used in refining it. Furfural, a cousin of formaldehyde, has been made from leaves or bark, cornstalks or sunflower seeds, but it is made most effectively from oat hulls. Thus, to a small extent, the automobile may be made to consume a crop once fed to the horse.

The presence of these things in an automobile is unexpected and striking, but the reason so many of them are there is simply because the automobile combines in itself so many kinds of material. Outside this industry the field seems limitless. If steering wheels can be made of plastics, so can fountain pens, telephone mouthpieces and receivers, cigarette holders, glassware, electric-light sockets and switches, bottle stoppers, imitation jewelry, plates, and a thousand gadgets of every variety. Buttons, buckles, and other things are made of a plastic derived from cow's milk. The uses of

plastics are multiplying daily. Certain of them are as tough as steel and have been used for gears. They have the properties of resistance to wear of the hardest alloy steels plus a greater heat resistance and the extraordinary advantage of not requiring any lubricant other than water. So far they are not so used on a large scale because they are costly. But we may fancy a situation in which a nation, cut off by war or other catastrophe from its iron supply, might still make effective machines from the produce of the soil.

The beauty of the picture-puzzle process as applied to organic material is that it lends itself to such infinite diversification. For example, as the diagrams of the chemists begin to demonstrate their interchangeability, it is discovered that certain things such as film, explosives, ply-glass, celluloid which once were made only from cotton, can be made from a variety of fibrous material. Thus by a careful estimate of future possibilities, with the chemists working in close connection with the Department of Agriculture or with a planters' and farmers' association, a balanced economy might be planned which would restore the farmer to his ancient prestige. A survey of industrial needs might serve as a guide to this planning and the individual farmer could be told precisely what crops to develop in each new year.

The difficulty is that the chemists are not working in cahoots with the agriculturists. The best of them are in the employ of the industries. The industries are interested in securing the material that is cheapest at the moment, regardless of its source. And industrialists, from a long, "civilized" habit, always look toward the mine first and away from the field. The chemists in their employ follow the focus of their eyes.

At this point the very interchangeability of the picture-puzzles which I have suggested was their beauty begins to dissipate the rainbow over the farm. The industrial chemist, with one eye on his picture-puzzle and the other on the mine,

discovers that he can make plastics and other things "synthetically" out of coal as easily as he can make them "synthetically" out of cellulose. He finds, further, that he can make them more cheaply in this way and, naturally, his industrial employer applauds him. The employer is usually closer to the miner than to the farmer. Coal, after all, along with iron formed the basis of the industrial revolutions. Coal produced the vast manufacturing areas in the north of England; coal produced Pittsburgh and Bethlehem and Wilmington. Coal is, to a large extent, the foundation of civilization.

But would the chemist find that coal as a basis for the operations of creative chemistry was cheaper from every point of view? Would it be cheaper if the exhaustion of the mines were nearer than it seems to be? Would it be cheaper if the farmers were all operating on a large, efficient, and planned scale in close cooperation with industry? Would it be cheaper to work with coal if by working with something else the farmer became prosperous enough to add a new, eager bloc of large consumers of the products of industry? If, by using vegetable material, a heavy burden of taxes were removed from the shoulders of industrialists and business men? Or if, by turning from the mine to the field and thus helping the farmers to get on their feet again, a serious future food famine could be averted? Or if, for example, agriculture, revived by the alteration of a picture-puzzle, should absorb large numbers of the unemployed?

One of the largest potential agricultural products is the one with which I started my story—industrial alcohol. I am told that the petroleum interests are bitterly opposing its development for fuel purposes. That, I suppose, is because of the fear that it may replace gasoline. I was asked the other day what benefit could be derived from throwing thousands of workers in oil fields and refineries out of jobs. Yet it need not do that. It is already accepted as incontrovertible that a blend of gasoline and alcohol is

more efficient than straight gasoline. A blend containing 10 per cent anhydrous ethyl alcohol is a much improved product. Combustion is more complete, carbon monoxide is decreased in the exhaust, and the alcohol is an anti-knock agent in high compression motors. The improvement of a product has rarely made it less marketable. We should therefore expect an increase in gasoline consumption if the gasoline were made better.

At the same time this 10 per cent blend if universally adopted would use 700,000,000 bushels of corn, the crop of more than twenty million acres. This would increase our present corn crop by nearly 30 per cent. Or, if we derived this alcohol from more diversified sources, we could put land into sweet potatoes (an ideal Southern crop) or artichokes, thus adjusting our raw materials to soil and climate. In any case, such an increase in agricultural production would use a goodly number of our present unemployed, not to mention those who would enter the new conversion plants. These plants, operating in the farm areas, would also cause a desirable dispersion of the industrial population.

The proportion of alcohol may be further increased without great damage to the oil industry. Certain oil companies whose petroleum product is of a low grade have found that the use of 25 per cent alcohol brings their gasoline up to standard quality. (I have taken care to spell that word with a lower-case s.) No less a chemical authority than the late Francis P. Garvan has described a 33⅓ per cent blend as "the perfect fuel." This still comes a long way from replacing petroleum, though it might ease the pressure on the exhaustible supply and it would certainly go far toward putting the farmer back on his feet. With the unavoidable by-product of this fuel he could feed his stock. The by-product would be "velvet." And so might much of the food that we eat.

It would accord well enough with any concept of a civilized society if food were

produced as an incident to other manufacture. Under such a program the farmer would achieve high standing in the most completely industrialized state. He would have a reasonably assured market and, probably, an increasing one. Any possibility of food shortage would disappear, at least as long as the demand for industrial commodities continued. And the farmer himself would furnish a large part of that demand.

IV

Looked at from this point, the picture is clear and fairly simple. Unfortunately we cannot stop here. To do so would be grossly unfair to the industrial antagonist. In any war there are two sides. It is rare that all of the right in the controversy belongs to either.

The farmer, through modern history at least, has exerted a retarding force on the close, co-ordinated organization of society which seems to be a goal of man's mental or spiritual evolution. His dependence on seasons, climate, and other matters presumably beyond his control has made him deeply conservative. Dedicated to the miracles of nature, he is inherently antipathetic to the so-called man-made "marvels" of science which have motivated industrial progress.

For two centuries the American farmer took almost no steps to improve his methods. In the early nineteenth century most American agriculture was a scandal to the Old World. Its program was always extensive and hence wasteful. Land was abundant and there seemed no need to conserve it. Such English observers as John Herriott, Richard Parkinson, and the anonymous English author of *American Husbandry*, were horrified at the wild running of cattle and hogs, the neglect of manure, the bad plowing. The advice of such intelligent, scientific students of agriculture as Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Tench Coxe, Robert Barton, was largely ignored. Charles Newbold, first American inventor of the iron plow, died in poverty because of the

farmers' superstitious terror lest iron poison the ground.

To-day the superstitious are largely gone and, after years of intense effort on the part of scientific experimenters, universities, State departments of agriculture, and the Federal government, the bulk of the farmers have been convinced of the value of science in the field. Nevertheless, the hangover of conservatism remains. Farmers more than any other class are "from Missouri" and "have to be shown." Thus it is not an entirely simple matter to persuade the farmer that chemurgy is a force for his own advancement. An enlightened farm-owner friend of mine told me of the difficulty he had inducing his tenant farmer to put part of the land into soy beans. Even then he would plant only enough beans to feed his own stock, refusing to believe in the industrial demand. Therefore much of the work of the chemurgical propagandist must go to converting the farmer.

Curiously, the dominant leader in the chemurgical farm movement has been a captain of industry and a true industrial genius. Henry Ford, born on a Michigan farm and, as a boy, bored beyond endurance by farm work, has in his advanced years been pursued by nostalgia for the soil. He has made farm chemurgy his foremost hobby. I know that some of Mr. Ford's hobbies have been regarded askance by some of his industrial colleagues. Some of them may have ridden him harder than he has ridden them, though no resulting diminution in his efficiency of production has yet been visible.

Mr. Ford has made it a point to use as many farm products as possible in the making of Ford cars. From the research developed under this impetus came the vision of a whole new technology which seemed revolutionary and limitless. This technology or "science" as it has been called was dignified as "farm chemurgy," a phrase coined by Dr. William J. Hale of the Dow Chemical Company in 1934.

In 1935 Mr. Ford invited a group of

experts in many trades to meet with him in the summer. This was known as the Dearborn Conference. To it came chemists, manufacturers, professors, railroad men, newspaper publishers, every variety of research scientist, ministers, engineers, and economists. In the course of the conference all these men told what they knew. They tried to show that in the years to come there must be a multiplication of uses of farm products apart from food. They tried to show as a result an increase in purchasing power of the farmer and the relief of industrial unemployment by a trend of labor back to the farm. They showed that even the mechanized farm requires more than twice the number of men to work it than the mechanized factory and they argued from this that, once the farm was put on a truly paying basis, it would take up much of the present slack. Incidentally, it would provide more varied, pleasurable, and wholesome occupations.

In conclusion they adopted a Declaration of Dependence on the soil. "When, in the course of the life of a Nation," began this paraphrase of an earlier document of our history, "its people become neglectful of the laws of Nature and of Nature's God, so that their very existence is put in peril, necessity impels them to turn to the soil in order to recover the right of self-maintenance." A pompous expression perhaps and subscribed to, no doubt, by some of the conferees with reservations. One of them has since announced a fabric made from coal. Nevertheless, the document suggested a novel attitude toward civilization and its meaning in America.

The conference became an annual affair though it has moved from Dearborn. The National Farm Chemurgic Council has been organized to take charge of it, and this robust young association now moves under its own steam. One of its parents was the Chemical Foundation of America. Its present head is Wheeler McMillen, long editor of the *Farm Journal*. On the board of governors are Louis J. Taber, Master of the Grange,

Arnold P. Yerkes, president of the American Society of Agricultural Engineers, Robert E. Wood, president of Sears, Roebuck, Karl T. Compton, president of M.I.T., Robert Millikan of the California Institute of Technology, and Edward R. Weidlein, director of the Mellon Institute. The Council proclaims itself non-political and non-partisan. Its headquarters are in Columbus, Ohio.

Under its auspices the annual conferences continue. These have been supplemented by regional and State conferences and subsidiary Chemurgic Councils have been formed in twenty-eight States. Finance was managed at first by the Chemical Foundation, then headed by Francis P. Garvan. The Council's own membership now supports it.

Government's interest in chemurgy has been shown in the authorization by Congress of four regional research laboratories in New Orleans, San Francisco, Peoria, and Philadelphia. These have

been provided with annual appropriations of a million dollars each. But in the act which created these agencies Congress too has shown its conservatism by tying strings to them. They must confine their activities to surplus crops only. As Mr. McMillen has pointed out, "they will do nothing toward finding new uses for less abundant crops or for finding new crops, *either of which might tend to prevent rather than cure the surpluses.*" (Italics mine.)

There the matter stands. Is it not conceivable that the kind of "agricultural revolution" which might arise out of all this activity would do as much for our present civilization as an industrial revolution would do at another point in the historic cycle? Cannot we trust independent scientific thought to bring such a revolution to pass, to control it, to keep it bloodless? Cannot we then hope for a balanced and peaceful millennium in which the farm and the factory may lie down together and none of our fine "progress" be lost?





THE BLACK TOM CASE

BY HARLAND MANCHESTER

AT EXACTLY eight minutes after two on the damp, cloudy Sunday morning of July 30, 1916, over a million dollars' worth of window glass in Manhattan, Brooklyn, and Jersey City burst into pieces and landed on the pavement—and no one heard it. The sound was smothered by a blast of gargantuan dimensions. It shook western Long Island, northern New Jersey, and even Philadelphia. Every building in New York shuddered on its foundations. Thousands of beds leaped in the air and discharged their occupants. People on the streets were pitched about by a palpable unseen force. As they lay there, knocked out of their wits, there was a second of absolute silence. Looking up, they stared, unbelieving, at the wreckage about them.

After the strange lull bedlam broke loose. There were more crashes of debris and a roar of distant cannonading. Policemen, faced with the incomprehensible, blew their whistles. Hysterical women ran shrieking through Times Square. Tenement dwellers clasped their children and thronged the streets. Fire alarms were turned in all over the five boroughs, for everyone thought the explosion had taken place in his own block. The wailing apparatus, back from futile errands, added to the jam. Uptown New Yorkers jumped in cars and taxicabs and streaked south, pursuing a fierce red glare in the sky. Baffled before they reached Fourteenth Street, they all tried to come back at once. A man came out of the subway

on 34th Street and ran aimlessly toward the Hudson River. Soon he was leading a stampede.

Seventeen minutes after the first explosion, another great blast shook the terrified city. Street signs and window glass rained upon the crowds, and ambulance crews began picking up the wounded.

There was no radio to tell people what had happened, and there were many theories, including an explosion of a Standard Oil plant, a foreign invasion, and Armageddon. But down in the harbor, where barge families and island dwellers were ducking the steady hail of shrapnel fire, the cause was clear enough. Black Tom had exploded. Black Tom Island—really a promontory—is a narrow strip of land half a mile long which juts out from the Jersey shore about opposite the Statue of Liberty. It serves as shipping terminal for the Lehigh Valley Railroad. The tracks ran over a causeway to seven large brick warehouses and four covered piers. Great quantities of ammunition destined for the Allied powers came through Black Tom. It was usually taken in lighters to Gravesend Bay, where it was loaded on transatlantic freighters; but there were times when many carloads and barges of explosives remained at Black Tom overnight, contrary to a Jersey City ordinance. On that week-end, it is estimated that Black Tom housed one thousand tons of munitions, including great quantities of dynamite, T.N.T., nitro-cellulose, and shrapnel shells, as

well as large stores of picric acid and gasoline.

For several hours the shell-fire continued, punctuated by an occasional deafening blast as the ravenous fire went through the lines of freight cars and found new pabulum. Manhattan crowds jammed the Battery and watched the parabolic streaks of the three-inch projectiles. Bolts were blown from the Statue of Liberty and the buildings of Ellis Island were devastated, as officials hurriedly evacuated six hundred panic-stricken immigrants. Tugboat captains did heroic things. Soon after the first blast one harbor skipper fixed hawsers to two floating arsenals and, with red-hot cartridge cases pelting his deck, towed them into the current. One blew up and vanished completely; the other drifted about for hours, keeping up a desultory bombardment.

When the menace finally subsided and the authorities of two States counted the loss six deaths were reported. Among the victims was a two-months-old baby of Jersey City who was tossed from his crib and killed by the shock. Scores were put down as missing and hundreds were injured. Not one brick of the Black Tom warehouses was left upon another. The total property damage, including broken glass and lost barges, was set at twenty million dollars.

Before the last shell spent its aimless force detectives set to work to learn the cause of the disaster. Two days later, one Dominick Lannie, a truckman who had been cut by falling glass, became the pioneer Black Tom litigant when he brought suit against the Lehigh. The investigations and lawsuits were to continue for twenty-three years, pyramiding dizzily to a library of court records and a jack-straw heap of fiscal complexity. The secret services of six countries have been involved, and the world's leading handwriting experts and secret-code virtuosos have been employed. Lawyers and detectives, scouring the world for evidence, have made a career of the case and several have grown old and died

working on it. The procession of choice scoundrels, dashing dare-devils, and bulldog sleuths which marches through the case out-points an Oppenheim thriller, and it is doubtful if a score of Hollywood films could use up its plot material.

Last June the Black Tom case, and the case of the Kingsland, N. J., munitions plant fire, with which it is legally bracketed, were brought to their final official solution. Associate Justice Roberts of the United States Supreme Court, in his capacity as umpire of the German-American Mixed Claims Commission, heard new evidence and reversed a previous hearing in favor of Germany, thereby agreeing in effect with the American claimants that the Black Tom and Kingsland disasters were the work of Germany's secret agents, directed by responsible officials of the German government. As a result of the decision, damage awards totalling about fifty-five million dollars covered by German funds and securities held in the United States Treasury awaiting the decision, are to be distributed to the Lehigh Valley Railroad, Agency of Canadian Car and Foundry Company, Ltd. (owner of the Kingsland plant), and other claimants.

II

While New York and Jersey City bound their wounds and swept up the debris, investigators gingerly probed the smoking ruins and questioned scores of witnesses. Stories differed, but it was finally concluded that the fire started in two places at about 12:30. First a small blaze was seen coming from inside a munitions car. No alarm was turned in for twenty minutes, a delay which was never satisfactorily explained. Soon another small fire was seen on the deck of a barge tied to one of the piers. When firemen came and turned their hose on the barge they were amazed at the persistence of so small a fire, and said later that water seemed to feed it. Both fires spread rapidly, and the firemen were

driven back by the heat. When the first blast came many of them were thrown high in the air and literally blown out of their clothes, but no fireman was killed.

At four o'clock that morning a pale, jittery young Slovakian named Michael Kristoff walked down East 25th Street, Bayonne, in the area swept by the disaster. He turned in at Number 76 and pounded on the door. His cousin, Mrs. Anna Rushnak, finally let him in. He pushed her aside and rushed upstairs to his room, moaning "What I do? What I do?" Mrs. Rushnak talked with the family and they went to the police. Michael didn't seem right in the head, they said, and he went round with drawings of bridges and factories. A man had been paying him twenty dollars a week just to carry a suitcase full of drawings. Michael would go away, and wherever he went there was an explosion. The night before Black Tom blew up Michael went out. He said he was going to the Eagle Iron Works to collect some back pay, and they thought it was funny that he should get his pay in the middle of the night. At first they didn't know where the Eagle place was. Now they knew it was just back of Black Tom, so they came to the police.

The police found Kristoff and gave him the works without much success. He said he had been in Yonkers that night. Yes, he had carried a suitcase for a man who traveled a great deal. There were maps and charts in the bag, but he didn't know what for. He thought maybe the man showed people how to build bridges. The man offered him \$5,000 "to do something," but Kristoff wouldn't say what. He had met the man in the Pennsylvania Station the previous January, and they had gone to Philadelphia, Cleveland, Bridgeport, and other places. They came back and the man told him to meet him in the lobby of the McAlpin, but he wasn't there, and he never saw him again. The man's name? Grandson, Graentnor—something like that.

Later a cousin of Kristoff's swore that

she had seen an unmailed letter in his room addressed to this Graentnor, demanding money. Still that wasn't enough to hold Kristoff, and the police let him go. They put a man on his trail who posed as an anarchist and worked with him for months in a chocolate factory. The detective reported that Kristoff admitted helping to blow up Black Tom, but he did not lead him to his mysterious employer, and after a time he disappeared. The identity of "Graentnor" became a crucial factor in the case, and dovetailed neatly into investigations of the Black Tom disaster's legal twin—the Kingsland fire.

It was on the following January 11th that the Kingsland plant soared skyward. This factory, composed of thirty-eight low frame buildings, lay in the Jersey meadows seven miles west of the Hudson. The operators, Agency of Canadian Car and Foundry Company, Ltd., a New York corporation, were just completing a bothersome order of \$83,000,000 worth of three-inch shells for the Russian Government, and the afternoon shift was working full blast. In Building 30 a dozen men were cleaning brass shell cases with denatured alcohol. One of the alcohol pans burst into flames, and the workmen fled, fire biting at their heels. In no time at all the flames jumped to eight carloads of T.N.T. on the siding, over the tracks to a warehouse packed with 55,000 shells, and then to a trainload of ammunition on the Lackawanna tracks. The fusillade lasted four hours and consumed 500,000 artillery shells. Amazingly, no one was killed. The shells had not been equipped with detonating fuses, and they plowed into the ground without exploding. Jerseyites made a gala day of it, gathering by thousands in a safe, remote circle and savoring the thrill of big-gun fire without its danger. The loss was estimated at \$17,000,000.

There were four investigations, by Agency of Canadian Car, Ltd., the State of New Jersey, and the United States and Russian governments. First it was

believed that a spark from a faulty machine had ignited the alcohol. But when the very next day the earth trembled again as two hundred tons of smokeless powder blew up at the du Pont works at Haskell, New Jersey, it was suspected that both jobs were done by a group of saboteurs.

No outsider had set off the Kingsland blast. That was clear from the start. The works were surrounded with a stout iron fence topped with barbed wire and patrolled by two hundred armed guards, and everyone who entered was searched and identified. The fire started at the bench of Theodore Wozniak, a young Austrian Galician with a flowing mustache. A foreman said that Wozniak had had a large heap of rags at his bench and that just before the fire started he had spilled his pan of alcohol over them. When Wozniak was questioned his manner aroused suspicion. Detectives shadowed him but he disappeared. Then there was a mysterious Rodriguez who worked near Wozniak. He claimed that he was absent that day, but his name was to become one of the minor refrains of the case.

It was a matter of years, but the investigators eventually found enough to make the Kingsland plant look like a resort for German spies. They found that Wozniak, an Austrian Galician, had served in the Austrian army, that he had posed as a Russian, and that he got his job at Kingsland through the offices of Dmitri Florinsky, Russian Vice Consul in New York. Florinsky himself was suspected of being a German spy, and fled to Germany when he was dismissed. Years later, investigators followed a lead to a Vermont village and discovered the Tzarist General Khrabroff, who placed munitions orders in the United States during the War. Khrabroff told them that before the fire he had received letters from Wozniak charging carelessness at Kingsland and predicting a catastrophe. After the fire he had questioned Wozniak and concluded that he had written the letters in a clumsy attempt to

prepare an explanation for the disaster. Later, said Khrabroff, the frugal shell-cleaner had sent several thousand dollars to himself in Russia. Then there was the report of Casimir Palmer, British Secret Service agent, written two days before the fire, in which Wozniak was described as a German agent. German lawyers branded the report as bogus, but Sir William Wiseman, Palmer's wartime employer, said it was authentic.

Two months after Kingsland burned, detectives stumbled upon an amazing coincidence. The Black Tom terminal had been rebuilt, and a man named Fritz Kolb was convicted of trying to blow it up again. In making the rounds of Kolb's acquaintances, police searched the Hoboken rooms of one Charles E. Thorne. They found letters and clippings implicating him in the Kingsland fire, and connecting Thorne with the German secret service. They next found that Thorne, friend of a convicted saboteur and apparently a German agent, had at the time of the fire been assistant employment agent at the Kingsland plant!

Thorne vanished as completely as Wozniak had done, and word went out that he was dead. But he was not forgotten, and sixteen years later sleuths ran him down in New York. He admitted that his real name was Curt Thummel, and stated that he had obtained the Kingsland job in pursuance of his duties as a German agent. He had used his position to find jobs for men sent to him by his employer. And the name of his employer, he testified, was Captain Frederick Hinsch, commander of the German ship *Neckar*, interned at Baltimore.

Captain Hinsch became a cornerstone of the American case, for before they could collect damages from Germany the claimants had to prove not only that Kristoff and Wozniak helped to bring about the disasters but that their acts were directed by responsible officials of the German government. If the actual saboteurs were not linked to their su-

periors it was not enough even to prove that they were German agents; for they might have been zealously exceeding their instructions. And Hinsch was a man of consequence. He was well known on the Eastern seaboard, particularly in connection with the German submarine trader *Deutschland* and her blockade-running trips to Baltimore.

The search to fix the guilt for Black Tom developed into a patient, thorough investigation of all German activities in the United States during the period of neutrality, and many paths led to the bluff Captain Hinsch. The claimants built their case upon the belief, supported by a mountain of evidence, that he was an important cog in the great German sabotage machine, that Kingsland was burned at his order, and that Hinsch was, or at least knew, the mysterious "Graentnor" who hired the simple Kristoff as a "fall guy" to carry his charts, and who offered him \$5,000 "to do something."

III

These ramifications of the German sabotage network had not been traced when the German-American Mixed Claims Commission was set up in 1922 to settle suits arising from the War. Lehigh, Canadian Car, Bethlehem Steel, and a number of insurance firms had paid out millions in damages, and now they sought reimbursement through the Commission to the amount of about \$50,000,000. They began to spend a proportionate amount on lawyers and sleuths, and some of the best men in the field set out on the Black Tom trail, then cold for five years.

From the start they had plenty of general proof of sabotage during America's neutrality period. The solid foundation of the charge was an official cable from the Acting General Staff in Berlin to the German Embassy in Washington, giving instructions for the wrecking campaign. It was dated January 26, 1915, and signed by Captain Nadolny, an important official of "Section III B"—the

German Secret Service. The cable named three anti-British Irish-Americans recommended by Sir Roger Casement, the Irish spy later hanged in London, who would indicate "persons suitable for sabotage in the United States and Canada," and stated plainly: "In the United States sabotage can be carried out in every kind of factory for supplying munitions of war." This was one of the many official messages which were intercepted and decoded by British agents.

Confronted by this evidence, German attorneys dismissed it as "the blunder of a subordinate," but later Judge Kieselbach, German member of the Commission, admitted that the cable "was instigated by the Acting General Staff and approved of by the Foreign Office." The Germans insisted, however, that its instructions were intended for use only if the United States joined the Allies, and that, in any event, they had not been carried out.

Thus in the early twenties the Black Tom case resembled a ladder, with many rungs missing in the middle. At the top of the ladder was the sabotage cable—the German government's official order to blow up American munition plants. At the bottom of the ladder were the vague Kristoff and the slightly daffy Wozniak. In the years to come the great corps of investigators and experts worked from both top and bottom to fill in the missing rungs.

Certain rungs fell quickly into place near the top of the ladder. The handsome young Captain Franz von Papen, military attaché in Washington when the cable was received, swore later that he had disregarded it; but when he was ejected late in 1915 and went home to be decorated and promoted, the British seized his records and found proof of his sabotage work. The dashing von Rintelen, who sipped oolong with Newport's best, carried on after von Papen's departure until the country became too hot for him. Later he was brought back and sentenced to a term in Atlanta. In his book published in London last year he

told of his work putting incendiary devices in the holds of freighters bound for Allied countries, and the man who made his fire bombs has estimated that they destroyed \$10,000,000 worth of goods on 36 different ships. Later, when the entire staff of the German Consulate in San Francisco was tried and convicted of a wrecking plot, more sabotage activities in the neutral years were revealed. The day after the Black Tom blast the *New York Times* reported that since 1914, 99 chemical and explosives plants had blown up, with 120 deaths. After the United States entered the War, and most of the German agents fled to Mexico rather than risk the death penalty, the accident rate fell off sharply. These facts, supported by documentary proofs too numerous even to catalogue, indicated that the sabotage cable meant what it said, and that German agents in the United States followed instructions.

The investigators checked the wartime activities of prominent German-Americans, with particular attention to officials of the North German Lloyd. In 1925 this work received a sudden impetus when Amos J. Peaslee, of the Lehigh counsel, was given access to copies of hundreds of German wireless messages which the British Naval Intelligence Service had intercepted and decoded during the War. Confident that their codes were unbreakable, German officials had been amazingly verbose and explicit. From these messages, which had been stored in the cellar of Sir Reginald Hall, Britain's chief decoder, Peaslee obtained the names of Paul Hilken, Fred Herrmann, Captain Hinsch, Dr. Anton Dilger, and Raoul Gerdts, all mentioned in connection with sabotage work.

In one of these men, Paul Hilken, the Americans were to find an able ally. He was the son of Henry Hilken, a prosperous and respected naturalized American who represented the North German Lloyd in Baltimore. Paul, a graduate of Lehigh and M.I.T., was high in the favor of the shipping firm, and was

groomed for the lucrative post of general American agent for the line. He never got the job. Because of this disappointment and a decreasing attachment to the Fatherland, he readily testified concerning his sabotage work. His early statements contained errors and omissions which injured the American case, but after his colleagues had been questioned, and his wartime diaries, letters, and check-book stubs had been examined, there emerged an amazing account of a daring group of wreckers who were implicated not only in the Black Tom and Kingsland affairs, but in setting fire to ships, spreading disease germs, and scores of other sabotage ventures.

Fred Herrmann, a youth of the daredevil type who was born in Brooklyn and worked in England as a German agent in 1916, was next on the list. They found him in Chile, where he was working in a bank. Hilken was sent to persuade him to return to the United States and testify. At first he refused. He had a wife and children and was afraid of losing his job if his war activities got in the papers. He reported his predicament to the German Minister, who persuaded him to sign a paper denying everything, and promised to help him. Later he returned to the United States, testified before the Commission at Washington, and became an important witness for the Americans.

He told of a conference in Berlin a few months before Black Tom went up, when with Dilger and Hilken he received instructions from Captains Nadolny and Marguerre of Section III B. Credits were established for Hilken, who was designated as paymaster for the gang. Herrmann was given a supply of the newly contrived "fire pencils." These looked like ordinary lead pencils, but they contained a slender glass tube with two compartments, each filled with a chemical. If the pencil was broken and the two chemicals united, a small, persistent blaze resulted. These were to be used in destroying American munition plants, Nadolny explained.

The three men returned to America. Herrmann went with Dilger to his Washington workshop—"Tony's Lab," the German agents called it. There they filled the pencils, and Dilger looked after his tubes of anthrax and glanders cultures. For Dr. Dilger directed a crew of men who inoculated with these deadly diseases horses and mules being shipped to the Allies, a type of sabotage which was also carried on by Germany in Rumania and Argentina. Then, according to Herrmann's testimony, he went to Baltimore, where he conferred with Hilken and Captain Hinsch. He gave Hinsch some fire pencils, and they made lists of factories and warehouses to be destroyed. Hinsch was to take care of Black Tom, he said, and he was to see to Kingsland. In New York Hinsch introduced him to Wozniak, the Kingsland plant worker, and when Herrmann said he distrusted Wozniak, Hinsch sent for Rodriguez, one of his own men, and Wozniak promised to get him a job at Kingsland, where "he had a pull with the employment agent." Herrmann said that after the fire he paid Rodriguez \$500 and got rid of him. There is also evidence that Herrmann sometimes went by the name of Rodriguez.

As for Black Tom, Paul Hilken testified that at a dinner in New York soon after the explosion he had paid Hinsch \$2,000 for arranging the job. To cap the story, Herrmann said that Hinsch sometimes went by the name of Graentnor.

Meanwhile, the Americans were reconstructing the 1916 movements of an accomplished pair of saboteurs named Kurt Jahnke and Lothar Witzke. They were members of von Bopp's gang who had escaped to Mexico, where Witzke told a dramatic story of blowing up Black Tom from a rowboat. No supporting proofs were ever found, and the evidence about them which was brought into the 1930 hearing of the Commission, at The Hague, served only to weaken and confuse the American case.

At the Hague hearing, Germany as-

sailed Herrmann's credibility. He had testified for both sides, they said, and could not be believed. They brought Captain Marguerre to the stand, and he stated that he had told Herrmann not to commit sabotage unless the United States entered the War. Hinsch, an important witness, admitted that he had conducted sabotage work under von Rintelen, but denied all connection with Black Tom or Kingsland. And Hilken's story of his payment to Hinsch was raked by legal fire.

The three-man commission, headed by the late Roland Boyden of Boston, dismissed the American claims as unproven.

"In the Kingsland case," the commission ruled, "we find upon the evidence that the fire was not caused by any German agent. In the Black Tom case we are not convinced that the fire was not attributable to Hinsch and Kristoff, although we are convinced that it was not attributable to Witzke or Jahnke. But we are a long way from being convinced that the fire was caused by any German agent."

As for the mysterious Mr. Graentnor who hired Kristoff, there was no assurance, said the Commission, that he was not Hinsch, and they indicated pretty clearly that Hinsch's denials sounded fishy. But the case was not proved.

IV

The American forces, led by five tenacious and resourceful men, redoubled their efforts. The late Robert Bonyng and his counsel, H. H. Martin, represented the government; acting for the claimants were Amos J. Peaslee, Leonard A. Peto of Canadian Car, and John J. McCloy, painless extractor of information from reluctant witnesses.

They were rewarded with several sensational discoveries. Wozniak came out of hiding after thirteen years, and when Peto questioned him at the Hotel Roosevelt—with two stenographers hidden behind a door—he admitted setting the Kingsland fire and associating with Ger-

man spies. Thorne returned from the "grave" and said that he had gone to work at Kingsland at Hinsch's direction. It was suggested that the Austrian war archives might contain significant material, and it was decided to use a bona fide historian to conduct the search. A contract was actually made between a London publishing house and Dr. Otto Ernst of Hungary, who had access to the files. Dr. Ernst, unaware of the real purpose of his work, was led by suggestion to look for documents about sabotage in the United States. He found several, one a communiqué telling of the Kingsland and du Pont fires, which concluded: "Still further 'surprises' are said to be impending." Before Ernst had finished his work, this item was filed before the Commission, and the cat was out of the bag. Von Papen, then Ambassador to Austria, barred Ernst from further work.

Paul Hilken, urged to look for more proofs, found the check-book with the stub showing his payment to Hinsch for firing Black Tom, and Hilken's wife found a note of the New York dinner with Hinsch in her husband's diary for 1916.

But the most dramatic discovery was a copy of an old wood-pulp magazine, on which had been written invisibly the famous "Herrmann message," over which the world's star handwriting and paper experts were to wrangle for years. Hilken found it in his attic. He stated that the message was written by Herrmann in Mexico City shortly after America entered the War, and brought to him in Baltimore by Raoul Gerdt, Herrmann's chauffeur and confidential errand boy. It was an appeal to the paymaster for money. Many spies had fled to Mexico City and they had all gone to von Eckhardt, the German Ambassador, with tales of their valiant deeds and pleas for support. Eckhardt had not heard of Herrmann and withheld funds pending word from Berlin. Von Eckhardt's query to Nadolny describing Herrmann, and the answer, giving Herrmann Germany's official O.K., were

found among the messages intercepted by the British.

The Herrmann message was written in lemon juice across the pages of a copy of the *Blue Book* dated January, 1917. When pressed with a hot iron the pages revealed a skeletonized message interspersed with numbers of four digits each. It was found that by dropping the first digit and reversing the remainder, a page number of the magazine was given, and on this page a name had been spelled out by pinpricks beneath letters. Thus decoded, the message explained Herrmann's plight. He said that Eckhardt was suspicious of him, even though he had told him of his connection with Hinsch, Black Tom, Kingsland, and "Tony's Lab." He said that he did not trust Kristoff to remain silent, and asked "Has Hinsch seen Wozniak? Tell him to fix that up." The sum Herrmann asked for was \$25,000, for he needed funds for a job he planned—the firing of the Tampico oil fields. This ambition of Herrmann's was also mentioned in the official German message decoded by British agents.

It was quickly realized that if the authenticity of this message could be established the case was proved. The evidence mounted impressively. It was shown beyond doubt that Herrmann had sent Gerdt to Hilken at that date with a request for funds. No one denied that the *Blue Book* message was in Herrmann's handwriting. Herrmann said he wrote it, and a man named Adam Siegel, located in Estonia, said he helped Herrmann write it, although later he told the German representatives he wasn't sure whether a magazine or a bound book was used. Gerdt said he delivered it; a man in New York named von Emmerik said that he saw it before it was delivered; Hilken said he received it, and Mrs. Hilken said she remembered Gerdt's visit because he messed up the house with his cigarettes.

German lawyers were not idle. They hired batteries of experts, who examined the document and stated that the writing

had not been done in 1917, but years later. American lawyers hired their own experts, and thousands of dollars were spent making pinpricks with sewing machines on old and new paper to compare with those in the disputed magazine. A free-for-all resulted, with involved accusations and counter-accusations of slipshod work and unprofessional conduct. Skinner and Sherman, Boston chemical engineers retained by the Germans, showed places in the margins of the pages where the pen had dug through, and interpreted this to mean that the writing was done after the magazine was old and brittle around the edges. Mr. Skinner recently assured me that he hasn't changed his mind.

Some damaging letters said to have been written by Wozniak were coupled with the Herrmann message. These were also meat for the experts, and the defense pointed to a missing lion's toe in the watermark of a Warsaw paper maker as proof of their fraudulence. Both sides came to doubt them.

Suddenly there was a surprise attack from the German camp. It was observed that beside the title in the table of contents of the disputed magazine there were check marks, which were described as "plus" and "minus" marks. In looking through second-hand bookshops for old copies of *Blue Book* to compare with the Herrmann magazine, they had found, in Abraham's Bookshop on Fourth Avenue, New York, magazines of about the same date which had similar marks on the contents page. They found that in 1930, Horace and John Qualters, brothers who lived in Brooklyn, had sold an accumulation of old *Blue Books* to Abraham's, and that they had been in the habit of checking the stories they had read, Horace with a horizontal mark, and John with a vertical mark which made the "minus" into a "plus." The inference was that the Herrmann magazine had been purchased at Abraham's after 1930, and that Herrmann had faked the message. American experts countered by showing that the vertical marks

in the magazine had been made before, not after, the horizontal marks, and for the moment it looked as though the fate of a fortune might hang on the Qualters' reading habits. Then John looked at the Herrmann magazine and said that the marks were not his, and the American lawyers countered the charge of fraud with the suggestion that "someone had been doing some marking." They suggested that an interested person had entered Abraham's Bookshop and without the knowledge of the proprietor had marked up the magazines to conform with marks he had seen in the Herrmann *Blue Book*. Last summer I went to the bookshop, where old *Blue Books* are still sold, and found that it could easily be done. In the end the Qualters theory was discredited, and despite all attacks, the Herrmann message remained important evidence.

It was chiefly due to indications of fraud and collusion on the part of the German defense that the long case was reopened three years ago. The case had outlived three umpires: Day, Parker, and Boyden, and now Justice Roberts sat in the middle. At the final hearing, which began last January, the American claimants presented a devastating and irrefutable exhibit. Carl Ahrendt, Cleveland manager of North German Lloyd, who in 1917 had worked for Hilken's Eastern Forwarding Company, which procured cargoes for the *Deutschland*, had sworn repeatedly before the Commission that he knew nothing of sabotage activities. Now another Baltimore attic yielded a wartime document—a letter from the files of the company. Germany's lawyers had searched these files, but hadn't noticed it. It was a letter from Ahrendt to Hilken, written a few days after the Kingsland and Haskell fires. It bore the following postscript in Ahrendt's handwriting:

"Yours of the 18th just received and am delighted to learn that the von Hindenburg of Roland Park has won another victory. Had a note from March who is still at the McAlpin asks

me to advise his brother that he is in urgent need of another set of *glasses*. He would like to see his brother as soon as possible on this account. A."

Hilken lived in Roland Park, Baltimore. "Another victory" might refer to Kingsland, in relation to the Black Tom triumph, or to the Haskell blast, which took place the day after Kingsland. "March" was one of Herrmann's aliases, and the McAlpin was the crowd's rendezvous. "Glasses," significantly underlined in the postscript, was the word used for the incendiary pencils. The "brother" was obviously Herrmann's

partner Hinsch, and it is assumed that Herrmann needed new glasses because his stock had been exhausted.

That postscript clinched the case. At a crucial point in the hearing the German Commissioner was called home. Umpire Roberts, ruling that the Commission was still competent, found Germany guilty of the two great disasters.

In 1914 the government was slow to believe that a foreign power would resort to such tactics in a neutral country. To-day the Federal Bureau of Investigation is prepared for the worst.

LANDSCAPE IN BLACK AND WHITE

BY CONSTANCE CARRIER

WINTER is candid:
Winter skies

Offer the earth

No compromise.

Barren branches

And naked hill

Are sharp as a sword

And grimly still.

Winter is candid:

It does not try

To mask the outline

Of earth or sky.

There is no solace

Of color here—

Only the elements

Stripped and clear—

Nothing conjectured,

Nothing concealed,

Finely drawn

To the farthest field.

Yet this severity,

Cold as stone,

Knows a perfection

Of its own—

A subtle beauty,

Reticent, rare,

And as intangible

As air.



THE DUTY OF THE INTELLECTUAL NOW

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

I MEAN by the "intellectual" the man whose business it is to speculate upon the essential problems of his age. He may be artist or philosopher, physicist or mathematician, banker or trade union leader; so long as he is seeking to make the specialism in which he is involved a bridge from the particular to the universal, he is, on my definition, an intellectual. It is my argument that his function is to assist in the understanding of the world we live in, that he may help the men and women of his time to a better control of that world, to—therefore—the sense of a completer mastery of their lives that is implicit in that better control. It is, further, my argument that the intellectual who takes this function seriously cannot escape two primary obligations. He must have an ideal pattern of the world in his head for action about which he feels a definite and personal responsibility; and he must recognize that the condition upon which his function is adequately performed depends upon the assistance he directly renders to the battle for mental and moral freedom. For without victory in that battle—a victory which has to be won afresh in each generation—men cannot report their experience, and their grievances go unremedied. To the degree that this is the case they are the slaves of unreasoning power. To the degree, therefore, that the intellectual evades this second obligation he becomes, consciously or unconsciously, the instrument of unreasoning power. At that point he is no longer a free man; and an

intellectual who is no longer a free man is not, in any meaning sense, an intellectual.

These are, I am aware, immense theses, big with implications which it is not easy to accept. They deny the distinction between theory and practice. They insist that the ideal of the "ivory tower" is ethically wrong. They argue that each intellectual worthy of the name shall see the boundless horizons of his specialism as a fundamental part of his right to dwell within it. They affirm that life is an unending battle in which the intellectual must choose his side. They urge that the life of pure contemplation, in which the intellectual consciously divorces his process of thought from the obligation to act upon the results of that thought is not merely undesirable but a betrayal of the purposes for which men set themselves the task of contemplation. For we contemplate that we may understand; and the end of understanding is unfulfilled unless it results in translating its consequences into terms of practical life.

One other implication of this view I desire to emphasize. It denies the right of the intellectual to be impartial before the problems of his time. Impartiality, in any case, is an impossible ideal; experience, whether we will or no, leads us to esteem some values more than we esteem others. Every thought of the intellectual is necessarily penetrated by the choice of values he is compelled to make. There is no such thing as a search for "pure" or "abstract" truth. There is

no such thing either as being "above the battle." Life demands from us action; thought has no meaning save as it is the prelude to the deed. We are all of us seeking to bend behavior one way rather than another way. We may be more tolerant or less tolerant about ways of behavior we disapprove. We cannot be impartial about them. For to be impartial is to deny that experience has validity. It is to refuse to admit the fact that the function of all knowledge is to enable men to live together more happily than in the past. Impartiality before this problem would be in any of us, as Aristotle said, either the mark of a beast or of a god. Certainly on no showing could it be the mark of a man.

For there is, in fact, no serious object of contemplation decisions upon which do not make a difference to our modes of behavior. It makes a difference whether we are free traders or protectionists. It makes a difference whether we are nominalists or realists; it makes a difference whether we believe or disbelieve in the inspiration of scripture; it makes a difference whether we think that the place of art in life is a fundamental one, or whether we regard it as a pleasant diversion for men's leisure hours. Whether we be lawyers or doctors, engineers or politicians, our thinking, at bottom, is always an effort to mold the universe in some direction we believe to be more desirable than another direction. We choose the direction, no doubt, at our peril; but we have no option but to choose. For even the decision not to choose is itself a choice; as when the British Government, declaring for non-intervention in Spain in 1936, made broadly certain the prospect of a Franco victory.

From this it follows that the intellectual's duty is to see the social context in which, inescapably, his effort is set. No man who has at all seriously affected the minds of men has been other than a soldier in the constant warfare between the forces of change and the forces of resistance to change. Copernicus did

not merely effect a revolution in our conception of the heavens; he contributed immensely to a revolution in the social relationships of men. Descartes did not merely symbolize a new metaphysic; he was, even if half-consciously, a leader in that movement of the seventeenth century which altered the power of kings and churches arbitrarily to dominate men's lives. Hobbes and Locke, in one century, Voltaire and Adam Smith in the next, knew that they were fighting great battles on which immense social consequences depended. But Newton and Halley in the one period, Euler and Laplace in the other, were no less genuinely because indirectly protagonists in a related cause. The world from one angle, may be, is a multiverse; but we cannot interpret it adequately unless we see that it is both a one and a many. Not poets merely, as Shelley said, but all intellectuals, just because they are the trumpets which call to battle, cannot avoid being the legislators of the world.

There is one angle particularly in which this context can be seen. No one who compares the Oxford so unforgettably described by Mark Pattison in his *Memoirs*, with the Oxford of T. H. Green and Nettleship, can help seeing how real is the relationship between the students of the one age and the legislation they promoted in the House of Commons, and the students of the next and their legislation. Green and Nettleship, whatever may have been their metaphysical deficiencies, looked upon a university as a school of statesmanship where their pupils learned the values they were to translate as cabinet ministers into the lives of the people. They made their influence felt because life to them was a serious matter for the practical outcome of which they felt a grave responsibility. They never proclaimed a neutrality before problems the decision of which was bound to make a difference in the quality of men's lives. They and Sidgwick and Mill had not yet turned ethics and economics into an academic parlorgame the main exponents of which are

above all concerned to explain to their neophytes that they are engaged in an exercise in formal logic which contains no code of action to which importance may be attached. So it has been too with the great American teachers, with William James and F. J. Turner, with Vernon Parrington and Charles Beard, with James Barr Ames and Mr. Justice Frankfurter. They knew that in shaping the substances of their disciplines they were also making men; and they knew that those men, as they were made, would influence, by their ideas and their example, the world in which they were cast to play their various parts. In their different ways they were servants of a great cause. They knew that they could not serve that cause if they denied the relevance of their subject to the activity on the battlefield. Their lives and their writings bespoke that duty of the intellectual that I have emphasized to influence the minds of those they taught in the direction of what they believed to be truth.

II

Our age is watching the death-gasp of one civilization and the birth-pangs of another. In all its essential contours it is like nothing so much as the age of the Reformation. A new morality struggles with the old; a new economics seeks to dispossess its predecessor from its high place; a new class struggles with the ancient inheritors of privilege for its place in the sun; the nation-state fights hard to resist the emergence of that unified and interdependent social order that is implicated in the science and technology of our time. All the old values have gone into the melting pot; none of us is yet certain of the new. And because we are in such a period of ultimate crisis we feel, as in the Reformation, all those mental discomforts that accompany an age whose foundations are insecure. We are afraid when we look backward for our inspiration; and we persecute because we are afraid. Reason, as always in a period of ultimate crisis,

demands of us relentlessly the rational justification of these foundations. But we do not know what may be the outcome of that analysis when reason has had its way. So we produce, under a myriad names, old and ugly mysticisms to confound the right of reason to its empire. Here it is race; there it is the national folk-soul; there, again, it is the passionate renovation of the imperialist state's tradition. We are trying to force the forms of an old and outworn unity upon a body no longer suited to its impress. And where men proclaim that the unity is no longer valid we stifle their proclamation by denying as evil the experience of which it is the outcome. So Catholic massacred Protestant, and Protestant Catholic, four hundred years ago. So Luther and Calvin and the Inquisition triumphed; not Erasmus and Servetus and Giordano Bruno. There is nothing new in exile and concentration camp save the intensity of their power to inflict unnecessary pain.

The battle in which we are involved is not new in substance; rather what in it is new is the terrifying power of the weapons at the disposal of the combatants. But it is the old battle of privilege against unprivilege, the old disproportion, so striking between the Reformation and the French Revolution, between the forces of production and the relations of production. Hitler and Mussolini, in such a period, are not new portents; they are but the old condottieri written into the shape that suits our time. Even the methods are the same; they are set out in terrifying detail as anciently as the fifth book of Aristotle's *Politics*. What Mussolini thought of Abyssinian independence, Hitler of Czechoslovak freedom, is as old as what the Athenians said to the Melian ambassadors twenty-five centuries ago. The nation or sect that is to be regarded as criminal; the paid claque of enthusiastic admirers; the "fifth army" waiting with eagerness to play the traitor to their beleaguered city; the insistence that all difference of opinion from the tyrant is sin, to evoke punish-

ment and penance; the identification of your Naboth's vineyard with the honor and prestige of your people; the reduction of the status of law to the will of the men who to-day man the machine-guns as yesterday they wielded the lash; the massive invention of mythologies to hearten your subjects; the use of threat and terror as weapons of diplomatic intercourse; the suppression of opponents who may organize to speak, and the denigration of thinkers of whose allegiance the tyrant is doubtful; the demoralization of power so that its achievement becomes an end in itself; the faith that weakness is the cardinal sin against the light—all of these, the wonted habitudes of our time, are the characteristic symbols of the kind of crisis in which we live. They marked the downfall of the Roman empire. They marked, in the Reformation, in the English Civil War, and in the French Revolution, the slow arrival of the middle class to power. They marked, in the memory of our own generation, the establishment of the Soviet system in Russia.

They are old, and yet ever new. Old, because they are there for our examination in the recorded history of the world; ever new because we suppress from our conscious minds the memory of them in every lucid interval where men give heed to the claims of reason and peace. Then when crisis breaks again, for reasons of which we are more aware than we are willing to recognize, we fall into a panic and announce our horror at the barbarities the condottieri of the old order, seeking at any price to maintain its privileges, are prepared to perpetrate in the name of those on whose behalf they are engaged. The emergence of these portents teaches the ancient lesson of adaptation or death. But there is pain in adaptation, and sacrifice, the abandonment of traditional routines, clothed, often enough, in a splendid memory that has become half-sacred. We turn our eyes away from the spectacle of horror abroad. It could not happen with ourselves. We are not concerned

with "ideological" conflicts. Each people has the right to choose its own form of government. One side, we comfort ourselves, is as bad as another. If we but keep our heads the thing will work itself out. Let us, we insist, be calm and tolerant and unconcerned. Let us above all, as intellectuals, dissect the phenomena we witness with the passionless curiosity of men of science. The rational thing is to go on quietly with the day's work, aloof from struggles that are irrelevant to our discipline. When the conflict is over the normal tenor of human relationships will reassert itself. The fever burns itself out, and there is a long epoch of peace: for, in nature, action and reaction are always equal.

All over the world there are intellectuals insisting to themselves, and asserting to the world, that these things are not their concern; they do not choose to choose. The poet can write his poetry, the artist paint his pictures, the physicist work in his laboratory without regard to them. Let the intellectual cobbler stick to his particular last. Poets are not specialists in politics, nor artists, nor physicists; the less they concern themselves with them the better for the quality of their work. They can divide the world into a part which is their special *métier*, and a part to which they can remain indifferent. They cannot make the world any better or other by thinking about it. A great violinist, like Menuhin, must not concern himself with the problems of trade unionism; a great physicist, like Einstein, is not concerned with the issues of peace and war. And if the intellectual is, by profession, involved in the business of social theory, if he professes, for example, economics or politics, ethics or history, let him at all costs be neutral about the issues he has to state. Let him cultivate a habit of scientific detachment about practical affairs. He has not to decide whether the "New Deal" is wise or unwise, whether it is, on balance, good for humanity that the Bolshevik Revolution should have occurred, whether economic nationalism

helps or hinders the welfare of humanity, whether the individual has an obligation to promote the common good. Facts in the social sciences are to be looked upon as amorally as though they were atoms in a laboratory. The civic context, in which all of us are involved, belongs to the life of practice and not of theory. To come down from the heights of the contemplative life into the marketplace is to concern oneself with values; and these are not matters about which the specialist has an obligation. He has to do no more than relate cause to effect, as clearly, as rationally, and as neutrally as he can. That done, his task is done also. If he goes down into the battlefield his vocation as thinker is betrayed.

But in life, in actual fact, this kind of isolation is not a possible thing. Whatever we do and think makes its reaction over the whole of the universe, however infinitesimally. Our actions have all a social context, moral, political, economic, or whatever it be, and these interpenetrate with one another. Judgments that have meaning for life must take account of this interpenetration. To be one thing, we must be all things; we pour into our specialism the wholeness of our experience and personality. It is exactly that wholeness which gives significance to the flow of our activity. Deliberately to seek its abridgment is to betray it. The historian who writes of fundamental law in the sixteenth century will, even despite himself, pour into its content the tradition of law in the four succeeding centuries as it has made its impact upon him. The lawyer who analyzes the work of Marshall or of Holmes brings to that judgment the lessons of his own work; his account of their *rationes decidendi* is bound to be colored by the postulates of his own thinking. All causes and effects are set in a social context from which we cannot hope to abstract ourselves, in which, indeed, we are only too often the more closely involved the more unconscious we are of its existence. Croce's famous "all history is contemporary history" is, in Holmes' term, the "in-

articulate major premise" of our thinking. The musician who plays us a Beethoven concerto plays us also his own life; in the "Skylark" of Shelley there are echoes still of the eager disciple of Godwin who showered down his pamphlets from the roof of a Dublin inn; if we want to set the full background of Laplace's *Mécanique Céleste* we shall find ourselves writing the cultural history, which is part of the economic and political history, of something like at least two centuries.

In the world generally, and in an insecure world of crisis above all, it matters profoundly what people think; and, if it does so matter, it is important to do all we can to see that the world they think about is a better world because of their thinking. If this be true the intellectual cannot afford to abdicate from his function, which is, as I have said, precisely speculation about the essential problems of his age. He speculates to solve those problems. He is offering guidance for action. He is arguing that it can be rationally demonstrated that his way is better than his critic's way. To stop at the point of rational demonstration is, surely, to refuse to use thought for the one creative purpose involved in thinking. It is to abdicate from the chance of leadership on the one plane where men may hope to meet on common ground. A book, a lecture, a painting, a symphony is an argument intended to lead somewhere. Why it is right and good that it should lead in my direction and not in yours is precisely what, as thinker, I undertake to prove by being an intellectual.

For if I say that I shall merely state alternatives and leave you to choose, the chances are that you will miss the significance of my experience or that you think the choice itself an insignificant matter. The vocation of the intellectual is to think for action: if he refuses to recognize the unity of their relation he hands over power to other men who may not know his purposes, who may, even more, reject them. How much this

has been the case in politics has been evident throughout the historic record. The men who have counted in political thought have been the men who have cared deeply about the results of their thinking. Plato, Augustine, Hobbes, Locke, Rousseau shaped the minds of men by the tenor of their thought just because they were protagonists in the supreme intellectual battles of their time. They sought not merely to describe; they were ardent also to convince. They sought to make their minds the measure of the minds of their epochs. They were not content merely to interpret the world; they tried also to change it. Yet none of us, I think, would argue that they betrayed their function as intellectuals by this urgency. On the contrary, their preoccupation with the quality of the life they knew, their zeal for improvement as they saw it, gave both dignity to their lives and fruitfulness to the content of their thought. Had they cared less to influence men they would have cared less also to think significantly. For it is impossible for a man seriously to analyze the social constitution of his universe without the sense that its values are vital to him. And what he does about the judgment he forms upon those values often enough provides him with the central clue to the questions by which he and his generation are alike faced.

This, we may be told, is true enough of men to whom matters of social constitution are the vocation of their minds. But why should the musician and the doctor, the engineer and the novelist concern themselves with these questions. Jane Austen would not have been a greater novelist if she had shared Mary Godwin's passion for reforming the world. Lord Lister would not have been a better doctor had he cared deeply about home rule for Ireland. Wagner, indeed, might have been a greater musician if a social philosophy had not permeated each theme of his music. Edison's power of invention would not have been one whit advanced had he given the time and energy of his mind to the main social

questions of the day. Intellectuals, like other men, must live by the division of labor. To move beyond the confines of their different categories is to risk the achievement that their specialization makes possible. Nor is there any reason to attach any particular weight to their speculations upon subjects about which they have no special expertise.

There is a real truth in this argument, though in the form in which it is most commonly stated it lacks effective relevance to the problem with which it is concerned. I do not think Jane Austen would have been a greater novelist had she concerned herself, like Mary Godwin, with reforming the world. I think it to be true that no conviction on home rule for Ireland, one way or the other, would have seriously touched the quality of Lister's medical achievement. But we must not forget that the world which made possible alike the achievement of Jane Austen and Lord Lister was just that kind of world because countless other human beings lived and died to make it that kind of world. We must not, that is, forget that the forces which made possible an England safe from invasion in the Napoleonic wars are not without their direct relevance to our possession of Jane Austen. Had no one labored to keep England free from invasion it would have been a different England in her day; and she would then have been a different Jane Austen too. The peace of her countryside, the quiet genius with which she was able to observe her Emma Woodhouses and Elizabeth Darcys was paid for with the blood of the men who died in the Napoleonic wars, and the stunted development of those factory workers whose tortured lives, in the next generation, were passionately depicted by Dickens and Mrs. Gaskell.

Each of us, no doubt, must do as best he can the thing he can do best. But the intellectual, whose function is thought, cannot think creatively unless he is in a position freely to think and freely to communicate his thought. If the social forces of the world move toward making

it a vast prison, those only will be able to think in freedom who are its jailers. And if it be their ambition to maintain themselves as jailers they will seek to suppress the thought which challenges their power to keep the world in chains. The intellectual in such a society is lost because his essential function is denied its elbow room. He cannot, under such circumstances, ask any questions save those which are pleasing to his jailers. What is asked from him is not the meaning of the experience he intimately feels, but the report of such experience as will enhance the safety of the jailers. Their thought must be the measure of his thought: their innovation will set the boundaries of his right to invention. And, such is the progress of our administrative efficiency, that he will not be able, like honest John Lilburne, to write his pamphlets in jail, with an eager multitude outside clamoring, as they read his words, to catch the echo of his voice; rather, like Thalmann or Niemöller, there will descend upon him the silence of the tomb. Men may come to fear even the whisper of his name lest its utterance be taken as a challenge to the holders of power.

III

The intellectual, this is to say, must speak freely if he is to be true to his vocation. And this means that he must be permanently concerned to maintain the conditions without which there will be admitted no right to speak freely. There will be no such right in war; there will be no such right either in dictatorial regimes. The intellectual, therefore, must battle for peace and against dictatorship. But if he is so to battle he must know the conditions which destroy peace and make for the coming of dictatorship. He must know them not as private knowledge but as active. He must feel, that is, that responsibility about each of them is inherent in him personally. To assume that they are not his concern is to become, implicitly, a part of the forces which destroy peace and make dictatorships.

There are to-day hundreds of thousands of men and women all over the world who have learned in the grim school of experience that this is the case. They did not choose to choose. They remained aloof from responsibility for life in their little ivory towers, believing fondly that each of them was a fastness. The ugly, brutal forces they ignored pulled them from out their towers. They found, in the dispensation of dictatorship, that not to choose was itself a choice. Not to cheer the dictator was to be guilty of harboring dangerous thoughts. To be willing to cheer him, but to be of the class or race or religion of which he disapproved was enough to warrant the destruction of their freedom. No past service to their country counted against the failure to be modeled in the image the dictator decreed; the fate of Fritz Häber is proof of that. Not even achievement acclaimed by the whole world could save Thomas Mann and Albert Einstein from exile. The law of dictatorship to the intellectual is a simple one; it bids him pass his life on his knees. But an intellectual on his knees is no longer an intellectual; he has sacrificed those activities of mind and heart and conscience that are the law of his being. The prison walls have closed in about him, and even if, as with Gerhart Hauptmann, he hears the applause of his jailers, the world outside can hear only the clank of his chains.

He must be free; and he must therefore fight for freedom. But to fight for freedom he must know where and for what the battle is being fought. That compels from him, as a responsibility he cannot escape, not merely a grasp of the issues of his time but a willingness to make that grasp the parent of action. To choose freedom, that is, is more than an abstract awareness of issues; it is an obligation to assist in building alike the strategy and the tactics necessitated by the will to maintain freedom. He will gain little or nothing by empty proclamation of his belief that a tolerant is better than an intolerant world. The

validation of belief is in action. It is its energy only which builds the fortress that cannot be stormed. Where he sees the dark forces moving, there, and not elsewhere, he must place himself. It will cost him time and effort and courage; it may even cost him his life. But he must make up his mind, once and for all, that the enemies of freedom are a relentless army, ever moving toward their goal, ever aware too that half their strength is built from the inertia of himself and men like him.

And he will have to learn to see the enemies of freedom present themselves to him in the plausible guise of its friends. Now they appear as the defenders of liberty of contract; they seek no more than to enable a man to work on his own terms; and he must learn the lesson that liberty of contract begins only where equality of bargaining power is rooted in the fabric of the body politic. Or they may ask from him support for a jeopardized national honor; and he must learn to see behind that façade the mean fight of the concession-hunters for the right to further exploitation. He may be told that the scale of expenditure upon public relief unbalances the budget and erodes the sense of responsibility in unemployed men; but he must have insight enough to know that there is no hope of a stable freedom in any society where masses of men are left to starve unheeded. Freedom, indeed, is a complex thing which does not yield its secrets save to those who love it with an active devotion. Its maintenance may depend upon the character of the news upon which men form their judgment of other men; and the intellectual must discover how the news may be poisoned in the interest of those whose privilege depends upon the preservation of injustice. It may, again, turn upon the character of the property-relationships in a given society; the owners of Imperial Valley, in the name of economic freedom, exercise something akin to a power of life and death over those whom the American Constitution does not allow us to call slaves. He must

see a denial of freedom in that infant death-rate of San Antonio which, Shanghai apart, is to-day the highest in the civilized world. Above all perhaps, he must learn to recognize that denial where long-felt grievance breaks into disorder, and property compels the stifling of grievance by the hollow pretense that a neutral state does no more than respect the law.

This kind of insight, I am saying, is part of the philosophy upon which the intellectual must act in our time if he really cares to remain a free man. Granted that choice, Italy and Germany and Spain make it clear that he has no alternative. More, he must recognize that the dynamics of dictatorship compels it, by its own immanent logic, to seek continuously for the extension of its boundaries. He must learn to realize that as long as Italians and Germans and Spaniards are unfree he is unfree also. For in an interdependent world, poisonous doctrine ignores the frontiers of freedom; by a kind of Gresham's law it has the power to undermine the more precious currency it attacks. No society, in the long run, is stable unless men in it either have an equal share in the common stock of welfare or can recognize rational justification for the differences maintained by the power of the state. There is hardly a society in the world to-day where this principle is affirmed; there is hardly one either in which a move toward its affirmation does not provoke the angry opposition of those who live by privilege. And this means, under modern conditions, that everywhere those whose privileges are threatened watch without undue regret the progress of dictatorship. It grows, above all, by the support that privilege will pay for its coming; for its establishment means that the expression of grievance will be stifled, and privilege be thus reprieved.

So that the intellectual is driven to be the foe of privilege since he must recognize in its nature the logical ally of dictatorship. He must see, therefore, that a free society is, in essence, an equal soci-

ety; that, as he seeks to defend the one, so he must battle for the other. In an equal society only can there be respect for the inherent dignity of men; and, without that respect, there is rarely the prospect of maintaining freedom over any considerable space of time. A Germany that begins by denying equality to its Jews continues by denying equality to its Christian Churches as well. Men who have been schooled to the disciplining of "natives" in India and Africa soon become habituated to thinking of British working men as suitable objects of a similar control. Men who lynch Negroes without repining easily grow accustomed to the labor spy and the hired army of industrial assassins. Only an equal society can avoid these practices. To the degree that the intellectual condones them, to that degree also he is preparing a soil ripe for the growth of ideas hostile to freedom. It was, let us remember, no accident that the men in England who in the Victorian age most sternly attacked the principles of democratic government were the men like Maine and Stephen who had become habituated in India to the exercise of a will beyond the power of criticism to confine.

IV

It is, let us frankly admit, a hard thing to be an intellectual in an age of crisis. It is an age of fear, and an age of fear is always one in which those who have power in their hands resent the discussion of new ideas which threaten that power. They know, better than any others, how dangerous it always is to dig into the foundations of the state. They run to use the instruments of tyranny because they have so rarely any confidence in the justice of their cause. The very rules of social procedure they have themselves declared sacred they will themselves relentlessly overturn if these are invoked to their disadvantage. If they cannot win by observing the rules of the game they have never hesitated without notice to change the rules. Their secu-

rity has always been their first consideration; it is only when they believe this to be beyond jeopardy that they are prepared to make concessions to freedom. They may surrender an outwork here or there; they will defend to the death the inner citadel of their strength.

And they have always understood that the inner secret of that strength is their hold upon the mind of the multitude. In school and church and college they have, to the limit of their power, imposed a mental discipline intended to promote the widest possible faith in the rightness of their possession. The history they teach is their history; the economics is the justification of their claims, for its underlying assumption is acceptance of the principle of private property as sacred; the ethics they teach is their ethics too. Even the Christian faith, which began as the gospel of a group of poor fishermen on the shores of Galilee, has become transmuted into a creed which has largely equated success with right. In large part, they dominate the lives of teachers, so that security of tenure becomes a function of "soundness" in opinion. In large part also they dominate, in journal and on the air, the means of intellectual communication. The law they have made is mostly their law; for they have bought legislatures, and the main body of judges have been appointed to the Bench because they were successful lawyers, a "successful" lawyer being one who has been skilled in long service to the interests of privilege.

So that the intellectual who embarks upon the fulfilment of his task must recognize at the outset that there is no calling in which greater demands will be made upon his courage. At every turn of the road it is certain to be tested. At every turn also the temptation to desert his colors will be immense. On the other side are ease and comfort, the reputation for soundness, the certainty of applause. The vocation of the intellectual, seen in its full perspective, has little to offer save risk and the right to self-respect. Its

path has been that of exile and prison and death. It demands self-suppression as the condition of self-expression. It has no security save where fear, for a brief epoch, has ceased to haunt the margins of the society. It demands all that a man has, and gives him the promise of nothing. If it seeks to fulfil it may, as it reaches toward fulfilment, exact also the right to destroy.

Yet, with all its pains and difficulties, it is, at its best, a life upon the heights. It is the only life that, in its fullest sense, offers a man the power to master his own destiny. It is the only life also that gives him the right to embark with his whole mind upon the endless quest for understanding. The intellectual can, as no other man, establish his own gods and his own faith; as no other man too he need give no allegiance that denies the right of

conscience. He has the glory of being a soldier in what Heine so well called the "liberation war of humanity." He has the pride of fighting for clarity of thought, and justice through that clarity. All other men are driven by their fate to compromises which they loathe, to allegiances they would resist. The intellectual who is true to himself need not ever compromise save on his own terms, give no allegiance save that which springs from the heart. All other men do what they may for freedom and against injustice, half-blinded by the contradictions of the twilight world in which they are driven to dwell. It is the supreme reward of the intellectual that he can transcend these contradictions. Given courage, therefore, he has the assurance of ultimate victory. For, as no other man, he goes out to fight in the clear light of day.





HOW POLLS CAN MISLEAD

BY PAUL STUDENSKI

IT HAS been clear for some time that—as Jerome H. Spingarn said in HARPER'S a year ago—the public-opinion poll, as an institution, “will bear very careful and skeptical watching.”

Unquestionably, many such polls have been conducted competently and have supplied useful information. However, even the best of them frequently err in that they pose broad sweeping questions dealing with complex issues, assume that they can be answered in a categorical “yes” or “no” fashion, and offer little opportunity for the scoring of qualified or conditional answers. Other polls have been characterized by slipshod methods and a tendency to sacrifice truth in favor of sensationalism or outright propaganda, and to misrepresent public opinion on certain issues, unwittingly or deliberately, either through a misleading formulation of questions or through the taking of inadequate and unrepresentative samples of opinion.

I propose to cite, by way of demonstration, the results of an experiment involving a recent national poll. This poll was conducted on behalf of a national organization of employers. Its announced purpose was to find out “what the public actually thinks” about industry and its program, so that if the public was found to have wrong opinions the association might be able to correct these supposed misapprehensions. But from the manner in which some of the questions were framed one might suspect that the association hoped to secure a vote in accordance with its own views.

This poll—which was conducted by personal interviews—covered eleven questions, of which I propose to analyze here only four: (1) “To increase prosperity should government spending be decreased, let alone, or increased?” (2) “To increase prosperity should taxes be lowered, let alone, or raised?” (3) “Should every worker be forced to join a union?” and (4) “Of the following groups only, which do you feel has done most for the good of the country as a whole in the last ten years: manufacturers, industrialists, merchants, bankers, labor leaders, political men, social reformers?”

It seemed to me when I read the report of this poll that these questions had been so put as to secure a probably misleading picture of public opinion. For example, the term “government spending” used in the first question is a derisive term used mostly by the critics of the present Federal Administration to describe what they conceive to be a policy of profligate and aimless government spending conducted merely for the sake of spending. Obviously, very few people favor such wastefulness. It is not surprising, therefore, that a majority of those questioned—approximately 60 per cent—should have expressed themselves in favor of decreased “government spending,” that is, presumably, in favor of economy; that only 23 per cent voted in favor of “letting government spending alone,” and only 6 per cent in favor of increased government spending. The results in this case were thus predetermined by the manner in which the question was formulated.

In exactly the same manner the question whether, "to increase prosperity, taxes should be raised, lowered, or continued as they are," was couched in terms that were too loose and contained a concealed bias. For taxes are not levied to increase prosperity. They are levied to defray the costs of public expenditures. Whether they should be increased or decreased depends entirely on the fiscal situation of the government and the urgency of its proposed expenditures. The idea of a reduction of taxation is always more popular with the taxpayers than the idea of an increase in taxation. Taxes are regarded by the taxpayers at best as a necessary evil. Increased taxation and increased prosperity (which is interpreted to mean private prosperity) appear in the minds of the average citizen to be a contradiction in terms. By posing the question, therefore, in such an exceedingly broad manner and implying in the preceding question the existence of waste in "government spending," the association naturally invited a substantial vote—48 per cent of the total—in favor of tax reduction; only 36 per cent voted in favor of "letting taxes alone" and only 20 per cent in favor of raising them. Only 9 per cent answered the question in a qualified manner, "it depends," and 5 per cent said that they did not know what should be done about the taxes. Here too the results were predetermined by the manner in which the question was put.

The third question relating to the forcing of every worker into a union was likewise formulated in terms that were unduly broad and misleading and were bound to produce certain predetermined results. First of all, the question suggested, in a rather subtle manner, that union membership rests on compulsion rather than on free choice. Second, it could be readily interpreted as meaning universal compulsory enrollment in a union for every worker, possibly by government order, no matter in what type of employment the worker was engaged in and what type of union, if any, existed

therein. Even an ardent unionist might have found himself in disagreement with a proposal of such universal unqualified compulsory enrollment in any type of a union. A mild sympathizer with unionism or a neutral person would find himself violently opposed thereto. It is not surprising, therefore, that, despite the fact that among those polled there must have been many unionists or union sympathizers, 61 per cent voted against such universal forcing of workers into unions, only 20 per cent voted in favor of it, and 11 per cent gave qualified answers. In announcing the result of the poll upon this question the association suggested that it indicated an increase in public sentiment "against the arbitrary forcing of workers to join unions" and in favor of voluntary membership therein.

The question as to which group, among the seven enumerated ones, has done the most good for the country during the last ten years was likewise formulated in a way designed to produce a certain type of answer. Of the seven groups mentioned, four—manufacturers, industrialists, bankers, and merchants—belonged to the business group. The latter was thus given an advantage of four to one against any of the other three groups. Of these three remaining choices, two were referred to in the decidedly prejudicial terms of "political men" and "social reformers," and only one was referred to objectively as "labor leaders." The term "political men" or "politicians" has a definitely unfavorable connotation. The term "social reformers" is used in a derisive way, to describe a class of self-appointed arbiters of public morals. It is not surprising, therefore, that the four business groups should have polled among them 59 per cent of the vote, while labor leaders polled only 9 per cent, "political men" only 7 per cent, and "social reformers" only 6 per cent, and that 32 per cent should have chosen to refrain from any expression of opinion on the subject. Yet, in announcing this vote, the association proudly pointed to the fact that "the custodians of the

private enterprise system . . . gathered . . . six times as many votes as the labor leaders, over eight times as many as political men, and ten times as many as social reformers."

To verify my conclusion as to the misleading character of the questions asked in this national poll, I undertook (immediately after its publication last July) to take a poll upon the same questions among a group of 150 students in the Summer School of the School of Commerce of New York University, and to follow the latter a week later with another poll among the same students, in which the questions were reworded in a manner that made them more concrete, definite, and, above all, as free of any bias as I could make them.

The results on the second poll were remarkably unlike those obtained in the first poll. They showed that the first poll misrepresented the true opinions of the persons polled. The students whose opinions were collected were mostly sons and daughters of business men. They were preparing themselves for business careers and some of them were already employed as white-collar workers in business concerns. They represented, therefore, a relatively conservative group—more conservative, in all probability, than the group covered in the national poll, taken as a whole.

The first question in my first poll ran exactly as in the national poll: "To increase prosperity should government spending be decreased, continued at the present rate, or increased?" Sixty per cent—a slightly higher per cent than in the national poll—voted for decreased government spending. Eighteen per cent—or considerably more than in the national poll—voted for increased government spending, and 21 per cent—or a little less than in the national poll—for continuing government spending at the present rate.

In my second poll I reworded the same question as follows: "To increase prosperity should the following governmental expenditures be decreased, increased, or

continued as they are: (1) those for relief; (2) those for work on government projects; (3) those for national defense; and (4) those for schools, police, etc.?" Sixty-three per cent voted for a decrease in relief expenditures, only 36 per cent for a reduction in expenditures for work on government projects, 20 per cent for a reduction in expenditures for national defense, and only 5 per cent for a reduction in expenditures for schools, police, etc. The vote in favor of either continuing the expenditures as they are or increasing them ran in the reverse order. Sixty-one per cent voted for either continuing the expenditures for work on government projects as they are or increasing them, 76 per cent voted similarly in the case of expenditures for national defense, and 92 per cent voted in favor of either continuing without change the expenditures for schools, police, etc. or increasing them. Thus the second poll showed no such unqualified opposition to continuing public expenditures at the present rate or increasing them as did the first poll.

The second question relating to taxation policy, when I put it to the students in its original phrasing, brought forth an even more preponderant vote in favor of tax reduction than it did in the national poll under review. Sixty-one per cent of those polled voted for tax reduction, 24 per cent voted for having taxes unchanged, and only 11 per cent for increasing them. In my second poll the question was rephrased as follows: "Would prosperity, in your opinion, be increased by the lowering of taxes if such a lowering of them were to result in a reduction in the following expenditures: relief; work on government projects; national defense; schools, police, etc.? Would prosperity, in your opinion, be increased by a lowering of taxes if such a lowering of them were to result in new or larger budgetary deficits? Would prosperity, in your opinion, be increased by a raising of taxes if such a raising of them were to result in a reduction or elimination of budgetary deficits?"

Fifty-eight per cent voted in favor of a lowering of taxes if such a lowering of them were to result in a reduction of relief expenditures, only 43 per cent if it were to result in a reduction of expenditures for work on government projects, only 34 per cent if it were to lead to a reduction in expenditures for national defense, only 14 per cent if it were to necessitate a reduction in expenditures for schools, police, etc., and finally, only 15 per cent if it were to bring about an increase in budgetary deficits. Thirty-four per cent favored increasing taxes if budgetary deficits could be reduced or eliminated thereby. Here too the second poll corrected the misleading impression, given by the first poll, of an unqualified approval by the people polled of tax reduction.

The question as to whether every worker should be forced to join a union brought forth an even more emphatic negative vote among the students than it did among the persons interviewed in the national poll, 89 per cent of the students voting against such a compulsion and only 9 per cent for it. The question was then rephrased in my second poll to run as follows: "Is it proper for a union to require all wage earners in an industrial enterprise to join the union (a) under any circumstances, (b) when the union controls a majority of the employees, (c) when it controls a minority of the employees; or is it improper under any circumstances?" Below, side by side, are the results of these two polls. The contrast speaks for itself.

With regard to the question as to which of the several groups mentioned has "done most for the good of the country as a whole in the last ten years," in the first poll 49 per cent voted in favor of the four business groups. Only 11 per cent voted for "social reformers," 10 per cent for labor leaders, and only 9 per cent for "political men." Twenty-one per cent stated that they did not know which group has done most good. In the second ballot the same question was changed to "Who has done most since the beginning of the depression to maintain and improve the standards of living of the American people: business leaders, statesmen, civic leaders, religious leaders, labor leaders, scientists, educators, writers, artists, etc.?" The vote in favor of the business group, defined in this way and reduced to one place in the list of choices, dropped in this poll from 49 to 29 per cent; the vote for "statesmen" (rather than "political men") rose from 9 to 14 per cent; the vote for labor leaders rose a little, from 10 to 12 per cent; and scientists and educators, who were not represented at all on the list of the first poll, received together 18 per cent of the votes!

This modest experiment seems to me to offer definite proof that polls of public opinion may be so framed as to influence those polled to give certain answers, and that pressure groups, assisted by professional poll-taking organizations, may use polls for propaganda purposes. Certainly the public-opinion poll, as an institution, needs very wary watching.

VOTE OF A GROUP OF 150 NEW YORK UNIVERSITY STUDENTS

Vote on the question:

Should every worker be forced to join a union?	% of Vote
Yes.....	9.3
No.....	88.9
Don't know.....	1.8
Total.....	100.0

Vote of the same group a week later on the same question as reformulated:

Is it proper for a union to require all wage earners in an industrial enterprise to join the union—	% in favor of each proposition
Under any circumstances?.....	7.4
When the union controls a minority of the employees?.....	2.6
When the union controls a majority of the employees?.....	37.6
Or is it improper under any circumstances?....	45.0
Don't know.....	7.4
Total.....	100.0



AFTER MANY A SUMMER

A NOVEL IN FIVE PARTS—PART TWO

BY ALDOUS HUXLEY

JEREMY had dressed again and was sitting in the subterranean storeroom that was to serve as his study. The dry acrid dust of old documents had gone to his head, like a kind of intoxicating snuff. His face was flushed as he prepared his files and sharpened his pencils; his bald head shone with perspiration; behind their bifocal lenses, his eyes were bright with excitement.

There! Everything was ready. He turned round in his swivel chair and sat for a little while quite still, voluptuously savoring his anticipations. Tied up in innumerable brown paper parcels, the Hauberk Papers awaited their first reader. Twenty-seven crates of still unravished brides of quietness. He smiled to himself at the thought that he was to be their Bluebeard. Thousands of brides of quietness accumulated through centuries by successive generations of indefatigable Hauberks. Hauberk after Hauberk; barony after knighthood; earldom after barony; and then Earl of Gonister after Earl of Gonister down to the last, the eighth. And, after the eighth, nothing but death duties and an old house and two old spinster ladies, sinking ever deeper into solitude and eccentricity, into poverty and family pride, but finally, poor pets! more deeply into poverty than pride. They had sworn they would never sell; but in the end they had accepted Mr. Stoyte's offer. The papers had been shipped to California. They would be able now to buy them-

selves a couple of really sumptuous funerals. And that would be the end of the Hauberks. Delicious fragments of English history! Cautionary perhaps or perhaps, and more probably, merely senseless, merely a tale told by an idiot. A tale of cutthroats and conspirators, of patrons of learning and shady speculators, of bishops and kings' catamites and minor poets, of admirals and pimps, of saints and heroines and nymphomaniacs, of imbeciles and prime ministers, of art collectors and sadists. And here was all that remained of them, in twenty-seven crates, higgledy-piggledy, never catalogued, never even looked at, utterly virgin.

Gloating over his treasure, Jeremy forgot the fatigues of the journey, forgot Los Angeles and the chauffeur, forgot the cemetery and the castle, forgot even Mr. Stoyte. He had the Hauberk Papers, had them all to himself. Like a child dipping blindly into a bran pie for a present which he knows will be exciting, Jeremy picked up one of the brown paper parcels with which the first crate was filled and cut the string. What rich confusion awaited him within! A book of household accounts for the year 1576 and 1577; a narrative by some Hauberk cadet of Sir Kenelm Digby's expedition to Scanderoon; eleven letters in Spanish from Miguel de Molinos to that Lady Ann Hauberk who had scandalized her family by turning papist; a collection, in early eighteenth-century handwriting, of sickroom recipes; a copy of Drelincourt's

On Death; and an odd volume of Andréa de Nerciat's *Félicia, ou Mes Fredaines*. He had just cut the string of the second bundle and was wondering whose was the lock of pale-brown hair preserved between the pages of the Third Earl's holograph, "Reflections of the Late Popish Plot," when there was a knock at the door. He looked up and saw a small, dark man in a white overall advancing toward him. The stranger smiled, said, "Don't let me disturb you," but nevertheless disturbed him. "My name's Obispo," he went on, "Dr. Sigmund Obispo. Physician in ordinary to His Majesty King Stoyte the First—and let's hope also the last."

Evidently delighted by his own joke, he broke into a peal of startlingly loud, metallic laughter. Then, with the elegantly fastidious gesture of an aristocrat in a dust heap, he picked up one of Molinos's letters and started, slowly, and out loud, to decipher the first line of the flowing seventeenth-century calligraphy that met his eyes. "*Ame a Dios como es en sí y no como se lo dice y forma su imaginacion.*" He looked up at Jeremy with an amused smile. "Easier said than done, I should think. Why, you can't even love a woman as she is in herself; and after all, there is some sort of objective physical basis for the phenomenon we call a female. A pretty nice basis in some cases. Whereas poor old Dios is only a spirit—in other words, pure imagination. And here's this idiot, whoever he is, telling some other idiot that people mustn't love God as He is in their imagination." Once again self-consciously the aristocrat, he threw down the letter with a contemptuous flick of the wrist. "What drivel it all is!" he went on. "A string of words called religion. Another string of words called philosophy. Half a dozen other strings called political ideals. And all the words either ambiguous or meaningless. And people getting so excited about them they'll murder their neighbors for using a word they don't happen to like. Don't you pine for some sense once in a while?"

Jeremy smiled with an expression of nervous apology. "One doesn't bother too much about the meanings," he said. Then, anticipating further criticism by disparaging himself and the things he loved most dearly, "One gets a lot of fun, you know," he went on; "just scrabbling about in the dust heaps." Dr. Obispo laughed and patted Jeremy encouragingly on the shoulder. "Good for you!" he said. "You're frank. I like that. Most of the Ph.D. boys one meets are such damned Pecksniffs. Trying to pull that high-moral culture stuff on you! You know: wisdom rather than knowledge; Sophocles instead of science. 'Funny,' I always say to them when they try that on me, 'funny that the thing you get your income from should happen to be the thing that's going to save humanity.' Whereas you don't try to glorify your little racket. You're honest. You admit you're in the thing merely for the fun of it. Well, that's why I'm in *my* little racket. For the fun. Though of course if you'd given me any of that Sophocles stuff, I'd just have let you have my piece about science and progress, science and happiness, even science and ultimate truth, if you'd been obstinate." He showed his white teeth in a happy derision of everybody.

"Mind you," Dr. Obispo went on, "I'm not entirely blind to the charms of your racket. I'd draw the line at Sophocles of course. And I'd be deadly bored with this sort of stuff." He nodded toward the twenty-seven crates. "But I must admit," he concluded handsomely, "I've had a lot of fun out of old books in my time. Really, a lot of fun." He rose to his feet. "I'd like to show you my laboratory," he said. "There's plenty of time before lunch."

Jeremy would have liked of course to go on unpacking the Hauberk Papers; but, lacking the courage to say so, he rose obediently and followed Dr. Obispo toward the door.

Longevity, the doctor explained, as they left the room. That was his subject. Had been ever since he left medi-

cal school. But of course, so long as he was in practice, he hadn't been able to do any serious work on it. Practice was fatal to serious work, he added parenthetically. How could you do anything sensible when you had to spend all your time looking after patients? Patients belonged to three classes: those that imagined they were sick, but weren't; those that were sick, but would get well anyhow; those that were sick and would be much better dead. For anybody capable of serious work to waste his time with patients was simply idiotic. And of course nothing but economic pressure would ever have driven him to do it. And he might have gone on in that groove forever—wasting himself on morons. But then, quite suddenly, his luck had turned. Jo Stoyte had come to consult him. It had been positively providential.

Jo Stoyte, Dr. Obispo repeated, Jo Stoyte on the verge of breaking up completely. Forty pounds overweight and having had a stroke. Not a bad one luckily; but enough to put the old bastard into a sweat. Talk of being scared of death! (Dr. Obispo's white teeth flashed again in wolfish good humor.) In Jo's case it had been a panic. Out of that panic had come Dr. Obispo's liberation from his patients; had come his income, his laboratory for work on the problems of longevity, his excellent assistant; had come too the financing of that pharmaceutical work at Berkeley, of those experiments with monkeys in Brazil, of that expedition to study the tortoises on the Galapagos Islands. Everything a research worker could ask for, with old Jo himself thrown in as the perfect guinea-pig—ready to submit to practically anything short of vivisection without anaesthetics, provided it offered some hope of keeping him above ground a few years longer.

Not that he was doing anything spectacular with the old buzzard at the moment. Just keeping his weight down, and taking care of his kidneys, and peppering him up with periodic shots of

synthetic sex hormone, and watching out for those arteries. The ordinary, common-sense treatment for a man of Jo Stoyte's age and medical history. Meanwhile, however, he was on the track of something new, something that promised to be important. In a few months, perhaps in a few weeks, he'd be in a position to make a definite pronouncement.

"That's very interesting," said Jeremy with hypocritical politeness.

They were walking along a narrow corridor, whitewashed and bleakly illuminated by a series of electric bulbs. Through open doors, Jeremy had occasional glimpses of vast cellars crammed with totem poles and armor, with stuffed orang-utans and marble groups by Thorwaldsen, with gilded Bodhisattvas and early steam engines, with lingams and stage coaches and Peruvian pottery, with crucifixes and mineralogical specimens.

Dr. Obispo, meanwhile, had begun to talk again about longevity. The subject, he insisted, was still in the pre-scientific stage. A lot of observations without any explanatory hypothesis. A mere chaos of facts. And what odd, what essentially eccentric facts! What was it, for example, that made a cicada live as long as a bull? Or a canary outlast three generations of sheep? Why should dogs be senile at fourteen and parrots sprightly at a hundred? Why should female humans become sterile in the forties, while female crocodiles continued to lay eggs into their third century? Why in heaven's name should a pike live to two hundred without showing any signs of senility? Whereas poor old Jo Stoyte . . .

Dr. Obispo halted at last. "Here we are," he said, opening a door. A smell of mice and absolute alcohol floated out into the corridor. "Come on in," he said cordially.

Jeremy entered. There were the mice all right—cage upon cage of them, in tiers along the wall directly in front of him. To the left, three windows, hewn in the rock, gave on to the tennis court and a distant panorama of orange trees

and mountains. Seated at a table in front of one of these windows, a man was looking through a microscope. He raised his fair, tousled head as they approached and turned toward them a face of almost childlike candor and openness. "Hullo, doc," he said with a charming smile.

"My assistant," Dr. Obispo explained, "Peter Boone. Pete, this is Mr. Por-dage." Pete rose and revealed himself an athletic young giant.

"Call me Pete," he said, when Jeremy had called him Mr. Boone. "Everyone calls me Pete."

Jeremy wondered whether he ought to invite the young man to call him Jeremy—but wondered, as usual, so long that the appropriate moment for doing so passed, irrevocably.

"Pete's a bright boy," Dr. Obispo began again in a tone that was affectionate in intention, but a little patronizing in fact. "Knows his physiology. Good with his hands too. Best mouse surgeon I ever saw." He patted the young man on the shoulder.

Pete smiled—a little uncomfortably, it seemed to Jeremy, as though he found it rather difficult to make the right response to the other's cordiality.

"Takes his politics a bit too seriously," Dr. Obispo went on. "That's his only defect. I'm trying to cure him of that. Not very successfully so far, I'm afraid. Eh, Pete?"

The young man smiled again, more confidently; this time he knew exactly where he stood and what to do.

"Not very successfully," he echoed. Then, turning to Jeremy, "Did you see the Spanish news this morning?" he asked. The expression on his large, fair, open face changed to one of concern.

Jeremy shook his head.

"It's something awful," said Pete gloomily. "When I think of those poor devils without planes or artillery or . . ."

"Well, don't think of them," Dr. Obispo cheerfully advised. "You'll feel better."

The young man looked at him, then looked away again without saying any-

thing. After a moment of silence he pulled out his watch. "I think I'll go and have a swim before lunch," he said and walked toward the door.

Dr. Obispo picked up a cage of mice and held it within a few inches of Jeremy's nose. "These are the sex-hormone boys," he said with a jocularly that the other found curiously offensive. The animals squeaked as he shook the cage. "Lively enough while the effect lasts. The trouble is that the effects are only temporary."

Not that temporary effects were to be despised, he added, as he replaced the cage. It was always better to feel temporarily good than temporarily bad. That was why he was giving old Jo a course of that testosterone stuff. Not that the old bastard had any great need of it with that Maunciple girl around. . . .

Dr. Obispo suddenly put his hand over his mouth and looked round toward the window. "Thank God," he said, "he's out of the room. Poor old Pete!" A derisive smile appeared on his face. "Is he in love?" He tapped his forehead. "Thinks she's like something in the works of Tennyson. You know, chemically pure. Last month he nearly killed a man for suggesting that she and the old boy . . . Well, you know. God knows what he figures the girl is doing here. Telling Uncle Jo about the spiral nebulae, I suppose. Well, if it makes him happy to think that way, I'm not the one that's going to spoil his fun." Dr. Obispo laughed indulgently. "But to come back to what I was saying about Uncle Jo . . ."

Just having that girl around the house was the equivalent of a hormone treatment. But it wouldn't last. It never did. Brown-Sequard and Voronoff and all the rest of them—they'd been on the wrong track. They'd thought that the decay of sexual power was the cause of senility. Whereas it was only one of the symptoms. Senescence started somewhere else and involved the sex mechanism along with the rest of the body. Hormone treatments were just palliatives

and pick-me-ups. Helped you for a time, but didn't prevent your growing old.

Jeremy stifled a yawn.

For example, Dr. Obispo went on, why should some animals live much longer than human beings and yet show no signs of old age? Somehow, somewhere we had made a biological mistake. Crocodiles had avoided that mistake; so had tortoises. The same was true of certain species of fish.

"Look at this," he said; and, crossing the room, he drew back a rubber curtain, revealing as he did so the glass front of a large aquarium recessed into the wall. Jeremy approached and looked in.

In the green and shadowy translucence two huge fish hung suspended, their snouts almost touching, motionless except for the occasional ripple of a fin and the rhythmic panting of their gills. A few inches from their staring eyes, a rosary of bubbles streamed ceaselessly up toward the light and all around them the water was spasmodically silver with the dartings of smaller fish. Sunk in their mindless ecstasy, the monsters paid no attention.

Carp, Dr. Obispo explained; carp from the fish ponds of a castle in Franconia—he had forgotten the name; but it was somewhere near Bamberg. The family was impoverished; but the fish were heirlooms, unpurchasable. Jo Stoyte had had to spend a lot of money to have these two stolen and smuggled out of the country in a specially constructed automobile with a tank under the back seats. Sixty pounders they were; over four feet long; and those rings in their tails were dated 1761.

There they were, Dr. Obispo said, pointing at the huge fish, nearly two hundred years old, perfectly healthy, no symptoms of senility, no apparent reason why they shouldn't go on for another three or four centuries. There they were; and here were you. He turned back accusingly toward Jeremy. Here were you! no more than middle-aged,

but already bald, already long-sighted and short-winded; already more or less edentate; incapable of prolonged physical exertion; chronically constipated (could you deny it?); your memory already not so good as it was; your digestion capricious; your potency falling off, if it hadn't, indeed, already disappeared for good.

Jeremy forced himself to smile and, at every fresh item, nodded his head in what was meant to look like an amused assent. Inwardly he was writhing with a mixture of distress at this all too truthful diagnosis and anger against the diagnostician for the ruthlessness of his scientific detachment. Talking with a humorous self-deprecation about one's own advancing senility was very different from being bluntly told about it by someone who took no interest in you except as an animal that happened to be unlike a fish. Nevertheless he continued to nod and smile.

Here you were, Dr. Obispo repeated at the end of his diagnosis, and there were the carp. How was it that you didn't manage your physiological affairs as well as they did? Just where and how and why did you make the mistake that had already robbed you of your teeth and hair and would bring you in a very few years to the grave?

Old Metchnikoff had asked those questions and made a bold attempt to answer. Wrong, yes, in supposing that it was all a matter of intestinal stasis and auto-intoxication. But probably right in thinking that the secret was somewhere down there, in the gut. Somewhere in the gut, Dr. Obispo repeated; and, what was more, he believed that he was on its track.

He drew the curtain on his fish, took Jeremy by the arm and led him back to the mice.

"Look at those," he said, pointing to a batch of cages on an upper shelf.

Jeremy looked. The mice in question were exactly like all other mice. "What's wrong with them?" he asked.

Dr. Obispo laughed. "If those ani-

mals were human beings," he said dramatically, "they'd all be over a hundred years old."

And he began to talk, very rapidly and excitedly, about fatty alcohols and the intestinal flora of carp. For the secret was there, the key to the whole problem of senility and longevity. There, between the sterols and the peculiar flora of the carp's intestine.

Could the intestinal flora of a carp be transferred to the gut of a mammal? And, if transferable, would it achieve the same chemical and biological results? That was what he had been trying, for the past few months, to discover. With no success to begin with. Recently, however, they had experimented with a new technic—a technic that protected the flora from the processes of digestion, gave it time to adapt itself to the unfamiliar conditions. It had taken root. The effect on the mice had been immediate and significant. Senescence had been halted, even reversed. Physiologically, the animals were younger than they had been for at least eighteen months—younger at the equivalent of a hundred than they had been at the equivalent of sixty.

Outside in the corridor an electric bell began to ring. It was lunch time. The two men left the room and walked toward the elevator. Dr. Obispo went on talking. Mice, he said, were apt to be a bit deceptive. He had now begun to try the thing out on larger animals. If it worked all right on dogs and baboons it ought to work on Uncle Jo.

VI

In the small dining room most of the furnishings came from the Pavilion at Brighton. Four gilded dragons supported the red lacquered table and two more served as caryatids on either side of a chimney piece in the same material. Dr. Herbert Mulge, Ph.D., D.D., Principal of Tarzana College, was talking in a rich vein of something that sounded almost like pulpit eloquence about the

new Auditorium which Mr. Stoyte had just presented to the College and which was shortly to be given its formal opening. Dr. Mulge was a large and handsome man with a voice to match—a voice at once sonorous and suave, unctuous and ringing. The flow of his language was slow, but steady and apparently stanchless. In phrases full of the audible equivalents of Capital Letters, he now went on to assure Mr. Stoyte and anyone else who cared to listen that it would be a Real Inspiration for the boys and girls of Tarzana to come together in the beautiful new building for their Community Activities. For Non-Denominational Worship, for example; for the Enjoyment of the Best in Drama and Music. Yes, what an inspiration! The name of Stoyte would be remembered with love and reverence by successive generations of the College's Alumni and Alumnae—would be remembered, he might say, forever; for the Auditorium was a *monumentum aere perennius*, a Footprint on the Sands of Time—definitely a Footprint. And now, Dr. Mulge continued, between the mouthfuls of creamed chicken, now Tarzana's Crying Need was for a new art school. Because, after all, Art, as we were now discovering, was one of the most potent of educational forces. Art was the aspect under which, in this twentieth century of ours, the Religious Spirit most clearly manifested itself. Art was the means by which Personalities could best achieve Creative Self-Expression and . . .

"Cripes!" Jeremy said to himself.

Peter Boone found himself separated from Virginia by the blonder of her two young friends who had come over from Hollywood to have lunch with her. He could only look at her past a foreground of rouge and eyelashes, of golden curls and a thick, almost visible perfume of gardenias. To anyone else this foreground might have seemed a bit distracting; but for Pete it was of no more significance than the equivalent amount of mud. He was interested only in what was beyond the foreground—in that ex-

quisitely abbreviated upper lip, in the little nose that made you want to cry when you looked at it, it was so elegant and impertinent, so ridiculous and angelic; in that long Florentine bob of lustrous auburn hair; in those wide-set, widely opened eyes with their twinkling surface of humor and their dark-blue depths of what he was sure was an infinite tenderness, a plumbless feminine wisdom. He loved her so much that, where his heart should have been, he could feel only an aching breathlessness, a cavity which she alone could fill.

Meanwhile, she was talking to the blonde Foreground about that new job which the Foreground had landed with the Cosmopolis-Perlmutter Studios. The picture was called "Say It with Stockings" and the Foreground was to play the part of a rich débutante who runs away from home to make a career of her own, becomes a strip-tease dancer in a Western mining camp and finally marries a cowpuncher, who turns out to be the son of a millionaire.

"Sounds like a swell story," said Virginia. "Don't you think so, Pete?"

Pete thought so; he was ready to think almost anything if she wanted him to.

"That reminds me of Spain," Virginia announced. And while Jeremy, who had been eavesdropping on the conversation, frantically tried to imagine what train of associations had taken her from "Say It with Stockings" to the Civil War, Virginia went on to ask the young man to tell them about what he had done in Spain; and when he demurred, insisted—because it was so thrilling, because the Foreground had never heard about it, because, finally, she wanted him to.

Pete obeyed. Only half articulately, in a vocabulary composed of slang and clichés, and adorned by expletives and grunts—the vocabulary, Jeremy reflected as he listened surreptitiously through the booming of Dr. Mulge's eloquence, the characteristically squalid and poverty-stricken vocabulary to which the fear of being thought unsocially different or un-

democratically superior, or unsportingly highbrow, condemns most young Englishmen and Americans—he began to describe his experiences as a volunteer in the International Brigade during the heroic days of 1937. It was a touching narrative. Through the hopelessly inadequate language, Jeremy could divine the young man's enthusiasm for liberty and justice, his courage, his love for his comrades, his nostalgia, even in the neighborhood of that short upper lip, even in the midst of an absorbing piece of scientific research, for the life of men united in devotion to a cause, made one in the face of hardship and shared danger and impending death.

"Gee," he kept repeating, "they were swell guys."

And what did he do but go and get rheumatic fever, and then myocarditis—which meant no more active service; no more anything except sitting around. That was why he was here, he explained apologetically. But, gee, it had been good while it lasted! That time, for example, when he and Knud had gone out at night and climbed a precipice in the dark and taken a whole platoon of Moors by surprise and killed half a dozen of them and come back with a machine gun and three prisoners. . . .

"And what is *your* opinion of Creative Work, Mr. Pordage?"

Surprised in flagrant inattention, Jeremy started guiltily. "Creative work?" he mumbled, trying to gain a little time. "Creative work? Well, of course one's all for it. Definitely," he insisted.

"I'm glad to hear you say so," said Dr. Mulge. "Because *that's* what I want at Tarzana. Creative Work—ever more and more Creative. Shall I tell you what is my highest ambition?" Neither Mr. Stoyte nor Jeremy made any reply. But Dr. Mulge proceeded, nevertheless, to tell them. "It is to make of Tarzana the living Center of the New Civilization that is coming to blossom here in the West." He raised a large fleshy hand in solemn asseveration. "The Athens of

the twentieth century is on the point of emerging here, in the Los Angeles Metropolitan Area. I want Tarzana to be its Parthenon and its Academe, its Stoa and its Temple of the Muses. Religion, Art, Philosophy, Science—I want them all to find their home in Tarzana, to radiate their influence from our campus, to . . .”

In the middle of his story about the Moors and the precipice Pete became aware that only the Foreground was listening to him. Virginia's attention had wandered, surreptitiously at first, then frankly and avowedly—had wandered to where, on her left, the less blonde of her two friends was having something almost whispered to her by Dr. Obispo.

“What's that?” Virginia asked.

Dr. Obispo leaned toward her and began again. The three heads, the oil-smooth black, the elaborately curly brown, the lustrous auburn, were almost touching. By the expression on their faces Pete could see that the doctor was telling one of his dirty stories. Alleviated for a moment by the smile she had given him when she asked him to tell them about Spain, the anguish in that panting void where his heart ought to have been came back with redoubled intensity. It was a complicated pain, made up of jealousy and a despairing sense of loss and personal unworthiness, of a fear that his angel was being corrupted and another, deeper fear, which his conscious mind refused to formulate, a fear that there wasn't much further corruption to be done, that the angel was not as angelic as his love had made him assume. The flow of his narrative suddenly dried up. He was silent.

“Well, what happened then?” the Foreground inquired with an eagerness and an expression of hero-worshipping admiration that any other young man would have found delightfully flattering.

He shook his head. “Oh, nothing much.”

“But those Moors . . .”

“Hell,” he said impatiently, “what does it matter, anyhow?”

His words were drowned by a violent explosion of laughter that sent the three conspiratorial heads, the black, the brown, the lovely auburn, flying apart from one another. He looked up at Virginia and saw a face distorted with mirth. At what? he asked himself in agony, trying to measure the extent of her corruption; and a kind of telescoped and synthetic memory of all the schoolboy stories, all the jokes and limericks he had ever heard rushed in upon him.

The girls' shrill laughter exploded with a force of hilarity proportionate to the strength of the surrounding social taboos. Mr. Stoyte turned sharply in the direction from which the noise had come.

“What's the joke?” he asked suspiciously. He wasn't going to have his Baby listen to smut. He disapproved of smut in mixed company almost as whole-heartedly as his grandmother, the Plymouth Sister, had done. “What's all that noise about?”

It was Dr. Obispo who answered. He'd been telling them a funny story he'd heard over the radio, he explained with that suave politeness that was like a sarcasm. Something delightfully amusing. Perhaps Mr. Stoyte would like to have him repeat it.

Mr. Stoyte grunted ferociously and turned away.

A glance at his host's scowling face convinced Dr. Mulge that it would be better to postpone discussion of the Art School to another, more propitious occasion. It was disappointing; for it seemed to him that he had been making good progress. But, there! Such things would happen. Dr. Mulge was a college president chronically in quest of endowments; he knew all about the rich. Knew, for example, that they were like gorillas, creatures not easily domesticated, deeply suspicious, alternately bored and bad-tempered. You had to approach them with caution, to handle them gently and with a boundless cunning. And even then they might suddenly turn savage on you and show

their teeth. Half a lifetime of experience with bankers and steel magnates and retired meat packers had taught Dr. Mulge to take such little setbacks as to-day's with a truly philosophic patience. Brightly, with a smile on his large, imperial-Roman face, he turned to Jeremy. "And what do you think of our California weather, Mr. Pordage?" he asked.

Meanwhile Virginia had noticed the expression on Pete's face and immediately divined the causes of his misery. Poor Pete! But really if he thought she had nothing better to do than always be listening to his talk about that silly old war in Spain, he made a big mistake. All the same he was a nice boy; and talk about being in love! It was nice having people around who felt that way about you; made you feel kind of good. Though it could be rather a nuisance sometimes. Because they got to feel they had some claim on you; they figured they had a right to tell you things and interfere. Pete didn't do that in so many words; but he had a way of looking at you. Poor Pete. It was tough luck on him; but the fact was she never had been attracted by that big, fair, Cary Grant sort of boy. They just didn't appeal to her; that was all there was to it. She liked him; and she enjoyed his being in love with her. But that was all.

VII

The meal was over at last; the party broke up. Dr. Mulge had an appointment in Pasadena to see a rubber-goods manufacturer's widow, who might perhaps give thirty thousand dollars for a new girls' dormitory. Mr. Stoyte drove into Los Angeles for his regular Friday afternoon board meetings and business consultations. Dr. Obispo was going to operate on some rabbits and went down to the laboratory to prepare his instruments. Pete had a batch of scientific journals to look at, but gave himself, meanwhile, a few minutes of happiness in Virginia's company. And for Jeremy

of course there were the Hauberk Papers. It was with a sense of almost physical relief, a feeling that he was going home to where he belonged, that he returned to his cellar. The afternoon slipped past—how delightfully, how profitably! Within three hours another batch of letters from Molinos had turned up among the account books and the business correspondence. So had the third and fourth volumes of *Félicia*. So had an illustrated edition of *Le Portier des Carmes*; and, bound like a prayer book, so had a copy of that rarest of all works of the Divine Marquis, *Les Cent-Vingt Jours de Sodome*. What a treasure! Jeremy's spirit mounted with each new discovery. Remembering that pang of jealousy he had felt up there, in the swimming pool, he smiled indulgently. Let Mr. Stoyte have all the girls he wanted; a well-written piece of eighteenth-century pornography was better than any Maunciple. He closed the volume he was holding. The tooled morocco was austere-ly elegant; on the back, the words "The Book of Common Prayer" were stamped in a gold which the years had hardly tarnished. He put it down with the other *curiosa* on a corner of the table. When he had finished for the afternoon he would take the whole collection up to his bedroom.

It was five o'clock; the sun was low in the sky. Dressed in white shoes and socks, white shorts, a yachting cap, and a pink silk sweater, Virginia had come to see the feeding of the baboons.

Its engine turned off, her rose-colored motor scooter stood parked at the side of the road thirty or forty feet above the cage. In company with Dr. Obispo and Pete, she had gone down to have a closer look at the animals.

"Let's go and rout out Mr. Pordage while we're about it," suggested Dr. Obispo.

"Yes, let's go and fetch old Ivory," Virginia agreed. "He's kind of cute, don't you think?"

Leaving Pete to go on with the feeding

of the baboons, they climbed back to the road and up a flight of steps on the farther side, leading directly to the rock-cut windows of Jeremy's room. Virginia pushed open the glass door.

"Ivory," she called, "we've come to disturb you."

Jeremy began to murmur something humorously gallant; then broke off in the middle of a sentence. He had suddenly remembered that pile of curious literature on the corner of the table. To get up and put the books into a cupboard would be to invite attention to them; he had no newspaper with which to cover them, no other books to mix them up with. There was nothing to be done. Nothing except to hope for the best. Fervently he hoped for it; and almost immediately the worst happened. Idly, out of the need to perform some muscular action, however pointless, Virginia picked up a volume of Nerciat, opened it on one of its conscientiously detailed engravings, looked, then with wider eyes looked again and let out a whoop of startled excitement. Dr. Obispo glanced and yelled in turn; then both broke out into enormous laughter.

Jeremy sat in a misery of embarrassment, sicklily smiling, while they asked him if *that* was how he spent his time, if *this* was the sort of thing he was studying. If only people weren't so wearisome, he was thinking, so deplorably unsubtle!

Virginia turned over the pages until she found another illustration. Once more there was an outcry of delight, astonishment and, this time, incredulity. Was it possible? Could it really be done? She spelled out the caption under the engraving: "*La volupté frappe à toutes les portes*"; then petulantly shook her head. It was no good; she couldn't understand it.

Dr. Obispo quietly took the volume Virginia was holding, picked up the three companion volumes from the table, along with *Le Portier des Carmes* and the *Cent-Vingt Jours de Sodome* and slipped the entire collection into the side pocket of his jacket.

"Don't worry," he said to Virginia. "I'll translate them for you. And now let's go back to the baboons. Come on, Mr. Pordage."

Dr. Obispo stepped back to allow Virginia to pass and, as he did so, gave a little tap to the pocket containing *Les Cent-Vingt Jours de Sodome* and tipped her a wink. Virginia winked back and followed Pete up the steps.

A few moments later Dr. Obispo was walking up the drive, the others down. Or to be more exact, Pete and Jeremy were walking, while Virginia, to whom the idea of using one's legs to get from anywhere to anywhere else was practically unthinkable, sat on her strawberry-and-cream-colored scooter and, with one hand affectionately laid on Pete's shoulder, allowed herself to be carried down by the force of gravity.

Opposite the entrance to the Grotto Virginia parked her scooter. The masons had finished their work on the tomb and were gone; the place was empty. Virginia straightened her rakishly tilted yachting cap as a sign of respect; then ran up the steps, paused on the threshold to cross herself, and, entering, knelt for a few moments before the image. The others waited silently, in the roadway.

"Our Lady was so wonderful to me when I had sinus trouble last summer," Virginia explained to Jeremy when she emerged again. "That's why I got Uncle Jo to make this Grotto for Her. Wasn't it gorgeous when the Archbishop came for the consecration!" she added, turning to Pete.

Pete nodded affirmatively.

"I haven't even had a cold since She's been here," Virginia went on as she took her seat on the scooter. Her face fairly shone with triumph; every victory for the Queen of Heaven was also a personal success for Virginia Maunciple. Then abruptly and without warning, as though she were doing a screen test and had received the order to register fatigue and self-pity, she passed a hand across her forehead, sighed profoundly and, in a tone of utter dejection and discouragement,

ment, said, "All the same, I'm feeling pretty tired this evening. Guess I was in the sun too much right after lunch. Maybe I'd better go and lie down a bit." And affectionately but very firmly rejecting Pete's offer to go back with her to the castle, she wheeled her scooter round, so that it faced uphill, gave the young man a last, particularly charming, almost amorous smile and look, said, "Good-by, Pete darling," and, opening the throttle of the engine, shot off with gathering momentum and an accelerating roll of explosions up the steep curving road, out of sight. Five minutes later she was in her boudoir, fixing a chocolate and banana split at the soda fountain. Seated in a gilded armchair upholstered in satin *couleur fesse de nymphe*, Dr. Obispo was reading aloud and translating as he went along from the first volume of *Les Cent-Vingt Jours*.

VIII

Mr. Propter was sitting on a bench under the largest of his eucalyptus trees. To the west the mountains were already a flat silhouette against the evening sky, but in front of him to the north the upper slopes were still alive with light and shadow, with rosy gold and depths of indigo. In the foreground, the castle had put on a garment of utterly improbable splendor and romance. Mr. Propter looked at it and at the hills and up through the motionless leaves of the eucalyptus at the pale sky; then closed his eyes in preoccupation with the concrete and particular miseries of the day. He remembered his interview that morning with Hansen, who was the agent for Jo Stoyte's estates in the valley. Hansen's treatment of the migrants who came to pick the fruit was worse even than the average. He had taken advantage of their number and their desperate need to force down wages. In the groves he managed young children were being made to work all day in the sun at the rate of two or three cents an hour. And when the day's work was finished

the homes to which they returned were a row of verminous sties in the waste land beside the bed of the river. For these sties Hansen was charging a rent of ten dollars a month. Ten dollars a month for the privilege of freezing or suffocating, of sleeping in a filthy promiscuity, of being eaten up by bedbugs and lice, of picking up ophthalmia and perhaps hookworm and amoebic dysentery. And yet Hansen was a very decent, kindly man. One who would be shocked and indignant if he saw you hurting a dog, one who would fly to the protection of a maltreated woman or a crying child. When Mr. Propter drew this fact to his attention, Hansen had flushed darkly with anger.

"That's different," he had said.

Mr. Propter had tried to find out why it was different.

It was his duty, Hansen had said.

But how could it be his duty to treat children worse than slaves and inoculate them with hookworm?

It was his duty to the estates. He wasn't doing anything for himself.

But why should doing wrong for someone else be different from doing wrong on your own behalf? The results were exactly the same in either case. The victims didn't suffer any less when you were doing what you called your duty than when you were acting in what you imagined might be your own interest.

This time the anger had exploded in violent abuse. It was the anger, Mr. Propter had perceived, of the well-meaning but stupid man who is compelled against his will to ask himself indiscreet questions about what he has been doing as a matter of course. He doesn't want to ask these questions because he knows that if he does he will be forced either to go on with what he is doing, but with the cynic's awareness that he is doing wrong, or else, if he doesn't want to be a cynic, to change the entire pattern of his life so as to bring his desire to do right into harmony with the real facts as revealed in the course of self-interrogation.

Well, he hadn't got very far with Hansen, Mr. Propter sadly concluded. He'd have to try again with Jo Stoyte. In the past Jo had always refused to listen, on the ground that the estates were Hansen's business. The alibi was so convenient that it would be hard, he foresaw, to break it down.

From Hansen and Jo Stoyte his thoughts wandered to that newly arrived family of transients from Kansas, to whom he had given one of his cabins. The three undernourished children, with the teeth already rotting in their mouths; the woman, emaciated by God knew what complication of diseases, deep-sunken already in apathy and weakness; the husband alternately resentful and self-pitying, violent and morose.

He had gone with the man to get some vegetables from the garden plots and a rabbit for the family supper. Sitting there, skinning the rabbit, he had had to listen to outbursts of incoherent complaint and indignation. Complaint and indignation against the wheat market, which had broken each time he had begun to do well. Against the banks he had borrowed money from and been unable to repay. Against the droughts and winds that had reduced his farm to a hundred and sixty acres of dust and wilderness. Against the luck that had always been against *him*. Against the folks who had treated him so meanly, everywhere, all his life.

Dismally familiar story! With inconsiderable variations, he had heard it a thousand times before. Sometimes they were sharecroppers from farther south, dispossessed by the owners in a desperate effort to make the farming pay. Sometimes, like this man, they had owned their own place and been dispossessed, not by financiers, but by the forces of nature—forces of nature which they themselves had made destructive by tearing up the grass and planting nothing but wheat. Sometimes they had been hired men, displaced by the tractors. All of them had come to California as to a promised land; and California had al-

ready reduced them to a condition of wandering peonage and was fast transforming them into Untouchables. Only a saint, Mr. Propter reflected, only a saint could be a peon and a pariah with impunity, because only a saint would accept the position gladly and as though he had chosen it of his own free will. Poverty and suffering ennoble only when they are voluntary. By involuntary poverty and suffering men are made worse. It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for an involuntarily poor man to enter the kingdom of heaven. Here, for example, was this poor devil from Kansas. How had he reacted to involuntary poverty and suffering? So far as Mr. Propter could judge, he was compensating himself for his misfortunes by brutality to those weaker than himself. The way he yelled at the children—it was an all too familiar symptom.

The sound of approaching footsteps made him open his eyes. Peter Boone and that Englishman he had sat with in the car were advancing up the path toward his seat under the eucalyptus trees. Mr. Propter raised his hand in welcome and smiled. He was fond of young Pete. There was native intelligence there and native kindness; there was sensitiveness, generosity, a spontaneous decency of impulse and reaction. Charming and beautiful qualities! The pity was that by themselves and undirected as they were by a right knowledge of the nature of things, they should be so impotent for good, so inadequate to anything a reasonable man could call salvation. Fine gold, but still in the ore, unsmelted, unworked. Some day perhaps the boy would learn to use his gold. He would have to wish to learn first—and wish also to unlearn a lot of things he now regarded as self-evident and right. It would be hard for him, as hard, but for other reasons, as it would be for that poor fellow from Kansas.

"Well, Pete," he called, "come and sit with me here. And you've brought Mr. Pordage; that's good." He moved

to the middle of the bench so that they could sit, one on either side of him. "And did you meet the Ogre?" he said to Jeremy, pointing in the direction of the castle.

Jeremy made a grimace and nodded. "I remembered the name you used to call him at school," he said. "That made it a little easier."

"Poor Jo," said Mr. Propter. "Fat people are always supposed to be so happy. But who ever enjoyed being laughed at? That jolly manner they sometimes have, and the jokes they make at their own expense—it's just a case of alibis and prophylactics. They vaccinate themselves with their own ridicule so that they shan't react too violently to other people's."

Jeremy smiled. He knew all about that. "It's a good way out of an unpleasant predicament," he said.

Mr. Propter nodded. "But unfortunately," he said, "it didn't happen to be Jo's way. Jo was the kind of fat boy who bluffs it out. The kind that fights. The kind that bullies or patronizes. The kind that boasts and shows off. The kind that buys popularity by treating the girls to ice creams, even if he has to steal a dime from his grandmother's purse to do it. The kind that goes on stealing, even if he's found out and gets beaten and believes it when they tell him he'll go to hell. Poor Jo, he's been that sort of fat boy all his life." He pointed once again in the direction of the castle. "That's his monument to a faulty pituitary. And talking of pituitaries," he went on, turning to Pete, "how's the work been going?"

Pete had been thinking gloomily of Virginia—wondering for the hundredth time why she had left them, whether he had done anything to offend her, whether she was really tired or if there might be some other reason. At Mr. Propter's mention of work he looked up and his face brightened. "It's going just fine," he answered and, in quick eager phrases, strangely compounded of slang and technical terms, he told Mr. Propter about

the results they had already got with their mice and were beginning to get, so it seemed, with the baboons and the dogs.

"And if you succeed," Mr. Propter asked, "what happens to your dogs?"

"Why, their life's prolonged," Pete answered triumphantly.

"Yes, yes, I know that," said the older man. "What I meant to ask was something different. A dog's a wolf that hasn't fully developed. It's more like the foetus of a wolf than an adult wolf; isn't that so?"

Pete nodded.

"In other words," Mr. Propter went on, "it's a mild, tractable animal because it has never grown up into savagery. Isn't that supposed to be one of the mechanisms of evolutionary development?"

Pete nodded again. "There's a kind of glandular equilibrium," he explained. "Then a mutation comes along and knocks it sideways. You get a new equilibrium that happens to retard the development rate. You grow up; but you do it so slowly that you're dead before you've stopped being like your great-great-grandfather's foetus."

"Exactly," said Mr. Propter. "So what happens if you prolong the life of an animal that has evolved that way?"

Pete laughed and shrugged his shoulders. "Guess we'll have to wait and see," he said.

"It would be a bit disquieting," said Mr. Propter, "if your dogs grew back in the process of growing up."

Pete laughed again delightedly. "Think of the dowagers being chased by their own Pekinese," he said.

Mr. Propter looked at him curiously and was silent for a moment, as though waiting to see whether Pete would make any further comment. The comment did not come. "I'm glad you feel so happy about it," he said. Then, turning to Jeremy, "It is not, if I remember rightly, Mr. Pordage," he went on, "it is not growing like a tree in bulk doth make men better be."

"Or standing long an oak, three hundred years," said Jeremy, smiling with the pleasure which an apt quotation always gave him.

"What shall we all be doing at three hundred?" Mr. Propter speculated. "Do you suppose you'd still be a scholar and a gentleman?"

Jeremy coughed and patted his bald head. "One will certainly have stopped being a gentleman," he answered. "One's begun to stop even now, thank heaven."

"But the scholar will stay the course?"

"There's a lot of books in the British Museum."

"And you, Pete?" said Mr. Propter. "Do you suppose you'll still be doing scientific research?"

"Why not? What's to prevent you from going on with it forever?" the young man answered emphatically.

"Forever?" Mr. Propter repeated. "You don't think you'd get a bit bored? One experiment after another. Or one book after another," he added in an aside to Jeremy. "In general, one damned thing after another. You don't think that would prey on your mind a bit?"

"I don't see why," said Pete.

"Time doesn't bother you then?"

Pete shook his head. "Why should it?"

"Why shouldn't it?" said Mr. Propter, smiling at him with an amused affection. "Time's a pretty bothersome thing, you know."

"Not if you aren't scared of dying or growing old."

"Yes, it is," Mr. Propter insisted; "even if you're not scared. It's nightmarish in itself—intrinsically nightmarish, if you see what I mean."

"Intrinsically?" Pete looked at him perplexed. "I don't get it," he said. "Intrinsically nightmarish . . . ?"

"Nightmarish in the present tense of course," Jeremy put in. "But if one takes it in the fossil state—in the form of the Hauberk Papers, for example . . ." He left the sentence unfinished.

"Oh, pleasant enough," said Mr. Propter, agreeing with his implied con-

clusion. "But after all, history isn't the real thing. Past time is only evil at a distance; and of course the study of past time is itself a process in time. Cataloguing bits of fossil evil can never be more than an *ersatz* for the experience of eternity." He glanced curiously at Pete, wondering how the boy would respond to what he was saying. Plunging like this into the heart of the matter, beginning at the very core and center of the mystery—it was risky; there was a danger of evoking nothing but bewilderment, or alternatively nothing but angry derision. Pete's, he could see, was more nearly the first reaction; but it was a bewilderment that seemed to be tempered by interest; he looked as though he wanted to find out what it was all about.

Meanwhile Jeremy had begun to feel that this conversation was taking a most undesirable turn. "What precisely are we supposed to be talking about?" he asked acidulously. "The New Jerusalem?"

Mr. Propter smiled at him good-humoredly. "It's all right," he said. "I won't say a word about harps or wings."

"Well, that's something," said Jeremy.

"I never could get much satisfaction out of meaningless discourse," Mr. Propter continued. "I like the words I use to bear some relation to facts. That's why I'm interested in eternity—psychological eternity. Because it's a fact."

"For you perhaps," said Jeremy in a tone which implied that more civilized people didn't suffer from these hallucinations.

"For anyone who chooses to fulfil the conditions under which it can be experienced."

"And why should anyone choose to fulfil them?"

"Why should anyone choose to go to Athens to see the Parthenon? Because it's worth the bother. And the same is true of eternity. The experience of timeless good is worth all the trouble it involves."

"Timeless good," Jeremy repeated with distaste. "I don't know what the words mean."

"Why should you?" said Mr. Propter. "One doesn't know the full meaning of the word 'Parthenon' until one has actually seen the thing."

"Yes, but at least I've seen photographs of the Parthenon, I've read descriptions."

"You've read descriptions of timeless good," Mr. Propter answered. "Dozens of them. In all the literatures of philosophy and religion. You've read them, but you've never bought your ticket for Athens."

In a resentful silence Jeremy had to admit to himself that this was true. The fact that it was true made him disapprove of the conversation even more profoundly than he had done before.

"As for time," Mr. Propter was saying to Pete, "what is it, in this particular context, but the medium in which evil propagates itself, the element in which evil lives and outside of which it dies? Indeed, it's more than the element of evil, more than merely its medium. If you carry your analysis far enough you'll find that time is evil. One of the aspects of its essential substance."

Jeremy listened with growing discomfort and a mounting irritation. His fears had been justified; the old boy was launching out into the worst kind of theology. Eternity, timeless experience of good, time as the substance of evil—it was bad enough, God knew, in books; but, fired at you like this, point blank by somebody who really took it seriously, why, it was really frightful. Why on earth couldn't people live their lives in a rational, civilized way? Why couldn't they take things as they came? Breakfast at nine, lunch at one-thirty, tea at five. And conversation. And the daily walk with Mr. Gladstone, the Yorkshire terrier. And the library; the Works of Voltaire in eighty-three volumes; the inexhaustible treasure of Horace Walpole; and for a change the "Divine Comedy"; and then in case you might be tempted

to take the Middle Ages too seriously, Salimbene's autobiography and the "Miller's Tale." And sometimes calls in the afternoon—the Rector, Lady Fredegond with her ear trumpet, Mr. Veal. And political discussions—except that in these last months, since the *Anschluss* and Munich, one had found that political discussion was one of the unpleasant things it was wise to avoid. And the weekly journey to London, with lunch at the Reform, and always dinner with old Thrupp of the British Museum; and a chat with one's poor brother Tom at the Foreign Office (only that too was rapidly becoming one of the things to be avoided). And then of course the London Library, and Vespers at Westminster Cathedral, if they happened to be singing Palestrina, and every alternate week, between five and six-thirty, an hour and a half with Mae or Doris in their flat in Maida Vale. Infinite squalor in a little room, as he liked to call it; abysmally delightful. Those were the things that came; why couldn't they take them, quietly and sensibly? But no, they had to gibber about eternity and all the rest. That sort of stuff always made Jeremy want to be blasphemous.

IX

"Time and craving," said Mr. Propter, "craving and time—two aspects of the same thing; and that thing is the raw material of evil. So you see, Pete," he added in another tone, "you see what a queer sort of present you'll be making us if you're successful in your work. Another century or so of time and craving. A couple of extra lifetimes of potential evil."

"*And* potential good," the young man insisted with a note of protest in his voice.

"*And* potential good," Mr. Propter agreed. "But only at a far remove from that extra time you're giving us."

"Why do you say that?" Pete asked.

"Because potential evil is *in* time; potential good isn't. The longer you live,

the more evil you automatically come into contact with. Nobody comes automatically into contact with good. Men don't find more good by merely existing longer. It's curious," he went on reflectively, "that people should always have concentrated on the problem of evil. Exclusively. As though the nature of good were something self-evident. But it isn't self-evident. There's a problem of good at least as difficult as the problem of evil."

"And what's the solution?" Pete asked.

"The solution is very simple and profoundly unacceptable. Actual good is outside time."

"But if it's outside time, then . . ."

" . . . then nothing within time can be actual good. Time is potential evil, and craving converts the potentiality into actual evil. Whereas a temporal act can never be more than potentially good, with a potentiality, what's more, that can't be actualized except out of time."

"But inside time, here—you know, just doing the ordinary things—hell! we do sometimes do right. What acts *are* good?"

"Strictly speaking, none," Mr. Propter answered. "But in practice, I think one's justified in applying the word to certain acts. Any act that contributes toward the liberation of those concerned in it—I'd call it a good act."

"Liberation?" the young man repeated dubiously. The words, in his mind, carried only economic and revolutionary connotations. But it was evident that Mr. Propter wasn't talking about the necessity for getting rid of capitalism. "Liberation from what?"

"Liberation from time. Liberation from craving and revulsion. Liberation from personality."

"But, heck," said Pete, "you're always talking about democracy. Doesn't that mean respecting personality?"

"Of course," Mr. Propter agreed. "Respecting it in order that it may be able to transcend itself. Slavery and fanaticism intensify the obsession with

time and evil and the self. Hence the value of democratic institutions and a skeptical attitude of mind. The more you respect a personality, the better its chance of discovering that all personality is a prison. Potential good is anything that helps you to get out of prison. Actualized good lies outside the prison, in timelessness, in the state of pure, disinterested consciousness."

"I'm not much good at abstractions," said the young man. "Let's take some concrete examples. What about science, for instance? Is that good?"

"Good, bad, and indifferent, according to how it's pursued and what it's used for. Good, bad, and indifferent, first of all, for the scientists themselves—just as art and scholarship may be good, bad, or indifferent for artists and scholars. Good if it facilitates liberation; indifferent if it neither helps nor hinders; bad if it makes liberation more difficult by intensifying the obsession with personality. And, remember, the apparent selflessness of the scientist, or the artist, is not necessarily a genuine freedom from the bondage of personality. Scientists and artists are men devoted to what we vaguely call an ideal. But what is an ideal? An ideal is merely the projection, on an enormously enlarged scale, of some aspect of personality."

"Say that again," Pete requested, while even Jeremy so far forgot his pose of superior detachment as to lend his most careful attention.

Mr. Propter said it again. "And that's true," he went on, "of every ideal except the highest, which is the ideal of liberation—liberation from personality, liberation from time and craving, liberation into union with God, if you don't object to the word, Mr. Pordage. Many people do," he added. "It's one of the words that the Mrs. Grundys of the intellect find peculiarly shocking. I always try to spare their sensibilities if I can. Well, to return to our idealist," he continued, glad to see that Jeremy had been constrained, in spite of himself, to smile. "If he serves any ideal except the

highest—whether it's the artist's ideal of beauty, or the scientist's ideal of truth, or the humanitarian's ideal of what currently passes for goodness—he's not serving God; he's serving a magnified aspect of himself. He may be completely devoted; but, in the last analysis, his devotion turns out to be directed toward an aspect of his own personality. His apparent selflessness is really not a liberation from his ego, but merely another form of bondage. This means that science may be bad for scientists even when it appears to be a deliverer. And the same holds good of art, of scholarship, of humanitarianism."

"And what about other people?" Pete was saying. "People who aren't scientists. Hasn't it helped to set them free?"

Mr. Propter nodded. "And it has also helped to tie them more closely to themselves. And what's more, I should guess that it has increased bondage more than it has diminished it—and will tend to go on increasing it, progressively."

"How do you figure that out?"

"Through its applications," Mr. Propter answered. "Applications to warfare, first of all. Better planes, better explosives, better guns and gases—every improvement increases the sum of fear and hatred, widens the incidence of nationalistic hysteria. In other words, every improvement in armaments makes it more difficult for people to escape from their egos, more difficult to forget those horrible projections of themselves they call their ideals of patriotism, heroism, glory, and all the rest. And even the less destructive applications of science aren't really much more satisfactory. For what do such applications result in? The multiplication of possessable objects; the invention of new instruments of stimulation; the dissemination of new wants through propaganda aimed at equating possession with well-being and incessant stimulation with happiness. But incessant stimulation from without is a source of bondage; and so the preoccupation with possessions. And

now you're threatening to prolong our lives, so that we can go on being stimulated, go on desiring possessions, go on waving flags and hating our enemies and being afraid of air attack—go on and on, generation after generation, sinking deeper and deeper into the stinking slough of our personality." He shook his head. "No, I can't quite share your optimism about science."

There was a silence while Pete debated with himself whether to ask Mr. Propter about love. In the end he decided he wouldn't. Virginia was too sacred. (But why, why had she turned back at the Grotto? What could he have said or done to offend her?) As much to prevent himself from brooding over these problems as because he wanted to know the old man's opinions on the last of the three things that seemed to him supremely valuable, he looked up at Mr. Propter and asked, "What about social justice? I mean, take the French Revolution. Or Russia. And what about this Spanish business—fighting for liberty and democracy against Fascist aggression?"

"Napoleon came out of the French Revolution," said Mr. Propter after a moment's silence. "German nationalism came out of Napoleon. The war of 1870 came out of German nationalism. The war of 1914 came out of the war of 1870. Hitler came out of the war of 1914. Those are the bad results of the French Revolution. The good results were the enfranchisement of the French peasants and the spread of political democracy. Put the good results in one scale of your balance and the bad ones in the other, and try which set is the heavier. Then perform the same operation with Russia. Put the abolition of Tzardom and capitalism in one scale; and in the other put Stalin, put the secret police, put the famines, put twenty years of hardship for a hundred and fifty million people, put the liquidation of intellectuals and Kulaks and old Bolsheviks, put the hordes of slaves in prison camps; put the military conscription of everybody,

male and female, from childhood to old age, put the revolutionary propaganda which spurred the bourgeoisie to invent Fascism." Mr. Propter shook his head. "Or take the fight for democracy in Spain," he went on. "There was a fight for democracy all over Europe not so long ago. Rational prognosis can be based only on past experience. Look at the results of 1914 and then ask yourself what chance the Loyalists ever had of establishing a liberal regime at the end of a long war. The others are winning; so we shall never have the opportunity of seeing what circumstances and their own passions would have driven those well-intentioned liberals to become."

"But, hell!" Pete broke out, "what do you expect people to do when they're attacked by the Fascists? Sit down and let their throats be cut?"

"Of course not," said Mr. Propter. "I *expect* them to fight. And the expectation is based on my previous knowledge of human behavior. But the fact that people generally do react to that kind of situation in that kind of way doesn't prove that it's the best way of reacting. Experience makes me expect that they'll behave like that. But experience also makes me expect that, if they do behave like that, the results will be disastrous."

"Well, how do you want us to act? Do you want us to sit still and do nothing?"

"Not nothing," said Mr. Propter. "Merely something appropriate."

"But what is appropriate?"

"Not war, anyhow. Nor violent revolution. Nor yet politics, to any considerable extent, I should guess."

"Then what?"

"That's what we've got to discover. The main lines are clear enough. But there's still a lot of work to be done on the practical details."

Pete was not listening. His mind had gone back to that time in Aragon, when life had seemed supremely significant. "But those boys, back there in Spain," he burst out. "You didn't know them, Mr. Propter. They were wonderful,

really they were. Never mean to you, and brave, and loyal and . . . and everything." He wrestled with the inadequacies of his vocabulary, with the fear of making an exhibition of himself by talking big, like a highbrow. "They weren't living for themselves, I can tell you that, Mr. Propter." He looked into the old man's face almost supplicatingly, as though imploring him to believe. "They were living for something much bigger than themselves—like what you were talking about just now; you know, something more than just personal."

"And what about Hitler's boys?" Mr. Propter asked. "What about Mussolini's boys? What about Stalin's boys? Do you suppose they're not just as brave, just as kind to one another, just as loyal to their cause and just as firmly convinced that it's the cause of justice, truth, freedom, right, and honor?" He looked at Pete inquiringly; but Pete said nothing. "The fact that people have a lot of virtues," Mr. Propter went on, "doesn't prove anything about the goodness of their actions. You can have all the virtues—that's to say, all except the two that really matter, understanding and compassion—you can have all the others, I say, and be a thoroughly bad man. Indeed, you can't be really bad unless you *do* have most of the virtues. Look at Milton's Satan for example. Brave, strong, generous, loyal, prudent, temperate, self-sacrificing. And let's give the dictators the credit that's due to them; some of them are nearly as virtuous as Satan. Not quite, I admit, but nearly. That's why they can achieve so much evil."

His elbows on his knees, Pete sat in silence, frowning. "But that feeling," he said at last, "that feeling there was between us. You know—the friendship; only it was more than just ordinary friendship. And the feeling of being there all together—fighting for the same thing—and the thing being worth while—and then the danger, and the rain, and that awful cold at night, and the heat in summer, and being thirsty, and even

those lice and the dirt—share and share alike in everything, bad or good—and knowing that to-morrow it might be your turn, or one of the other boys'—your turn for the field hospital (and the chances were they wouldn't have enough anaesthetics, except maybe for an amputation or something like that) or your turn for the burial party. All those feelings, Mr. Propter—I just can't believe they didn't mean something."

"They meant themselves," said Mr. Propter.

Jeremy saw the opportunity for a counter-attack and, with a promptitude unusual in him, immediately took it. "Doesn't the same thing apply to your feeling about eternity or whatever it is?" he asked.

"Of course it does," said Mr. Propter.

"Well, in that case, how can you claim any validity for it? The feeling means itself, and that's all there is to it."

"It means itself," Mr. Propter agreed. "But what precisely is this 'itself'? In other words, what is the nature of the feeling?"

"Don't ask me," said Jeremy with a shake of the head and a comically puzzled lift of the eyebrows. "I really don't know."

Mr. Propter smiled. "I know you don't want to know," he said. "And I won't ask you. I'll just state the facts. The feeling in question is a non-personal experience of timeless peace. Accordingly, non-personality, timelessness, and peace are what it means. Now let's consider the feelings that Pete has been talking about. These are all personal feelings, evoked by temporal situations, and characterized by a sense of excitement. Intensification of the ego within the world of time and craving—that's what these feelings mean."

"But you can't call self-sacrifice an intensification of the ego," said Pete.

"I can and I do," Mr. Propter insisted. "For the good reason that it generally is. Self-sacrifice to any but the highest cause is sacrifice to an ideal, which is simply a projection of the ego.

What is commonly called self-sacrifice is the sacrifice of one part of the ego to another part, one set of personal feelings and passions for another set—as when the feelings connected with money or sex are sacrificed in order that the ego may have the feelings of superiority, solidarity, and hatred which are associated with patriotism or any kind of political or religious fanaticism."

Pete shook his head. "Sometimes," he said, with a smile of rueful perplexity, "sometimes you almost talk like Dr. Obispo. You know—cynically."

Mr. Propter laughed. "It's good to be cynical," he said. "That is, if you know when to stop. Most of the things that we're all taught to respect and reverence—they don't deserve anything but cynicism. Take your own case. You've been taught to worship ideals like patriotism, social justice, science, romantic love. You've been told that such virtues as loyalty, temperance, courage, and prudence are good in themselves, in any circumstances. You've been assured that self-sacrifice is always splendid and fine feelings invariably good. And it's all nonsense, all a pack of lies that people have made up in order to justify themselves in continuing to deny God and wallow in their own egotism. Unless you're steadily and unflaggingly cynical about the solemn twaddle that's talked by bishops and bankers and professors and politicians and all the rest of them, you're lost. Utterly lost. Doomed to perpetual imprisonment in your ego—doomed to be a personality in a world of personalities; and a world of personalities is *this* world, the world of greed and fear and hatred, of war and capitalism and dictatorship and slavery. Yes, you've got to be cynical, Pete. Specially cynical about all the actions and feelings you've been taught to suppose were good. Most of them are not good. They're merely evils which happen to be regarded as creditable. But unfortunately, creditable evil is just as bad as discreditable evil. Scribes and Pharisees aren't any

better, in the last analysis, than publicans and sinners. Indeed, they're often much worse. For several reasons. Being well thought of by others, they think well of themselves; and nothing so confirms an egotism as thinking well of oneself. In the next place, publicans and sinners are generally just human animals, without enough energy or self-control to do much harm. Whereas the scribes and Pharisees have all the virtues, except the only two which count, and enough intelligence to understand everything except the real nature of the world. Publicans and sinners merely fornicate and over-eat and get drunk. The people who make wars, the people who reduce their fellows to slavery, the people who kill and torture and tell lies in the name of their sacred causes, the really evil people, in a word—these are never the publicans and the sinners. No, they're the virtuous, respectable men, who have the finest feelings, the best brains, the noblest ideals."

"So what it all boils down to," Pete concluded in a tone of angry despair, "is that there just isn't anything you can do. Is that it?"

"Yes and no," said Mr. Propter, in his quiet judicial way. "On a strictly human level, the level of time and craving, I should say that it's quite true: in the last resort, there isn't anything you can do."

"But that's just defeatism!" Pete protested.

"Why is it defeatism to be realistic?"

"There *must* be something to do!"

"I see no 'must' about it."

"Then what about the reformers and all those people? If you're right they're just wasting their time."

"It depends on what they think they're doing," said Mr. Propter. "If they think they're just temporarily palliating particular distresses, if they see themselves as people engaged in laboriously deflecting evil from old channels into new and slightly different channels, then they can justifiably claim to be successful. But if they think they're making good

appear where evil was before, why then all history clearly shows that they *are* wasting their time."

"But why can't they make good appear where evil was before?"

"Why do we fall when we jump out of a tenth-storey window? Because the nature of things happens to be such that we do fall. And the nature of things is such that, on the strictly human level of time and craving, you can't achieve anything but evil. If you choose to work exclusively on that level and exclusively for the ideals and causes that are characteristic of it, then you're insane if you expect to transform evil into good. You're insane, because experience should have shown you that, on that level, there doesn't happen to be any good. There are only different degrees and different kinds of evil."

"Then what do you want people to *do*?"

"Don't talk as though it were all my fault," said Mr. Propter. "I didn't invent the universe."

"What ought they to do, then?"

"Well, if they want fresh varieties of evil, let them go on with what they're doing now. But if they want good, they'll have to change their tactics. And the encouraging thing," Mr. Propter added in another tone, "the encouraging thing is that there *are* tactics which will produce good. We've seen that there's nothing to be done on the strictly human level—or rather there are millions of things to be done, only none of them will achieve any good. But there *is* something effective to be done on the levels where good actually exists. So you see, Pete, I'm not a defeatist. I'm a strategist. I believe that if a battle is to be fought it had better be fought under conditions in which there's at least some chance of winning. I believe that if you want the golden fleece it's more sensible to go to the place where it exists than to rush round performing prodigies of valor in a country where all the fleeces happen to be coal-black."

"Then where ought we to fight for good?"

"Where good is."

"But where is it?"

"On the level below the human and on the level above. On the animal level and on the level . . . well, you can take your choice of names: the level of eternity; the level, if you don't object, of God; the level of the spirit—only that happens to be about the most ambiguous word in the language. On the lower level, good exists as the proper functioning of the organism in accordance with the laws of its own being. On the higher level, it exists in the form of a knowledge of the world without desire or aversion; it exists as the experience of eternity, as the transcendence of personality, the extension of consciousness beyond the limits imposed by the ego. Strictly human activities are activities that prevent the manifestation of good on the other two levels. For, in so far as we're human, we're obsessed with time, we're passionately concerned with our personalities and with those magnified projections of our personalities which we call our policies, our ideals, our religions. And what are the results? Being obsessed with time and our egos, we are forever craving and worrying. But nothing impairs the normal functioning of the organism like craving and revulsion, like greed and fear and worry. Directly or indirectly, most of our physical ailments and disabilities are due to worry and craving. We worry and crave ourselves into high blood pressure, heart disease, tuberculosis, peptic ulcer, low resistance to infection, neurasthenia, sexual aberrations, insanity, suicide. Not to mention all the rest." Mr. Propter waved his hand comprehensively. "Craving even prevents us from seeing properly," he went on. "The harder we try to see, the graver our error of accommodation. In a word, in so far as we're human beings, we prevent ourselves from realizing the physiological and instinctive good that we're capable of as animals. And, *mutatis mutandis*, the same thing is true

in regard to the sphere above. In so far as we're human beings, we prevent ourselves from realizing the spiritual and timeless good that we're capable of as potential inhabitants of eternity, as potential enjoyers of the beatific vision. We worry and crave ourselves out of the very possibility of transcending personality and knowing, intellectually at first and then by direct experience, the true nature of the world."

Mr. Propter was silent for a moment; then, with a sudden smile, "Luckily," he went on, "most of us don't manage to behave like human beings all the time. We forget our wretched little egos and those horrible great projections of our egos in the ideal world—forget them and relapse for a while into harmless animality. The organism gets a chance to function according to its own laws; in other words, it gets a chance to realize such good as it's capable of. That's why we're as healthy and sane as we are. Even in great cities as many as four persons out of five manage to go through life without having to be treated in a lunatic asylum. If we were consistently human, the percentage of mental cases would rise from twenty to a hundred. But fortunately most of us are incapable of consistency. The animal is always trying to resume its rights. And to some people fairly frequently, perhaps occasionally to all, there come little flashes of illumination—momentary glimpses into the nature of the world as it is for a consciousness liberated from appetite and time, of the world as it might be if we didn't choose to deny God by being our personal selves. Those flashes come to us when we're off our guard; then craving and worry come rushing back and the light is eclipsed once more by our personality and its lunatic ideals, its criminal policies and plans."

There was silence. The sun had gone. Behind the mountains to the west, a pale yellow light faded through green into a blue that deepened as it climbed.

(To be continued)



One Man's Meat

By E. B. WHITE



I KEEP forgetting that soldiers are so young. I keep thinking of them as my age, or Hitler's age. (Hitler and I are about the same age.) Actually, soldiers are often quite young. They haven't finished school, many of them, and their heads are full of the fragile theme of love, and underneath their bluster and swagger everything in life is coated with that strange beautiful importance that you almost forget about because it dates back so far. The other day some French soldiers on the western front sent a request to a German broadcasting studio asking the orchestra to play "*Parlez moi d'amour.*" The station was glad to oblige, and all along the Maginot Line and the Siegfried Line the young men were listening to the propaganda of their own desire instead of attending to the fight. So few people speak to the young men of love any more, except the song writers and scenarists. The leaders speak always of raw materials and *Lebensraum*. But the young men in uniforms do not care much for raw materials (except tobacco) and they are thinking of *Liebestraum*, and are resolving their dream as best they can. I am trying hard to remember what it is like to be as young as a soldier.

When war was getting under way in 1914, I was in high school. I was translating Cæsar, studying ancient history, working with algebraic equations, and drawing pictures of the bean, which is a dicotyledonous seed, and of the frog, an amphibian. In those days I kept a journal. My life and activities and thoughts were dear to me, and I took the trouble to set them down. I still have this journal, and the outbreak of the present war has started me going through its pages to refresh my memory. The

entries are disappointingly lacking in solid facts. Much of the stuff is sickening to read, but I have a strong stomach and a deep regard for the young man that was I. Everyone, I believe, has this tolerance and respect if he is worth anything, and much of life is unconsciously an attempt to preserve and perpetuate this youth, this strange laudable young man. Though my journal is a mass of horrid little essays, moral in tone and definitely on the pretty side, I cannot bring myself to throw it away. Just now I like to consult it to rediscover what the impact of a world war meant to one young fellow in the 1914-1918 period—how important each step seemed, what preposterous notions I held, how uncertain and groping and unscathed I was.

At first, before the United States entered the fray, the War seemed to mean mighty little. In those years, war was remote, implausible—a distant noise or threat, something that was ahead perhaps, like college or marriage or earning one's living, but not near enough to be of any immediate concern. In the early pages of my journal I was thinking and writing about keeping pigeons, about going skating, about the comings and goings of people on the same block with us. After a couple of years of it the War begins to take shape and I begin swelling with large thoughts. On March 16, 1917, carefully described as a "rainy Saturday," I pasted into my journal an editorial from the *Globe* on the emancipation of Russia, which spoke of the sunlight of freedom shining over the Russian steppes. "Father thinks it will be an important factor in the ultimate results of the war," I wrote. "I have always wondered what the purpose—in the big-

ger sense—of the war was. Perhaps this is it.”

Russian freedom probably occupied my mind upward of ten minutes. The next entry in the journal was concerned with plans for a canoe trip down the Housatonic (which I never took) and with the rehearsals of a Pinero farce in which I acted the part of an English servant.

On Palm Sunday, 1917, with a bad cold in the head, I reported the advent of springtime, and the flags flying from houses all along the block. “War and springtime are being heralded with one breath and the thoughts of the people are in confusion.” My own thoughts, however, were not in any particular confusion. They came to an orderly, if not monumental, focus in the composition, on the same page, of a love poem of twenty-four lines, celebrating an attachment to a girl I had met on an ice pond.

On April 3rd, with America still three days away from war, I speculated on the possibility of another canoe trip, for August—a journey on which I proposed to carry “a modified form of miner’s tent.” Apparently I was spending more time reading sporting goods catalogues and dreaming of the woods than studying news accounts of hostilities in Europe. I was also considering the chances of getting a summer job. Next fall I was to enter college.

Springtime and wartime! Of the two, springtime clearly took precedence. I was in love. Not so much actively as retrospectively. The memory of winter twilights when the air grew still and the pond cracked and creaked under our skates, was enough to sustain me; and the way the trails of ice led off into the woods, and the little fires burning along the shore. It was enough, that spring, to remember what a girl’s hand felt like, suddenly ungloved in winter. I never tried to pursue the acquaintanceship off the pond. Without ice and skates, there seemed no reason for her existence. Lying on my back on the settee in the hall, I listened to Liszt on the pianola.

I wrote half a dozen nature poems, got a haircut, read *Raymond* by Sir Oliver Lodge, and heard one of Billy Sunday’s workers in church on the text: “Follow me and I will make you fishers of men.” One of my friends enlisted in the Naval Reserve. Another became wireless operator on a mosquito boat. Dimly, dimly I became aware that something was going on.

April 26, 1917. I suppose this little Journal ought to be filled with war talk, because that is what people are all thinking about now. It is believed that there will be a shortage of food soon, and so the State is supervising a “Farm Cadet” movement.

I joined the cadets that July, and served in Hempstead, L. I. It never seemed to me that the farmers were particularly pleased with the arrangement.

May 14, 1917. Yesterday I heard Billy Sunday deliver his booze sermon.

May 27, 1917. I don’t know what to do this summer. The country is at war and I think I ought to serve. Strange that the greatest war in the history of the world is now going on, and it is hard to get men to enlist.

June 3, 1917. I’m feeling extraordinarily patriotic to-night, after having read the papers. I think to-morrow I shall buy a Liberty Bond and get a job on a farm. The struggle in Europe isn’t over by any means, and so much history is being made every minute that it’s up to every last one of us to see that it’s the right kind of history. It is my firm conviction that only the unstinted giving of time, money, and resources of the American people can save this world from its most terrible doom.

June 7, 1917. I guess there is no place in the world for me. I’ve been trying to get a job since Monday, and have failed. Yesterday afternoon I applied at G——’s School of Popular Music for a job playing piano at a summer hotel in the Catskills. This was in answer to an ad that I had seen in the paper. When I got there, I couldn’t play the kind of music he gave me, so I started for the door, but not before he had handed me a circular showing how, by his method, ragtime piano playing might be taught in 20 lessons. However, when I arrived home, I discovered that the little town in the Catskills was not on the map. I don’t weigh enough to join the Army, and a job on a farm would probably be hard on my hay fever. I want to join the American Ambulance Corps, but I’m not eighteen and I’ve never had any experience driving a car, and Mother doesn’t think I ought to go to France. So here I am, quite hopeless, and undeniably

jobless. I think either I must be very stupid or else I lack faith in myself and in everything else.

My morale at this point had sunk so low that I pasted into the journal a clipping called "Foolishness of Worry," a reprint from *The White Road to Verdun*, by Kathleen Burke.

June 10, 1917. To-morrow I am going to the city to find out facts concerning the American Ambulance Corps. Somewhere in Europe there must be a place for me, and I would rather save men than destroy them. Father and L— have just come back from the city where they went in a fruitless attempt to hear Billy Sunday.

July 5, 1917. I can think of nothing else to do but to run away. My utter dependence galls me, and I am living the life of a slacker, gorging my belly with food which others need. I wish I were old enough to be drafted.

July 11, 1917. My birthday! Eighteen, and still no future! I'd be more contented in prison, for there at least I would know precisely what I had to look forward to.

September 4, 1917. To-night I have been reading about aviation tests—I think I would like to fly, but as with everything else I have thought of, I lack the necessary qualifications.

Leaving the war behind, I packed my suitcase and went off to college, itself no small adventure. I took along the strip of bicycle tape which she and I used to hang onto in our interminable circuit of the pond the winter before. I was homesick. After the football games on Saturday afternoons I would walk down the long streets into the town shuffling through the dry leaves in the gutters, past children making bonfires of the piles of leaves, and the spirals of sweet, strong smoke. It was a golden fall that year, and I pursued October to the uttermost hill.

October 13, 1917. My English prof said the other day that bashfulness was a form of vanity, the only difference being that vanity is the tendency to overestimate your worth, and bashfulness to underestimate it: both arising from the over-indulgence of self-consciousness. The days are getting colder.

November 10, 1917. The war still continues in this its third autumn. [I couldn't even count—it was the *fourth* autumn.] Our troops are in the trenches on a relatively quiet sector of the west front. Just the other day I read that the first American Sammy had been killed.

More are being trained by experienced officers in back of the line, and still more are in this country training in the several cantonments for the National Draft Army. It is a wonderful thing. The Russians have again overthrown their new-born republic and are showing themselves incapable of meeting the crises that are being put in their way. The Italian Army has been out-guessed by the combined Austro-German forces and has retreated to the Piave River. The French and English lines show little change. Now, after more than three years of intensive warfare, Germany stands, solidly defying three-fourths of the countries of the world. They all look to us as the only hope of salvation, and I firmly believe that, slow as we are to foresee danger and loath as we seem to be to give up our pleasures and amusements, once in the struggle for fair we will live up to the examples set by our sturdy forefathers and will shed the last drop of blood for the great cause for which the whole world is now shedding blood.

November 21, 1917. I've been feeling sick for the past week and I think I must have consumption. If I have, I will leave college and travel for my health.

December 25, 1917. I have just finished *Over the Top* by Arthur Guy Empey. On the last page of his narrative he confirms what I have always sensed as truth, that strength comes surely at the critical hour, that anticipation far exceeds the realization of the utmost trial; and that man, despite his recent gentle breeding and flabby ways, when called, is not found wanting, nor untrue when facing death.

December 31, 1917. I find myself thinking the same thoughts and wishing the same wishes that I thought and wished this night a year ago. I'm wondering if I'm any nearer my ultimate goal—certainly still a long way off inasmuch as the goal itself is an unknown quantity.

February 18, 1918. The talk is of Universal Peace after the war—everlasting peace through the medium of an international council. Nations will be ruled by brotherly love and divine principle, arms will be laid down forever and man will return to the ploughshare. Bosh!

March 26, 1918. Sunday was the beginning of the immense German offensive along a 50-mile front which is threatening the civilized world and which is paralyzing the stoutest of hearts in the enormity of its plan and the apparent success of its execution. The grimness of impending danger is settling slowly over the American people. I had begun to think that perhaps I would not be called to war, but now I am not so sure. In fact, it seems almost inevitable that I will go. Things are happening on a tremendous scale.

April 13, 1918. I heard ex-President Taft speak in Bailey Hall this morning. He spoke on the war—nothing else is spoken of in these

days. Now the question is, shall I set out, at the close of this academic year, to fit myself for some branch of the service so that at the age of 21 I will be trained in military or war work, or shall I wait still longer in the hope that peace will come?

On April 25th I inscribed a short nature poem, celebrating spring. On May 11th, while other freshmen were burning their caps, I recorded the belief that the greatest period of my life was past and gone. The school year was drawing to a close and again I was left stranded for the summer. "I don't even know that I'll return in the fall. I ought to want to, but I'm not sure that I do. I am never sure of anything."

I settled this feeling of uncertainty by buying a second-hand Oldsmobile and taking a job in my father's store, in the credit department. But I could feel the War in my bowels now.

July 14, 1918. I have been thinking of a sentence I read somewhere: "Destiny makes no mistakes."

Armed with a copy of *Marcus Aurelius*, I accompanied my family to Bellport, Long Island, for the month of August. There was a noticeable dearth of young men at the summer resort. The sea washed over me, the sun struck down, the wind blew at me, in an attempt to dispel the fearful mists of indecision. On the first of September we returned to the cicada-laden streets of our suburb; the month in Bellport had become a memory of sea and sky and doubt. On August 31st I wrote a poem strongly advising myself to get killed in action. On September 12th, with thirteen million other Americans, I registered for the draft.

September 21, 1918. My serial number is 3751 and I don't understand what it means, except that I can remember the days when I didn't used to have a number. The harvest moon is full to-night . . . and looking through the window 3751 enjoys the splendor.

The War, and my own travail, were both drawing to a close. I returned to Ithaca and enlisted in the Army. The enemy turned out to be an epidemic of flu—which I met stoically with a bag of

licorice drops. I can't remember who told me that licorice fended off flu germs, but he was right.

November 12, 1918. Yesterday was one of the greatest days in the history of the world. The war came to an end at 2:15 o'clock in the morning. At half-past five a hand pushed against me in the darkness and a voice whispered "The whole town of Ithaca must be on fire—listen to the bells!" I sat up in bed. Just at that moment the chimes in the library tower rang out "The Star Spangled Banner" and someone down below yelled "The war is over!" . . . The terms are little less than unconditional surrender. Germany is brought to her knees, and is no longer in a position to menace the safety of other European nations. Peace with victory has been established, to the everlasting glory of all the allied countries who stood side by side in the greatest conflict of history.

For another month we had to go on drilling as though nothing had happened. As a parting blessing, the War Department vaccinated all of us for smallpox, shot us with a triple dose of typhus serum, and confined us to barracks. It was dark when I walked out of the Army, and the lights were beginning to twinkle in the valley. I strode away from the mess hall in a mantle of serenity.

December 25, 1918. Christmas Day. I argued with father for about an hour and a half after breakfast, and just as is always the case we came to no agreement. He believes that the plans now being formulated for a League of Nations will be the means of preventing war in the future for all time. I cannot believe that that is so. He believes that a new era has dawned, that our President and his associate representatives of other nations have a great vision, that all the countries of the world will be united by a bond so strong that there can be no war. Father did most of the talking.

December 28, 1918.

The pines hang dark by a little pond
Where the ice has formed in the night
And the light in the west fades slowly out
Like a bird in silent flight.
The memory of the sun that's gone
Is just the glow in the sky,
And in the dusk beyond the trees
A figure is skating by.

I was still in love. The great world war had come and gone. *Parlez moi d'amour.*



LUKE: II, 1

BY BERNARD DeVOTO

PRECEDENT and editorial inclination suggest that this column would properly devote its December space to texts that bear on the Feast of the Nativity. But at the beginning of October, when the mechanics of monthly journalism require it to be written, it is impossible to write about anything except the war. Perhaps that is, in ten words, a Christmas sermon.

Yet even the columnists of the daily press cannot write about the war in the confidence that what they say will still make sense when it comes off the press. It is just a month now since the German army moved into Poland; in that month the premises on which one must think about the war have changed altogether, and a cycle of Cathay has been crowded into the news of every twenty-four hours. All one can count on is that there will be another cycle before to-morrow ends. Thus a month ago one could reasonably believe that the Germans were licked before they started, that they were opposed by forces they could not, in the end, withstand. To-day one may still reasonably believe that they were licked before they started, but whereas a month ago it was the British and French who appeared to have them licked, now it is the Russians. Such an overturn has no name but anarchy; what one thinks about it is perforce anarchy.

Well, this was apparently the state of things six weeks before a Christmas sermon was due to reach the newsstands. To-day is the third day of the debate in

the United States Senate on the Administration's bill for repeal of the arms embargo, a debate which everyone realizes is as momentous as any the Senate has ever seen. Signor Ciano has returned to Rome from his conference with Hitler; no one knows what was determined by that conference, if anything was; Italy's part in the war is, so far as we can tell here, still undecided; Hitler's expected peace-ultimatum has not yet been issued. Nobody except American literary Stalinists tries to explain Russia's course, but Russia's seizure of the seizable parts of Europe does not need explanation. There has been no offensive in the west. Correspondents, general staffs, and the man in the street are saying that Germany will attack through Holland or Switzerland or both, but Germany has not yet done so. The same people are also saying that Germany will begin by attacking the British fleet from the air, or perhaps will use her entire air force in a concerted attack on England itself. No English, French, or German city has been bombed. . . . This much for reference six weeks after it is written.

A Christmas sermon must find reasons for encouragement, if any can be found, and in spite of our national anxiety and bewilderment, several things have been made hearteningly clear about the United States by the end of the war's first month. It is revealing, for instance, that the proposal which Mr. Walter Lippmann made under the first shock of war found only a slight support and soon

dissolved away. These are the times that try men's beliefs, and it was frightening to see Mr. Lippmann abandoning our basic belief when he told us that the only way we could save ourselves was by forming a coalition government. At about the same time Mr. Raymond Moley, who had played a leading part in the early phases of the New Deal, published some reminiscences. Some people denounced his book as a dishonorable betrayal of a great cause by a bitter, frustrated egotist; others praised it as a patriotic exposure of treasonous folly within the Administration. It had both bitterness and patriotism in it, but the danger to our government that it indicated was not what some alarmists thought it was, not a secret conspiracy to overthrow the National City Bank or A. T. & T., or a hope of bringing in Utopia by 1940, or a faith that syllogisms could be substituted for the hard facts of economics, or even the kitchen cabinet's unwillingness to accept the philosophy phrased on the editorial page of the *Herald-Tribune*. The danger it highlighted was a state of mind among certain people associated with the Administration that was exactly like the state of mind which the *Herald-Tribune's* Mr. Lippmann was expressing in his plea for a national government.

That danger is a willingness to abandon democracy in the name of democracy. Some of the hard-working young men whom Mr. Moley claimed to have given their start in government frightened one because, with the most selfless and patriotic motives, they looked on government as primarily a way of outwitting the people. They felt a distrust common to idealists: the people are wayward and must be controlled for their own good. They cannot solve their problems, they are too lethargic, too ignorant, too divided by envy and jealousy and conflicting greeds; but we can solve them. We can solve them on behalf of the people, that is, if we can find the proper shibboleths to bemuse the people with and if we can get round the inefficient

mechanism that is mistakenly supposed to express the will they haven't got.

Mr. Lippmann and the editors who briefly supported his proposal cannot be accused of fealty to the New Deal, but his proposal asked us to abandon the mechanism of democracy in order to save democracy. He wanted a coalition government which would forswear partisanship and think solely of the good of the country. Now either you believe in democracy or you don't believe in it, either you are willing to rely on its instruments or you aren't willing to, and by your proposals shall you be known. When you ask democracy to forgo the use of partisanship you have handed it over to its enemies and there is no point in fighting them any longer. The nations which most Americans hope will lose this war have solved that problem; Republican and Democrat have lain down together there; the inefficient mechanisms of democracy are not permitted to endanger what a national government says is the good of the country; and there is no partisanship—there are just machine guns. Take your choice: there is no other alternative.

So it was reassuring when the Administration dissipated the fears which Mr. Moley's book had roused by promptly announcing its perfect willingness to set up a coalition government provided that the coalition could be the New Deal. It was reassuring when Republican leaders announced their willingness to enter any coalition that would begin by repudiating the New Deal. And the word became flesh when the Senate prepared to debate repeal of the arms embargo. The debate pivoted on the Senate's effort to make out what the people wanted done; the Senate had not forgotten, as Mr. Lippmann had, that this is democracy. The Senators are politicians, much less clever than you and I, much more steeped in partisanship than Mr. Lippmann. They were certain to conduct their debate on a lower plane than we or he would do, certain to befog its issues with deplorable ignorance, certain to

distort them with the partisan interests of political parties, personal candidacies, business interests, and pressure groups . . . thank God! Unquestionably the outcome would determine the future of the world, and the future of the world is an important consideration. But more important is the fact of the debate itself—which was what assured the existence of the United States. These verbose men, bewildered, groping, at cross purposes, were the mechanism of democracy; inefficient at any time, it is clearly dangerous in an emergency. If you don't like it you know what you can do, what you will have to do.

The month had made clear also that, more thoroughly than the most hopeful had dared to hope, the nation had learned the lessons of the last war and the only lesson which this war has so far chalked on the blackboard. It was hard to find anywhere in the United States the naïve, altruistic wishfulness that blanketed the issues like a smoke screen during our slow drift into the last war. Large numbers of people were arguing that we ought to enter this war on the side of France and Great Britain (and, by the first of October, it was certain that their numbers would enormously increase if the defeat of the Allies should seem probable without our help). But these people based their argument on the simple ground of American interests; few of them talked about our obligation to defend right and justice, and the abstraction called freedom of the seas had already vanished. They were overwhelmingly outnumbered by the people who argued that by any and all means we must avoid active participation in the war—if we could. Most of this overwhelming majority sympathized with the Allies and hoped they would win, many of them openly advocated whatever help could be given short of active participation, but all appealed directly to American interests. At the end of the war's first month the nation had no clear idea what its best interests would turn out to be but was determined to serve itself

first and would act only in the belief that it was doing so. What we do we shall do in the belief that we will be better off because of it, what we refrain from doing we shall refrain from in the same belief. To everyone who could remember the swirls of public sentiment before 1917 the Americans seemed a more mature people and better armored against the dangers they must face. One could take heart at Christmas time because that much had been proved.

The reflexes of democracy remained sound, the public thinking was clearer than one had dared to hope, the nation was both more realistic and more poised. A month's tension had opened no crack in our morale through which the compulsions of war could find entrance. Yet everyone knew that this equilibrium was precarious. A single bomb falling on Paris (not to consider the threatened mass attack on England from the air) might overturn it, may already have overturned it when you review it here. They know that in London and Paris; they know it in Berlin too, and if Berlin orders the dropping of the bomb she will do so after the same calculation of time and force that produced an order for unrestricted submarine warfare in January, 1917. The unreason whose release the bomb threatens is horrible to contemplate—but there may be set off against it a realism which slowly begins to find expression across the country. America is not running out to meet its destiny but realizes that, no matter what part we may play in determining the outcome of the war, whether or not we join it, we are involved in it—and shall be involved in whatever peace comes after it. The Americans acknowledge no responsibility for the war but have begun to understand as a nation that it has wrenched their lives forever from the course they were set in, that it has imposed on them problems and impoverishment which there was hope they might otherwise have escaped. They may not be present at the settlement but they will dominate it and whatever may follow it. No one

dares to prophesy the shape of the post-war world, but four weeks have taught us that the United States is the die that will stamp it; that any peace will have to be a Pax Americana. If at this Christmas time there has gone out a decree from Cæsar Augustus that all the world shall be taxed, and if no will of ours assented to the decree, we shall determine what the tax shall buy. The widening of that realization is the most momentous development of this first month; nothing more tremendous has occurred since that September day in 1783 when the new republic signed, in the capital of its French ally, a treaty of peace with Great Britain.

Fortitude finds this much support at Christmas time. But the world is at war and dread and despair are everyone's lot, made the more terrible by the unsolved crisis of our social system, whose treatment the war has cut straight across. Every American grapples with them every day and sees the marks of the same struggle in the faces of all his friends. We cannot pick up a newspaper or turn on the radio without encountering what it requires the utmost resolution to endure. This at Christmas time, the Feast of the Nativity, the day dedicated to the Prince of Peace, the day which symbolizes mankind's hope for peace. One wonders how any Christian can endure the mockery of this holiday, how any minister can enter his pulpit on Christmas morning, how anyone buying a present for a child can pause to listen where the Salvation Army has set up a kettle for the poor under the banners of Christ. How can you fill a child's stocking with toys on the Christmas Eve of 1939? The laughter of our children is smothered in the death rattle of the

world we thought we could help them to know.

No one will heal that pain for you by speaking from any pulpit on Christmas morning. Nevertheless, any pulpit must tell you that there is indecency in not assuaging it with whatever lenitives we know. The times have stripped us bare—to our beliefs. Then more than ever we must live by them. There are whatever satisfactions the human soul has ever known in time of tribulation: family and friends, nature, art, sport—the fragile and invincible quietude of loving whatever it may be that one loves. If we do not know how to defend them this Christmas Day why, no one has ever known since a feeble and frightened ape began to grow manward with death in his germ cells. We may invoke them and the beliefs they sheathe. And one belief especially. Our time has seen Europe die. We have seen the Germany go under whose Christmas was Kriss Kringle's laughter down a wholesome street. We are watching the England go under where Christmas was Yule logs and mistletoe, and the France where Christmas was carols and crèches and bright lights across the snow. Those nations have gone and will not come back; whatever survives, the kind of life that shaped those symbols of joy will never again be seen in Europe. It is not gone from America. The nation which will string colored bulbs on its children's fir trees this Christmas Eve will save intact something of the life they symbolize, the only way of life that Americans can conceive. No one knows how much; no one has ever known. But if knowledge is wanting, belief remains—and in all the Western world this is the only place where there is hope or reason to hope.

**For information concerning the contributors in this issue,
see PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE on the following pages**



Harper's *Magazine*

WAR AND THE VERITIES

BY ELLSWORTH BARNARD

Articles advocating American isolation in recent issues of the Magazine have led readers to ask if HARPER'S is committed to such a policy. The editors wish to state that the Magazine deals impartially with this controversial and much debated question.

This month we present in the following article a spirited affirmation of America's moral obligation to democracy abroad as well as at home. We are confident that "War and the Verities" will inspire respect even from those who challenge the author's thesis.—*The Editors.*

THE present crisis has stripped from pacifism its veil of plausibility. "Peace at any price" is a slogan to which the majority of human beings are not yet ready to subscribe. The long-observed ideals by which, and not by bread alone, men truly live revive to confirm us in the belief that there are things worse than war. The pitiless light of events that have actually taken place reveals the fallacies that have blinded vast numbers of men and women who have thought that peace could be cheaply purchased. The multitudes who have so glibly parroted the pious theses that war is unnecessary, that it achieves nothing good, and that it is un-Christian, are now compelled, if they wish to preserve their intellectual and moral integrity, to re-examine these assumptions.

It is true enough that if all men were

rational and benevolent, there would be no need of war. And it has been widely and confidently asserted that in no country is war desired by "the people"; that it is the army or the government or big business, the generals or the demagogues or the munitions-makers who are responsible for armed conflict among nations. But no such assertion is valid in regard to Nazi Germany. It is said, indeed, that big business helped Hitler to power, and the munitions-makers probably did not look with disfavor upon the rearming of the Reich. But if, as early as some months ago, in time of peace, wealthy industrialists and bankers were forced to lend money to the government without interest and without any other security than Nazi promises, they can have had no illusions about profiting from a war. As for the army leaders,

even in Germany they apparently do not greatly count; the time seems to have passed when the professional soldier advanced naturally to political power. He is now a button which a *führer* presses; if he resists the pressure he is "liquidated."

What then of Hitler and the lesser gangsters gathered about him? Do they want war? It may well be that they do, although it is bootless to speculate concerning the mental processes of these men. A person brought up in the humanistic, Christian tradition finds an impenetrable barrier between his mind and theirs. Even Mr. Chamberlain has at last been made to see that one can reason with them about as effectively as with a rattlesnake. Who knows what they want? Perhaps personal power, perhaps the "place in the sun" which Germany sought to secure by war once before, perhaps domination of Europe or the world by a certain body of myths and superstitions. Perhaps they did not actually want war. But they wanted what could be achieved only at the expense of human rights which peoples other than the German would not voluntarily surrender.

It is apparently true that a majority of the German people did not want war. One report has it that they were "stunned" when they learned that Britain and France had entered the struggle. But such a revulsion marks only the extremity of their folly, not any abhorrence of war as an instrument of national policy. They were ready to sanction the overrunning of Poland so long as it could be done with comparative ease and safety. They were eager to celebrate the enslavement of still another independent nation as they had applauded the destruction of Czechoslovakia and Austria. Each had surrendered his individual judgment, reason, and conscience—in a word, that freedom which is the ultimate foundation of all morality, of every distinctive human value—into the keeping of a madman; and even those who disapproved his latest acts

cannot escape the guilt that attaches to them.

The matter goes deeper than Nazism. It is reported that those professed Christians, Catholic and Protestant, who have most resolutely opposed the Nazi crusade against Christian faith and morality, and who have been persecuted with almost as much ferocity as have the Jews, are now willing to fight for Germany in the war which their persecutors have wantonly provoked. They may be willing to suffer and even to die for the kingdom of Christ; but the claims of that kingdom are as nothing when weighed against the commands of the Reich. It is a mistake to try to distinguish between Hitlerism and the will of the German people. It is true that the majority of Germans, as private individuals, are declared by those who know them to be friendly, kind, and peaceful. But *as a nation* they have been committed for generations past to the proposition that nothing is right or wrong except in relation to the economic prosperity, and even more the political power, of the German nation as a whole. The Germans, like the ancient Jews, have come to regard themselves as the chosen people of a God created in their own image, whose primary attribute is power; and they have come to believe that any end which they or their leaders desire and can achieve is necessarily right. What we are accustomed to call Christianity and civilization are incompatible with such a creed. By its very nature such a faith can be successfully opposed only by force. We must either give up without a struggle everything that our culture and our religion have taught us to care for or else acknowledge the necessity of war.

The majority of pacifists have never been willing to face the facts, have never been able to propose a third alternative. It is all very fine to talk of "reason," but what is to be done when, as now, a man or a nation chooses to despise this vaunted arbiter of differences and frames a new and contradictory definition of his own for the elusive word? How can we com-

pel people to be reasonable according to our definition? How many Germans think that Hitler's avowed desire to dominate Europe, or any specific act of his to achieve that aim, is "unreasonable"? It is easy to answer that they are deluded. But how is that delusion to be cured? It is impossible to teach a person who does not desire to learn. It is vain to try to persuade a person who is determined not to be persuaded. It is idle to expect a revolution—until after decisive military defeat—in a nation whose citizens have long been cultivating in themselves, consciously and eagerly, a slave-mentality. There is no alternative here except forcible resistance or unqualified submission.

The relative merits of these courses have yet to be considered. For the moment we must acknowledge our immense debt to Mr. Chamberlain, whose policy has given Germany a chance to prove to all intelligent persons that her chosen and idolized leaders are incapable of reason and destitute of honor—which is only another way of saying that there is no common ground except a battleground where they can meet with civilized men for the settlement of conflicting claims.

Even more confused than the advocates of sweet reasonableness are those who believe that war can be avoided by economic adjustments. The humanitarian and the cynic—alike in always seeking an excuse for not choosing between right and wrong—have made it fashionable to talk about "have" and "have not" nations. Britain and France, they say, possess an undue share of raw materials, of the world's natural resources; whereas Germany lacks—partly because of the injustice of the Treaty of Versailles—not only raw materials, but even [living-space—"lebensraum." And they go on to declare that if only the grasping, Mammon-worshiping French and British would turn over some of their possessions to the ill-used and easily satisfied Germans there would be no occasion for war. They urge that these terri-

tories were originally obtained by force—conveniently forgetting that for decades they have been developed economically and culturally by the capital, the ingenuity, the administrative efforts of Britain and France; and that they are, or are on the way to becoming, free nations.

What, exactly, is the program which such persons would follow—or would have other people follow? Is it to restore the African territories which Germany ruled before the War? It would be years before these would be of any great economic value, before they could supply any appreciable amount of the raw materials the lack of which Germany bemoans or provide an outlet for the manufactures which the Reich now forces upon her smaller neighbors against their will. The demand for the return of the former colonies has its origin chiefly in national vanity.

Or perhaps Canada or Australia—or at least India—ought to be turned over to Hitler. True, British capital is invested there, but "share-the-wealth" programs are always popular when it is some one else's wealth that is being shared. True, the people of Australia and Canada, who have been used to free institutions, might object; but the Nazis have already been allowed to take Czechoslovakia, which was also a free country. True, India's millions, despite their grievances, might conceivably prefer British to Nazi rule; but of course non-Aryans are born to be slaves, and it is only the decadent democracies who regard them as anything else. Why do not these magnanimous American pleaders in Germany's behalf try to persuade their countrymen to hand over to Hitler California or Texas—which we took by force from Mexico?

Or perhaps it is opportunity to trade freely in the world's markets that will keep Germany at peace. But whose fault is it but her own that Germany has not now such equality of opportunity? What other single force (unless it be American protectionism) has done so much as National Socialism to make

free trade impossible in the world? No one is to blame for German poverty but Germany herself—nothing but German pride and German lust for conquest, which demanded, first, national self-sufficiency, and second, outrageous expenditures for arms. Who can doubt that a tolerant and peaceful Germany could have long since secured the removal of whatever economic handicaps were imposed upon her at the end of the World War? Even a year or two ago the British instinct for fair play, together with the lingering sense of guilt felt by many Englishmen at the harshness of some articles in the Treaty of Versailles, would have guaranteed a hearing for any honest German plea for fair treatment in the matter of world trade—provided Germany had been willing to grant fair treatment in return. But a sense of fair play is something that Nazi Germany cannot understand and only despises as a weakness; as something to be exploited in the process of tearing up treaty after treaty; as something that permits the violation with impunity of one freely given promise after another.

Two fallacies underlie the distinction between “have” and “have not” nations. One is the assumption that the territories of an empire can be exploited for the exclusive benefit of the mother country, as Spain exploited the gold mines of Mexico and Peru; that the British could import wheat from Canada, gold from South Africa, meat and wool from Australia, and give nothing in return. Imperial Spain was ruined by that policy; and in the long run, even from an exclusively economic standpoint, it simply does not work.

The second fallacy is that abundant natural resources are necessary to prosperity and happiness. What about Switzerland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Finland, to name only countries having no colonial possessions? Has Germany been endowed by nature less generously than any of these? And yet they are the most peaceable nations in Europe, possessing the greatest measure of in-

ternal security of every kind, and being perhaps the happiest. Who hears them crying out for “*lebensraum*,” whining for special economic concessions, or engaging in cutthroat competition? They are decent and civilized people, willing to make the most of what they have. Not too few natural resources, but too much Prussian pride, is what is responsible for the economic plight of Germany, from which she is attempting to escape by ruthless conquest. It is the moral character of the individuals who make up a nation which determines that nation's economic status.

If any other evidence were needed of the absurdity of the German plea it could be found in the policy whereby a nation, complaining that already it is impoverished and has not room to live, bribes its people to breed like rodents. The Nazi government has been giving a thousand marks to every young couple who will produce four offspring in a certain space of time. There must be a rapid increase in population to provide more soldiers to conquer more land to provide for the rapid increase in population; and then the whole thing over again.

II

Finally, a word about the much abused Treaty of Versailles. It may not be beside the point to recall certain treaties dictated by a victorious Germany—the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk or the treaty following the Franco-Prussian War—in contrast to which Versailles seems in some respects positively magnanimous. Past injustices do not excuse the infliction of new injustice in retaliation, but keeping them in mind may help us to view things in the proper perspective.

Two aspects of that treaty need to be considered. That against which Hitler has declaimed most hysterically is the distribution of territory. But on this score it may be said without fear of effective contradiction that the Treaty of Versailles was, as a whole, the most painstaking attempt ever made to settle with rela-

tive finality, upon a basis of reason, the boundaries of the nations of Europe. The governing principle was that each racial group should have its own government, although geographical and economic considerations were necessarily involved. It is true that natural post-war hatreds prevented complete impartiality. Intermixture of races also made friction inevitable. But the League of Nations was to have been an instrument for the peaceable adjustment of these differences; and Germany's legitimate grievances might eventually have been redressed if she had not chosen to embark with Hitler on a mad career of conquest.

And the greatest sufferer of course was not Germany, but Austria. Perhaps the most flagrant injustice was the handing over of the Austrian Tyrol to Italy—a payment in human flesh and blood for her participation in the War. And not only was Austria deprived of far more land than was Germany, but her economic situation, ever since the War, has been far more desperate. Yet she never dedicated herself to a program of revenge, never substituted—until it was forced upon her—gangsterism for government. On the other hand, all the German ranting about the Sudetenland and its population was pure hokum. For this region had never been a part of Germany, but had belonged to Austria; and Hitler had no more moral or legal right to interfere in the affairs of the Sudetens than in those of the German population of, say, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. And once more Germany's own action in subjugating Czechoslovakia has demonstrated the utter hypocrisy of her pretended solicitude for the rights of racial minorities. According to contemporary German philosophy, only Germans have rights. The factor overwhelmingly dominant in preventing any progress toward the peaceful solution of Europe's racial problems along the lines laid down by the Treaty of Versailles has been the Nazi determination to dominate the continent.

The demand for reparations was of

course a colossal blunder. Leaving moral questions aside, forgetting the huge indemnity imposed upon France—and paid by her—after the Franco-Prussian War, as well as the utter devastation of great areas of French territory between 1914 and 1918, and viewing it only from the standpoint of economics, the whole plan was fantastic. But then, Germany never made a serious effort to pay. Time after time the debt was whittled down, postponements were allowed, loans were granted to facilitate payment (and were themselves never paid). And, years before Hitler came to power, the Allies had allowed the whole scheme to go into the discard.

So Versailles has been only an instrument and not a cause—not even an excuse—of the Nazi rise to power and of the Nazi policy of aggression. The alleged injustice of the Treaty was only a slogan, only a red flag waved before the eyes of gullible Germans in order to rouse their spirit of nationalism to a fanatical height. The conduct of the government and of the people of Germany during the present decade justifies the conviction that if no penalty whatever had been imposed on Germany; if her boundaries of August, 1914, had remained unchanged (and her apologists will do well to contrast those boundaries with her boundaries in August, 1939); if her colonies had been given back to her; if no attempt had been made (in vain) to extort reparations; if she had not been forced to disarm, she would still have followed in all essentials the same policy that she has been in fact pursuing, only with results even more disastrous for human decency and freedom.

The present war is indeed unnecessary in this sense: that if the spirit in which the League of Nations was conceived had been maintained; if a substantial majority of the members had been determined to resist aggression and had been willing to go to war to do it; or even if France and Britain (and the United States) had been willing to stand together and oppose force to force—first in Manchuria, then

in Ethiopia, then in the Rhineland, then in Spain, then in Austria—the long series of international crimes which have now culminated in a challenge to civilization as we know it might never have been perpetrated. But would world opinion—would public opinion even in the small countries who were most loyal to the League, because ostensibly they had the most to gain from its success—have sanctioned what would have amounted to a “preventive war” against Japan, against Italy, against Germany when Hitler remilitarized the Rhineland? If, in the last of these instances, France had marched into Germany and crushed the Nazi military machine it might have saved the independence of Austria, of Czechoslovakia, of Poland; it might have meant “peace for our time.” But who can doubt that all the peoples of the world—deluded as they had been by pacifist sentimentalism and unwilling to face the fact that there are criminals among nations as among men—would have risen with one voice to condemn the act? When will the decent people of the world awake from the childish dream that peace can be purchased by being peaceful—by tolerance and talk and treaties? When will they understand the paradox that the price of peace is the willingness to fight and die—to kill and to be killed?

For Nazi Germany is not unique. There have always been men and nations who have believed that what they had the power to do was right, who have despised and trampled on what we in the Western world are accustomed to call the Christian virtues. And if these virtues—as almost all of us really believe at heart, however such a faith is belied by our habitual actions—are absolute and unalterable, then these men and nations are the instruments of a force that is absolutely evil and must be resisted at any cost. And as this evil has shown itself from time to time throughout all history among men and among nations, so it is impossible to foresee that it will ever cease to appear. And so long as it exists it must be opposed; and that means

war. We may deplore so bitter a necessity; but where is the alternative?

The alternative, if any, would be refusal to resist. For, however great the evil, it is held that “force settles nothing,” and that “everybody loses a war.” These are two more of the shallow generalizations—half true but more than half false—which impose themselves so readily upon uncritical minds. The falsity of the first assertion becomes obvious from the consideration of two facts. The first is that “nothing is *ever* settled.” We live in an evolving world, where new forces are forever making themselves felt. If “human nature” itself does not change (and in these days the man must be a tremendous optimist who asserts that it is changing for the better), it nevertheless reacts in ever new ways to a changing environment. And further than this, nothing is achieved except by never-ceasing struggle. We ought not to have needed the experience of the past twenty years to teach us that no one war—nor a hundred wars—could “make the world safe for democracy.” It is a moral commonplace that freedom is something that must be won again with each new year and each succeeding day. Americans thought that they could beat the Germans once and for all and then withdraw from Europe completely—except for the matter of collecting the war debts—to engage in the pleasant task of piling up material possessions. Participation in another war will perhaps be the penalty—and a just one—for our previous selfishness and folly. It is a condition of being free, of having our destiny in our own hands, of not being the mechanical puppets of an irresistible force or fate, that nothing should ever be absolutely settled.

On the other hand, with regard to the relative and temporary settlement of problems and issues, “force *does* settle things.” Force took this country away from the Indians; force made it independent of Great Britain; force made slavery illegal. And to come to events nearer in time, what would be the answer

if we were to tell the Ethiopians, the Spanish republicans, the Austrians, the Czechs, the Albanians, the Poles, that "force settles nothing"? The Treaty of Versailles settled nothing precisely because it was *not enforced*. The Allies won the War and then threw away the fruits of victory—partly, it is true, because of greed and revengefulness, but far more because of a stupid, humanitarian, pacifist refusal to recognize that there still existed in the world evils which can be opposed and checked only by force.

Wars *are* won. That "everybody loses a war" is true in the sense that the nations engaged are always materially impoverished by the struggle. But the further assertion that war "inevitably" brings only evil, that from the use of force no good can possibly arise, is mere pacifist propaganda. At least it was something that Germany was beaten. Whatever or whoever was immediately responsible for the War, the ultimate issue was German hegemony in Europe. And while the Germans had not then degenerated into Nazis, nevertheless, the national egotism, the contempt for the individual, the eager worship of power—all the elements of National Socialism except the madness of racial hatred—were already shaping the life of the German nation. Are those who say that nobody wins a war prepared to maintain that conditions to-day would have been no worse had Germany proved the victor?

But such questions have no meaning for the pacifist, whose whole argument is that in war there is never any moral issue, never a right and a wrong side. War is itself always the wrong side; to refuse to go to war is always right. And it is everywhere alleged, as a final defense of this position and bid for emotional support, that war is always un-Christian. Let us see.

But first some cynical reader (not a pacifist) will be sure to ask: "What has Christianity to do with it? Is it not obvious that to most professed Christians their religion is not a way of life but an external convention, a habit of going to

church and giving a certain amount of money to respectable charities? Is it not a commonplace—and obviously true—assertion of Christian apologists that Christianity has not failed because it has never been tried? Are not people always making of Christianity a slogan to justify whatever course of action they desire to follow?" All this must be granted. But even one who does not presume to call himself a Christian may believe that the teachings of Christ embody indisputably the highest ideal of human life that Western civilization has ever known. And there is no use in quibbling about the implications of "highest," nor about what is involved in the common Christian virtues of justice, truth, compassion, forgiveness, self-sacrifice. In actual life it is not difficult to know, if the will to do so be present, the course of action to which we should be compelled if we were loyal to these virtues. And it is my contention that that course of action is sometimes war.

One group of persons who hold a different view, however, it is impossible not to respect. The Society of Friends, or Quakers, have shown during generations that their efforts for peace are not dictated by selfish or ignoble motives. Their belief in the primacy of spiritual as opposed to material values, and the issue of this faith in the willingness to face privation and death in order to alleviate suffering of whatever kind among human beings of whatever color, creed, and race, compel reverence even from those who cannot help differing in some instances as to the means by which the Christian ideal is to be realized.

But how many of our most vocal pleaders for peace in the name of Christ are ready to renounce the world where Caesar rules? Is it not rather precisely that world with which they are concerned? Is it possible not to believe that pacifist sentiment in general derives mostly from selfish motives and aims wholly at worldly ends; and that it holds the highest way of life to be not self-sacrifice but self-indulgence? It assumes pain and death

to be the only evils, and avoidance of these, as far as possible and at any cost, to be the only good. It involves the monstrous paradox of trying to establish peace by means of exactly the same vicious tendencies—fear and selfishness and lust for material wealth—which are among the ultimate causes of war.

It is perhaps pointless to quote the Gospels themselves, since Scripture can always be twisted into support of personal views, however fantastic. But it will be at least interesting to consider a few of the texts which have a bearing on the question of whether Jesus of Nazareth preached a pacifistic creed. "Blessed are the peacemakers!" he says in the Beatitudes. But would he have blessed the makers of the "peace" of Munich? And over against this must be set the hard saying for the pacifists, "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace but a sword." Of course. For he held that there is evil in the world—evil not due to ignorance or environment or economic pressure. It is always possible to have peace at the price of decency and justice. But the assertion of a moral principle is always a declaration of war. It was not necessary for Jesus to have driven the money-changers out of the Temple, nor to have launched his magnificent invective against the Scribes and the Pharisees (odd acts for a pacifist), nor to have violated systematically, in the name of human rights, the senseless interdictions of a decadent church and a corrupt priesthood. His very presence among such men was an affront that could not be tolerated. *His* war was to be won by dying upon the cross, and his adversaries were driven relentlessly to their extreme act.

Few modern pacifists manage to get themselves crucified. A few, however, have done so; and them I honor. But the typical pacifist role of to-day is played in the Christian drama not by Christ but by Pilate—Pilate who washes his hands of responsibility, refuses to face the issue, and turns over a man in whom he can find no evil to a mob blinded by hatred.

But what then of that command which has inspirited millions in their uncertain strivings to achieve a nobler life: "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you"? It is an admirable text, and it is a pity that so few of us make even an honest effort to follow it. But it is quite irrelevant to the argument. For it is a counsel of perfection, to be received literally only by those who are ready to renounce the world, who feel that life has nothing more to teach them, who are bound by no merely human ties of loyalty or responsibility to family or friends or country, who possess the mystic's faith that prayer and meditation and communion with the Divine have power to regenerate the world. It rests on the assumption that to feel resentment or desire revenge for personal injuries is not only wrong but foolish, since what we ordinarily call personality is not the real self; and that "no person can be truly dishonored by the act of another."

Now, granting (as I imagine few pacifists are in a position to do) the truth of the assumptions which underlie such a way of life, we are still confronted by the fact that most human beings are not ready to become saints, and that personal injuries are not the issue. The command quoted is an ideal toward which we all should strive, but it becomes valid as a practical rule of conduct only in a society where sainthood is universal. It is one thing to "resist not evil" that is done to one's own person; it is another thing to stand passively by while one's family and friends and countrymen—still loving life, still unready to die—are tortured and imprisoned and done to death; while innocent children must suffer the far worse fate of having their minds enchained and deformed—as far as mind can be corrupted by external forces—by enforced ignorance, by vicious lies that they have no means of detecting, and by the degrading passions to which ignorance and misbelief give rise. Once more it must be asked, What alternative can there be

to forcible resistance? If to refuse that resistance be Christianity, then God forbid that we should be Christians!

I assume that the world exists for some purpose, and that we live that we may learn and grow and evolve toward some ever more intense, inclusive, and ultimately satisfying form of life. I assume that the corollary of this belief, if it is to have any meaning, is freedom, and that the ideal society is that in which each individual possesses all the freedom that he is able to use. And although freedom is essentially an inward thing, and a man may be free in the truest sense even in a Nazi prison, nevertheless the achievement of inward freedom is possible to most men only when they have a certain measure of political and civil liberty; when they are free to learn what other men think and free to speak what they think themselves; when they are free to work at what they can do best, free to study what they wish, free to worship as they choose. It is true, no doubt, that in the long run men get the kind of government that they desire and deserve, and that no intervention can make a people free where the will to freedom is lacking. But the will to freedom avails nothing in the face of overwhelming force. To infer from the destruction of Czechoslovakia, for instance, that the Czechs were not devoted to democracy nor capable of preserving it within their own borders is to outrage common sense. And, on the other hand, if *we* care greatly about democracy, if we know the meaning of freedom, if we dare to call ourselves Christian, have we the right to stand aside while democracy and freedom and Christianity are crushed into the dirt by the iron heels and iron wheels of Nazi might?

War is a horrible business, no doubt: to part, perhaps forever, from those whom we have lived with and loved; to surrender even temporarily the individual freedom for the preservation of which, among other things, this war had to be fought; to live for months or years in hourly expectation of violent death; to

become as efficient as possible in the business of killing our fellow human beings. But if we believe that there is meaning in the world, if we believe that good and evil are realities and not mere names, if we believe that men are born to be free, then it is idle to argue that war is unnecessary, that it achieves nothing, or that it is un-Christian. The assumptions are tremendous, and many persons are not ready to assume so much. But if contemporary civilization does not finally accept them then it deserves destruction, and destruction will come.

III

The first question for America is not whether we *can* keep out of war but whether we *ought* to.

I am not weighing the probable effect upon our economic and social life of victory by one side or the other, although it seems to me impossible that the defenders of the Arms Embargo could have contemplated the results of a complete Nazi victory. Britain and France are not likely to lay down their arms until the Nazis or they themselves are crushed. "Unconditional surrender" for one side or the other must be the result, and what if it should be the Allies that yield? Consider the prospect of English literature censored by a Goebbels, English law in the hands of a Himmler, English philosophy under the thumb of a Rosenberg—or, if all this means nothing, the British navy and merchant marine taking orders from a Goering. These things are far less fantastic than the actual events of the past six years would have seemed to anyone twenty years ago. American isolationists have proceeded on the assumption that Britain and France will win, even while they have argued that we should do all we can (this is precisely what retention of the arms embargo would have come to) for the aid and comfort of Germany. The person who asserts that it makes no difference to America who wins the war is simply not intelligent or not honest.

The main question, however, is whether or not we are morally obligated to help Britain and France. To this question there is only one answer; and that answer is affirmative. The war is not a mere clash of rival imperialisms, a mere far-off quarrel in which nothing is involved except the selfish, material interests of the combatants; it is, instead, an irreconcilable conflict as to what shall be the ultimate principle governing the relations between states: whether that principle is to be force arising out of greed and egotism, force which despises the most elementary human rights of all who cannot effectively resist it, force which ignores the ideals of truth and justice by which man has been slowly lifted above the level of animalism, force which exults in its own supremacy; or whether that principle is to be force reluctantly invoked as the servant of those ideals without which existence is reckoned to be intolerable for civilized human beings.

To those who refuse to accept this view of the war there is nothing more to be said. All reasonable discussion proceeds from certain fundamental principles on which both sides are agreed; and the conflict of opinion on the present issue is apparently basic. True, there are Anglophobes who offer reasons for what seems to the present writer simply an incomprehensible aberration. It is argued that Britain and France, as well as the United States, have in former centuries annexed territories by force of arms, and that, therefore, none of them has any right to oppose similar acts by Germany to-day. The first part of this allegation is true, but a more glaring *non sequitur* than the conclusion would be hard to find. According to this reasoning, the fact that the Stone Age ancestors of all of us were probably cannibals would make it unreasonable and immoral for any of us to oppose a revival of cannibalism to-day.

The same puerility characterizes the oft-repeated argument that Britain and France are largely responsible for their

own plight: that their own folly and weakness over a period of years have encouraged Hitler (and other statesmen with predatory instincts) to ever bolder aggressions. Granted. What of it? Is there no difference between those who, because they shrink from the ghastly consequences of a world war, permit a free people to be enslaved, and those who are willing to provoke such a war in order to enslave that same people and to satisfy their thirst for tyranny as well as material gain? If we blame the Allies for not having made a stand before, then in fairness we must applaud their resolution to do so at last. Yet many of the Americans who were most vociferous in damning the perfidiousness of Britain for her betrayal of Czechoslovakia are now, when she is bent on redeeming herself, the shrillest in the isolationist chorus.

And it is too often forgotten, or shamelessly denied, that America is far from blameless for the present state of world affairs. The same men, in fact, who once fought bitterly and successfully to prevent the United States from assuming her natural place in world affairs and exercising her vast influence in behalf of a just and peaceful world order, who did their best to render vain the great sacrifice whose alleged futility they are now the loudest in proclaiming, who persuaded the American people that American policy should be governed by the same short-sighted self-interest which in the policy of our former allies they have always been the readiest to condemn—these men now point with aversion to the horrors arising in part from their own wilful folly and take the lead in trying to bully their countrymen into a second betrayal of civilization.

It is futile to appeal to people whose mental processes are on such a level. "There are none so blind as those that will not see." But even the vast majority of Americans who do not deny that there is a clear moral issue in the war, who privately sympathize with Britain and France and fervently hope for an

Allied victory, join wildly in the clamor about keeping America out of war. Propagandists for peace urge us not to allow our sympathies to sway our judgment. But why not? Why should we be asked to suppress a natural and admirable emotion, which it would be discreditable not to feel? If we think that the Allies are on the whole fighting for the things that we ourselves value, if we think that they are *right*, why should we hesitate to help them? Is there a virtue in being neutral for neutrality's sake? Why should we pretend to an impartiality which we do not feel? Why should we wish to be "fair" when we acknowledge that one side is fighting for, the other against, decency and justice? It is everywhere urged, as if this were an argument to which no answer is possible, that if we aid the Allies in any way we shall in all likelihood be drawn into the war. Well, would it be an unmitigated calamity to find ourselves fighting for what we already feel to be right? Is the idea wholly outmoded that it is better even to die for what one believes to be right than to go on living at the cost of tolerating what one knows to be wrong? If we really believe that the Allies are justified in the course that they are pursuing—as apparently we do—are we not morally obligated to assist them, even to the point (if it must come to that) of joining them on the battlefield?

It is hard to see how this conclusion can be avoided unless one believes that "right" and "wrong" are merely words, and morality only a convention. Such is of course the assumption of the sickly sentimentalism or the cheap cynicism which would reply that a man is not less dead because he has died for what he believed to be right. "What does it get you?" is a typical American answer to the advocate of ethical idealism. But the question is not quite so final as may be thought. "What does it get you," one may reasonably retort, "to live on in the midst of unthinking, sensual, self-centred 'security'—fat contented ignorance looking downwards upon the

earth'?" Nothing has seemed more contemptible in the eyes of every age before our own than the wish to cling to physical life at any cost. What has become of the Gospel text (since so many of us still call ourselves Christians) "He that loseth his life shall find it"?

Equally un-Christian is the widely prevalent contention that the war is no concern of ours because it is so far away. Radio commentators evince surprise that Americans should be "bitter" partisans in a struggle that is taking place "three thousand miles away." As if mere distance made a difference! True it is that events close at hand move us more deeply than the same events in a foreign country across an ocean. But surely this natural tendency is less a virtue to be fostered than a fault to be overcome. Why is it less evil that Jews should be robbed and beaten in the streets of Vienna than in the streets of New York? That men whose only crime is the love of freedom should be guillotined in Berlin than in Boston? That thousands of defenseless women and children should be bombed into oblivion in Warsaw than in Washington? And if so, why? Is nothing wrong or to be resisted except what hurts *me*? Are robbery and rape and murder nothing to *me* because they happen on the other side of the street?

Those who hold (in contradiction to the Christian teaching) that morality is a matter of calculating consequences will have ready answers. They will discourse eloquently concerning the money and the lives that America will lose if she enters the war. They will prophesy with dismal assurance that democracy cannot survive another world conflict, not only because war accustoms men to the surrender of civil liberties, but also because democracy depends on a high standard of living, and war results in the lowering of that standard. They will argue that the danger to the democratic way of life is from within a nation rather than from without, and that, therefore, we should strive exclusively to preserve

"civilization" in our own country, devoting all our energy to the solution of domestic problems—to the establishment of social and economic "security" for everybody. They will observe complacently that if some fragments of civilization should happen to be left in Europe when the war is over we shall be better able to help create a "just and lasting peace" than if we allow ourselves to become actively involved. They will argue finally that the idealist's view of the problem, as a clear choice between right and wrong, is absurdly oversimplified; and that the traditional moral code to which most of us render at least lip-service is valid only for individuals and not for nations, which never do and never can act from altruistic motives. And they will conclude by dwelling upon the danger of "fanaticism" and the horrors of the admittedly bitter and allegedly futile "holy wars" of the past.

And these retorts will seem to be overwhelmingly effective because they spring from tacit assumptions concerning "the nature of the world and of man" which are now all but universal; and however passionately one may be convinced of the falsity of these assumptions, they belong to the realm of faith and not to the realm of science; they can be denied but they cannot be disproved. Yet it may be hoped that they are so widely accepted only because they are so rarely challenged, and that faith in the freedom of the human soul and the primacy of the spiritual life has not altogether vanished from the earth.

The first false dogma from which these isolationist arguments derive is of course that human beings are not free and responsible moral agents; that their actions are determined by external forces—ultimately economic, according to the view currently fashionable—that are quite beyond their control. Poverty—complemented by just the right proportions of ignorance and education—invariably brings violent revolution; moral integrity depends upon financial security; we shall all be generous and altruistic

when to be so involves no sacrifice; we shall love all our neighbors and shall hate no one when a planned economy shall have placed a chicken in every pot and two automobiles in every garage. Man is free and democracy is possible only on a full stomach.

The Treaty of Versailles, it is said, made the rise of Nazism "inevitable" (or, the former "explains"—and therefore excuses—the latter). But that treaty was not, it seems (since we speak of it as "unjust"), the "inevitable" result of the first World War—or was it? Was that war itself the "inevitable" outcome of conflicting "imperialisms"? Or "ought" Britain (not Germany of course!) to have been less "imperialistic" and so have saved us all the troubles of the last quarter of a century? Again, we have had it dinned into our ears that once America enters the war democracy will face "inevitable" destruction; and that therefore we "ought" to keep out. As long as we remain at peace, apparently we are free; after we have declared war we are not! *Now* of course we can choose a "reasonable" course of action, uninfluenced by emotion (not even fear?) or propaganda (not even pacifist propaganda?) such as will determine our conduct once we are actually in the war! At what point exactly on the road from peace to war (or from prosperity to poverty) do we cease to be free?

Again, "the people everywhere are against war." Very good. The German people are not to blame for their blind faith in the *Führer*; for their belief that the whole world is leagued against a righteous Germany, and that Czechoslovakia had to be conquered to keep peace; for their unquestioning acceptance of the official dictum that Jewish blood makes a person sub-human. After all, they have been poor; they have been deluged by propaganda; they have been terrorized by secret police. How can they be held responsible? But the people's chosen and idolized leaders, it seems, *are* to blame; for the most rabid American isolationist has a private curse

for Hitler and Hitlerism; and the man in the street, although not yet ready to fight, has long since passed a damning verdict on the Nazi dictator and his gang. Are we to assume, then, that these Nazi leaders have always been wealthy and secure; that they have acknowledged the validity of a moral code which they have then deliberately violated; that they have been quite free (as "the people" have not) from fear and hate; that they could have prevented this war, but that "the people" could not? Just where in the Nazi (or the Fascist or the "Communist") hierarchy do freedom and moral responsibility begin?

In brief, if we are not morally free in time of war we are no more so in time of peace; if "the people" in a totalitarian state are not morally responsible for the crimes of their leaders then neither are those leaders responsible, nor are their actions criminal—nor is it imaginable that in a democracy either the followers or the leaders are any more free. How absurd, then, to talk about neutrality, as if we could choose to be neutral or not; as if we could in any way avoid a line of action which has already been determined by events that were in their turn determined by previous events, and so back to the beginning of the world!

Such is the inescapable end of the argument to which those persons are committed who declare that men are not free and, therefore, that in war there is no absolute wrong or right. The plain fact is that the denial of moral freedom (and, therefore, of guilt or merit) to any sane man or woman in any walk of life is to reduce the world to a chaos in which man cannot live. A deterministic world is an abstraction without meaning.

The alternative involves acknowledging the impossibility of basing morality solely upon a calculation of consequences. For if men are free then in the human world (at least) consequences are never determined. The very assumption that we can choose that line of conduct the results of which appear most desirable involves the admission that

those results cannot be certainly known. Participation in another war will put a strain upon American democracy, no doubt; but when the war is ended we shall (if we win) be free, as now, to decide whether democracy is something that we care to preserve or whether we are to sacrifice it (freely) to a delusive hope of "security."

IV

And here is the second false and vicious dogma to which twentieth-century democracy is committed: that only the material, physical world has reality and value. All happiness, it seems, derives from the satisfactions of sense; there is no evil except physical pain. Our interest in our government is only for what we can get out of it in terms, ultimately, of sensual self-indulgence. Our devotion to democracy depends on its effectiveness in supplying us with creature comforts. We have sold our religious birthright for a mess of humanitarian pottage which feeds our bodies and starves our souls. We are willing to fight—to judge from the utterances of our spokesmen—only when our own skins and our own shores are endangered, emulating the rat, who will fight when cornered. We seem to have forgotten that we must all die, and that in the last analysis there is no security except *moral* security; no freedom except in obedience to conscience—to moral sanctions that we must either assume to be absolute or else abandon entirely.

It is easy to pick flaws in the doctrine that there is a conscience common to mankind; but if we abandon that doctrine we are lost. If the keeping of a promise, whether by an individual or a nation, be not acknowledged by most men to be a matter of right and not of expedience; if men in general are incapable of believing in a "truth" that is above every nationalistic dogma; if cruelty for its own sake be not a thing that we, by virtue of our humanity, are bound to condemn; if in some obscure

part of our being we are not all capable of conceiving that the enslavement of the will of one human being by the will of another is absolutely evil—if the universal acceptance of these principles be not the end toward which a free humanity moves, then let there be an end at once of the whole sorry farce. Upon this faith and upon no other foundation can an enduring brotherhood of man be built.

Honor, truth, compassion, liberty—these indeed we have been told are only words, from whose “tyranny” we must escape. A new science of “semantics” assures us that nothing is real except what two persons can put their fingers on at once. But it has always been the conviction of those men whom the world has chosen to remember and reverence that precisely the opposite is true. *Things* stand between men, hold them apart; ideals draw men together. And this is why isolation for America is as impossible as it would be ignoble. Economically, perhaps we can achieve self-sufficiency; but morally and spiritually, it is unthinkable that we can cut ourselves off from the rest of the world. It seems possible at the moment only because we are in the grip of mob panic, marching hand in hand with cynical disillusionment and a pharisaical assumption of unique righteousness above other nations. We talk importantly of making America the haven of a civilization endangered by “Europe’s squabbles”—forgetting to ask what kind of civilization could be preserved by a people who had cringingly refused to face the facts, declined to make the slightest sacrifice or take the slightest risk in behalf of the moral ideals which it pretends to cherish, and clung with pitiful desperation to the meager and delusive satisfactions which material well-being can supply.

Hardly more plausible is the time-worn attempt to achieve a *reductio ad absurdum* by asking whether America is to “police the world.” Well, why not? Britain did it, very nearly, for some decades, and did it reasonably well. It was

only when she decided that it would be cheaper to try to persuade the criminals to prey on one another, and to ignore their occasional plunderings of hapless passers-by, that the stage began to be set for the present catastrophe. True, our policing within our own borders is far from perfect, not to mention other internal problems that are even more pressing. But this situation is the result of exactly the same moral inertness and the same stupid self-satisfaction that lead us to affect a lofty indifference toward world affairs and to deny our duties as a member of the family of nations.

We should not have to “police the world” alone. Our material interests no less than our ideals and way of life are in essential harmony with those of the British Commonwealth, of France, and of the smaller democratic nations of Europe. It is not a question of our “policing the world,” but merely of active co-operation with the forces in it which make for justice and decency, whereas our present confusion of aims makes any intervention in the affairs of nations on another continent appear like nothing but gratuitous meddling. Nobody knows where we stand nor what to expect of us. It can be plausibly argued that complete isolation would be better. But the American people do not, in their saner and more characteristic moods, desire isolation. There is hardly a nation in the world so internationally minded, despite the paradox of our present attitude. One need only recall how breathlessly at the end of August millions of Americans hung over their radios hour after hour to hear the latest scrap of news; how eagerly the whole country listened to the voices and weighed the words of George VI and Adolf Hitler. It is fantastic to imagine that even the intense and designing activities of pacifist propagandists can keep us long aloof from world affairs. And the alternative, unless we wish to perpetuate the present state of chaos, is intelligent participation. Whatever permanent practical good may result from the present war depends

largely on whether the United States, by helping the Allies to victory, earns the right and gains the power to exercise her vast influence in the interests of a reasonable peace.

For nothing could be more fanciful than the widely current talk about "enhancing our moral position" by remaining neutral; nothing more fatuous than the belief that by remaining wholly aloof we shall be able to participate more effectually after the war in the establishment of a more enduring peace than that of Versailles. Does anyone imagine that if Germany wins we shall be invited to sit at the table where Hitler and Stalin will dictate the terms of surrender? Or that any pleas for justice or mercy toward France and Britain (if by that time we should have summoned more courage than we have so far shown) would be received by the conquerors with anything but contemptuous derision? Or if the Allies win will they have any more reason than Germany to welcome our advice about a new world order which they alone have made possible?

Happily, there are (as I believe) deeper currents in our national life than those urging toward isolation. There will appear a growing consciousness that the threatened destruction in the European democracies of the moral code, the way of life which they and we have long shared, is a calamity to which we cannot remain indifferent. The ties of a common faith in ideals, of a common horror at the persecution and destruction of hundreds of thousands of human beings because they were Polish or Jewish or Christian will gradually overcome the involuntary revulsion from the prospect of personal suffering and death which swept the American people off their feet at the first shock of the war. For nations must recognize in the end that the moral code which is valid for the individual is valid also for them; that economic self-interest as the primary motive of national action tends always toward war; and that only the growth of national altruism can lead to lasting peace.

The issue for America is after all very simple, as great moral issues always are. The events leading up to the war give all the evidence necessary to a decision as to which side we should, and eventually must, take. The long-continued war in Germany itself (which the Nazis themselves have been the loudest in announcing) upon the very bases of Christian civilization; the reckless perversion of historic and scientific truth; the systematic organization of racial and religious persecution; the merciless suppression of family ties, human loyalties, individual conscience; the deliberate and consistent use of teachery and lies as instruments of national policy—these are *facts*, universally acknowledged, nowhere denied. Stupid and callous though Britain's policy has been, it simply cannot be compared with Germany's. And Americans know it. To understand how complete is our tacit approval of Britain's present position one has only to imagine the wave of indignation that would have swept this country if the Allies had refused to fight in Poland's behalf. There is no doubt as to where our sympathy lies. The only danger is that we should be led to doubt the rightness of our judgment or let ourselves be blinded to the course which that judgment commands us to pursue. This danger is real, for the isolationist propaganda is strongly organized and it presents a union of ruthlessness in regard to methods with confused sincerity concerning aims that is disturbingly effective. But a true patriot must believe that the moral idealism of which, as a nation, we have sometimes shown ourselves capable will once again prevail.

We cannot be omniscient. We live in a world where we must make choices according to the knowledge that we have. And sometimes it may be that we are deceived, and that the "holy wars" which pacifists hold before us as horrible examples are not holy after all. Perhaps the Germans, like ourselves, regard their cause as just. So be it. The one unpardonable sin is not to act on the

conviction that we hold. Nothing in the world that really matters can ever be proved; moral principles do not admit of demonstration. If we are wrong we shall be punished, and we shall learn. If we do nothing we learn nothing, and we die.

Perhaps at some time we can live and learn and still remain at peace; other sufferings and sacrifices than those of war may become the vehicle of spiritual advance. But this consummation lies far in the future of mankind—if indeed it can ever come. It is not the world of to-morrow that will be so blessed; nor, as far as we can see, the world of a hundred or a thousand years hence. The pacifists are right in saying that no war can ever make the world safe for democracy; but neither can their kind of peace. The attempt to realize the dream of a “brotherhood of man” based solely on equality in material possessions will always end, as it has always begun, in a welter of madness and blood. But if evil can never be destroyed yet it must always be opposed; and the cost in material goods must not be counted. If a new world war must be fought every quarter of a century to check the spread of Nazism or its like, then it is better to have such a war than to allow such an evil to spread unchallenged. As human beings, as free spirits, we shall sometimes come face to face with a situation where we *must* say: “This is *wrong*. It is better that I should die than that this evil should continue to exist. A society

which tolerates its presence is a society to which I had rather not belong.”

Why should such an attitude seem strange, or heroic, or fanatical? For which of us has the glory of the autumn landscape around us not been darkened by the smoke of Polish towns that Nazi bombs have fired? Whose sleep at night remains untroubled by the far-off curses and groans of those whom Nazi greed and hate have doomed to death in the torture cell or on the field of battle? When is our friendly converse not shadowed by the mist of terror and despair in which unnumbered beings have been condemned to grope by Nazi treachery and venom? Who does not find the very pages on which are recorded the supreme triumphs of the human spirit over the same vile and malignant powers by which it is now so desperately beset blurred by the degrading captivity of millions of otherwise seemingly decent men and women within the noisome prison of Nazi lies? And who does not feel in his heart the inescapable conviction that against these evils it is the duty of every civilized nation to take up arms—not through selfish fear of material loss, not from a desire for revenge or the hatred of Germans as persons, not with the foolish hope of a perfect world to follow, not in ignorance of the awful price that must be paid and the incalculable sacrifices that must be offered; but simply because *this is wrong; it must not be?*

To me all this seems neither more nor less than merely human.



THE FUTURE OF ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

BY DOROTHY DUNBAR BROMLEY

LOUIS HOWE once grumbled to Mrs. Roosevelt when she was still on trial as First Lady, "If you aren't called a Communist before the President leaves the White House we'll all be lucky."

If Mr. Howe had been living when Westbrook Pegler charged not long ago that Mrs. Roosevelt was Communist in her sympathies he might have said, "I told you so," but it would have been in jest. The astute Louis would have realized that Eleanor Roosevelt had made herself the best ambassador at large to the country any President ever had.

Rank and file Democrats at first were even more critical of Mrs. Roosevelt's multifarious activities than were the Republicans. Numerous letters of protest came to the President. Why didn't his wife stay in her place in the White House and be a gracious hostess like Grace Coolidge? Why did she have to go sticking her nose into this place and that, putting on miner's clothes and getting herself cartooned in the *New Yorker*? And why, if she must make speeches, didn't she pipe down that high-keyed voice?

Mrs. Roosevelt discussed these letters with her close friends. She had to go on being the kind of person she was, she said, but she would try to correct the faults that had been pointed out. She would take voice lessons. She is still taking them. People who note her easy delivery to-day can hardly believe that she is the woman whose voice used to rise nervously to the higher registers and stay there.

The Republicans gossiped about her. When I moved to Dutchess County, four years ago, uncomplimentary and even venomous stories concerning the President and his wife were still going the rounds. Since then Mrs. Roosevelt's column "My Day" has appeared in the Poughkeepsie *Star* and made more than a few converts. A typical Dutchess County farmwife said to me, "I can't abide the President and his policies, but I think Mrs. Roosevelt is sincere. . . . What she says is true; WPA workers are people like the rest of us."

In the beginning Mrs. Roosevelt was on trial with all of us who did not know her and did not know what next to expect of her. When she broadcast on a commercial program immediately following her husband's election howls of disapproval went up. Bowing to public opinion, she announced that she would discontinue her commercial radio programs after March 4th. In June, 1934, she reversed this decision and went back on the air. This time the general public did not disapprove. Fair-minded people were satisfied that Eleanor Roosevelt, who was showing herself to be one of the most social-minded people in the country, was bent neither on self-advertisement nor self-advantage.

Some determined critics of the Roosevelt family struck out at her when it was reported, in June, 1937, that the Treasury Department had allowed her to assign her radio earnings directly to the Friends' Service Committee, so that she paid a much smaller income tax in pro-

portion to her actual earnings than other people who made large gifts to philanthropy. Acknowledging the justice of this criticism, she announced in December, 1938, that she was reporting all of her earnings and would turn over to the Friends' Service Committee the balance of her radio income after the tax had been paid.

An early venture which she gave up a few months before the President's inauguration was the editorship of a new Macfadden publication, *Babies, Just Babies*. Her friends consider this step one of the few real blunders she has made. The banal title of the magazine and the fact that it was brought out by so sensational a publisher as Macfadden suggested that Mrs. Roosevelt had no sense of the dignity of her position. Actually she had no publishing sense and was herself just an infant in the business field. When she became aware of her mistake she broke off the connection.

While she has reefed in her canvas now and then, Eleanor Roosevelt has continued to sail into the wind, confident that if she does what seems to her the right thing the country will accept her for what she is. She would humbly say, no doubt, that the public has educated her in many respects, and yet the record shows that she has more often educated the public.

In seven years' time Eleanor Roosevelt has so completely changed her fellow-Americans' concept of what a President's wife ought to do and be that it seems hard to believe that the *New York Post* in January, 1933 (under a former ownership) could have commented as it did. This newspaper was outraged because she had attended a reception which Governor and Mrs. Pinchot gave for her in the Pennsylvania legislative chambers.

"Why should Mrs. Roosevelt seek these accolades just because her husband has been elected to something?" the *Post* wanted to know. "For our part we consider her course very bad. The only element in the situation that is worse is the chuckling glee with which the small-

minded Republican politicians are saying, 'Sure! Let her keep it up. She's certain to wreck the new Administration.' "

No prophecy ever shot wider of the mark.

When Mrs. Roosevelt started to write her daily column in January, 1936, it was understood between her and Louis Howe and the President that she would give a wide berth to all political subjects of a controversial nature. She was to follow the same rule in her public lectures and radio talks. Up to 1939 she stuck to her feminine last most of the time and when she touched on political subjects she usually confined herself to homilies. Occasionally she broke training, as when she spiritedly supported the President's Supreme Court bill in 1937, defended his armaments program in 1938, and expressed her opposition to the war referendum amendment while it was pending in Congress in the same year. She also spoke out of turn, many people thought, when she questioned the justice of Hauptmann's conviction and death sentence on the basis of circumstantial evidence. But her missteps were few and far between.

By 1939 readers saw a marked change in the content of her column. On January 11th she commented on the growing move in Congress to cut relief funds, implying that Congressmen were not thinking in terms of the countless cases of needy individuals which turned up every day in her mail. But it was not until Congress started to shove the President round in June and July that she struck out boldly in her comments on the neutrality bill and on the new WPA law. Certain gentlemen in Congress, she wrote, were gambling with the world's peace and the country's future. For the first time, on August 9th, the President had her at his right hand in a press conference at Hyde Park, and she prompted him to use the same figure of speech, "a precipice," that she used in her column published the following day.

The interesting circumstance caused

Arthur Krock to remark in the *New York Times* of August 10th that the President and his wife now appeared "to be operating as a political team."

"This is new in American history," he wrote, "and many old-fashioned persons will criticize it. . . . But many other persons will welcome Mrs. Roosevelt's emergence . . . because they hold a woman's place is by her husband's side when he is beleaguered, others because they look upon her as a great public leader.

"Some of these latter," he added, "have indeed uttered the hope that she will prove to be her husband's choice for nomination as his successor. Stranger things have not happened, but they could."

It would have seemed strange indeed up to a few years ago to find a political commentator of Mr. Krock's acumen discussing such a possibility. Governors' wives have succeeded their husbands in a few instances, but only a handful of zealous feminists have ever suggested that a woman might be considered eligible for the Presidency.

A Gallup poll of last January must have taken Mrs. Roosevelt's breath away. It showed that 67 per cent of Americans approved of the way in which Mrs. Roosevelt had conducted herself. A poll taken not long before had shown that 58 per cent of the voters were in favor of President Roosevelt. More women than men endorsed Mrs. Roosevelt's course—72 per cent—and yet the men numbered 62 per cent. As many as 43 per cent of Republicans, as compared with 81 per cent of Democrats, approved of Mrs. Roosevelt as First Lady.

The Gallup poll does not prove that 67 per cent of Americans would want Mrs. Roosevelt for President, any more than it shows where she would stand to-day if she had been in the President's shoes for seven years. She has been in the fortunate position of being able to publicize and at times put into effect her humanitarian ideas without having to account to the country for continued unemploy-

ment, high taxes, and a budget badly askew. In a sense she has had her cake and eaten it too.

If you would roughly gage Eleanor Roosevelt's influence consider that her column is syndicated in 48 papers, with a circulation of almost four and a half million, and that her mail averages 350 letters a day. She is a social force all by herself.

II

Eleanor Roosevelt is burdened—or blessed—with a burning conscience. As an orphaned young girl she carried a load of shame on her slender shoulders for her two attractive uncles who were such inveterate drinkers that her grandmother could not entertain guests. She took a mother's responsibility for her young brother Hall. Her serious disposition was made more serious by her painful awareness that she was not pretty. Loved and cherished though she was by her grandmother and aunts after she had lost both parents, Eleanor grew up with the feeling—perhaps due to her lack of looks and grace—that she owed society more than it owed her. To this day she has the same deep humility, even though she has gained in self-confidence. In her nineteenth year, when her fifth cousin Franklin proposed to her, she had, she writes in *This Is My Story*, "painfully high ideals and a tremendous sense of duty."

Her marriage to the debonair Franklin broadened her, but only gradually. When he ran for Vice-President in 1920 she disapproved of his habit of playing cards late at night on the campaign train for relaxation. "I was still a Puritan," she writes in her autobiography, "and thought they were an extremely bad example."

After her war work in the Navy canteen in Washington she did not wish to go back to pink teas and luncheons in New York and soon became active in the League of Women Voters and the Women's Trade Union League. The latter organization was to claim her first

loyalty outside of her family until 1927, when she joined the staff of the Todhunter School. There she taught civics and English three days a week until March, 1933.

She contributed to the Women's Trade Union League from her own income and she formed the habit of going to the League's clubrooms once a week to read poetry with the members. Usually she brought with her a large can of hot chocolate to lend cheer to the occasion.

After Mrs. Roosevelt had made her first radio contract following her husband's election in 1933 she dropped in to see Miss Rose Schneidermann, director of the League, and asked about their budget. When she was told that they were as usual living from hand to mouth, she quietly announced that she would contribute three hundred dollars a week for twelve weeks. If her critics could have seen the joy in her face when she made this offer they might have understood why she had shocked them by doing commercial work.

During the next years, while many people were condemning Mrs. Roosevelt for making a good thing financially out of her opportunities as the President's wife, she was quietly helping people in need who wrote her about their problems and wants. Sometimes the help or gift requested was beyond her reach, but if it was within her power and seemed wise she made the gift. A small boy of nine who wanted a banjo was given one.

Of the 350 letters which reach her every day about 60 per cent ask for financial help, for a job, or for intercession with a government agency. Another 15 per cent come from paralytics and other handicapped persons. At first she read each letter, but this soon became a physical impossibility. Now she sees all those that cannot be handled as a routine matter by her secretary.

"Many of my letters," she told me, "are heartbreaking. But when I put my mind to it I can usually think of some agency or friend who will try to help the people who write me, if I cannot do so

myself. As a matter of fact, the letters that present problems keep my correspondence from becoming monotonous, as is the case when requests merely have to be routed to one or another governmental department."

Several years ago Mrs. Roosevelt received a letter from a young woman who said she was suffering from a curvature of the spine, a malady from which Mrs. Roosevelt too had suffered as a child. Mrs. Roosevelt advised her to go to the Orthopaedic Hospital and the girl spent a year there being cured. Mrs. Roosevelt went to see her several times and has kept in touch with her ever since.

Such stories could be multiplied many times. Mrs. Roosevelt's friends hear of them only when their advice is needed in a particular case. If a friend is able to help one of her protégées Mrs. Roosevelt writes a warm note of thanks, as though the favor had been done to her.

The more cases of people in need have come to Mrs. Roosevelt's attention—and she has had many through her letters and her travels—the more acutely aware has become her social conscience. Writing in "My Day" in February, 1937, she said, "Ever since a group of unemployed girls asked me this question, 'What would you do, Mrs. Roosevelt, if you were out of a job to-day?' I have been haunted by the feeling that it is up to us to make some suggestions in answer to the question." She has not satisfied herself with preaching ideas. She has thought up schemes for helping the unemployed to help themselves.

She has been greatly concerned with the dilemma of young people to-day. She believes that our idle youth between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five, who constitute roughly one-third of our unemployed population, represent our number-one economic and social problem. She is at her best speaking before youth groups, and it is significant, I think, that the most natural photograph *Life* could find of Mrs. Roosevelt was a candid-camera shot taken by a seventeen-

year-old California high-school student.

She has attended the meetings of the American Youth Congress faithfully and has not been frightened away by the red herrings that have been drawn across its path. She argues that if our young people, so many of whom are unemployed, are given no encouragement or wise guidance from older people they will become so restless and rebellious as to be fit material for an American fascist leader. It is her understanding that Communists have been a minority in the leadership of the American Youth Congress, and I believe she is right so far as party membership goes. But she is too unversed in politics of the Left to appreciate that Communist influence in this organization was responsible (before the Hitler-Stalin pact) for the inoculation of many liberal young Americans, who had previously taken anti-war oaths, with the idea that the stop-Hitler drive should be put even before the building of a social democracy in this country.

When Mrs. Roosevelt spoke on the unemployment problem before the Workers' Alliance in Washington in June, 1939, she received among other letters a protest from a Jewish war veteran. She answered it conscientiously, as she answers all of her mail, and said, "I feel quite as strongly as you do about the inadequacy of Communism as practiced in Russia to-day. I do not believe in the theory of Communism. However, I do believe that the people who turn to Communism do so because they feel that it might possibly answer some of their difficulties, and they are usually people who have difficulties. The Workers' Alliance is composed of relief workers, many of them not even able to get on WPA. . . . Going to speak to them does not foster Communism. They know exactly where I stand, but they also have a feeling that someone at least near to the seat of government is willing to listen to their troubles. Very sincerely yours, Eleanor Roosevelt."

This letter reflected Mrs. Roosevelt's sound common sense and her wisdom.

Anybody who believes in democracy will concede that the Workers' Alliance has the right to organize to make known the needs of the unemployed.

III

Future generations of American girls will read biographies of Eleanor Roosevelt as an object lesson in character development. When she was a child she lacked physical courage. To-day she is the country's first woman air passenger. At one time she seriously considered owning her own plane but was dissuaded by the President. She seems to be quite free of fear. After her husband had come close to being assassinated in Florida before his first Inauguration her nerves remained calm. "I cannot imagine," she said simply, "living in fear of imminent death."

Eleanor Roosevelt's moral courage is on the reverse side of the medal. In the beginning she must have found it hard to address large audiences. But she has, she confesses, "a certain kind of strength and determination" which underlies her timidity.

In the space of a few months last spring she challenged bourgeois opinion by resigning from the D.A.R. when it refused a hall to the Negro singer, Marian Anderson; by defending the American Youth Congress; and by speaking before the Workers' Alliance. Such moves on any other public person's part might have been called exhibitionistic. I have never heard the word applied to Eleanor Roosevelt.

Mrs. Roosevelt makes it a rule to read every disagreeable letter addressed to her. Writing or speaking, she is adept at disarming her critics. When she was lecturing in the Southwest a member of the W.C.T.U. came up to her in the receiving line and blurted out, "Mrs. Roosevelt, I can't say that I am glad to shake the hand of a First Lady who serves liquor in the White House." There was an embarrassed silence in the receiving line for a second and then Mrs.

Roosevelt said, "I'm sorry you feel the way you do. I do my best, and I hope when you are in Washington you will come to see me."

Her answer showed, I commented in my column, not only admirable self-restraint but an understanding of the other woman, a zealous Dry who no doubt thought she was doing her duty. Thanking me for my kind comment, Mrs. Roosevelt wrote, "I really didn't deserve it. If I am not angered by my critics it is because only praise or blame from the people I am fond of matters to me."

Here, I think, is the key to Eleanor Roosevelt's character. She has reached the point where she is independent of outsiders' opinions, but she is deeply attached to her friends and feels the need of their support and understanding. The woman who to-day makes a cult of close friendships within and without her family and is constantly widening her circle of warm human contacts is one and the same person as the ardent child who was her father's best friend; the young woman who was devoted to her French schoolmistress; the wife who brought an invalid husband back to an active life and plunged into politics so as to revive his interest. She seems able to give of herself equally to her family, her friends, and the public. For all her concern with large social problems, she never forgets her friends' birthdays, their sailing dates, their individual preferences for Christmas, or their illnesses.

Often she thinks up special treats for her friends and their children. Arranging for a publishing associate and his three young sons to dine at the White House, she offered to invite to the dinner any three government officials whom they would choose. One son was interested in horses and chose Secretary Wallace; another, worshipful of G-men, wanted to meet Edgar Hoover; the third wanted to meet a liberal Supreme Court judge. Mrs. Roosevelt filled the bill except for the latter. Cardozo and Brandeis were the only liberals on the

bench at the time, and she thought it would be an imposition to ask either justice, because of the age of one and the bad health of the other. Would the boy settle for the Solicitor General? He would and did.

Practically all of the Washington newspaper women are Mrs. Roosevelt's willing slaves. She is "Eleanor" to a number of them, a familiarity which has shocked visiting English journalists. The Washington newspaper women, some people think put their loyalty to Eleanor Roosevelt before their loyalty to their papers. If she says something indiscreet at her press conference one of the reporters will ask pointedly, "Do you want to be quoted on that, Mrs. Roosevelt?" and she will catch herself in time. The President boasts of no such Praetorian guard. At his press conferences the reporters are always hoping, for the sake of a news break, that he will be indiscreet.

In the beginning of her career as a columnist many people set Eleanor Roosevelt down as a woman of excellent will with an undistinguished way of expressing herself.

It seems to me that her justification as a journalist is that she expresses herself directly and simply, and has a knack for sharing the big and little incidents of her life with her readers. If the writer of "My Day" goes on about babies who are so "cunning" it is because she feels that way about them and loves to visit a neighboring farmwife's new baby. If she finds that the play on Oscar Wilde leaves "a bad taste in the mouth" it is not because she is writing to please the priggish but because her moral sense dominates her æsthetic sense. Or, if she tells her curious readers that the Queen of England has a surprising social consciousness for a young woman, she does not say it, my critical nature leads me to suspect, because she has had much proof, but because her generous nature leads her to give every individual the benefit of the doubt.

Mrs. Roosevelt's limitations up to now as a journalist are a reflection of her en-

thusiastic response to the world about her. The words "interesting" and "lovely" occur and recur and the persistently sweet tone cloy a little. Many of her observations are trite and obvious. Yet the author of "My Day" is expressing herself with increasing effectiveness after three years of column-writing. Her designation for the King and Queen of England as "their young royalties" had style. She was excellent too when she observed from a train window "a little girl, slim and bent over, carrying two pails of water across a field to an unpainted house"; or when she saw on the outskirts of a Tennessee town a wash line with "two brown work shirts, a pair of rather frayed and faded blue dungarees, two child's sun suits, and a woman's calico dress. . . . Not much sign of wasteful living here," she added.

When it comes to selection of material Mrs. Roosevelt could give lessons to every newspaper woman in the country who writes for a feminine audience. She is adept at rolling up the curtain on her life and inviting her readers to look in the window, as though it were a play. Contretemps never embarrass her and she rushes to tell her readers about them. Another American hostess might have tried to hush up the incident of a serving table's toppling over in the presence of the King and Queen of England and a butler's falling with a tray of dishes. Not Mrs. Roosevelt. She did not feel disgraced for a minute, and her American readers liked her all the better for not feeling disgraced.

Before the King and Queen arrived Mrs. Roosevelt looked over the linen closet at the White House and mentioned the fact to her readers. This homespun touch elicited a raft of letters from women in every State in the Union comparing notes with the President's wife on household linen. No man columnist, if he wrote about pipes and fishing every day, could so successfully touch men readers where they live.

There has been much speculation as to whether Eleanor Roosevelt educated her

husband to her social point of view or whether their thinking and activities have remained on parallel but not intersecting lines. Their friends say that they share many social views in common and that the President has always valued her sound common sense. Where human values have been involved he has invariably listened to her advice. She has not, so far as I know, helped the President formulate his program, but she has played an advisory role. She always reads the draft of his important speeches, and he has been heard to say that he made this or that change at her suggestion.

More often than the public realizes, Mrs. Roosevelt has been her husband's investigator and representative. She confessed to a friend that she did not really have the time to make the trip to the Virgin Islands and Puerto Rico in March, 1934, but she felt she must because there was no one else the President could send who would give him an unbiased picture of social conditions there. Frequently she takes a trip and makes a speech because the request comes, "If we can't have the President, may we have Mrs. Roosevelt?" At the White House she receives many people whom the President has not time to see, and her popularity is so great now that visitors are as well satisfied.

The political partnership of Roosevelt and Roosevelt is not so recent as Arthur Krock appears to think. In February, 1937, Mrs. Roosevelt defended the President's Supreme Court plan with spirit, if with a notable lack of logic, in this writer's opinion. In August, 1936, she talked back to the critics of the President's crop-control program, even though in 1933 she had upset Administration routine and telephoned Secretary Wallace begging him to send some of the pigs that were to be killed to her poor miners in West Virginia.

Eleanor and Franklin Roosevelt almost always agree, or else her loyalty abets his persuasiveness. I suspect the latter may be the case, although I should

say that Mrs. Roosevelt thinks for herself more consistently than has any other wife of a man who has made history.

IV

To read Eleanor Roosevelt's diary one would think that many of her opinions must be surface ones since she takes in so much territory. The truth is that she is gifted not only with almost perfect health, but an amazingly quick, retentive, and curious mind. She reads, observes, and does her work like lightning and has the ability—usually credited to men executives only—of turning swiftly from one problem to another. She takes pains to inform herself on controversial issues, as when she sent for the FBI report on the American Youth Congress and found, as she had expected, that there was no evidence against it of subversive activities. Her writings and speeches are not impressive as polemic or as adventures in political thought. Stressing everyone's duty "to take an active interest in community welfare," she inclines to be as monotonous on the theme of "responsibility"—another favorite word of hers—as Secretary Hull is with his talk about reciprocal trade. Yet she has made a number of speeches which show a sure-footed wisdom and a capacity for facing dark facts.

Speaking before a resettlement and housing conference at Buck Hill Falls, Pennsylvania, on July 3, 1935, she said, "I know that certain people will deny the existence of certain facts. All that one can say is go out and study your country. But don't ride in Pullman cars or in large limousines. Take a Ford and start in little places and try and really see your country."

Unlike her husband, Mrs. Roosevelt candidly admits that she does not know the answer to our economic dilemma. "We must think seriously," she said to the Workers' Alliance on June 7, 1939, "of what democracy should mean. It means a right to live and work for a living." Another time she trenchantly

said, "The pioneer philosophy" (*i.e.* of rugged individualism) "is now in conflict with our machine civilization."

Her frankest doubts about the course we should ultimately pursue were expressed before the American Youth Congress on February 22, 1939, when she was waiting for a radio signal and more or less thinking out loud. The older generation, she said, had shirked facing economic problems. "To be perfectly honest," she confessed, "these are not political problems and cannot be solved by the election of any political party. . . . I believe in the things that have been done," she went on, "they helped but they did not solve the fundamental problems. These are economic problems and none of us knows the solution. . . . I never believed the Federal government could solve the whole problem. It bought us time to think. Is it going to be worth while?"

No member of a President's entourage had ever spoken so frankly of the stop-gap nature of the New Deal.

Mrs. Roosevelt sees the danger signals ahead but her optimistic "God's in His Heaven" temperament leads her to believe that we shall escape a social cataclysm. When I asked her last July what she prophesied for the future of our country, she said she believed we shall proceed "along the lines we are going." She thinks there has been "a tremendous change" and that many conservatives to-day accept ideas that they would not have accepted twenty years ago. In ten more years, she predicted, we shall all talk "in terms of social achievement, not of individual success." I was skeptical and she conceded that it might take longer. When our society does find a solution she does not believe it will be socialism or a communism. She expects that private ownership of the tools of production will continue, although "the base of ownership may be wider" and our society "will be more co-operative and less individualistic." No revolutionary ideas here, but neither is there any positive program of action which

would recommend Mrs. Roosevelt as a national political leader.

Most women, I am convinced, think from the particular to the general, and not from the general to the particular. Mrs. Roosevelt, commenting on Congress' slash of relief funds, said, "I deal almost entirely with cases and individuals." She is in the tradition of our great social workers who have alleviated as many individual cases of want and misery as they could while calling the public's attention to bad social conditions. It is significant, I think, that there has been no John Maynard Keynes, no Stuart Chase, no Marx, no Adam Smith among women.

On one side Mrs. Roosevelt is a realist and yet her mind lacks masculine toughness and skepticism. She has, I suspect, spent too much of her time with women. Feminist though I am, I am constrained to wonder if woman's chief social value is not that of an attention-caller to evils, rather than that of an architect of new societies. Harriet Beecher Stowe was such an attention-caller in her day. Jane Addams was another, but her attention-calling to the insanity of war was impotent against the spread of the malady in this country. Eleanor Roosevelt is an attention-caller to the needs of the common people. Yet I question whether she is showing herself as consistent a humanitarian as Miss Addams was, now that she faces the issue of war.

After seeing the battlefields in France in 1919 and the wounded in the hospitals Eleanor Roosevelt decided that war was the wrong way to settle differences between nations. Many people talked in that vein after the Great War was over. During her early years in the White House Mrs. Roosevelt went about the country lecturing on "The Way to Peace." In 1935 she inspired Mrs. O. D. Oliphant, past National President of the American Legion Auxiliary, to condemn her as the country's "Number One Pacifist."

Now, four years later, Mrs. Roosevelt's utterances on peace and war will make

ironic scanning for men who hold that women preach peace in peacetime and accept war in wartime.

Certainly Mrs. Roosevelt has turned out to be no Lysistrata. The keynote of her thinking on foreign problems, and of her husband's too, as his "quarantine" and "short of war" speeches have shown, is our responsibility to the rest of the world. When I talked with Mrs. Roosevelt in July she said she believed that if war came in Europe our people would be so aroused by the tactics of the Fascist nations and so persuaded by economic considerations that they would not want to stay out. If we should stay out, while feeling that we had something at stake in Europe and that England and France were fighting our battle, we should be, she thought, "doing something to our people spiritually—we should be living for ourselves alone."

When I asked Mrs. Roosevelt how we could hope to avoid another Versailles in case we fought a second war in Europe, she said we could only "pray" that there would be enough sane people left in the world to write a just peace. She forgets that the bedfellow of war is insanity and that nobody's prayers are listened to when a vindictive peace is being written.

Did she think, I put it to Mrs. Roosevelt, that a nation, like an individual, should be a knight errant? She said, "Definitely yes."

"But," I gasped, "how can any leader decide such a question for the millions of American boys who would be asked to risk their lives in a foreign war? Have not they the right to think of their own skins?" I knew that she had opposed a referendum on a foreign war on the ground that it is not practical in these days of lightning attacks.

"The people," she insisted, "would decide for themselves. They could not be led into war by either the President or Congress." Her argument that leadership in a war crisis does not carry a great responsibility seemed to me less searchingly honest than Mrs. Roosevelt usually is with herself.

Eleanor Roosevelt appears to believe that this country is strong enough to accomplish the impossible and should be as generous as she herself is. Her national philosophy is the same as her personal philosophy, an exalted kind of noblesse oblige. She rationalizes it by believing in the perfectibility of another peace treaty to be drawn up by powers who would be, if history is a safe guide, concerned only with the preservation of their own empires.

V

If we should go to war and if as the price of our folly we were to degenerate into a fascist society, Eleanor Roosevelt's future would be of no more interest than the future of other independent-minded American women who would be eclipsed under a regime that suppressed their sex. But if by a miracle we escape involvement abroad what future may be predicted for Eleanor Roosevelt?

She will not of course be a candidate for the presidency. To talk of such a thing is like imagining a fireworks display that has never been seen before and that will not come off, everyone knows. The dramatics of such a campaign would put a third-term contest in the shade, although it would of course be called a third term for Roosevelt by another name.

Mrs. Roosevelt is the only loyal New Dealer who commands a great popular following—greater, as it happens, than the President's. But she has no illusions about any woman's availability for the Presidency in this day and age. "Though women are doing more and more," she has said, "I do not think we have reached the point where the majority of our people would feel satisfied to follow the leadership and trust the judgment of a woman as President. And no woman could therefore succeed as a President any more than could a man who did not have the trust and confidence of the nation."

A certain amount of confidence in the President, if only in the fact of his sex, is

as necessary as confidence in the banks. There have been queens but no women prime ministers.

Would she, I asked her, consider running for such an elective office as governor or senator or representative or would she accept a Cabinet office proffered by a future President?

In any of these offices she would be a valuable public servant, as her feminist admirers have pointed out. But Eleanor Roosevelt, unlike other women who have achieved things, has no desire for place or preferment. And she has no inherent interest in politics, which she considers a mere means to a social end. In answer to my question she told me that she would not consider holding a public office. She spoke so emphatically, with her guard down, that I suddenly realized how one side of her hates living in a glass house. Being constantly photographed is still a trial: she has never got over being sensitive about her looks. Not long ago she said in her column, "Having people expect so little of your looks is an advantage."

Deep down, Mrs. Roosevelt is still a shy person. You feel it the first few seconds you are with her. Why, then, does she go out of her way to lecture and to meet the public on numerous occasions? For one thing she has an enterprising spirit: she likes to make money so as to have more to turn over to her various philanthropies. Also, her consuming interest in human nature and in American life conquers her shyness, and her urge to carry a message directly to the people puts lecturing in the category of a duty to be performed. She may discount the influence of leaders in matters of peace and war, but she obviously does not underrate the importance of leadership.

I believe that Eleanor Roosevelt could be drafted for an important office if her supporters could persuade her that only she could fill it in the interests of the people. Her sense of duty can always be appealed to. It will, I suspect, lead her to take an active part in the coming cam-

paign and perhaps even to stump the country if her husband does not run but names his candidate.

Her own strong preference would be against a third term, but if the President decides to break with tradition she will, I anticipate, support him as loyally as she has supported him on other major issues. I should be surprised if she spoke for him, but she would, I feel sure, endorse his policies consistently in her column. In all events she will consider it her duty to try to save the social gains of the New Deal even though she has admitted that the New Deal is not the final answer.

The team of Roosevelt and Roosevelt will irritate the Republicans greatly. "It isn't fair," they are already beginning to say, "for the President to cash in on his own popularity and his wife's too. It's a Fascist trend." It's hardly that—if you think of Signora Mussolini's mouselike existence.

The coming campaign threatens to be one of the bitterest in our history. Out in front, Mrs. Roosevelt will once again be a target for her husband's enemies. But her friends are confident that she will live through the ordeal without becoming bitter or vengeful. She does not harbor the resentment toward her enemies that the President does toward his.

If a Republican President takes over the keys to the White House on January 1, 1941, he would be wise to offer Mrs. Roosevelt a job. She would be a superlative director of the National Youth Administration, which will have to be continued, and she would find it hard to refuse such an opportunity to serve our youth. Without a portfolio, she is likely to continue to be, through no intention of her own, the country's un-

official First Lady. A strictly private life would appear to be ruled out for her from now on. "She could," said the *New York Times* on her birthday, October 11, 1938, "be elected as 'Mrs. America' by a landslide of votes."

In more ways than one Eleanor Roosevelt is a typical American. She has in abundance that kindness of heart which for Santayana marks a person as an American. She has, like her Uncle T. R., the gusto for living and the tremendous energy of a people that sought a better way of life on a new continent. She is filled with a democratic spirit that is as spacious as our plains. She has the naïveté that leads the average American to take other nations at their face value. It is that naïveté—call it goodness of heart if you will—that makes us perpetually the sucker nation.

In a sense Eleanor Roosevelt's future is less uncertain than the President's. As the sage William Allen White has predicted, he might, if he insisted on a third term, become a discredited prisoner in the White House, circumvented at every turn by Congress. Or if he leads us into war he may become responsible in the eyes of history, as Dr. Charles Beard has prophesied, for the destruction of our democracy. Despite her agreement with his views, Eleanor Roosevelt is not likely to be held accountable for her husband's mistakes as President.

Eleanor Roosevelt has given us a New Deal of her own—a New Deal that has become universally popular. It is hard to see how any President not married to her is going to get along. This remark is not to be taken as an argument for a third term or for a Roosevelt dynasty. I am only sorry for the next Mr. and Mrs. in the White House.



MR. PENFOLD

A STORY

BY H. E. BATES

MR. PENFOLD, a traveling draper and haberdasher, easy terms arranged, a painfully shy, retreating man with almost invisible eyelashes, who looked as if he would have been much happier walking backward, struggled out into the countryside every other Thursday on a massive basket-work tricycle, and called on Mrs. Armitage, a war widow, and her daughter Katie. Mr. Penfold, who was in his early forties, was a single man.

Mr. Penfold had been calling on Mrs. Armitage and her daughter ever since the War: so long that he had become like one of the family. To the Armitages, who lived at the bottom of a hill, in a red-brick house surrounded by large clumps of lilac under which there was a great trembling spread of snowdrops in early spring, Mr. Penfold had become an institution. "Well, it's Mr. Penfold's day," they said every other Thursday; then, as the clock drew on to five in the afternoon, "It's nearly Mr. Penfold's time"; and then at last as they heard the huge wicker-work carrier of the tricycle squeak and clump over the grass verge outside the house, "That'll be Mr. Penfold." Then they waited for Mr. Penfold's knock, a gentle, retreating kind of knock, as if Mr. Penfold had made it and run away. Finally, when with great timidity and decency Mr. Penfold stepped over the threshold, they would say, "Well, it's Mr. Penfold!" as if he were a stranger turned up from a far country.

On this same afternoon once a fort-

night there was always a cup of tea for Mr. Penfold in the Armitages' comfortable living room, and with it whatever the Armitages had: a boiled egg, tinned salmon, cake, fresh lettuce in summer. In return, after tea was over and the table cleared, Mr. Penfold would carefully and almost religiously lay out his lines, stockings, knickers, handkerchiefs, ribbons, elastic, buttons, woollen combinations. And there would suddenly hang in the air a smell which, after so many years, had come to symbolize Mr. Penfold—the dry, discreet odor of new drapery, a smell that had come to stand for the grave and timid discretion of a man who appeared to be forever on the verge of folding himself up and putting himself away. It seemed sometimes as if this discretion might flower into something else. It seemed to Mrs. Armitage, who was lonely and who had nothing to look forward to except the careful saving of her meager pension and the growing up and perhaps finally the loss of Katie, that it might flower into something beyond friendship. For many years it seemed as if this might happen, but every Thursday she watched Mr. Penfold go through the same painful, too discreet process of folding himself up and putting himself away for another fortnight. She watched him maneuver the tricycle away from the house and felt a strange conflict of anger and despair, and became resigned at last to the fact that Mr. Penfold would never change, was

perhaps incapable of change, except under the impetus of a revolution.

Though she did not notice it, this revolution was going on under her eyes, and once every fortnight under the eyes of Mr. Penfold, though for many years he did not notice it either. There was a revolution going on in the young girl, Katie. When Mr. Penfold first began to call on Mrs. Armitage there was a baby in the house, and sometimes he would take the child on his knee. He had a small gold watch which struck the hours like a little bell, and the child would listen to it for a long time, with dark eyes that had alternate moods of sulkeness and vivacity. As she sat on Mr. Penfold's knee he would stroke his hand backward and forward with grave pleasure across her hair, which was the color of sun-bleached straw and which, Mrs. Armitage said, would grow darker as she grew older. But for some reason, and to Mr. Penfold's secret happiness, the hair never grew darker, but remained the one constant and beautiful element in the changing and growing girl.

For some years there were no changes in the girl that could startle Mr. Penfold. He would see sometimes that the child had grown from one fortnight to another; there came periodically a time when she needed the next size in underclothes. When he expressed any feeling about the way the girl was growing and changing it was always one of surprise, surprise that time could go so quickly. "She'll be telling us what to do before we know where we are," he would say.

Then one summer, during the whole month of August, Katie went away to stay with an aunt, and it was six weeks before Mr. Penfold saw her again. During this time there were changes, but to Mr. Penfold unnoticed changes, in the behavior of Mrs. Armitage. One afternoon she said that the plums were ripe in the garden. Would he like to see them? He said yes, and in his simple way, that had no connection with and did not understand subtleties, he went into the garden with her. The plums were dark

and thick on the high tree, the skins warm in the rich August sunshine. He took off his coat and climbed the long high ladder and found himself in a deep sun-trembling world of fruit and leaves, his basket hooked on a branch, his two hands free for the great bunches of plums that hung everywhere like blue grapes on the brittle branches. After a time he heard Mrs. Armitage's voice and looked down and saw her coming up the ladder. It was very warm and she had loosened the neck of her dress. She was a neat, firm little woman with dark-brown crinkled hair and a still young figure, and he had only to glance down in order to see the hollow of her breasts opening darkly in her loosened dress. She came up the ladder smiling, with slightly parted lips, but he did not seem to see either her breasts or her smile, and it did not occur to him that he had only to reach down and she would fall into his life more easily than the plums were falling into his hands.

He remained in the plum tree with her for more than two hours that afternoon, and at no time did he come near to understanding what had brought and kept him there. When he breathed the sweet, almost autumnal fragrance of ripe plums and saw the sunlight breaking through and quivering between the leaf-shadows on his hands and he said how lovely it was in the country, he did not grasp the meaning of her answer, that it was lovely but that you only understood how lovely it was when you lived there always. And when finally they left the tree and he carried the plums indoors for her and she gave him two glasses of her cool home-made wine to drink and begged him to stay and have a little supper, he was still as remote from the meaning of it all as ever. It was still as if he could never reverse the fixed process of habit and nature, and for once unfold and give himself, instead of folding himself up and putting himself away.

She was more angry than despairing when he left that evening, but he did not know that either. He could not begin

to know it, incapable as he was of understanding an inner meaning, kept as he had been by great shyness from any entry into a single great experience. He understood simple, visible things like a yard of velvet, a tree of plums, snowdrops in bloom, a pair of combinations. He understood that Mrs. Armitage had been buying things from him every fortnight more or less for fifteen years and that she paid him by a system of rather parsimonious installments which in his shyness he called "this week's"; but he did not understand that she was lonely and unsatisfied.

A fortnight later he called again as usual, knocking in his timid way and waiting for an answer. But when the door opened he got for a moment the impression that it had been answered by a stranger.

This impression, which went stabbing through his mind like a needle, was gone almost at once, and he saw that the stranger was Katie. He saw with astonishment a clear, unmistakable thing before his eyes. In her absence Katie had grown up. She was taller, but he saw more than that. She stood very erect, her young, newly formed breasts pushing against her frock, and it seemed to him that she looked at him with eyes that had in them a kind of sulky hostility. The one thing about her that had not changed was her hair: it had the same shining blondness, but now against the dark self-conscious eyes it seemed doubly beautiful and striking.

He was so affected by this transition in the girl that as he came into the house he felt as if something were waiting to explode behind his shyness. He wanted to talk about it, to remark to Mrs. Armitage how suddenly and unmistakably Katie had grown up. But he could not say anything and gradually his great sense of astonishment was repressed and folded away, to become in turn part of his shyness, to become as time went on something that he could not speak about or reveal.

But that afternoon he found himself

forced to face the change in the girl in other ways. It was time, Mrs. Armitage said, that Katie wore some sort of support. She believed in support early; there was nothing like it, she always held, for starting a good figure.

"Besides, she's going to leave school and start to work."

"Work?" Mr. Penfold said. "Why, what work, where?"

"She's going to work down in Denton, in Chapman's office. She starts next week. Yes, she's starting to work."

"Well," Mr. Penfold said. "It doesn't seem five minutes since she was a baby."

As he said this Mr. Penfold looked up at the girl, who was standing in the room, her back against a high dresser, her arms folded behind her. He smiled, half expecting her to smile back, but he saw on her face only the new-born, adolescent resentment, not yet hostility, to what he suddenly felt was a foolish remark. Her direct, sulky stare brought all his own self-consciousness rushing to the surface, and he felt strangely, miserably foolish.

He turned hurriedly to the things on the table and was immediately faced with a new problem. It was very rare that he carried such lines as belts or brassières, and in fact corsetry was rather out of his line, and he knew that he had nothing suitable for the girl. "But I could run the tape round her and bring some over special to-morrow."

"Well, that would do as well," Mrs. Armitage said. "Katie, let Mr. Penfold run the tape over you."

Mr. Penfold produced the tape-measure from his pocket and unrolled it in his hands, but before he could do anything the girl sprang away from the dresser and went swiftly out of the room.

"Well!" Mrs. Armitage said. "Well! And that's how she's been ever since she got back. Too big to be spoke to, too big to do anything. And now throwing her weight about. Well!"

"It's all right," Mr. Penfold said. "Leave her alone. Shall I bring some sizes over to-morrow and she can try them on?"

"I don't know," Mrs. Armitage said. "I'm sure I don't know. Perhaps we'd better go down to Lee and Porter's and go up into the ladies' department and get it there."

"All right," Mr. Penfold said.

"Seems they grow up to be ladies while your back's turned."

The girl did not come into the room again, and later Mr. Penfold took away with him the startling impression of her sudden transition and the still more startling impression of her exit from the room. Whenever he thought of the two things he was filled with a sense of her beauty and rebellion. He was aware of the presence in her of moods and attributes which he had never foreseen in the child who had once sat on his knee, listening to his watch as it chimed the hours like a little bell.

When he called at the house again, a fortnight later, Katie was not there. Mrs. Armitage looked at the clock on the mantelpiece and said, "She'll be here very shortly. She gets home about half-past five. Sometimes six."

"Does she like it?"

"You better ask her!" Mrs. Armitage said. "I can't get a word out of her whether she likes it or not. She's got that proud and big she won't tell you anything."

Mr. Penfold did not know what to say. Proud and big? It was a strange thing to be angry about. He sat down at the table as usual and Mrs. Armitage gave him a cup of tea. And then, about half an hour later, he heard the door open and shut and the footsteps of the girl going upstairs.

"That's her," Mrs. Armitage said. "One time o' day you couldn't horsewhip her into washing her hands before she sat down to table. Now she finicks about with them for hours."

Once again Mr. Penfold did not say anything. He lingered over his tea with even more diffidence than usual, partly because the egg that Mrs. Armitage had set before him seemed suddenly distasteful, partly because he wanted to remain

in the room until the girl herself came down. In this mood of uncertainty, in which there was also a strange feeling of suspense, he let his tea grow cold, drinking it without quite knowing what he was doing.

The cup was actually at his lips when the girl came in, proud and silent and very soft-moving, so that she slipped into her chair, opposite him, as soundlessly as a soft blond cat. He bade her good-evening, the tea still cold on his lips, and she answered him in a low voice. He saw at once that she had grown still more and that the transition from childhood to adolescence, just begun when he had seen her last, was now complete. Every movement and lack of movement now was mutinous with the self-conscious sense of her own beauty, so that he felt his own sense of surprise grow and change into a kind of absentminded wonder, the cold teacup still in his hands and still foolishly suspended midway between his lips and the table, until he abruptly realized it and set it down with a clatter against the spoon.

A moment later he got up from the table and made some excuse about going. He knew that he could not sit there at the table with the girl any longer without something happening: something momentous or foolish or even, to his way of thinking, something terrible. He went out into the warm early September evening with a feeling very like fear uppermost in his heart. He did not know what he had to be afraid about; he was not even sure that what he felt was fear. But, like fear, the emotion propelled him forward, deeply disquieted, uncertain. That evening it still seemed like summer, with delicate fingers of honeysuckle outspread in the hedges, and the sun flat and warm and golden on the bright renewed September grass. The papers were saying that it was the finest September for many years, but now all at once he realized that he felt its beauty keenly not just because it was splendid weather but because it was emotionally linked with the beauty of the girl. He saw in the straw-

gold color of the honeysuckle the exact shade of her hair reproduced with fearful and lovely fidelity. The honeysuckle floated dreamily by him as he cycled past, and in the same way he felt his dreamy thoughts about her run past him and gather in the distance, too numerous and diffident to catch.

From this moment he went on thinking of her, as it were, from a distance. He called at the house every other Thursday, not as if nothing had happened but in the hope that as time went on something would happen. Sometimes he saw the girl, but always with her mother; sometimes she was late from the office. More often than not he did not speak to her. She continued to remain mutinous and cool, her lips richly defiant, her young breasts rapidly growing ripe, to be carried soon with a new and conscious air of voluptuousness. In her presence he felt shyer than ever—shy, painfully inexperienced, and sometimes foolish, the girl old and mature and fixed in beautiful contempt above him.

It was not until three years later that he suddenly found himself alone with her one evening. He had been held up by a puncture three miles away late in the afternoon and had mended it himself on the roadside. It was almost seven o'clock when he got to the house. He knocked shyly on the door as usual, and waited, and it was the girl herself who came in answer.

"Oh! it's Mr. Penfold," she said. "Come in."

He went into the house. It was November and the milk-globed lamp was alight on the table. The light shone upward into the girl's blond face and on her bright blue jumper and on her bare, smooth arms and hands. But it was not only the beauty of her body, in the milky lamplight, that struck him. There was something else. There was a change in her voice and manner.

A moment later he knew the reason. "Is your mother in?" he said.

"No," the girl said. "She thought you couldn't be coming. She waited till

six and now she's gone down to the village."

Her voice was amazingly friendly and free of all the old mutinous reserve. He had not time to understand it before in a warm, eager way she asked him if he would like some tea. He excused himself by saying it was too late, but she said no, a place had been left for him and all she had to do was boil the kettle.

His astonishment at this change in her manner was tremendous. He felt as if he were speaking to her for the first time. He sat and warmed himself by the fire while waiting for the tea and then, as she began to pour it out, the curve of her bare arm clean as marble in the lamplight, he saw that she had brought two cups.

Yes, she said, she would have a cup with him, and if he didn't mind she was a bit cold and she would have it sitting on the rug. Before he knew what to say she curled herself up between a chair and the fender, her legs shining with the silvery-pink of ripe oat-straw in the firelight, her breasts drawn up under the close blue wool whenever she turned to look up at him. Then the reason for her prolonged strained attitude began gradually to be clear to him. He did not know what began it, but they began to talk about money. He was saying that the business was there if only the money was behind it. But he was finding money very tight. It had been tight all that year. "Not that I'm grumbling. I've saved and taken care of what I have had," he said; "only it's difficult to go on putting it by if you don't have it coming in."

When she spoke there was a flash of the old rebellion in her voice. "Yes, and it would puzzle you still more to save if you never had any to save," she said.

For a moment he did not grasp her meaning. Then it all began to come out, as if she had waited for a long time for a moment like this. She began to talk in a rapid, emotional voice, telling him her troubles. She had been at work for three years now and she was still tied to her mother's apron strings. She worked with other girls who had

freedom, took some part of their wages as a right, and had fun in the evening. She had no money and no fun. All of her money went back to her mother, to be doled back in sixpences when she asked for it, to be sparingly saved in a penny-bank and, once saved, never touched again. All that the girl asked was a little freedom, some fun, a dance or two, an evening out once in a while. "That's all I want," she said passionately. "That's all I want. I want fun. That's all. And all the time she wants to keep me locked in a glass case."

Mr. Penfold listened without knowing what to say, the tea once again growing cold in his hands. The girl would be about nineteen now and it grieved him deeply to see her reaching out for something, for happiness and fun, and not getting it.

He looked down at her a moment later and saw that she was crying. He found himself almost glad of her tears, which now saved him from the painful necessity of talking. He let her cry for a few moments and then put his hands lightly on her shoulders. It was the first time he had touched her. She did not move but, as though unaware of him, cried quietly and immovably into her hands. He wanted to move his own hands and grasp her tightly and in that way express the sympathy and affection he felt for her, but for what seemed a long time he could not overcome his shyness. At last he did overcome it and very gently moved his hands across her shoulders and partially embraced her.

They were sitting like this when Mrs. Armitage suddenly burst into the room, almost as if she had been standing outside in the kitchen, listening. Mr. Penfold hastily sat back in his chair and said that Katie was getting him some tea.

"Funny way of getting tea," Mrs. Armitage said.

He went away shortly afterward, without speaking again to the girl and without another word being said about her or about what Mrs. Armitage had seen.

But when he called a fortnight later,

he knew that something had happened.

That day he purposely changed his route, not arriving till six o'clock, but the girl was not there and it seemed to him that the atmosphere of the house was strange. He felt that the hostility that had so long been the girl's had for some reason suddenly been transferred to her mother. The table was not laid for tea and Mrs. Armitage's hat and gloves and Mr. Penfold's weekly payment book were on the table. No, she didn't want anything. No, there was nothing at all, and she was sorry but she had to go out in a hurry now.

"Where's Katie?" he said.

She looked at him with frank hostility and he knew that she was blaming him for something.

"Katie?" she said. "Katie's started to live in lodgings in Denton. She's been worrying about it long enough and now she's got her way."

"Oh!" he said. He did not know what to say. It came to him that it was a very strange, sudden decision. There must be a reason for such an abrupt change of attitude. Suddenly he looked at Mrs. Armitage. Her dark eyes were fixed on him with clear rebellious resentment and he knew then that the reason was himself. He knew that, prompted by some bitter, narrow sense of jealousy, she had taken the girl away from him.

"Will there be anything next time?" he said. It was all he could think to say. He had never said it in fifteen years.

"No!" she said. "I don't think there will."

"I'll call just in case."

"Just as you like!" she said. She stood with her hat and gloves, waiting for him to go.

Two weeks later, for the first time in fifteen years, he did not call. He pushed the heavy tricycle about the lanes with a deep and pointless sense of frustration. He found himself taking the complication of events like a skein of tangled wool and trying to roll them into a simple ball. For what he wanted now was very simple. He wanted the love and beauty of the

girl for himself. He wanted to open a little shop in the town and give up the tricycle. At the back of the shop there would be, he imagined, a room where they could eat, and over the shop a room where they could sit and look down at people passing in the street below. As he lived now he did not eat very well: hasty cold meals in the country, bits of bread and cheese washed down by cocoa in the evenings. But in the shop there would be contentment and comfort and the smell of steak and onions in the evenings.

Finally he could bear it no longer. He decided to go back and call once again on Mrs. Armitage. Conquering his shyness, he would somehow tell her what it was all about. For once he would unfold himself, and say how he wanted the girl, how he could go on no longer without her.

The following week, almost six weeks after his last call, he again knocked with his habitual timidity on the door and then waited. It was a gray January afternoon, not quite dark, the land settled deep in winter, and he saw that the snowdrops were not yet out in the grass. It was Mrs. Armitage who answered his knock, and she said:

"Oh! it's Mr. Penfold."

She held open the door and he went into the house. As he entered the room he almost stopped. It seemed to him, just as it had once before, that a strange girl was sitting by the fire. It was Katie. She was wearing the same bright blue jumper as before and her hair, still as pale as honeysuckle, was brushed in the same way, yet she looked like an inexpressibly strange person, farther away from him than ever. As he came in she stood up, smiling a little. In a moment he knew that the smile, sudden and a little forced and without a trace of hostility, was the signal that something was

the matter, and before he could speak to her she went out of the room.

He was surprised by that action but not really troubled. Perhaps it would be easier without her. "Has Katie come back?" he said. "I mean for good?"

"I don't know what you mean, good," Mrs. Armitage said. "She's come back."

"Is anything the matter?" he said.

"Matter?" she said. She walked away from him and stood looking bitterly into the fire. "She's going to be married."

He stood immovable; he felt deeply and terribly sick at heart.

"She's got to be married," she said, "that's all. You might as well know, first as last."

He stood there for some moments before realizing fully what she had said. Then he knew that there was nothing he could do or say, and he went out of the house. It was dark outside, and he lighted the lamp of his tricycle. As he rode away he recalled that in the papers that morning there had been a forecast of rain, and now he could feel it spitting on his face and hands out of the strong, heavy western wind.

He rode on for some distance before the gradient of the road made him dismount. He could not think clearly, but was conscious only of the strange, once rebellious and now resigned beauty of the girl filling and troubling his heart. He did not feel any bitterness, but only that behind his lifelong shyness something terrible was at last preparing to explode and shatter him. It was as if he had no longer anything to which he could look forward. He walked heavily, oblivious of the rain. The winter was dead all about him and back at the Armitages' house, under the lilac vines, the snowdrops had not yet come in the grass.

"Oh! my God," he said to himself, "Oh! my God, my God."



WAR AND THE STEEL GHOST TOWNS

BY HAROLD J. AND STANLEY RUTTENBERG

"It's started," a lean-faced, bedraggled, unemployed steel worker announced excitedly. "I mean the war. Hitler's marching into Poland. I just heard it on the radio," he explained further to a group of sullen men loafing on South Mill Street, across from the relief headquarters in New Castle, Pennsylvania. The dead silence broke. One man whittling a stick dropped it. Another sitting on the curb got up and walked to the middle of the group. Someone asked hopefully, "Do you think the mills'll start up?" Everyone began to speculate aloud on this possibility.

Within an hour news of the outbreak of war in Europe was all over town. Rumors of good things to come began to fly fast and furiously. This is going to be a long war. . . . There's going to be a big boom all over. . . . The mills, factories, and mines everywhere will soon be needin' men. . . . There'll be work and plenty of jobs. . . . A few days later the Mayor of New Castle solemnly told us that U. S. Steel had received a large order from Japan and that the obsolete hand-mills would soon be reopened because the modern strip mills were being taxed to capacity. We heard about "the order from Japan" from a newsboy, a waitress, from conversations in the street, and from almost everyone we met.

More hopes were being built on equally plausible rumors. Someone heard from some official at the mill that the war had caught the strip mills unprepared. . . . Canadian tinplate supplies were low. . . . The German submarines

had cut off Canadian can manufacturers from their regular supply of Welsh tinplate, at least for six months until England could organize its convoy transportation. . . . Old-timers in the tinplate trade were saying that the food packers would rush to buy up one hundred per cent of the 1939 vegetable and fruit crops, pack them into every tin can they could lay hands on, and store from twenty to ninety per cent of the several food packs until prices went up. Before the war was two weeks old everyone in town had convinced himself that U. S. Steel would have to reopen the hand-style tinplate mills, which had been abandoned for good, to meet these multitudinous demands for tinplate, despite the fact that hand-rolled tinplate costs were five to twenty dollars a ton higher than on the automatic strip mills.

Dreams began to be dreamed—not by workers alone, but by everyone in town. We'll get the gas turned back on. . . . We'll pay the back rent and won't be kicked out. . . . The kids can get new school clothes. . . . I'll buy the wife a new dress. . . . Dad won't have to wear that sloppy old hat no more. . . . We'll fix the car and buy a license for it. . . . The milk bill can be paid and we'll start to get milk again each morning. . . . Our rent collections will go up. . . . Business will be better. . . . The workers will start buying all the things they need and have been without. . . . New Castle will be back on its feet in no time.

"Glory hallelujah!"—in brief, that is how World War II was greeted in New

Castle. And understandably so, because private industry had deserted the town; new machines had thrown 5,700 of its workers on the ash heap; its industrial employment had declined sixty-four per cent since 1927; fifty-two per cent of its fifty thousand people were dependent upon government aid for subsistence (with another twelve per cent trying to get relief or WPA jobs); the State and Federal governments had turned a deaf ear to the workers' call for real help, and the 76th Congress had limited their last hope for employment by cutting WPA. With its future hopeless, despairing of any aid from private industry or government (except meager relief or WPA grants), New Castle succumbed to the war fever. And not in vain.

"'M' Added to 'Boo'—" Thus the *Pittsburgh Press's* headline writer, twenty-six days after the war started, prefaced a front-page headline:

"'GHOST TOWNS' IN DISTRICT
STIR AS MILLS, MINES OPEN"

The story under the headline announced that one of New Castle's obsolete tinplate mills would resume operations, and 2,500 of its technologically displaced workers would be reemployed. Like the stranded people in other "ghost" steel and coal towns, the people of New Castle cheered—though they must have guessed that the mill was being reopened for a limited and final time.

"Ghost" towns in coal have been chronic since the end of World War I, but in steel they are something new. In the past two years the steel strip mills, "a moving picture director's dream of the future of technology," had displaced 25,000 hand-mill workers and turned more than a dozen thriving communities into "ghost" steel towns. Overnight the "war boom" put new life into several of these, like New Castle and Martins Ferry, Ohio. Other steel towns that are still dead, their obsolete mills idle, their displaced workers unemployed, symbolize the nation's pressing economic problems that have cried out in vain for a

domestic solution. The ghost towns that have been revived since the outbreak of war symbolize the way in which bombs over Warsaw can bring joy to workers, farmers, and industry starving respectively for work, higher prices, and profits. The deadly parallel between these ghost steel towns and the country as a whole, afflicted with common economic ills that have not responded to domestic forces, both resuscitated for the time being by war in Europe, raises the question: "After the war boom, what then?"

When the extraordinary tinplate and other steel demands cease, the skilled hand-mill workers will be through, this time for good. Revived steel towns will revert to ghost towns. More steel communities will be added to the "ghost" category. In all the horrors of a post-war depression the country's pressing economic problems will be more acute, the plight of New Castle and the other ghost towns more tragic, and the necessity for domestic solutions inescapable. The war boom can only postpone the day when we shall have to come to grips with the economic ills it is temporarily solving. These ills are deep-rooted indeed. Distressed communities with stranded populations in the coal fields, depleted timber lands, copper, lead, zinc, oil, and gas districts, and textile centers have been the by-products of the exploitation of natural resources and the shifting of production centers. But in the steel industry ghost towns are the result of economic ills that permeate our national economy. Technological unemployment has reduced these steel towns to economic ruin.

II

The story of New Castle gives the picture of all the ghost steel towns, because their rise and fall resemble one another as closely as the play-by-play description of one football game resembles another. New Castle lies sixty miles north of Pittsburgh, midway between Lake Erie and the Ohio River, in the middle of the Shenango Valley. It was founded in

1798 by a small band of Swedish pioneers, who became prosperous farming the fertile fields of the valley. At the time of the Civil War ugly coal tipples began to dot the landscape of the beautiful valley, rich meadow lands were torn up to uncover limestone, and the iron ore openings spit forth huge chunks of red earth. "Billy" Patterson, a farm boy risen to banker, transformed the peaceful Shenango Valley into a seething industrial district, put its coal, ore, and limestone—the main ingredients of iron and steel—together, and sold his outside interests to concentrate on expanding New Castle. By 1890 he gave the town one of the country's first integrated steel firms with a continuous chain from iron ore to finished products. Billy Patterson, having become an iron master and steel magnate, sported a walrus mustache in keeping with his reputation as "the father of New Castle."

The rise of New Castle was phenomenal. Despite the panics and depressions of the eighteen nineties, its population increased 144 per cent to 28,339, faster than that of any other town in the country. At the turn of the century over six thousand workers were employed in its steel and iron works and rod, wire, nail, and tinplate mills. The town proudly boasted having the largest tinplate mills in the world, and its rapid growth attracted several consumers' goods industries. Youngstown, Ohio, to-day's number three steel town, was then only a flyspeck on the economic map of the industry, and Gary, Indiana, to-day's number two steel town, still a swampy marsh along Lake Michigan. New Castle seemed destined to become the very center of the new steel world, until Billy Patterson retired and the town fell into the hands of a stepfather.

In 1898 J. P. Morgan & Company bought every important New Castle steel works, and apparently obtained from their previous owners an agreement not to reinvest their profits in steel works in New Castle that would compete with the billion-dollar Steel Trust—at least, such

were the results. Seventy-four years old, Billy Patterson gracefully retired. All the other important steel men in town, except George Greer, moved away or invested their money elsewhere. Even Greer, whom U. S. Steel put in charge of the tinplate mills, invested his money in the LaBelle Iron Works at Steubenville, Ohio, and in other firms throughout the country. Thus ended the expansion of the steel industry in New Castle. For a while a few enterprising local business men tried to carry on the tradition of an ever-growing industrial community. But the people soon learned that their town was no longer run by local men; New Castle's new boss was an absentee owner.

That boss was Judge Elbert H. Gary. His first act was to throw fifteen hundred rod, wire, and nail mill workers on the streets, blame it on "labor trouble," and merge the rod, wire, and nail mills with similar operations elsewhere. It was soon evident that New Castle's absentee owner was not interested in developing the town but only in U. S. Steel's interests as a whole. Ruinous competition of Welsh tinplate having been eliminated by the McKinley Protective Tariff on tinplate, that to this day gives American tinplate producers a monopoly in the United States, U. S. Steel then settled down to making handsome profits from the New Castle tinplate mills until 1937, when technology made them obsolete.

Judge Gary acted on the idea that ownership of the steel and tinplate works entitled U. S. Steel to control the town. The results were soon evident. A glass company, founded in New Castle in 1849, moved to West Virginia. John Stevenson, Jr., who had played an important role in developing New Castle's tinplate works, dismantled his stately stone mansion on Lincoln Avenue overlooking New Castle; piece by piece he moved it twenty miles up the Shenango Valley to Sharon, where the mansion was reconstructed. In South Sharon Stevenson erected a large tinplate works, but as soon as it was completed the powerful U. S. Steel combine bought it,

built a company town round the works, and named them the Farrell Works and Farrell, Pennsylvania, in honor of James A. Farrell, one of U. S. Steel's ranking officers.

Now only one force—the labor unions—stood between Judge Gary and complete domination of New Castle. His efforts to exterminate the trade unions in the tinplate mills failed in 1901 because of an esprit de corps pervading the workers and management. Behind this harmonious condition was a long tradition of collective bargaining that the skilled Welsh and English workers brought with them and that had been in practice in the New Castle mills from their beginning. George Greer, the manager of the tinplate mills, refused to round up a gang of strikebreakers. With head always erect, sharp eyes, and a distinguished goatee, Greer was a man of forceful independence and did not fit into Gary's military type of organization. But he was such an indispensable operating man that Gary was not free to oust him until July, 1908. The following July, 1909, Gary handed the tinplate workers' union an ultimatum to disband. Having seen the pottery workers' union shattered to bits three years earlier, the tinplate workers received the Judge's ultimatum stoically and closed down the mills. The pottery strike had shaken up New Castle, which had been a union town for years, because it was plainly observable to the townsfolk that U. S. Steel was behind the pottery firm. With Greer safely retired to his farm where he raised Shorthorn Durham cattle, Judge Gary imported strikebreakers and broke the strike in six months. Not until the rise of the C.I.O. in 1937 were New Castle's tinplate workers organized again.

Anger, especially among the workers, turned into a spirit of revenge. In 1911 the town elected a Socialist Mayor, Walter V. Tyler, who was a railroad brakeman. A split between the "wets" and "drys" facilitated the Socialist victory, but their capture of the city council was clean cut. Judge Gary's followers

lost no time in getting the Republican legislature in Harrisburg to rip out the council of fifteen members elected on a ward basis that proved hard to control, and to install a commission form of government with only four councilmen. The local paper editorialized:

. . . the bitterness and *desire for revenge* that led up to the election of a minority mayor have been gathering volume for years. Petty jealousies, *lack of tolerance for the views of others* . . . found expression in this election.

The humble editor of the town's paper was telling Judge Gary that the workers had elected a Socialist Mayor to get even with him for taking their union from them. Mayor Tyler did a valiant job while his term lasted. Judge Gary saw that he never got another one. And when Walter V. Tyler was elected to city council in 1928 as a Republican he symbolized U. S. Steel's domination of every phase of New Castle's life.

III

Before World War I intervened, there were omens of New Castle's economic decline. In 1912 a stamping and enameling company failed. The next year, Youngstown, Ohio, already overshadowing its rival as a steel town, gleefully reported in the *Youngstown Vindicator*:

With . . . the wealth of the city tied up principally in banking and other private financial interests, New Castle gradually commenced to feel the effects of its wealthy men's inactivity. Merchants . . . interested in the prosperity of New Castle pointed longingly to the vastly different spirit shown by the home capitalists of Youngstown who on selling their stock to the combine [U. S. Steel] . . . organized . . . independent companies. But . . . New Castle dollars went . . . to promote gold mines in the west, to build oil refineries in other parts . . . with little concern for the industrial advancements at home. The effects of this spirit were bound to bring bad results.

The bad results were postponed by the War, throughout which New Castle prospered. U. S. Steel added seven hundred and fifty more tinplate workers to its rolls, restoring half the number of jobs it had eliminated a decade earlier.

The wheels of industry hummed until the advent of the post-war depression, from which New Castle has never recovered.

Like its rise, New Castle's fall has been phenomenal. During the prosperous twenties its population increased only eight per cent while the nation's population rose sixteen per cent. The Chamber of Commerce became alarmed about the loss of industries and jobs by 1927 and hired experts to make an industrial survey of New Castle, which showed:

. . . You have . . . lost a number of plants. . . . The time has come for . . . a program that will cover a period of the next few years. You are in real competition when you land an industry these days. . . . The program we recommend is:

REPLACE LOST INDUSTRIES . . . the Car Works, the Rubber Plant, the Baking Company, the Knitting Mill, the Brewery, and the Stove Works (all left town). The Engineering Works in 1920 . . . had 452 employees. . . . During the summer of 1927 they had 66. . . . It does seem as though there would be some way to save this important industry for New Castle. . . .

Spurred on by the loss of these firms that employed 3,340 workers, the Chamber started a campaign late in 1927 to replace them. Not a single new firm was brought to town by 1930 when the depression set in. Gone was Billy Patterson and the spirit of local initiative. When a firm failed in Patterson's days he would solicit New Castle business men to subscribe for stock in a new firm to take over the bankrupt one, and loaned the money to those subscribers who could not raise it on the spot. New Castle's absentee overlord had long since snuffed out this enterprising spirit. When the car works closed early in the twenties and threw two thousand men on the streets, for instance, U. S. Steel did nothing.

But the Chamber's drive to replace New Castle's lost industries failed ignominiously because the townsfolk expected that U. S. Steel was going to expand its New Castle operations and employ more workers. An officer of one of the pottery firms in town told us:

In the twenties U. S. Steel bought a large tract of land adjacent to its property, and built a modern power plant with a much greater capacity than its operations required. Everyone assumed that the land was purchased and the enlarged power plant erected to take care of the open hearth furnaces and coke plant the Corporation was going to build.

Talk of this expansion created a widespread feeling that the Chamber was unduly alarmed about the loss of jobs, and that U. S. Steel "would take care of New Castle." As a consequence, the Chamber's drive fell flat because the townsfolk did not get behind it.

Not until 1931, when U. S. Steel abandoned its Bessemer steel works, throwing twelve hundred workers on the streets, did the townsfolk suspect that the company would not take care of New Castle. Some clung to the hope that the Bessemer steel works would reopen after the depression, although informed steel men knew that it was the victim of technological advances in the use of open-hearth steel where Bessemer was formerly used. In 1935 the works was dismantled; Bessemer steel had declined from sixty-seven per cent of the steel produced in 1900 to less than ten per cent. Technology dealt New Castle a body blow. The Chamber's ill-fated program was revived. By 1937 ten new industries employing 950 workers were brought to New Castle, and its future seemed less hopeless. But only for a brief period. In the fall of 1937 there came a second blow: U. S. Steel permanently abandoned the Greer tinplate works, displacing fifteen hundred workers.

Thoroughly alarmed now, the townsfolk suddenly got visions of a "ghost" town. The Mayor led a committee of leading citizens to the Pittsburgh office of U. S. Steel. "Why didn't you build your continuous strip mill in New Castle, which has the workers to man it and the community facilities to serve the workers, instead of building it in the wilderness of Irvin, Pennsylvania?" the committee asked.

The reply, in effect, was: "We would have liked to honor New Castle with

the Irvin strip mill, but we had to protect the interests of our stockholders. We can produce at Irvin anywhere from five to ten dollars a ton cheaper than we could in New Castle. Irvin is on the Monongahela River, interconnected by our own railroad with the Edgar Thompson works that supplies it with semi-finished steel. Our Clairton by-product coke ovens are nearby and they supply Irvin with gas. Finally, we of course have the advantage of cheap water transportation down the Ohio River, as well as of our own railroad, to ship our finished products from Irvin. You understand, gentlemen, that building in New Castle was out of the question because of its disadvantageous geographic location. It is an inland town. Transportation costs in and out of New Castle are prohibitive."

All hope of U. S. Steel expansion in New Castle was gone. The committee returned home disheartened. The townsfolk agitated for a canal from Lake Erie to the Ohio River, but their hopes for cheap transportation were soon drowned in the failure of the canal project. Geography had dealt New Castle another blow as a heavy industry town.

IV

Merritt Reynolds, a handsome, trim boy in his late teens, graduated as president of the 1939 New Castle High School class of 601 young men and women. Chosen with the other officers of the class as the most likely to succeed, he hunted for a job, any kind of work, put his application in at "a dozen places but they all drew blank." The auto repair shop located in the stables of Billy Patterson's old mansion didn't need any help. "Can't use anybody," he heard at the bronze plant, the potteries, the chemical works, everywhere he went. There was no use trying at the lone remaining tinplate mills, "'cause there's hundreds of tinplate men from the old Greer mills walkin' the streets." All Merritt Reynolds could find was a job

as an extra usher in a movie house. Unable to make out on his part-time earnings, he went to the Knitting Mills building, now occupied by the relief offices. Here Merritt got his first opportunity, a chance to go to a CCC camp in Arizona. He took it, gladly.

Only one officer of the 1939 class got a job—as a bell hop at a hotel on strike by the A. F. of L. A year after graduating, the president of the 1938 class was still unemployed. The rank and file of the graduates found the going just as tough. Of the 513 graduates in 1937 three out of ten went on to school, two got jobs, while five out of ten could not find work. 554 graduated in 1938. Six out of ten joined the unemployed, two went on to school, and two got jobs. High School authorities will not know what happened to the 1939 class until next year, but one school official said: "The 1939 graduates are not competing for private jobs, there are none to compete for, but fighting to get into the CCC."

Among the workers who once had a job despair is ghastly, hope more forlorn. "I'm whipped," a \$15 a day tinplate worker told us a few days after he was furloughed from a \$3.20 a day WPA job in August. "I can't make a livin' any more. The hand-mills are through. They're turnin' out more tinplate pushin' buttons in these strip mills than the whole lot of us could roll. I use' to make good money, and I saved some. Ma and I bought our home when we were married, got it all paid for, and now can't meet the taxes. We can't even get on relief 'cause my oldest boy and his family are livin' with us and he has a job drivin' a truck. A fellow can't get a job in town, everything is dead, and he can't go nowhere lookin' 'cause he's busted. I bummed a few bucks and traveled for two weeks huntin' work. It was no use. My youngest boy can't get in the CCC camp 'cause we ain't on relief, and can't get on. What's the use o' talkin'! How about settin' a fellow up to a glass of beer?"

Seven thousand families, sixty-four per cent of New Castle's population, are in the same boat. Few have the money to go elsewhere to seek a job, and those who do only discover that private industry is not expanding to take up the slack in jobs created by technology.

"SHAVE AND HAIRCUT—TWO-BITS" is painted on the window of a barber shop in the workers' section of town. The barber explained: "I charged the regular price until a few months ago, but I couldn't make out. My good customers didn't have the cash and charged it. I did their work because I had nothing else to do and to keep them as customers if things ever pick up around this place. I was about forced to close the shop when my wife gave me an idea. She said, 'Nobody has any money, but they can always scrape up fifteen cents to go to a show. Why don't you cut out the charge accounts and make everyone pay ten cents for a shave and fifteen cents for a haircut?' That's just what I did, and I've taken in enough cash the last two months to keep the wolf from the door."

A Main Street dentist told us that his paying practice has almost vanished, that he had had to take his boy out of medical school and didn't know whether he would ever be able to send him back. "There isn't any question about it," an official of the Retail Merchants' Association said; "government money—WPA, Relief, Unemployment Compensation, CCC, and the rest—is keeping most of our merchants out of the bankruptcy courts to-day. Last week [this was in July] WPA laid off a lot of men, and all the merchants complained immediately that their sales dropped off."

Indeed, the main spigot of cash in New Castle is no longer private payrolls, but government money. At the rate of expenditures for the first eight months of this year, the Federal and State governments were pouring \$3,246,000 yearly into town. On September 1, 1939, 28 per cent of New Castle's population,*

listed as 3,146 cases, were drawing State relief; 8 per cent, 952 cases, unemployment compensation; another 8 per cent, 900 cases, on WPA rolls; and still another 8 per cent, 864 cases, had applied for State relief and were waiting to be accepted. Fifty-two per cent of New Castle is dependent upon government aid for subsistence, or on the verge of it. Another 12 per cent, 1,338 cases, consisting in the main of recently displaced tinplate workers who were high wage earners, are registered at the State Employment Office as unemployed. Before being eligible for relief a worker must prove himself a pauper, and these workers will eventually join the relief rolls when their savings are exhausted.

"Let your Castle and my Castle be New Castle!" With this slogan officers of the Pennsylvania Power Company, subsidiary of the Commonwealth & Southern utility empire, appealed to the workers, business men, and professional people to pull New Castle out of the mire. Thus the Greater New Castle Association was born last winter. For political reasons—certainly not for economic ones—the utility company built a three and one-half million dollar power plant in town, completed this year. The utility company officers frankly admitted that their interest in the Association was to bring payrolls and jobs to town to offset their large losses of industrial and home power customers and to protect their new investment; and they were quick to emphasize that the welfare of the townsfolk coincided with the utility company's interests. Everyone, no matter what his station in life, was invited to join the Association, which raised thirty thousand dollars and hired an executive director and economic experts within a few weeks.

The Association's first circular explained:

. . . We lost between 1920 and 1939 eleven industries, employing 5,340 workers; we lost through decline in operations 700 workers, or a total of 6,040. We gained in new industries ten. . . . These placed 950 back on employment payrolls, and the expansion of existing

*1930 census 48,674; present population not estimated any higher.

industries . . . added 920 more, so we have gained 1,870 employees, but our net loss is 4,170 employees. . . .

. . . the payroll loss due to industrial decline is conservatively estimated at \$5,000,000 or 28½ per cent. . . . What we need is jobs at supportable wages. . . ."

But before the Association could bring any new jobs to New Castle it had to obligate itself to pay one per cent of the \$250,000 annual payroll of the pants company that threatened to leave town and throw four hundred workers out of work. This subsidy saved the four hundred jobs, for the moment, and in hailing its victory the Association announced hopes of "increasing (New Castle's) payroll in 1939" by a quarter of a million dollars. Then a bombshell burst. In mid-July U. S. Steel closed the Shenango tinplate works, its sole remaining New Castle operation. Three thousand workers were thrown on the streets. A yearly payroll of five million dollars was lost. New Castle's loss in private employment since 1920 climbed to 7,170, and its annual payroll for the same period fell another five million to seven and one-half million dollars, a fifty-seven per cent drop. Technology dealt the town a third and, this time, devastating blow.

Private industry that once employed 11,295 workers now takes care of only 4,071, a drop of sixty-four per cent. Just as the Shenango works closed, the 76th Congress hurt New Castle by cutting WPA wages five dollars a month and reducing WPA jobs from 1,900 in May to 900 in September. Certainly the Association's goal to increase the industrial payroll in 1939 by one-twentieth of the loss of the Shenango works payroll demonstrates its helplessness to cope with the combination of forces that have wrecked the economic life of the town.

V

Unable to help itself, forgotten by private industry, fed meager relief by the State government, ignored by the Roosevelt Administration, and abused by the 76th Congress, New Castle has been

revived by World War II. Its revival, however, is partial and temporary. On October 2, 1939, the huge Shenango tinplate works swung open its doors and 2,500 workers rushed in, eager to get back to work. The war-born prosperity is bringing joy into twenty-five hundred homes; eventually there will be another five hundred when the full contingent of Shenango workers returns. But the hopes of four thousand other New Castle families have not yet turned into joy, nor are they likely to. Although much of the town's retail business will be aided, and the potteries, the bronze plant, and other firms will pick up, the war boom will still leave at least one-third of New Castle's population dependent upon government aid.

Furthermore, Shenango's reopening is to be brief. "This is the last lap for the hand-mills," an official of U. S. Steel told us. Strip mills, on the average, produce tinplate fifteen dollars a ton lower than the hand-mills. Under ordinary conditions the capacity of the strip mills is more than enough to meet demands, and if the extraordinary demands are sustained, strip capacity will be increased instead of high-cost obsolete mills being operated indefinitely. In either case, Shenango will be closed as quickly as it has been reopened, and for the last time. Ghost town is New Castle's destiny.

A similar fate awaits more than a score of other steel towns. Technologically displaced workers who have been idle for almost two years—1,500 in Yorkville, Ohio; 1,100 in Elwood, Indiana; 1,000 in Cambridge, Ohio; and thousands more elsewhere—are breathlessly awaiting an announcement that their abandoned mills will reopen. The announcement may come, but the odds are that the war boom will leave these ghost towns untouched. Obsolete mills in a dozen more steel towns—employing 900 in Apollo, Pennsylvania; 1,000 in Follansbee, West Virginia; 2,500 in Newport, Kentucky; and thousands more elsewhere—have taken a new lease on life; their workers new hopes and aspirations.

When the war boom collapses these mills will fold up with a terrific crash. And the post-war depression will shake the foundations of another score of steel towns, like Farrell and Vandergrift, Pennsylvania, each employing twenty-five hundred workers, and Massillon, Ohio, with three thousand steel workers, to such an extent that their only destiny can be that of New Castle. Technology takes its toll not only of workers, but of entire mills and complete towns.

The new steel technology means more than a slow elimination of workers; it is wholesale displacement. A hand-mill is a hot, noisy place, crowded with old-style equipment with squads of workers waiting about while others relieve them for short periods at the furnaces. In one such mill of this character the "iron" is handled more than fifty times by tongs and hands before the process is finished.

In a modern strip mill all this vanishes. The place is cool and spacious. A few workers, some scattered about in overhead control booths pushing buttons, handle the "iron" in one operation. Here a huge slab as big as a mattress but weighing several thousand pounds is automatically released from a furnace, rolled into a coil a thousand feet long like a thread on a spool, placed on a conveyor and put through more continuous operations until it is cut into sheets for your automobiles or plates (later tinned) for your canned soup. All the horde of men who once were employed in the making of steel are swept away, leaving a few watchful men guarding controls. And all those swept away are piled up in the scattered steel towns, wondering what next.

Certainly the war boom is no answer to technological unemployment. The unsound social and economic structure of the steel towns remains unchanged. Absentee overlords continue free to legis-

late their economic future, and that of other basic industry towns, without any responsibility for the social and political effects of such legislation. Throughout the nation there are scores of industrial towns dominated by one industry or large corporation that are now prosperous, but doomed to economic destruction by the same forces that have razed the economic life of New Castle. These forces, like mass unemployment and the country's other more obvious economic ills, will be more ugly and difficult of solution when the boom and its allaying effects are over. In addition, the maladjustments in our economic machinery, as during World War I, are being aggravated by the war-born recovery, after which our task of domestic reconstruction will be the same as in March, 1933, only ten times greater.

Gradually the American people as a whole will recover from the suddenness, enormity, and intellectual shock of World War II, and the immediate prospects of personal economic gain from the prosperity it has provoked, to realize with Carl Sandburg, poet and biographer of Abraham Lincoln, "that in this hour mankind's greatest need is a common agreement on the causes and conditions that have produced idlers at the top and bottom of society." And that such an agreement will

. . . have to consider the vast mass of unspeakable, inarticulate, weebegone human tragedy gathered under the head of that hideous but accurate phrase from the science of economics, "the technologically disemployed"—the people whose jobs have been abolished and destroyed by machines and new industrial processes and transitions. . . .

The purpose of the agreement will be to provide the basis for an "arrangement by which the idle rich and the idle poor could make a two-power pact to take care of each other" in a way that no war boom can possibly do.



THE TRAIL OF THE ROOSTER

BY LEONARD BACON

Two delightful *kamainas* (Hawaiian slang for persons who reside in the Islands because of an easily understandable preference) had invited us out to a private paradise they maintain on the north coast of Oahu. Thoughtfully they had sent for us a large, old-fashioned car, much more comfortable than streamlined modernities, which was directed, sanctified, and governed by a large old-fashioned Chinese chauffeur who was quite as comfortable as his motor. He took us over the gorgeous and indescribable Pali, whence no one can tell whether the sea is green or violet, because it is both, down the headlong serpentine road that gets from the top to the bottom by an act of faith, through groves of papaya and past headlands of extreme beauty, at all points proceeding with deliberate speed, majestic instancy. Then on almost the only straight stretch of road in the Island, with a gentle suddenness which exhibited his really superb competence, he slowed unexpectedly to a foot pace. It is true that it was Saturday afternoon. But how he knew that on the far side of a tiny rise a Polynesian would be drunk in the middle of the highway I am wholly unable to explain. The Chinese mind arrives at correct conclusions by extra-logical methods unknown to the West.

The Polynesian was even drunker than necessary. "*Okolehao*" (resounding name for a native drink which they have derived from our prosaic word alcohol!) has knocked out several races who are apt to think small potatoes of the children

of the Sea-rangers. But the natural instinctive courtesy of this particular specimen of the South Sea was not in the faintest degree impaired, and retained for him some intrinsic dignity no strong drink could take away. He was as blind drunk as a man can be and still stand, but he acknowledged the caution and courtesy of the chauffeur with such a bow as no other race famous for graceful politeness could make sober, let alone drunk. That bow was funny, it was sad, and it had incredible and genuine elegance. And as he performed that shaky but masterly genuflection one of those singular symbolic episodes took place that from time to time enliven the barrenness of thought. From behind an hibiscus bush hustled a magnificent scarlet-and-russet rooster, who uttered a succession of gallinaceous sounds indicative of irritation and concern, and vanished into an adjoining thicket. The drunkard, hiccupping, looked with glassy eyes in the direction of that departure and then, as if in obedience to some compelling impulse, lurched away in pursuit of the spectacular bird.

It was not unnatural to let fantasy play around that unexpected reveller with his look of one of the laborers in Velasquez' "*Bacchus and the Peasants*," as he stared, half-seeing, at the noble but distracted cock. The man had the expression of one who has forgotten or killed some haunting care, no matter by what means. And I have no doubt he had plenty to forget or kill. It cannot be wholly amusing to be a member of a race

that is vanishing in one way or another, even for the unimaginative. And from such slight acquaintance as I have had with Polynesians, I should say that "unimaginative" is an adjective that must be sparingly used with respect to them. Any least connection makes you aware of people who are eager to understand and quick to do so, yet are prevented in some odd way from altogether entering your world, just as you are prevented from entering theirs. But in their case there is a difficulty. You are under no compulsion except curiosity to penetrate their scheme of things. But for them every law of life or death is hard at work forcing them into the habit of the unfamiliar. In spite of this, once you have talked with the genuine article for five minutes, you will feel little disposition to raise questions of relative intelligence. Terms like savagery and barbarism don't belong in the discussion. Terms like elegance and refinement do belong in it. And you grow gradually aware, unless you are a complete dolt, that you have run against something extremely different from what you know, but also something with a real and special attraction not only in appearance, but also in attitude and intellectual slant. That, however inexplicable it may be, they are still a smiling people after four generations when they have shrunk from a million in the great Triangle to a scant hundred thousand, is alone enough to make the point. They simply don't hate us in spite of exploitation and the diseases of body and mind we have let loose. And though we begin to mend our ways, I fancy they wouldn't hold it against us if we hadn't.

Nevertheless, though they don't seem to brood over their wrongs, they would be more than human if they did not feel them at times. And, therefore, I think it is necessary to sympathize with that most graceful of drunkards as he staggered into the hibiscus bushes after the superlatively handsome fowl. It seemed to me that there was a parabolic virtue in the incident, as if the universal system

of the world had thought it ought to drop me a hint. Accordingly my mind took up the diverting and satisfactory, if solitary, game of putting together the jig-saw puzzle of association, which is all this essay claims to be, a tentative, second-hand preliminary to something that ought to be written some day by a man who knew how and more. In my vague way I am trying to imagine what he will imagine within the larger limits of a much greater learning. And I think, or rather guess, that he will begin something like this: At the very verge of the darkness where history faintly brightens the East of thought, he will see in fancy a clearing in a Burmese jungle where a tiny cock, looking and acting like a bantam-rooster, for the excellent reason that he is one, struts and swaggers before a brace of elegant but more soberly costumed hens. An interesting collection of seeds in an unnaturally large heap attracts the attention of the trio, who devour with zest their last meal in complete freedom. For suddenly the fiber net, which has been artfully disposed above the bait, falls as fatefully as that other in which Vulcan took Mars and Venus. A man, in some respects resembling my roadside drunkard, emerges from his ambush and makes his capture. That is the beginning of the trail of the rooster, a bird of strange destiny, who is going to circumnavigate the globe in company with men, whose fortunes are at least as divergent as his own, and who won't know it is a globe till the voyage is almost over, at least thirty centuries later.

II

One can't very well set a date for the start of what became the most astonishing, if not the greatest of migrations, though some scientists have been explicit enough. But what is a millennium among friends—or enemies? At some time after 1400 B.C. in the Burma woods the ancestor of my roadside drunkard, who had already tamed his jungle fowl, and who was nearer kin to whatever we

mean by the word Aryan than to whatever we mean by the word Mongol, began to think his forest camps were crowded and inconvenient. Might he not do better in lands to the east, rumored or imagined? Presently he came down to tidewater and presently he had launched forth. By way of the Sulu Sea, presumably coasting the Southern Philippines or Northern Celebes, his dugouts worked their way into the Pacific proper. But still he was no forwarder and pertinaciously kept going. He may have been in the Bronze Age when he set out, but in his first Micronesian island he left all hope of metal behind him; and if he had emerged from the Age of Stone, every stroke of the paddle on the course he had set was taking him back to it. However, his condition was not so bad, for he had compensations, including the dog and the pig, which last, as a famous historian has pointed out is, except for man, the most widely distributed of animals. And of course he carried with him the rooster which was probably his own invention.

Encyclopaedias, or rather the delicious Professor Newton, have a good deal of information about the so-called domestic fowl, a bird, as Newton pointed out for the first time, unknown to Homer or to any prophet of the Old Testament. The term "hard-boiled" meant nothing to Isaiah. China had grown aware of the creature a couple of centuries before Achilles exhibited the silly violence of an undisciplined Greek Savage at the siege of a trading post on the Dardanelles. But no Mediterranean civilization ate an omelette until about a hundred years before the traitor shield was flashed at Marathon. The noble fowl went westward with various empires, Greek, Celtic, Roman, but stopped in his tracks on the impassable verge of the chill, stormy, and uninviting Atlantic. His progress eastward from the Burma where he was first captured was more exciting; for his original captor and companion had it in his character to refuse to be halted

whether by the dimension or character of great waters. Their mere spectacle invited and drew him forward. And unadventurous moderns may speculate with profit on that ignorant courage.

When anthropologists can't find more cogent evidence, they take a real pleasure in myths; but even the myths are pretty silent about the Man with the Rooster's passage across Micronesia. A three-thousand-mile voyage from island to island two thousand years ago, with no rest for the sole of the foot, did not leave a great deal of tradition in the mind of the man who ultimately became the Polynesian. But when he emerged at the other end he was an altered character. He had picked up some Mongol blood and perhaps some Melanesian, though the anthropologists at the moment now think that his main migration was well to the north of New Guinea and Fiji. But the main thing was what he learned about beating the sea with nothing better than stone axes and coconut fiber. He found out how to sail by the stars. And he invented twenty-four different names for winds, among which he discriminated with a delicacy unknown to more scientific sailors. The mere force and quality of a gale told him where it was coming from, and with such accuracy that he could keep to his course for a starless fortnight. He was familiar with the viewless influences of ocean currents and made them serve his purposes. Without nails or pegs, he built double-canoes a hundred feet long that were wonderfully seaworthy. In them he made voyages that none of his contemporary navigators in Europe or Asia would have dared or dreamed of. And when he got to the Society Islands, more or less in the center of the vast Polynesian Triangle, whose base from Honolulu to the heel of New Zealand is nearly as long as the distance from Honolulu to New York, he might be said only to have begun.

By that time he was sea-crazy, an infectious thing even to read about. His expeditions went radiating out along

tentacular arms of discovery and adventure, which Buck has compared to the arms of a cuttle-fish. One's spine tingles as one races through pages that describe how one fleet of argonauts followed a star that took them to Hawaii, two thousand miles away across an unknown sea, while another went south, till Cape Runaway near Auckland appeared for the first time to human eyes. They discovered New Zealand about a century before the Battle of Hastings, and no Breton or Norman of the time, for all his writing and metal, and embryonic pseudo-civilization, would have ventured across an equal waste of the Atlantic, if he could have saved his soul by doing so. The Stone Age Man with the Rooster, however, was not afraid and knew how, which is an odd comment on our commonplace criteria of culture. It forces us to ask the question: Who is civilized anyhow, the man who solves his problems with the means at his disposal, or the man who just says he is civilized and that's that? It is clear beyond dispute that the Polynesian, as far as the ocean was concerned, did more with less than any navigator before or since.

It is permissible to guess that it took the Man with the Rooster many centuries to cross Micronesia and reach his ideal islands in the Great Triangle, where he has dwelt in good and evil fortune ever since. On the way he apparently constructed a new theology and moral system out of the darkness around him, but he mixed with it something of the sun which the rooster hailed every morning. I for one get horribly tangled up among his confounded gods and goddesses, but there are a few bright novelties in his hazy legends. Maui, his Prometheus, for instance is not only a fire-bringer but an ornithologist. Evidently no vulture ever fed on his liver. And there is something attractive about a demigod who went out of his way to point out the æsthetic qualities of handsome birds, though it is only to be expected in the cult of the man who first caught the jungle-cock. But if his gods

are bewildering, his morality and his codes are still more so to the tyro observer, after he settled down in the larger islands and in time created wealth and law. Whatever the peculiarity of the wealth, it was a strange law that he created, as illogical as ours will appear to critics as dispassionate with respect to us as we are with respect to the Stone Age. He confined himself in a glass cage of tabus through which he could see nature and desirable liberty, and through whose transparent walls he could no more get than a moth can get through a windowpane to the light behind it. No one will ever make me understand how such a tradition as that prohibiting women from eating fish or bananas became part of the system of things. That the tabu should separate serf from aristocrat is more comprehensible, however unjust. We do that sort of thing pretty well ourselves. But the Man with the Rooster carried it so far that in some islands a wretch could be slain because his shadow, as he passed, fell across a dozing chieftain. As I believe, he was well beyond barbarism, but as in the case of other men of any civilization whatever, cruelty was part of him. Like other men, he did not know it was cruelty. But on the whole he was not worse than his European or Asiatic contemporaries, of whose nature he had no inkling, save that once or twice junks from the Orient were wrecked on some island reef and a knife of Japanese steel became an heirloom in the family of a great chief.

It might appear odd at first blush that, without writing he was able to create what can only be called literature and, parallel with it, an astonishing amount of what can only be called science and philosophy. But, in the first place, his powers were at least equal to ours and, with some variations, his mental processes were remarkably similar to those of races who have no valid reason for considering themselves superior to him. Buck in his delightful book tells us that Maori teachers distinguished between "upper-jaw learning," which was con-

cerned with theogonies and cosmogonies, and "lower-jaw learning," which dealt with tough realities where fancy must cut her cloth in accordance with the evidence. Both of these departments of thought were investigated in regular schools, where "scholars," who were living works of reference, explained and described the world. In this connection Clifford Gessler has put his finger on a significant fact. Where writing is introduced the memory is often impaired. Fifty years ago in the Tuamotu Archipelago everybody knew his genealogy by heart, not to mention the descent and natural history of as many of the superfluity of gods as he thought necessary or convenient. Now that the lists are written down nobody remembers them and in case of dispute the documents must be consulted. This has had the odd result of leading to crimes unknown before like forgery as in antipodal Iceland. According to Professor Emory, songs have been handed down for as much as twenty-eight generations.

Facts like these throw unexpected light on some of our notions. For instance it becomes unlikely that the Homeric poems were put together by a syndicate of editors in the time of Pisis-tratus. If the Polynesians could carry their Oceaniads in their heads for five or six hundred years, why should the Greeks not carry their Iliads for a couple of centuries before they reduced them to writing? Scholars are too apt to think that what they cannot imagine doing cannot be done at all, and they forget that the memory of a man without writing may be a better and more muscular member of the mind than that of a man who can save himself trouble with a few scratches on a tablet. And in fact, by giving the memory of the Man with the Rooster its due consideration, it has been possible to put together a pretty convincing chronology and history of the South Sea. Pure tradition uncontaminated by any written record tends to be brief. And brevity is a friend of accuracy. Anyhow by comparing genealogies

from widely separated islands, that across generations and huge spaces of sea check one another *à merveille*, historic episodes, with their very dates, have been salvaged from what at first glance seemed to be a meaningless welter of names without significance. Thus the two discoverers of New Zealand emerge, one in the tenth century and the other in the thirteenth, as particular individuals with local habitations and names. Kupe and Toi are fully as real as Leif Ericsson and Eric the Red, and the testimony about them is quite as sound, even though there be no Runic saga about them.

We have a superstition about the written word. And a classic scholar, as has been pointed out by the more acute brethren, is too apt to believe what he finds in his Aulus Gellius or his Pausanias, oblivious of the fact that his author had merely set down the traditional and was no eye-witness of the event. Where the only record is oral there is a heavy social pressure against any falsification. Men who can write, removed from immediate contact with their audience, often succeed in ignoring this prejudice. And again and again in Polynesia the archeologist has been able to bear out what has been handed down for a score of generations who found some episode worth remembering and had no particular motive to lie about it. If a chief says his island was colonized from the Marquesas six hundred years ago, and that his ancestor twenty fathers back was so and so, the genealogy will go click into the ancestry of some Marquesan grandee, and the expert will only have to look round for material evidence, such as fishhooks, art-forms, types of canoes, etc., to make the story complete and quite as watertight as statements supported by more literate documents.

III

In spite of his enormous voyages, the Man with the Rooster seems to have been allergic to continents, which he visited only for fleeting moments. He colo-

nized New Zealand, but never ventured across the gulf to an Australia that seemed made for him. And if, as some believe, far away in the Indian Ocean, his canoes first discovered Madagascar, it seems curious that they did not push on three hundred miles to work up huge, empty, unexploited Africa. Something in his nature seemed to keep him away from investigating, or at any rate occupying, those immoderate vastnesses. His inner impulses drove him to islands, innumerable islands, where he settled and survived or perished as the case might be. When the *Bounty* mutineers discovered lonely Pitcairn they found his ruins. He carried his Asiatic bird to Easter Island, farthest flung of all and fully six thousand miles from the net in the Burma jungle. But the rooster was probably killed and eaten on the long voyage to New Zealand. The Man with the Rooster almost certainly reached South America, for he got the sweet potato before the Whites arrived, and the sweet potato originated in Peru. More extraordinary still, it is highly probable that he saw the Antarctic "iceblink" before any Nat Palmer or Weddell or Krusenstern. For one of his ships, ranging far to the southward, came back with a yarn of a sea that got stiff and white. A tapa loincloth would, I think, be an unsuitable garment much below the McQuarries. But the Man with the Rooster was tough in those days.

It is apparent that he grew less so. A clever lady has described the Aryan as a species of white corpuscle who produced a pernicious anemia in the bloodstream of the South Sea. But long before the missionary, full of religion and measles, descended on the unfortunate islands the Man with the Rooster had begun to soften and alter. The Stone Age grew polished and the new gleam had in it something resembling—shall we say, decadence? Perhaps an excessive and too leisurely satisfaction with things as they were obtained in the lotus islands. For one reason or another the big

double-canoes ventured forth less frequently and finally not at all. Tahiti dwindled to a legend in Hawaii. Hawaii was only a fireside tale in Tahiti, though seers still kept the sailing directions with the whole apparatus of stars, currents, and prevailing winds in the crammed files of their memories. But what had once been something that governed the steering paddle was now clearly the sort of rigmarole that gave a sorcerer an easy prestige. The Man with the Rooster was getting finical, luxurious, and indisposed to hardship, like contemporary Englishmen and Americans. His wander-years were over. And he began producing kings, who were much more interested in local domination and parochial rivalries than in over-sea expeditions, whose promise they were apt to view with increasing skepticism.

The kings in question, from any point of view, were frequently extremely exciting personalities, and several of them came on the scene at the moment when anonymous whalers and famous explorers began to tear the veil from Oceania. Pomaré in Tahiti and Kamehameha in Hawaii were strong enough and clever enough to use the invader without submitting to him. But the Man with the Rooster had already arrived at a stage of development where novel varieties of experience were to be expected, irrespective of outside impacts. One of the most singular of historic episodes is the fact that, immediately after the death of the great Kamehameha, and before the arrival of any missionary, the tabu in Hawaii was broken publicly for the first time in the history of Oceania. There were no doubt new influences from without at work. But the impulse apparently came from within. And from the standpoint of the Man with the Rooster something perfectly appalling happened when the widowed Queen Regent Kaahumanu gave a party in Honolulu and ate fish openly in the presence of the king, her son, before the horrified eyes of the Islanders. If Queen Victoria had smoked opium, naked on the high altar

of Westminster, at the same time making suggestive passes at the Duke of Wellington, she might have produced a not dissimilar sensation among the more conservative communicants of the Church of England. In short, the Man with the Rooster had overlooked the Woman with the Rooster, and she, by upsetting the conventions that had grown up during his sessile period, threw both of them into a state of complete bewilderment a couple of years before the missionaries came to bewilder them still more.

Several distinguished writers have noted a sort of numbness which came over the Polynesians when the tabu was broken. The greater the illogicality of the conventions by which men live the greater the shock when the illogicality stands revealed. If every one of the half-conscious assumptions which govern the lives of Americans were dragged into the open and successfully challenged, most of us would lose courage, not because anything in particular was done to us, but because we should no longer possess a pattern of thought into which minor daily experience could be fitted. It is hard for us to imagine analogies, for our revolutions have been on the whole less thoroughpaced and slower in operation. Perhaps if Mr. Harry Bridges were to introduce the Russian system of things suddenly and with violence into our republic, New Englanders would have still fewer children, while Californians would die in thousands of depression of spirit, which they would gamely but vainly endeavor to conceal. Some of us would make timid efforts to adapt ourselves to incomprehensible novelties, and kind-hearted Bolsheviks would compliment us on our sporting attitude. They might even found museums to keep alive the memory of our peculiarities. We should feel self-conscious and incompetent in the presence of persons who had reshaped the scheme of things, in their opinion, very much for the better. And we should no doubt patronize survivors of democratic times and perhaps regard our ancestors with a mixture of pride and

shame, brooding painfully whenever a chance remark of the true believers indicated that we were not wholly at ease in New Zion.

The Man with the Rooster was in such a state of turmoil and shock, in Hawaii anyhow and perhaps in other archipelagos, when the missionaries struck. The joke was really on the missionary who had nerved himself to be a martyr whose eagle eye could pierce beyond the grave. Instead of fierce and fanatical chiefs, who would have to be conquered by prodigies of faith and valor, the missionary encountered multitudes of bewildered and unsettled men, by no means his intellectual inferiors, who showed the somewhat bigoted apostle every courtesy and hospitality. The gentleness and generosity of the natives actually awakened the latent humanity of some of the brethren. And though there is no statue to the heroic American clergyman who induced three of the predatory powers, including his own country, to sign treaties which guaranteed the independence of Hawaii, such a monument ought to be erected in no ignoble metal. But for many of the preachers it was always hard to discriminate between the unfamiliar and the desperately wicked. And too many of them liked to point out that the diseases which were beginning to hit nine out of ten of the natives were a judgment on "their irregular lives." As the missionaries themselves had imported many of those diseases, the arrogation of the right to interpret the phenomenon in a manner unfavorable to the victims is peculiarly pharisaic. And there is perhaps poetic justice in the fact that the most savage diatribe written in the Nineteenth Century is to the address of such a missionary who had got a little too self-righteous in the wrong place, and, I suppose, never drew a careless breath again.

The missionaries meant to be kind, but, like other men, were not too skilful in the practice of that difficult art. So much has to be really understood if kindness is the object. But kind or no, from the moment of their coming the

Man with the Rooster began to wither and fade, in spite of the eagerness with which he imbibed the Water of Life. Perhaps he had run his course and, though well-graced as an actor, was about to leave the stage anyhow, no matter who discovered or converted him. The jolt he had given himself psychologically was a bad one. And Kamehameha's wars in Hawaii were no laughing matter. Neither were Pomaré's in Tahiti. But whatever the cause, the grim fact remains that to-day in Hawaii there are a bare fifty thousand pure and mixed Polynesians where there were three hundred thousand when Cook hove to for the night in the strait between Kawai and Oahu only three lifetimes (better three deathtimes) ago. Though the whole group is now increasing somewhat, rather like protected buffalo, there will not be one individual of pure stock left in 2000 A.D. To lament or moralize or fix responsibility is as futile as it is foolish. But one may take some pleasure in Professor Handy's hopeful and intelligent belief that a new Polynesian race is actually in process of formation. According to him the old Polynesian was a mixture of some vaguely Aryan strain with a strong Mongol element and some minor ingredients. There is now a mechanical mixture of similar constituents in Hawaii and elsewhere in Polynesia. Presently it may become, so to speak, a chemical mixture. In which case the Man with the Rooster will repeat himself. If his second incarnation is as attractive as his first, few will regret the arrival of the newcomer.

IV

The Man with the Rooster himself appears to view his present situation with objective detachment, content to make the best of a difficult transition. The Americans, for a wonder, have grown to be pretty good to him. And certain of them wax enthusiastic about virtues which they attribute to him, or sentimental about qualities which he never

possessed. In Honolulu I have myself encountered a fox-hunting Virginian who was actually learning a dying language out of mere interest and pleasure in a delightful people. The English have done fairly well by the Polynesian too, achieving the typical result of good intentions complicated by ignorance. But the French in their islands have been pretty bad. And this is no Francophobe criticism. Alain Gerbault, in his notable *In Search of the Sun*, has ticked off his countrymen's performance in Oceania more bitterly than any enemy of France. The huge colonial bureaucracy has frankly viewed the islands as a milch-cow from which everything is taken and to which nothing is given. They have been so unimaginative as to interfere with the very instinct of play, which, as Gerbault acutely implies, is a quick and unobtrusive way of killing people. And the fact is the more discreditable because French ethnologists are so good that American naval officers are sent to study under them with a view to administering our little despotism of Tutuila in the most enlightened manner. The French scientists know perfectly well that the Man with the Rooster resembles another ancient character of whom it was said that "All he wanted was lemme alone"; but their influence, however world wide, does not get by the ushers at the Colonial Office.

The Polynesian has a lot of qualities it would be worth our while not to ignore. It is true that he cannot compete with us on our terms, though it would be juster to say that he refuses to. Doctor Romanzo Adams has said in so many words that our methods of conducting affairs shock and disgust the Polynesian and he hates to employ them. He is no match at a bargain for either Occident or Orient, and is appalled by the fierce impersonality of trade. On the other hand, as I think may be gathered from Professor Lind's fascinating and too little known *An Island Community*, he manages pretty well as a professional man or as an official, activities which have, or ought

to have, some dignity connected with them. Politics, which for us has lost all dignity whatever, oddly enough, seems to be up his alley too. Duke Kahano-moku, that surf-born Achilles, holds down the not unpleasant job of Sheriff of Honolulu. And anyone in the town will tell you that he can't be blasted out of the berth with dynamite so long as he wants it. The social grace and sympathetic courtesy of the Man with the Rooster are nothing short of staggering. Any swimming instructor on the beach at Waikiki is a better and more stimulating companion than most American college men. One is perpetually struck or diverted by speech which is vivid, witty, and instinct with a humor at once concrete and kinetic. Mrs. Field in her charming autobiography has a Samoan anecdote which illustrates the style. A young chief who had failed rather comically in an attempt by force and arms to abduct a girl from a neighboring island was twitted on his misadventure during a tennis party at Stevenson's place, Vailima. He fobbed off his tormentor with the obvious untruth that no such episode had taken place. He had, he said, only gone to visit his sister in Savaii. After the match the party of Whites and Samoans went into the house where a cast of Rodin's "The Kiss," which the sculptor had just sent Stevenson, had been set up in the hall. The Samoans, who had never seen anything like it, marvelled at the statue until one of them spoke up. "I know what it is," he said, "That is his sister from Savaii." I for one was pleased by the arrowy simplicity of the remark. And a first-rate anthropologist informs me that it is wholly characteristic and that one couldn't walk down a village street in the

Tuamotus without hearing five jokes of the same order.

The Man with the Rooster has retained man's two most transient and essential possessions, a sense of humor and a sense of beauty. The two are necessarily complementary and belong together. He always has his vision of the absurd, and no matter how many briars are in his path he knows where there are rain-flowers. Though he cannot be brought to view sugar cane or pineapples with the high seriousness appropriate to new economic philosophies, he is as good and skilful a seaman as when he first traversed limitless oceans on a few planks sewn together with fiber and rigged with a paper sail. His native dances and world-old songs still keep him close to the poetry of things. I don't ask for a better companion than he in the cabin of a fishing boat or on the palm-shadowed sands of a white coral beach. There is not a trace of esurience about him in spite of troubles that on the whole have increased for a full century and a half. And there must be something radically wrong with people who don't like the gaiety in eyes that have seen so many reasons for legitimate anxiety.

I sincerely hope that the type of him, who staggered drunkenly into the hibiscus-thicket on the trail of the rooster, was not merely a tipsy symbol of the ruin of graceful and beautiful influences. It would be all right with me if something of his quality were to remain always, a wild tincture, in the memory of his successors, whose mechanical advantages have not always proved psychologically more satisfactory than the Man with the Rooster's simpler approach to the same enigmas.



THE PROBLEM OF INFLUENZA

BY GEORGE W. GRAY

INFLUENZA does not rate with the public as a terrifying disease. One might start a panic any time by shouting "smallpox!" or "yellow fever!" in a crowd, but can you picture any considerable number of people running from "the flu"? The term has a frivolous, an almost comical connotation, quite in contrast with the fearsome images invoked by such portentous words as Asiatic cholera, typhus, and plague. It would be mere posturing to belittle the history of these scourges, but one may fairly question whether in the long roll of the centuries any of them outranks epidemic influenza as a killer. From the first recorded outbreak, the Greek pestilence of 412 B.C. mentioned by Hippocrates and Livy, which many students of medical history identify with this disease, down to the world pandemic of 1918, influenza has sporadically flared up with explosive suddenness, prostrating unusually large numbers of the population, destroying many victims directly, and laying others open to additional infections which complete what influenza began.

Indeed, it is doubtful if any other communicable disease ever infested so many lands and involved so many human beings at one time as were stricken by influenza during 1918 and 1919. There was a mild outbreak in the spring of 1918, but beginning in the fall a most virulent form of this epidemic literally girdled the earth within a few months, touching every continent and most of the inhabited islands of the sea, causing hundreds of millions of people to become ill

and killing more than twenty millions. In the United States 548,452 deaths from influenza occurred in the ten months beginning with October, 1918. Even the overworked physicians fell prey, for the records of the American Medical Association for 1918 show a rapid increase in the number of its members dying of influenza and pneumonia. The death rate in several European countries exceeded that of the United States, and in Asia it was still higher. India's toll is estimated at more than twelve million dead. Steamships carried the infection across seas and oceans. Thus the *Demarra* from Lisbon touched at Rio de Janeiro on September 17th, proceeded to Montevideo, and on the 25th reached Buenos Aires; influenza broke out in each of these cities within a few days of the arrival. In Java and Madura in the Dutch East Indies the deaths from influenza for the single month of November numbered 402,163, whereas the combined death roll from cholera, smallpox, and the bubonic plague totaled only 11,598 for the entire year 1918. Spots of Africa were stricken: a British colonial officer visiting a remote Central African region found "villages of 300 to 500 families completely wiped out, the houses having fallen in on the unburied dead, and the jungle having crept in within two months, obliterating whole settlements." Far out in the Pacific the steamship *Talune* from Auckland visited British Samoa on November 7th; before January 8,000 deaths had occurred in two of its islands. In Tahiti one-seventh of the

4,500 inhabitants died between November 25th and December 10th, while "day and night trucks rumbled through the streets, filled with bodies for the constantly burning pyres." Dr. Edwin O. Jordan of the University of Chicago, from whose careful survey the foregoing figures are taken, says that the 1918 epidemic "affected nearly every family on the civilized globe."

All this happened little more than twenty years ago, and it is only because of the overshadowing human interest in the World War, which was rushing to its climax in those same fateful weeks, that we forgot or were oblivious to the vaster depredation of the epidemic which wiped out more human lives than the War did.

Devastating diseases almost invariably come in the troughs of wars, famines, political and economic collapses, and other violent upheavals of society. Historians have pointed to a correlation between the outbreak of the plague in Justinian's time and the fall of the Roman Empire. Similarly it has been suggested that the plague which overswept Europe in the 14th century marked the break up of medievalism and harrowed the ground for modern civilization. There were destructive epidemics in the early 19th century, following the Napoleonic wars. Great waves of influenza troubled Europe and America in the 1830's. Other influenza pandemics followed in 1847 and 1889, and then after three decades of quiescence came the vast outburst of 1918 which showed what influenza can do on a truly global scale, with not merely a continent but the whole planet as the stage of its action. In the present state of international and economic affairs one cannot but wonder what pestilence we may get from another world war—or as the aftermath of a prolonged period of mass anxiety.

Recently Major Greenwood, former medical officer in the British Ministry of Health and now professor of epidemiology and vital statistics in the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine, ventured to publish a carefully

weighed forecast. "If," said he, "owing to social and economic changes, civilization has to pass through another period of social disorganization at all comparable with that of the 6th century, or the early 17th century in Germany, it may be that influenza, rather than typhus or plague, will reap the harvest."

Whatever the political outcome, we may be sure that we are not done with influenza. It was epidemic in many parts of the world last winter and spring. In England, Wales, and Scotland in January it killed more people than all other forms of infectious disease combined. In the United States its 1939 visitation was more delayed; it did not reach its highest strength until March, when the number of cases was more than three times the average incidence for that season of the year, but as late as July influenza was still active. It is always with us, usually in scattered cases and in a form more mild than its pandemic variety; but always there is a possibility that a change in the strain of the infective agent, or a lowering in the resistance of the population, will provide the spark for another worldwide explosion of painful illness and high mortality.

II

The Italians unwittingly gave the disease its name in the 17th century when they spoke of certain ailments as *ex influentia coelesti* (meaning, of heavenly influence), and later as *una influenza di freddo* (an influence of cold). It appears from the context that these terms were intended to indicate the preceding factors of a disease, but the English interpreted them as the designation of the disease itself. And so we find the first English publication of the word appearing in 1743 in the *London Magazine* in the headline of a satirical essay: "Occasion'd by an Article of News from Rome of a contagious Distemper raging there call'd the Influenza."

The disease existed of course long before it was tagged with its present name;

and even in modern times it is variously called: by some people, the grippe; by others, epidemic catarrh; and by others, influenza cold. Toward the second half of the 19th century medical men ceased to regard influenza as a serious disease. Dr. F. G. Crookshank has recorded: "Its interest was mainly antiquarian: it had become less than a memory, almost a myth," and "the physician who, in 1888, had ascribed death to influenza would have lost the confidence of his fellows." Then came the outbreak of 1889, with virulence and fatalities sufficient to re-establish the reputation of a scourge and a killer.

In 1888 a German physician, August Hirsch, published a book in which he scouted the then prevalent idea that the prevailing winds, weather, sky, heavens, or other cosmic influences were responsible for the disease. He asserted that influenza is a specific infection "like cholera, typhoid, smallpox, and others," and that it has "at all times and in all places borne a stamp of uniformity such as almost no other infectious disease has." He even postulated a "uniform and specific cause, of which the origin and nature are still completely shrouded in obscurity."

In 1892 another German, Professor Richard Pfeiffer, discovered a bacterium in the nasal fluids of some of the victims of the influenzal diseases trailing the great epidemic of 1889, and this was at once hailed as "the uniform and specific cause" which Hirsch had predicted. Pfeiffer's bacillus continued to show up intermittently in cases of influenza which were examined from time to time during the next thirty years, and when the outbreak of 1918 burst upon the world it was almost everywhere assumed that this bacillus was the villain of the piece. Bacteria of the Pfeiffer kind were recovered from many influenzal patients in 1918; but it is also true that other equally authentic cases of influenza showed no such agents, and often men died, with all the symptoms of influenza, despite the complete absence of the Pfeiffer bacillus,

at least so far as any tests could show.

Thereupon an earlier hypothesis was revived. It was said that the agent of influenza might be something smaller than any bacillus, something so small that it would pass through the pores of a porcelain filter, so small indeed that it was invisible under the most powerful microscope. Medical researchers immediately began to look for such a virus. Secretions and washings from the noses of influenza victims were filtered, tests were made to see that no Pfeiffer's bacillus or other bacterium or protozoon was present, and then solutions of these clear filtrates were sprayed upon human volunteers who agreed to serve as the guinea pigs of this experiment. In some instances cases of influenza developed, but in a far greater number the results were negative. There was a particularly impressive series of experiments performed at the United States Hygienic Laboratory in Boston by Dr. M. J. Rosenau and associates in which 100 volunteers were subjected to the spray, and the number who came down with the disease was negligible.

But such tests could not settle the question. It was recognized that a human being is an almost completely useless subject for experimental disease, unless he can be isolated for periods sufficiently extended to safeguard against the possibility of uncontrolled infection. Moreover, there was always a question of susceptibility: perhaps the individual was immune, either constitutionally or by acquirement, and at that time there was no sure way of testing this possibility. One could only say that the results of the 1918 search for a virus were negative, inconclusive, and the origin and nature of influenza was still, in Hirsch's phrase, "shrouded in obscurity."

There were those who from the beginning had ridiculed the suggestion of a uniform, specific cause. These hailed the failure of the microbe hunters as proof of their contention. Influenza, they said, is a protean disease. Sydenham's phrase of the 1660's was revived,

and the contagion was attributed to "the secret disposition of the atmosphere and the inexplicable sequences of Time." It was pointed out, by so eminent an authority as Dr. Crookshank, that "at the crisis of the influenza period much happens that is interesting, but is soon forgotten." Thus, he said, "surgical operations 'go wrong': odd forms of suppuration and peculiar inflammations of veins and of cellular tissues are seen with unusual frequency: anesthetists meet with difficulties: obstetricians have calamities: aural and ophthalmic specialists are puzzled: and alienists are consulted concerning baffling and strange psychoses. Moreover, the veterinary surgeons are busy: for there are epidemics here and there amongst horses, dogs, cats, rabbits, and fowls. Rabies becomes again a formidable menace: and paralytic affections, such as 'limber neck,' are common in the stable and in the farmyard. Nor is it only the life of domestic and captive animals that suffers: for, as in 1918, we hear of reindeer in Labrador and Lapland, and baboons at Gibraltar and the Cape, dying mysteriously and in great numbers. And again: there is indisputable evidence that, during the great influenza periods, there are widespread changes in the world of insect, vegetable, and fungoid life."

These reports and other considerations led this British medical man to declare in 1922 that questions of the nature and cause of influenza "can only be answered if we comprehend the whole nexus of circumstances and conditions involved, stretching back from the reactions of personal and bacterial factors in respect of individual cases, through the interplay of communal and local qualities and determinants concerning epidemics, to the more remote and as yet mysterious cosmic precedents that ultimately govern and control the springs of life itself, and the secular modifications and transformations that to us are appreciable as plague and pestilence: '*ex influentia coelesti*'."

Meanwhile researchers continued to

look for some lower animal susceptible to human influenza—an animal that could be isolated, to whom the disease might be communicated experimentally, and in whom the effects on tissues, organs, and organisms could be studied under completely controlled conditions. It was felt that little real progress could be made until an experimental animal was found. The search went on in many places. Guinea pigs, rabbits, rats, mice, cats, dogs, each was tried in turn, subjected to sprays and nasal applications of human influenzal secretions. But none showed susceptibility.

In 1933, Drs. Wilson Smith, C. H. Andrewes, and Patrick P. Laidlaw, working in the laboratory of the British Medical Research Council at Hampstead, near London, hit upon the ferret. They found that these small weasel-like animals catch influenza quite readily. The ferrets show symptoms of the disease about forty-eight hours after exposure, as is the case with human beings. They sneeze, have runny noses, breathe rapidly, develop a fever, and lie about in a state of prostration, quite obviously ill.

But the ferret affection appeared to be of a mild kind, with no fatalities, until a year later when Dr. Richard E. Shope, at the Princeton laboratory of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, thought to experiment under ether. He showed that if an infection of a certain kind of influenza (from swine) was communicated to ferrets when they were under anesthesia—unconscious, with their defenses down, as it were—their reaction to the disease was more serious. Often the lungs became inflamed as in pneumonia, and some ferrets died.

Shope's finding was followed up by the Hampstead group in England, and also, independently, by a young physician at the Hospital of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in New York. This New Yorker was Dr. Thomas Francis, Jr., who was studying influenza at the hospital and had already begun experimental work with ferrets. Francis thought that if anesthesia made the fer-

rets more susceptible, it might be a means of increasing the susceptibility of some smaller animal—the mouse, for example. So he put mice under ether, dropped into the noses of the unconscious mice concentrated solutions of infectious material from ferrets ill with human influenza, and found that the mice caught the disease. In the British laboratory, the same discovery was made by Smith, Andrewes, and Laidlaw—and their announcement appeared in *The Lancet* a few days before Francis's report was published in *Science*. Not only were the anesthetized mice susceptible to human influenza, but these smaller animals seemed to be even more profoundly affected than the ferrets, for their characteristic response was pneumonia involving the entire lungs and usually fatal.

In these ways two entirely different species of animals were identified as material for experiment, and the modern attack on influenza dates from their discovery. Other centers of research became active. In 1936 the International Health Division of the Rockefeller Foundation established a laboratory in New York for the study of influenza, the work there has steadily expanded, and at present, under Dr. Frank L. Horsfall, Jr., and his associates, this is the most extensive undertaking in influenza research in the world. Another member of the Foundation's influenza staff, Dr. R. M. Taylor, was studying the disease in Budapest until last summer, when he was transferred to the New York laboratory. In 1939 Dr. Francis became professor of bacteriology at New York University Medical School, and with his installation that institution has become a center of influenza research. Dr. Shope is continuing investigations at the Princeton laboratory, with exciting developments only recently announced. Up to the outbreak of the war in September the pioneering British laboratory at Hampstead was one of the most energetic and productive centers; and because of the great importance of this work to the public health, both civilian and military,

it is presumed that the studies there are continuing. Other investigations have been under way in Canada and in Australia. Thus the research front against the disease is truly international and worldwide.

In each of these laboratories ferrets and mice are being used to investigate the nature and behavior of the infectious agent of influenza, and to explore new ways of treating the disease. The practical object is to discover a means of establishing resistance to the infection, so that a susceptible person may be rendered immune. Some progress has been made in immunizing ferrets and mice for temporary periods, and it is hoped that these results in animals may point the way to an effective system of vaccinating human beings against the virus.

III

How do scientists know that the agent is a virus? Not by any direct evidence, you may be sure. It is impossible to see any particles in the clear filtrate obtained from the nasal tracts and lungs of the diseased animals, and it has proved equally impossible by chemical means to precipitate anything significant out of this fluid. But indirect stratagems provide indubitable evidence that there is something virulent there. Thus if you filter the nasal fluid from a healthy ferret and introduce that into the nose of a susceptible animal, the latter develops no influenza. Again and again this experiment has been tried, and repeatedly the answer has been the same: no infection. But if the filtrate comes from a sick ferret, a sick mouse, or a sick man the influenza will manifest itself in the test animal within forty-eight hours. It has been possible to transmit the disease from man to ferret, from ferret to mouse, from mouse to tissue culture, through dozens of passages and through various combinations of these several hosts, and always get out of it as the end product a case of influenza: showing that something is carried along which is not

only virulent, but which is also specific to the susceptible tissue of nose and lungs.

The presence of virus can be demonstrated, moreover, by its ability to stimulate the production of antibodies in the blood stream of an infected animal. A day or two after a ferret has recovered from an attack of influenza some of his blood is drawn and allowed to stand in a vessel until the serum has separated from the clotted material. When a portion of this blood serum is mixed with a measured portion of the filtrate of influenzal nasal washings, it is found that something in the serum has neutralized the infection in the filtrate. For if you drop some of this mixture into the nose of a susceptible animal it proves to be harmless. In the same way, human blood serum from a patient who has just recovered from influenza will neutralize the filtered nasal washings from an infected ferret—or, equally, from an infected man. It is concluded from such experiments that an encounter with influenza virus has the effect of causing the body to manufacture and release in the blood stream something which is specifically adapted to fight the agent of the disease. That something is the antibody, *i.e.*, the opposer of the virus.

By such experiments it was shown that a case of influenza produces a state of immunity in a convalescent victim. In recovered ferrets this immunity lasts about six months.

With the immunity effect demonstrated, a next step suggested itself. Could this production of antibodies be stimulated without subjecting the animal to the disease? It seemed that this might be possible provided you avoided infecting the respiratory tract—for there was the danger zone. One catches influenza *only* through the nose, throat, windpipe, or lungs. It is the mucous membrane lining these organs of respiration that provides the portal of entry.

So, in order to avoid these susceptible tissues and yet get the stimulative agent into the body, massive doses of virus were loaded into a hypodermic syringe and

shot under the skin or into a muscle. The hypodermic procedure was tried with mice and ferrets—and even with rabbits, an animal that is not subject to influenza. In every case the body responded by releasing antibodies into its bloodstream, although in no instance did the individual develop any symptom of the disease. A fortnight after the animals had been thus inoculated with influenza virus they were exposed to others suffering with the disease. Then the vaccinated ones were given an even more intimate exposure: filtrates of the virus were dropped directly into their noses. But all without effect. The vaccination had called forth antibodies, their blood was fortified against the virus, they were immune. In the case of vaccinated ferrets this immunity lasts about three months.

After the technic had thus been demonstrated in animals some trials were made with human volunteers. But it must be admitted that up to the time of this writing, late in 1939, the vaccination of man against influenza has not been unequivocally successful. In some instances protection for a period of months has seemed to follow the vaccination; in other and equally authentic cases the tests failed to demonstrate that immunity had been attained. It would seem that animal experiments must be carried still farther before a dependable vaccine for human subjects can be prepared.

Meanwhile a new complication has arisen. In 1936, at the laboratory of the International Health Division in New York, Drs. T. P. Magill and Francis were experimenting with some virus recently obtained from influenza patients in Philadelphia, studying its effects in comparison with those of virus obtained from an epidemic in Puerto Rico in 1934. They found a difference between the two. Animals inoculated with the Philadelphia virus produced antibodies which protected against further infection with the Philadelphia virus, but these antibodies had very little power to neutralize the virus obtained from the Puerto Rico

influenza. Similarly the Puerto Rico antibodies neutralized Puerto Rico virus, but were ineffective against the Philadelphia virus. Drs. Magill and Francis concluded that here were two different strains of the virus of influenza—and during the past three years this conclusion has been confirmed by the discovery of several other strains in specimens of infected material taken from epidemics in various parts of the United States, Canada, Alaska, Hungary, Russia, and other regions.

In the laboratory tests some of these strains are more virulent than others. There are instances in which viruses from two outbreaks of influenza widely separated geographically show fairly close similarity to each other; whereas other epidemics, separated in time but within the same general region, show definite differences in their infectious agents.

This discovery of strains may help to explain various queer occurrences in epidemic history: for example, the extreme mildness of the first influenza wave in the spring of 1918 as compared with the high virulence of the second wave which reached the United States in September of that year, to be followed in March of 1919 by a third wave in which mortality was low. Possibly the virus of the two spring outbreaks was of a strain different from that which prostrated its victims in the autumn.

However, even though it may give a clue to some of the odd quirks of influenza, the existence of strains adds difficulties to the problem of preparing an effective vaccine. Whether the outcome will be some system of typing, as is done for pneumonia, for example, or whether a "shotgun vaccine" containing viruses of several different strains will be the solution of the problem, no one can predict at this stage of the investigation.

Still another complication arises from the discovery last winter of many cases of illness which betrayed the symptoms of influenza and yet yielded no virus. This was observed independently in epidemics

of respiratory diseases in Minneapolis, New York, several English cities, and Budapest. In each case the patient experienced a sudden attack, with nasal involvement, cough, fever, high malaise—all the clinical signs of influenza—but from none was it possible to recover influenza virus of any strain, and after the patients were convalescent and blood samples were taken, it was found that no influenza antibodies were present. Clinically these epidemics were diagnosed as influenza, but by laboratory test they must be assigned to the category of miscellaneous unknown diseases.

The scientific value of most observations in cities and public hospitals has been handicapped by two deficiencies: lack of knowledge of previous influenzal histories of the patients, and lack of control against complicating outside infections. Two years ago an interesting experiment began in a rural community about thirty miles northeast of New York City. The town has 1,280 population, is fairly self-contained, with no transients and few commuters—and in 1937 it was selected, with the agreement and active co-operation of its citizenry, for a community study of influenza. The project is a collaboration between the Westchester County Health Department and the International Health Division of the Rockefeller Foundation. The first step was a health census of the entire population. Each individual was visited, a record made of past illnesses and other details affecting health, and from each a sample of blood was drawn. The blood was tested for the presence of antibodies, thus providing objective serological data on every inhabitant, young and old. All information was carefully filed. Should any of these individuals later come down with influenza the record of their past experiences with disease should prove useful.

The first winter, this test town escaped influenza; but in the winter of 1938-39 there were fifty-three cases. Each was visited by an investigator, and throat washings and blood samples were taken

from each patient. Then in the spring there was another check-up of the entire community, and the blood of each person interviewed was tested for the presence of antibodies. In this way comparisons are being made of the incidence of the disease, the previous record of the patient, and his serological reactions as shown by blood examination. Out of these studies, repeated over a period of years, it is believed that important light may be shed on the strange ways of influenza: its wave-like recurrences, the proneness of some individuals to contract the disease repeatedly, the persistent immunity of others. It is hoped that in time the feasibility of vaccination will receive a definitive test here.

"We do not feel that we know enough about the disease to prepare a vaccine now," said Dr. Johannes H. Bauer, director of the New York laboratory of the International Health Division. "We must know more about the virus, of how it works in the living organism, and of the changes which it sometimes undergoes as it shifts to a higher or lower virulence."

IV

But what is a virus? Nobody knows. The term is difficult to define. We can say that most of the infectious diseases may be roughly classified under three headings according to the nature of the causal parasite: (1) the protozoal diseases, such as malaria and amoebic dysentery, which are caused by an invasion of microscopic animals; (2) the bacterial diseases, such as tuberculosis, meningitis, and the thousand and one infections which are spread by cocci, bacilli, spirilla, and other microscopic plants; and (3) the virus diseases, whose agent is neither like any of the little animals we know nor yet like any of the little plants, but appears to be of an entirely different order of organization. A few years ago the viruses were commonly known as the filter-passers, but this term ceased to be significant when it was found that certain bacteria would also pass through the fine

pores of a porcelain filter and that some of these bacteria are as small as some of the viruses, *i.e.*, the virus of smallpox.

Various means have been devised for measuring minute objects. It has been found possible to construct filters of collodion, and by expert management of the material the collodion can be caused to harden with pores of almost any degree of fineness, ranging far below the size of the pores of porcelain. In this way collodion filters have been cast which will stop even the smallest of the former filter-passers. By physical measurements and calculations the experimenters have determined the size of the pores which will just allow a virus of given species to pass, and thereby they have been able to make a rough measurement of the size of the virus particle. By an entirely different process the ultracentrifuge is being used also to measure the size of virus particles, and these results are in general agreement with those obtained with collodion filters.

The virus of smallpox stands at about the limit of the microscope. Influenza stands about halfway in magnitude between the largest virus known, that of parrot fever, and the smallest known, that of foot-and-mouth disease. It is possible that some of the viruses which are yet to be measured are even smaller.

On the evidence, then, the smallest known infectious agents are viruses. Even so we cannot regard size as the criterion, because there are several bacteria as small as or smaller than the largest viruses. There is, however, one characteristic which is not shared with viruses, and that is the ability to grow independent of a living medium. If you prepare a broth of nutrients, drop in a few bacteria, and keep the vessel at a warm temperature such as is favorable to growth, the bacteria will multiply rapidly and within a few days the beaker will be turbid with the teeming mass of microscopic life. In the same way it is possible to cultivate certain protozoa. But not the viruses! None will grow in any artificial medium, no matter how rich it may be in food.

But place a virus in contact with the susceptible tissue of a living host, and immediately it responds with growth, reproduction, rapid multiplication of itself, to the damage of the tissue it lives on.

In all the virus diseases—and there are at least thirty-five which attack man—there is an intimacy of contact between the agent and the cells of the host which is rarely found in other communicable diseases. Biologists report that when a virus enters a cell it may produce one or both of two effects: (1) *stimulative*, causing the cell to grow at an abnormal rate, (2) *disintegrative*, causing the cell to break down, decay, and slough off. Both effects may be observed externally in smallpox. There the first reaction shows itself in the formation of the solid pimples or papules, to be succeeded by the liquefaction of these infected cells, first into vesicles and then into pustules as the protoplasm breaks down, leaving in the convalescent victim the characteristic pockmarks. This final death of tissue seems to be the end process of all virus attacks. In infantile paralysis the destroyed cells are in the spinal cord. In yellow fever the decay occurs in cells of the liver. And in influenza, as animal experiments demonstrate, the cells lining the turbinates or windings of the nasal tract are destroyed. Ferrets severely infected with influenza often show a complete sloughing off of their turbinate tissue. It has been suggested that nose-bleed in influenza patients is a consequence of this necrosis of nasal mucous membrane.

A high percentage of the deaths occurring among influenza patients is charged to pneumonia—and this is true also of the experimental animals. Blood, including inflamed cells, leaks out of the capillaries of the lungs, this liquid fills the minute air spaces, breathing becomes difficult, finally impossible—that is pneumonia. A virus alone may cause this leakage, as has been demonstrated in the experiments with both mice and ferrets, but most of the cases of human pneumonia show a bacterial invasion. In

some instances Pfeiffer's bacillus is the invader, in others streptococci and staphylococci, but about nine out of every ten cases of human pneumonia betray the presence of one of the several varieties of pneumococci.

In fatal influenza the death blow is usually given, not by the virus, but by one of these bacterial microbes. The virus provides the primary infection, inflames the respiratory tract, excites the cells, weakens their ramparts, and then the bacteria get in their murderous work. In some instances the presence of the virus seems to provide a positive stimulus to the bacteria, which thereafter appear to grow more virulent and active. Often the experimenters find one or more species of bacteria in the nasal tracts of healthy ferrets, with no symptoms of illness present. Then they drop a few droplets containing influenza virus into the noses of these ferrets, the animals come down with the disease two days later, and after severe prostration some may die of pneumonia. In these fatalities, when the lungs were examined they were found to contain quantities of bacteria as the obvious agents of the pneumonia—agents which might never have gained a foothold if the insidious virus had not prepared the way.

A striking example of collaboration between two infectious agents is found in the history of a severe hog epizootic which was first observed in the late summer of 1918. In a few months it had spread across the United States, affecting millions and killing thousands of swine. Because its symptoms were so similar to those of the human pandemic which then was everywhere active, Dr. J. S. Koen named the animal disease "swine influenza." Since then the disease has recurred annually among swine, but it was not until 1931 that the cause was determined.

In that year Dr. Richard E. Shope discovered that there were two infectious agents, one a virus and the other a bacterium, and that the disease matured into its extreme form only when an ani-

mal was infected with both. Thus, in experiments at the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, Dr. Shope demonstrated that when hogs were exposed to the virus alone they developed a mild form of the disease, with no fever, and soon recovered. In a parallel series of experiments other susceptible swine were infected with the bacteria alone, and in these animals nothing resulted. Apparently the bacillus is powerless of itself to cause disease. But when both virus and bacteria were put into the hogs' noses at the same time, or shortly following each other, they came down with severe prostration, fever, coughing, exhaustion, and rapid loss of weight. Some died of a water-logged, bloody pneumonia.

These swine experiments of 1931 are important in the history of our study of human influenza. They brought fresh clues and gave new encouragement to the laboratories' exploration of the human disease. It will be recalled that the discovery of Pfeiffer's bacillus occurred away back in 1892, that this bacterium was at once proclaimed as the infectious agent of human influenza, but that the recognition was generally abandoned in 1918 because of a preponderance of negative findings. Immediately a grand search was made for a virus, but here too the results were mostly negative, and so the viral hypothesis was no better off than the earlier bacterial hypothesis. This was the inconclusive state of our knowledge of human influenza in 1931 when Dr. Shope announced the positive results of his swine experiments: the finding of the two agents, a bacterium and a virus, which together produced the hog disease. The fact that swine influenza is the spitting image of human influenza offered a powerful argument in favor of further search, and two years later, in 1933, with their discovery of the susceptibility of ferrets, Drs. Smith, Andrewes, and Laidlaw identified the virus of the human disease.

We may, therefore, regard the swine experiments as providing a bridge between the earlier era of influenza re-

search, when bacteria as represented by Pfeiffer's bacillus were regarded as the transmitter of human influenza, and the present period, when the virus is almost universally recognized as the assassin. Possibly, reasoning by analogy from the swine influenza, both virus and bacteria play a co-operative role in the human disease also—though this has not been proved. Dr. Shope is inclined to think that it may turn out to be the case.

But experiments with the hogs have gone farther. The fact that their disease is an annual epidemic, which breaks out in the autumn and disappears before winter is ended, poses another question: where does the disease hide out during the intervening eight or nine months? Shope began to study this problem. His speculations led to a consideration of the tiny lungworms which are a common parasite in swine. Since the lungworms live in the lungs of hogs, they are in close proximity to any lung infection, and in a case of influenza some of the virus in the hog's lung might get into the worms and thence into their eggs. The eggs are released into the breathing passages, are transported to the bronchial mucus in the throat, and are there swallowed, to be thrown off in the animal's excretions. It is known, from the work of A. and M. Hobmaier of Germany and B. Schwartz and J. E. Alicata of the United States Department of Agriculture, that the life cycle of the lungworm requires the service of earthworms as intermediate hosts. Once the egg is outside the swine it must be swallowed by an earthworm in whose body it hatches and eventually grows into a larva. Only after this period of development in the earthworm can a lungworm again infest swine. It occurred to Dr. Shope that swine influenza virus might be harbored by lungworms throughout this intricate life cycle, and that the lungworm might serve as intermediate host for the virus.

Tests of this hypothesis have been made. First, the scientist cultivated earthworms in barrels of soil, feeding them lungworm eggs and chopped-up

lungworm tissue taken from swine lately ill of influenza. After a month of this infected diet the earthworms were fed to swine. Some time prior to the experiment two of these earthworm-fed hogs had received intramuscular injections of a suspension containing the bacterium of hog influenza. According to Shope's hypothesis, the lungworm larvae within the earthworms carried the latent virus; and now, by means of the hypodermic syringe, he placed in the hogs' bodies the other agent of infection, the bacterium. No symptoms of the disease developed, however, and after waiting a few days the scientist loaded his syringe with another shot of the live bacterium and pumped that into a muscle of each of the two hogs. Three days later both animals were sick with influenza! Apparently a stimulus was needed to call the latent virus into action, and that stimulus was provided by the injection of live bacterium.

Similar experiments have been tried with other hogs, with similar results. In some instances as much as three months elapsed between the feeding of the lungworms to the earthworms and the feeding of the latter to the hogs—and yet, in each case, the virus apparently was lurking in the lungworms, latent, awaiting suitable conditions for action.

Curiously, Dr. Shope has not been able to isolate virus from the lungworms, either from those found in earthworms or from those taken from the lungs of hogs. He thinks that in this intermediate host the virus may be present in very minute quantities or in a masked form undetectable by our present technics. Certainly the cases of hog influenza that he has been able to invoke by these means are authentic. Not only do they betray the usual symptoms, but the presence of the infection has been demonstrated by mouse inoculation tests and also by the development of antibodies against influenza.

These experiments and the reasoning that prompted them constitute an exceedingly neat piece of biological ex-

ploration, and contain suggestive ideas for students of human influenza. It has been found, for example, that human blood serum will neutralize the virus of swine influenza, and that fact seems highly significant. For the presence of these specific antibodies in the human system suggests that they are the survivors of some encounter in the past when man was a victim of the influenza that now seems to specialize on swine. Perhaps the strain has changed in the meantime. But the fact that it is no longer specific to man is no guarantee that its specificity may not shift back to human infectiveness at some time and in some way unforeseen to our present knowledge. If this be so, as the *Journal* of the American Medical Association remarked in a recent editorial, "hogs and earthworms may conceivably serve as the source of some future human epidemic."

V

The biologist exploring the virus diseases may be likened to the physicist exploring the world of the atom. The physicist is never able to get direct evidence of his electrons, protons, neutrons, and other subatomic particles, but accepts their existence and distinguishes one from another by their effects on his test material. So too the biologist knows that a virus is there, and that it is the virus of influenza rather than that of mumps or measles, only by reason of the disease which it causes.

The common cold, which in its more severe manifestations may be mistaken for influenza, is caused by a virus isolated only recently by Dr. A. R. Dochez at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York, using chimpanzees as experimental animals. Dr. Dochez has been able to pass the common cold from a man to a chimpanzee; also from a man to a tissue culture, then through a series of tissue cultures back to man, producing after these numerous transfers a human case of the disease. Nothing is known of the size of the common-cold virus, but

there is unmistakable evidence of its individuality.

Dr. Dochez, in an address to members of the International Congress of Microbiology in New York last September, called attention to the wide differences in virulence of diseases affecting the upper respiratory tract. He suggested that medical science is confronted here by a "spectrum of diseases," ranging from the comparatively mild but almost universal common cold to the highly morbid and frequently fatal pandemic influenza.

This figure of speech, borrowed from the terminology of physics, is peculiarly apt. For the physicists who specialize in optics report that conditions affecting a ray of light may change its wave length and thereby shift its position in the spectrum, with a corresponding change in its energy. By analogy we may imagine that certain variations in the environment of these invisible agents of disease have an effect on their potency. It is conceivable, for example, that slight changes in temperature, in blood alkalinity, in the content of the cellular and intracellular fluids, or in other biochemical factors affecting the virus, may be responsible for the strange shifts which produce new strains, and, it may be, new species of virus.

Indeed, it has been surmised by some authorities, that viruses as an order of nature may have originated through a sort of inverted evolution, a degeneration of higher forms of organization to lower and more dependent parasitic forms. According to the hypothesis of Dr. Robert G. Green, of the University of Minnesota Medical School, some viruses may represent degenerate forms of protozoa, whereas others may have descended from former bacteria. They are, he thinks, extreme examples of parasitism. Once they were free, each gathering its food, living its independent life. Then they discovered the possibility of attaching themselves to other organisms and depending on them to care for a vital func-

tion. As opportunity presented, other functions were relegated to the host. As dependence increased, the parasites needed less and less of their structure, became smaller in size, simpler in mechanism. "It is conceivable," said Dr. Green, "that the retrograde process could proceed until only those molecules concerned with reproduction remained as the parasitic unit. Such a residuum could be as small as a single colloidal molecule, and would correspond to the smallest of the viruses. Such a virus would be a functionally complete unit of life only when immersed in living protoplasm. While the host cell continued its activities, the virus would be a living functionary individual."

Whether or not these small agents of disease are alive is a controversial question. Perhaps, as Dr. Thomas M. Rivers has suggested, they vary in nature. "Some of the viruses may be infinitely small living organisms, the midgets of the microbiological world, possessed of a nature similar to that of living entities of sorts already known, ordinary bacteria and unicellular animals, differing only in respect to size; others may represent forms of life unknown to us; while still others may be inanimate."

Speculation may seem academic in the present fragmentary state of knowledge, but it is through ventures of thought that experiments are suggested, and from experimentation arise methods of treatment. Both smallpox and yellow fever were brought under control before there was any knowledge of viral agents in these infections, and it may happen any day that the more stubborn enigma of influenza yields to some lucky break of empirical treatment. But the researchers will not rest there. They will not stop until they have tracked down this invisible parasite, uncovered its nature, and exposed its hidden process of disease. For it is not only the toll of disease that challenges science, but also its tantalizing never-to-be accepted darkness.



SINCE YESTERDAY

THE SOCIAL CLIMATE OF THE NINETEEN-THIRTIES

PART III. With Pen and Camera Through Darkest America

BY FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

DURING most of the nineteen-twenties Henry L. Mencken was the drum major of the American intellectuals. For up-and-coming writers like Lewis, Dreiser, Cabell, and Hergesheimer he was a persistent and effective barker. His ridicule of censors, prohibitionists, Bible-belt fundamentalists, and Babbitts set the keynote of highbrow revolt against things-as-they-were. As Robert Forsythe wrote years later, "He led the assaults on the booboisie and the Methodist Church and was so plainly the leader of the advance guard that the young men who fled to Paris after the War could depart with the consciousness that Mr. Mencken remained behind to stand off the enemy." An undergraduate with a copy of the *American Mercury* under his arm as he strode across the campus knew that he was well advertised by it as an intellectual sophisticate, up to the very latest tricks. Other writers may have brought to the examination of the American scene a more sensitive and flexible intelligence than Mencken's, but if you wanted a man to encourage the van and to harass the foe from the rear the sage of Hollins Street was your choice.

In October, 1933, Mencken resigned from the editorship of the *Mercury*, the influence of which had for years been declining almost as rapidly as the stock-market averages. In 1934 he contributed to the *Saturday Review of Literature* an article expressing his extreme distaste

for the writers whom most of his fellow-critics in the nineteen-thirties considered up-and-coming—the proletarian novelists. He complained of their inability to write (he who had once championed Dreiser!) and of the "flavor of pornography" in their novels (he who had led the acclaim for Cabell!); but the real difficulty was of course that he was fundamentally unsympathetic to what they were trying to do. In their turn the young intellectual rebels of 1934—counterparts of his one-time disciples—regarded him with half-amused disapproval; one of them compared him to Bernarr Macfadden. In short, the one-time drum major no longer had the band marching behind him.

Had Mr. Mencken changed, then? A little perhaps—but the striking change had been in the times.

Most of the young writers and artists of the nineteen-thirties were not in the least interested in lambasting evangelists and bluestockings; indeed, they had an evangelism of their own—that "secular religion of social consciousness" to which I referred in my article last month. Deeply moved by the Depression and the suffering it had caused, convinced that the economic and social system of the country had been broken beyond repair, they wanted to make it over (whether on the Marxian pattern or the New Deal pattern or something in between). As writers and artists they wanted their

work to have a social function. In particular they wanted to bring into clear view all the poverty and misery in America, all the stench and horror of it. It was a waste of time, they felt, to write about people of wealth, unless to reveal savagely their cruelty and complacency; but you might accomplish something if you wrote—sympathetically but unflinchingly—about starving sharecroppers, broken miners in lurched-over cabins, strikers on the picket-line standing up to volleys of tear-gas, jobless men getting run into jail by the police. They had no use for Mencken's notion that the civilized man just got a good laugh out of the consummate folly of mankind. To them life was real, life was earnest, and folly was not to be laughed at but to be solemnly denounced in protest meetings.

To understand the thrust of American literature during the nineteen-thirties one must realize how strong was this mood of social evangelism among writers and critics and the intellectual élite generally.

II

At this point careful qualification is necessary. The new mood was most widespread in New York, which had long been the center of intellectual ferment in the United States and an extremely sensitive barometer of the pressure of new and radical ideas. It was more widespread among the young and rising—and frequently jobless—intellectuals than among the older and better established. Many successful practitioners of the craft of writing to sell were quite untouched by it. It was not strikingly prevalent among the well-to-do "nice people" of culture who had always been surrounded with books and had always subscribed to the more decorous magazines, or among the academic gentry remote from the fever of new creative effort in the arts. It was likely to bewilder and perhaps frighten the clubwoman who enjoyed literary lectures and wanted to beautify her town and subscribed to

all the best concerts and belonged to the Book-of-the-Month Club. As for the banker who was a college trustee and helped to make up the annual deficit of the symphony concerts and had every right to be considered a sustainer of the arts, he was likely to be angered by it—if indeed he was aware of it at all.

Now and again some expression of the mood leaped into wide popularity. There was, for example, the play "Tobacco Road," written by Jack Kirkland from a novel by Erskine Caldwell. Produced in New York on December 4, 1933 (just as prohibition gave way to repeal), this study of a poverty-stricken and depraved Southern tenant family seemed at first about to fail but gradually found its public, and to the amazement of Broadway, ran on and on, year after year, until by the autumn of 1939 it had broken the record for successive Broadway performances set by "Abie's Irish Rose" in the nineteen-twenties. Undoubtedly the success of "Tobacco Road" was due in part to its frank and profane dialogue, its exhibitions of uninhibited love-making, and James Barton's fine gift for both comic and tragic effects as Jeeter Lester; but at least the success was not prevented by the fact that the play showed the interworking of poverty and degeneracy—showed it without blinking the fact that the Lesters had become a dirty, irresponsible, mentally defective, disreputable family.

Another quite different embodiment of the mood was the musical revue "Pins and Needles," produced on November 27, 1937, by Labor Stage, Inc., a company of garment-workers. This revue likewise went on and on until late in 1939 it had broken all previous musical-show endurance records. Playfully pleading the cause of the labor unions and satirizing their enemies, "Pins and Needles" was different from anything previously seen on the musical stage. Who would have imagined, in the nineteen-twenties, that a revue would run for years whose catchiest air was called "Sing Me a Song of Social Significance"?

Only one or two books which could fairly be said to reflect the mood of social consciousness reached the top of the best-seller list during the nineteen-thirties. One was Sinclair Lewis's *It Can't Happen Here*, published late in 1935, which showed how fascism might come to the United States. A still better example was John Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath*, a finely wrought account of the plight of a family of migrant "Okies" in California, which not only met with the thunders of critical applause when it appeared early in 1939 but jumped at one bound to the top of the list. Here, even more than in "Tobacco Road," the components of the young intellectuals' credo were brought together: a sense of the way in which economic and social forces worked together to bring tragedy to innocent people; a deep sympathy for those people, combined with a willingness to reveal all their ignorance, their casual carnality, their inability to understand their own plight; a sense of the splendor of America, its exciting challenge to artist and to social engineer alike; and a resolve to arouse an indifferent public by showing the worst in poverty and cruelty that America could offer.

Otherwise an examination of the annual best-seller lists would seem to suggest how limited in size was the public which wanted social documents. To command the attention of two or three hundred thousand readers in its original full-price edition, a book succeeded best by addressing itself to other impulses.

There was, for example, the desire to escape from the here and now of Depression and anxiety. May not *The Good Earth*, by Pearl S. Buck, which led the fiction list in 1931 and 1932, have had an additional appeal because it took its readers away to China? May not the appearance of *The Fountain*, by Charles Morgan, on the best-seller list for 1932, have been partly due to the fact that it told of a man who escaped from the outward world of ugly circumstance into a world of inward reflection?

Surely the success of *Shadows on the Rock*, by Willa Cather (1931), the even greater success of *Anthony Adverse*, by Hervey Allen (which led all comers in 1933 and 1934), and the superlative success of *Gone with the Wind*, by Margaret Mitchell (which was the overwhelming favorite in 1936 and 1937)—to say nothing of Stark Young's *So Red the Rose* (1934), Kenneth Roberts's *Northwest Passage* (1937), and a number of other books, was the greater because they offered an escape into history. For a time the likeliest recipe for publishing profits was to produce an 800-page romance in old-time costume.

Indeed, there is room for the argument that even *The Grapes of Wrath*, if it had appeared a few years earlier, would not have been the big popular hit that it was in 1939. It would have seemed to many readers too painful, too disturbing. There may be significance in the fact that, although plenty of writers in earlier years were revealing the tragedy of American poverty, not until 1939, when readers had become accustomed to unemployment—even complacent about it—and had acquired new worries to be diverted from (Hitler and the threat of war), did such a novel number its readers in the hundreds of thousands.

There were suggestions of other moods too in the best-seller lists. The fact that *The Strange Death of President Harding* in 1930 and *Washington Merry-Go-Round* in 1931 both stood high may be regarded as an indication of the growing public disillusionment with the government as the Hoover Administration battled vainly with the Depression. *The Epic of America*, best-selling non-fiction book of 1932, may have appealed to a mood of inquiry into the background and traditions of a nation which could get itself into such a fix. When the economic tide turned in 1933 what more natural than that men and women whose dreams of a career had been thwarted by the Depression and who now began to hope that they could make a second start should have rushed to buy *Life Begins at Forty* by

Walter B. Pitkin (first on the non-fiction list in 1933, second in 1934)?

Americans have always wanted guideposts to personal prosperity and the more rewarding life, and it might be pushing inference too far to suggest that the big sales of *Live Alone and Like It* by Marjorie Hillis in 1936, *Wake Up and Live* by Dorothea Brande in 1936, and *How to Win Friends and Influence People* by Dale Carnegie in 1937 had any close relation to the state of business; or that the rise of *The Importance of Living*, by Lin Yutang, to the top of the list in 1938 was a sign that during the business recession there was once more a wish to learn how to be happy by denying the need for worldly advancement. But the popularity of Vincent Sheean's *Personal History* (1935), Negley Farson's *Way of a Transgressor* (1936), John Gunther's *Inside Europe* and *Inside Asia* (1936 and 1939), and other books on foreign affairs (not to mention *It Can't Happen Here*) clearly reflected the rising excitement over the news from Europe as the Nazis and fascists advanced to ever greater power.

Some books during the decade rode high with the aid of very special circumstances. The best-selling non-fiction book of 1934, for example, was Alexander Woollcott's *While Rome Burns*, a collection of anecdotes and whimsies which would hardly have fared so well had its author not invented a new sort of radio program well adapted to the intelligence of bookish people, and had he not been delighting huge audiences on the air by collecting old poems and old eyeglasses, telling stories about Katharine Cornell, and extolling Kipling, Harpo Marx, Laura E. Richards, and the wonderful dogs of the Seeing Eye. (To Mr. Woollcott's audible enthusiasm was also due in no small measure the success of *Goodbye Mr. Chips*.) *North to the Orient* (1935) and *Listen, the Wind* (1938) sold in great volume not simply because they were exquisitely written but also perhaps because Anne Morrow Lindbergh was the wife of an idolized hero and was admired in her own right.

No correlation between the successful books of any given period and the general trend of opinion and taste during that period can be pushed far: there is always a vast diversity of talent among the writers, a vast diversity of taste among the readers, and an element of chance in the whole process. For example, throughout most of the decade there was an undeniable public interest in economic problems and a considerable sale of economic treatises; yet no book on the economic condition of America got to the top of the best-seller list, although there were big sales for *100,000,000 Guinea Pigs* (a diatribe for consumers on the difference between what they thought they were buying and what the manufacturers were actually selling them) and for several of Stuart Chase's lively simplifications of the economic dilemma. Perhaps economics was, after all, the dismal science—or, let us say, the dismal area of disagreement, assumption, and conjecture.

III

Limited in size as were their audiences, the writers who were engaged in the search for social significance produced perhaps the most vital and certainly the most characteristic work of the decade. John Dos Passos with his *U.S.A.* trilogy, in which he suggested the hollowness and wastefulness of pre-Depression American life, interlarding his passages of fiction with impressionistic portraits of famous Americans (in which of course J. P. Morgan was roundly condemned, Woodrow Wilson sharply satirized, and Thorstein Veblen extolled), and closing the trilogy with a word-picture of an unemployed man trying hopelessly to thumb his way down a fine American highway; Erskine Caldwell packing his pages with the cruelty and misery of the lower ranges of Southern life; Ernest Hemingway trying (not very successfully) to make a proletarian lesson out of the story of Harry Morgan, a disreputable Key West rum-runner; James T. Farrell showing how environment got the best

of Studs Lonigan, a lower-middle-class Irish Catholic boy of Chicago; Albert Halper presenting the factory-workers of *The Foundry*; Robert Cantwell dealing with striking fruit-pickers, and John Steinbeck later following the Joads from drought-ridden Oklahoma to vigilante-ridden California—these and others like Fielding Burke and Grace Lumpkin were the pace-setters for the period in fiction (though of course there were very able novels produced by writers of different intent, such as Thomas Wolfe, Pearl Buck, Ellen Glasgow, Margaret Mitchell, and William Faulkner). Even Sinclair Lewis engaged in the politico-social battle, though not on the side of rebellion; in *The Prodigal Parents* his effort was to show that the Babbitt whom he had once satirized was a better man than the youngsters of the radical left.

Among the poets, Archibald MacLeish and Edna St. Vincent Millay were turning likewise to political and social themes; Carl Sandburg was writing

Stocks are property, yes.
Bonds are property, yes.
Machines, land, buildings are property, yes.
A job is property,
no, nix, nah, nah.

and a host of younger men and women were struggling with the almost impossible task of writing sagas and songs of the masses in idioms intelligible only to those who had learned to follow the indirections of T. S. Eliot and Ezra Pound.

In the theater, Clifford Odets made energetic use of proletarian themes; Maxwell Anderson, in "Winterset," wrote a poetic tragedy of social injustice; as the decade grew older and the menace of fascism rose, Robert E. Sherwood epitomized the democratic faith in his moving tableaux from the life of "Abe Lincoln of Illinois"; and the Federal players dramatized current politics in "Triple A Plowed Under" and "One Third of a Nation."

At the same time ardent historians and literary sociologists were bringing out harsh biographies of the robber barons

and Mellons and Morgans of the American past; delving—as did George R. Leighton in this Magazine—into aspects of the history of American cities and regions which had been carefully neglected by chambers of commerce; taking to pieces the life of American communities and assembling their findings in statistical and graphic profusion. With more amiable intent, the Writers' Project of the WPA was going over the country inch by inch for a series of guidebooks. Surveys supported by the Federal government or by foundations were analyzing every public problem in exhaustive detail. The nineteen-thirties were a golden age of literary sociology. America had discovered itself to be a fascinating subject for exploration, dissection, and horrified but hopeful contemplation.

At the heart of the literary revolt against the America that had been stood the Communist intellectuals. Numerically they were hardly important, but from them the revolt caught the fire of burning conviction, and from the curious nature of the Communist position it derived most of its weaknesses. Many an author was handicapped by his conviction that, as a Marxian, he must take for his hero a kind of American he did not really know, or that he must make his characters conform to a Marxian pattern and argue the Marxian case, or that he must depict his proletarians both as men rendered cruel and vicious by their lot and as the heroic standard-bearers of a glorious revolution, or that he must present anybody with more than three thousand dollars a year only in caricature, or that he must preach a collective uniformity which ran counter to his own natural instinctive preference for individual dissent. Especially in the early years of the decade the Marxian pattern was a straitjacket into which American literature could not readily be fitted. As Malcolm Cowley has remarked, "Strike novels began to follow a pattern almost as rigid and conventional as that of a Petrarchan sonnet. The hero was

usually a young worker, honest, naïve, and politically undeveloped. Through intolerable mistreatment, he was driven to take part in a strike. Always the strike was ruthlessly suppressed, and usually its leader was killed. But the young worker, conscious now of the mission that united him to the whole working class, marched on toward new battles." (Later, especially after the Communists accepted the idea of the Popular Front, the bonds of Marxian doctrine became progressively less constricting.)

The truth was that many of the young rebels had embraced—or at least dallied with—Communism chiefly because they saw it as the end-station of the road of disillusionment. First one saw that the going order was not working right; then one progressed to the consideration of reforms, read *The Autobiography of Lincoln Steffens*, and decided that half-measures would not suffice to redeem America; one went on to the idea that nothing short of revolution would serve; and there at the terminus of one's journey sat Karl Marx waiting to ask one's unquestioning devotion, there was the Communist Party promising to make a clean sweep of all that was hateful in American life. How welcome to find the end of the road, how easy to be able to ascribe everything one disliked to capitalism! (Did not Robert Forsythe argue that Dillinger was a product of capitalism, that the vulgarities of the Hauptmann trial were American capitalism's "own narcotic to deaden its death pains," that Mae West showed "in her frank cynical way the depths to which capitalistic morality has come"?) Yet how hard, nevertheless, to swallow the belief that any deceit was justified by the cause, even if the cause appealed to one's most generous instincts; and how hard to follow unquestioningly the twists and turns of the Moscow party line—now damning Roosevelt as the best friend of the rich, now embracing him as a partner in the Popular Front!

During the latter nineteen-thirties

there appeared a crop of autobiographies full of nostalgic memories of the bohemian Greenwich Village of the early nineteen-hundreds, when young intellectuals were manning the silk-strikers' picket lines, seeing Big Bill Haywood plain, cheering for the Armory Show of independent art, and experimenting with free verse and free love. Perhaps the day would come when a new crop of autobiographies would recall the dear dead days of the nineteen-thirties when the young rebels saw themselves as soldiers in the class war, regarded Union Square as their G.H.Q., debated endlessly about "ideology," were lashed into their wildest furies of controversy over the "trial" of Trotsky in Mexico City, and were heartened every day by the knowledge that as capitalism withered, Communism was inevitably rising to take its place.

IV

Through the ranks of the painters too swept the contagion of social indignation and of enthusiasm for putting American life on record. Thomas H. Benton's muscular and turbulent groups, Grant Wood's formalized Midwestern landscapes and satirical portraits, John Steuart Curry's scenes of farm life on the plains, Charles Burchfield's gaunt mansions of the Rutherford B. Hayes era, Edward Hopper's grim streets and cool New England lighthouses, Reginald Marsh's pageants of New York slum life attracted many disciples. The federal government, wisely including artists among its relief beneficiaries, put scores of them to work painting murals on post-office walls; and presently the young painter's model found that she was no longer simply to lie on a couch while he experimented with the treatment of planes of color and bulges of significant form, but was to strike a pose as a pioneer mother or embody the spirit of America insisting upon slum-clearance. The value of the new trend was debatable, but at least it promised to decrease the wide gap between the artist and the

general public, which at last began to feel that it knew what was going on.

Not altogether unrelated to this change in emphasis in American painting was the rise to sudden popularity of an art hitherto seldom regarded with serious attention—the art of photography. It rose on the crest of a camera craze of remarkable dimensions—a craze which otherwise served chiefly as a new and amusing hobby, with aesthetic values and satisfactions thrown in for good measure.

During the early years of the Depression one began to notice here and there young men with what appeared to be leather-cased opera-glasses slung about their necks. They were the pioneers of the camera craze who had discovered that the Leicas and other tiny German cameras, which took postage-stamp-size pictures capable of enlargement, combined a speed, a depth of focus, and an ability to do their work in dim light which opened all sorts of new opportunities to the photographer. The number of "candid camera" addicts grew rapidly as the experts showed how easily an executive committee or a table-full of night-club patrons might be shot sitting. During the eight years from 1928 to 1936 the importation into America of cameras and parts thereof—chiefly from Germany—increased over five-fold despite the Depression.

By 1935 and 1936 the American camera manufacturers and the photographic supply shops found their business booming. Candid cameras were everywhere, until before long prominent citizens became accustomed to having young men and women suddenly rise up before them at public events, lift little cameras to one eye, and snap them—of course without permission. Schoolboys were pleading with their parents for enlargers and exposure-meters. Camera exhibitions were attracting unprecedented crowds. In the two years from 1935 to 1937 the production of cameras in the United States jumped 157 per cent—from less than five million dollars' worth in 1935 to nearly twelve and a half million dol-

lars' worth in 1937. The annual collection of distinguished photographic work, *U. S. Camera*, became a best-seller. At the peak of the camera craze appeared a flock of new picture magazines; and a few of these jumped to wide popularity, led by the more dignified *Life* and the less dignified *Look*.

Some of the new photographers centered their interest upon snapping friends and relatives (including of course their children) and immortalizing their travels; some of them tried to capture the sentimental loveliness of scenes that they had enjoyed; and some went on to experiment in the making of abstract patterns of light and shade. But a great many others found themselves becoming unsentimental reporters—of events, of the social scene, even of the uglier parts of the social scene. Able professionals like Margaret Bourke-White, like Dorothea Lange of the Farm Security Administration, like Walker Evans, often worked with the same sort of sociological enthusiasm that had caught the young novelists and was here and there catching the young painter. When S. T. Williamson, reviewing for the *New York Times* a book of Walker Evans's uncompromising pictures brought out by the Museum of Modern Art in 1938, denied that Mr. Evans had revealed the physiognomy of America and insisted that it would be "nearer the mark to say that bumps, warts, boils, and blackheads are here," he was saying the sort of thing that might be said about half the novels written by the devotees of social significance. What was significant about this aspect of the camera craze was that photographers like Mr. Evans with their grim portrayals of dismal streets, tattered billboards, and gaunt, sad-eyed farm women, were teaching the amateur—whose name was legion—that there was excitement in catching characteristic glimpses even of the superficially ugly manifestations of life, that these too could be made beautiful in their way, and that when one began to see the everyday things about one with the eye of an artist

who was simultaneously a sociologist one began to understand them.

V

But books and paintings and photographs, no matter how hotly they might burn with indignation at the plight of America, commanded at best small audiences in comparison with the big urban newspapers, the popular magazines of large circulation, the radio, and the movies. These were the chief agencies of popular instruction and entertainment, the chief molders and correctors of popular ideas. Unless the rebels could get a hearing here, their influence on mass thinking was bound to be limited.

There is not space in this article to discuss the way in which all these vehicles were kept mainly in the safe paths of a circumspect conservatism, but at least a word should be said about the movies. For they offered a particularly striking example of evasion.

The movies not only commanded a colossal audience, estimated at *eighty-five million people a week* (compare that with the audience even of *The Grapes of Wrath!*), but had a great potential emotional influence. Here, one might have said, was an ideal medium for the presentation of those ugly and heartrending facts of American life which so disturbed the social salvationists; an ideal medium for the fictional treatment of those social and economic problems with which a depression-stricken country was beset. Yet so completely did the movies dodge the dissensions of the day—with a few exceptions, such as the March of Time series, the brief news-reels, and an occasional picture like “I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang” or “They Won’t Forget”—that if a dozen or two feature pictures, selected at random, were to be shown to an audience of 1960, that audience would probably derive from them not the faintest idea of the ordeal through which the United States went in the nineteen-thirties.

Upon these movies were lavished huge sums of money. For them the stage was robbed of half its ablest actors and playwrights; the literary world, of many of its ablest writers—to say nothing of the engineering and photographic skill mobilized in Hollywood. The decade produced a large number of excellent pictures, with capital acting—whether comedies like “It Happened One Night,” or adventure stories like “Mutiny on the Bounty,” or historical dramas like “The Life of Emile Zola,” or picturizations of fictional classics like “A Tale of Two Cities”; and it produced a far greater number of pictures which, whatever their unreality, served as rousing entertainment for an idle evening. But although the secular religion of social consciousness was rampant in Hollywood, especially in 1937 and 1938, when numerous script-writers and actors and technical men were ready to do or die for their guilds, for Tom Mooney, for the Spanish Loyalists, or even for the Communist version of the Popular Front, nevertheless in the pictures upon which they worked there was hardly a glimpse of the real America. The movies took one to a never-never land of adventure and romance uncomplicated by thought.

The capital invested in the movies preferred to steer clear of awkward issues, not to run the risk of offending theatergoers abroad or at home. The moralists must be placated; as a result of the campaign of the Legion of Decency in 1934, Joseph Breen had been installed in the office of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, ready to censor before production any picture which showed too prolonged a kiss, which permitted a character to say “damn” or “hell.” (The immediate effect of the Legion of Decency campaign, oddly enough from the point of view of censorship-haters, appeared to be salutary; it frightened producers into bringing out, during 1935 and 1936, some of the best pictures yet seen.) Foreign opinion must be placated lest foreign sales be lost: when “Idiot’s Delight” was

adapted from stage to screen, it must be set in an anonymous country whose inhabitants spoke not Italian but Esperanto; when "Beau Geste" was refilmed in 1939, the villains of the original silent version must be given Russian names rather than Italian and Belgian names because film trade with Russia was comparatively small. Neither capital nor labor, neither the Administration nor its enemies, must be given any opportunity to criticize the Hollywood product. If one wanted to show a crusading reformer, better to make him a Frenchman of a former era like Emile Zola than an American: for how could an American engage in a crusade without implying that something was wrong?

It was significant that the preeminent artist of the motion-picture during the nineteen-thirties, Walt Disney, was a maker of fantasies, and that the motion-picture event in January, 1938, which Westbrook Pegler called "the happiest thing that has happened in this world since the armistice" was the production of "Snow White," a fairy story of the screen. Only in unreality could genius have free rein.

Not merely did the movies avoid temptations to thought about the condition of the country; in effect their producers played, half unwittingly, a gigantic joke upon the enthusiasts of social reconstruction, and particularly upon those men and women who would fain have made the American masses class-conscious. For the America which the movies portrayed—like the America of popular magazine fiction and especially of the magazine advertisements—was devoid of real poverty or discontent, of any real conflict of interest between owners and workers, of any real ferment of ideas. More than that, it was a country in which almost everybody was rich or about to be rich, and in which the possession of a huge house and a British-accented butler and a private swimming pool not merely raised no embarrassing questions about the dis-

tribution of wealth, but was accepted as the normal lot of mankind. So completely did the inveterate movie-goer come to take this America for granted—at least during his two hours in the theater—that he was unlikely to be surprised to find a couple of stenographers pictured as occupying an apartment with the newest built-in kitchen equipment and a living-room 35 feet long and 20 feet wide; or to hear Bette Davis, in "Dark Victory," expressing satisfaction that she had given up the life in which she "had had everything" for a life in which she "had nothing"—"nothing," in this case, being a remodeled Vermont farmhouse which (according to the careful computations of E. B. White in this Magazine) must have cost at least \$11,000 or \$12,000 a year to live in.

While the social salvationists were resolutely addressing a public numbered in the thousands, another public numbering eighty-five millions a week—and including most of the proletarians whom the social salvationists longed to reach—were watching Gary Cooper, Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, Katharine Hepburn, Ronald Colman, Carole Lombard, and other gods and goddesses of Hollywood disporting themselves in a dreamland of wide-sweeping stairways, marble floors, and magnificent drawing-room vistas. And these eighty-five millions were liking it.

Was not the lesson of all this that America was not—or not yet, if you prefer—proletarian-minded? True, its citizens were capable of organizing hotly to redress wrongs and secure themselves benefits, and were quite ready to have these wrongs redressed and these benefits provided by the government if no other agency would do it; some of them might even fight, if need be, to get what they wanted. Yet still in the back of their minds there was room for an Horatio Alger paradise where young men of valour rose to the top and young women of glamour married the millionaire's son, and lived happily ever after.



APOLOGY TO MR. HOOVER

I*N the course of an article on ghost writing in the October issue, written by Mr. J. K. Atkins under the pseudonym, Seneca Johnson, it was stated that former President Hoover practically never wrote a speech of his own. The fact is that Mr. Hoover's speeches have invariably been written by himself. We say this after opportunity for investigation both through original manuscripts and associates of Mr. Hoover who are in a position to speak authoritatively. We apologize to the former president and a great public servant for a most unfortunate error. We deeply regret it and gladly take this opportunity to rectify it now.*





WARTIME CENSORSHIP IN THE UNITED STATES

BY LUCILLE B. MILNER AND GROFF CONKLIN

THE one overshadowing interest of the day in the minds of most Americans is whether the United States will become involved in the present European war. Everyone is concerned over the possibility of such a war, realizing not only the enormous resultant wastage of our resources of human life and economic wealth, but also the disastrous effect of such a war upon the democratic ideal.

Because democracies are not given to unanimity, the strictest regimentation of print, speech, and thought must be imposed on the people in time of war, when the entire energies of the nation must be harnessed to prosecute the war to a victorious conclusion. Perhaps the most dramatic manifestation of the suspension of civil rights during a conflict is the censorship of published matter. We are already made aware, through the ominous little boxes to be found on the front page of to-day's newspapers and by the announcements by American radio commentators that their dispatches have been censored, of the existence of a stringent foreign censorship of news. In the event that the United States is drawn into the war what will be the nature of the control of the press inside our own country? Will censorship be one of facts only or will it also become a censorship of opinion? What will be considered dangerous opinion? What agencies will be set up by a wartime government to implement the censorship? By what means will such agencies enforce their control?

While it may be conceded that military censorship is a necessity in time of war to prevent information of military value from reaching the enemy, has the government the right to censor publications on the ground that the opinions expressed might possibly interfere with the success of the war? If so, what are the criteria of judgment concerning such opinions?

It is impossible to conjecture what the specific answers to these questions will be in the event that the United States becomes involved in the present war. However, some reasonable suppositions can be formulated on the basis of the censorship activities of the government during the World War, and on existing documents containing plans for the administration of public relations in the next war. An examination of what happened here during the last war will serve to show to what extent the thoughts of American citizens can be controlled by a vigilant censorship. It will also reveal the fact that once a war hysteria has been spread by official propaganda intolerance for spoken or written criticism is likely to be greater among the people themselves than in the government.

The whole question of censorship is not simply one of laws dealing with what may or may not be printed. It is a question of those laws, plus an organized effort on the part of the government to persuade the people of the righteousness and justice of the war plus the hysteria engendered by the government's propa-

ganda. Of course efforts toward this end have long been employed in wars but it was not until the First World War, when the Committee on Public Information was set up with George Creel as chairman, that an organized effort to enforce a draft of public opinion got under way.

For nearly twenty years the hundreds of thousands of documents in the files of the Committee on Public Information lay undiscovered in the cellars of the Munitions Building in Washington. The Committee's record as salesman for the War has only recently been revealed in a volume called "*Words That Won the War*" by James R. Mock and Cedric Lawson. This volume proves that the decisive tactics on the part of those in the United States Government who were in control of the channels of communication were to choke them so full of propaganda favorable to the War and to its conduct that little or no room would be left for criticism or opposition. The results were extraordinary.

The aim of the committee was to create a spirit of "confidence, enthusiasm, and service" in favor of the War among the American people. It undertook to "sell" the War to America, and in the effort brought together all the arts of press agency and all that psychology had discovered and catalogued about the emotions, all the known uses of conditioned reflexes. It never seems to have occurred to the men who were running the Committee, in their patriotic fervor and their background of Wilson's New Freedom, that one of the inevitable concomitants of such selling would be a war hysteria that would burst all bounds. That is what happened. With patient effort the public was inoculated with zeal, and when it finally took effect the results were appalling. Not only was the public thoroughly "sold" on the merits of the War, but the reflex was an hysterical suspicion of anything that seemed not to conform to the norm of the war fever which frequently terrorized whole towns and neighborhoods. The feeling so aroused gave way to the

Palmer raids when the War was over. Much of the repressive legislation passed during the last war as a result of the war hysteria among members of Congress has never been repealed.

The enactment of the so-called "Sedition Act" and of parts of the Trading-with-the-Enemy Act may be said to have been largely caused by the war propaganda of Creel's Committee. The original Espionage Act, however, was directly sponsored by the government itself, and was written partly on the basis of the experience of the Allies in the World War, and partly on the basis of existing legislation in the United States. A then recently enacted sedition statute of the State of Montana was drawn upon as a model.

There were several statutes on the Federal lawbooks previous to the declaration of war specifically dealing with censorship. These referred primarily to the censorship functions of the Post Office, and were concerned with banning from the mails "obscene and indecent" matter, information concerning contraception, material "of a character tending to incite arson, murder, or assassination," advertisements of lotteries or fraudulent promotion schemes, and envelopes, wrappers or post cards containing "indecent, libellous, defamatory or threatening" language.

Further, several sections of the Federal Criminal Code (Title 18), most important of which were Sections 4 and 6, had to do with the suppression of treason, conspiracy to overthrow the government by force, delaying or preventing the execution of any United States law, and committing any offense against the United States. There were no clauses specifically setting up a censorship under this part of the criminal code, but it had frequently been decided in the courts that the crimes defined could be committed in print as well as by act or spoken word, and that literature containing them could be suppressed and its publishers prosecuted by the Department of Justice.

In addition to this federal control of freedom of the press, a bewildering variety of State and municipal ordinances existed under which punishments could be meted out for conspiracy, treason, or criminal anarchy. Inasmuch as these laws were not uniform throughout the country, and as some States had no such laws at all, no nation-wide program for censorship was possible. Further legislation was necessary.

II

Several types of Federal censorship were required during the War, some of which could be instituted without additional legislation. Censorship of the foreign mails was provided for in the Trading-with-the-Enemy Act, passed in October, 1917. Such censorship was intended to prevent any private material from giving aid or information to the enemy, and to control enemy espionage in this country. Every piece of mail going out of or coming into the United States was opened and read by one of the 1,600 mail censorship clerks in the twelve censorship stations organized by the Postmaster General. An average of 125,000 pieces of mail were examined every day.

Cable censorship, for the control of news dispatches and other messages, was under the supervision of the Naval Communications Division of the Navy Department for the early period of the War and later of the Censorship Board which was established by the Trading-with-the-Enemy Act. Most of the censorship of incoming cables was performed by foreign countries at the point of origin and the Naval Communications Division found little need for suppressing such dispatches. Considerably more censorship of outgoing cables was undertaken by this division, however, especially regarding independent expressions of opinion which might indicate internal dissension if published abroad.

Censorship of publications in this country was of two distinct types, pre-

publication or preventive censorship, and post-publication censorship. The pre-publication variety, though universal in days before the Revolution in America, when the governors appointed by the British Crown had the right to ban any written material from publication if they so desired, has never since then existed in this country, with one major exception which occurred during the World War. This was the pre-publication surveillance exercised over the foreign-language press. However, an organized but voluntary preventive censorship also existed during the World War among the newspaper editors of this country. Both the official censorship of the foreign-language press and the unofficial control of newspaper copy are more fully described further on in this article.

Post-publication censorship power during the War was vested largely in the Post Office Department, although methods of dealing with dangerous publications which were distributed by hand rather than through the mails were developed by the Department of Justice. Legislation defining what should be censored and how the censoring should be accomplished was part of two much broader laws which dealt with all types of control considered necessary during wartime. The more important of these two laws was the Espionage Act, and the second, the Trading-with-the-Enemy Act.

The Espionage Act was chiefly concerned with the suppression of spy activity, eradication of conspiracy to defeat the armed forces, protection of military secrets, control of enemy aliens, and enforcement of neutrality in future conflicts between other nations. It was Title I, Section 3 of the Act (now Title 50, Section 33) which had to do specifically with the matter of "sedition." This clause reads as follows:

Whoever, when the United States is at war, shall willfully make or convey false reports . . . with intent to interfere with the operation or success of the military or naval forces of the United States or to promote the success of its

enemies (2) and whoever, when the United States is at war, shall willfully cause or attempt to cause insubordination, disloyalty, mutiny, or refusal of duty, in the military or naval forces of the United States, (3) or shall willfully obstruct the recruiting or enlistment service of the United States . . . shall be punished by a fine of not more than \$10,000 or imprisonment for not more than twenty years, or both.

This clause defined the crime for which freedom of speech and press could be abrogated during the last World War or during *any subsequent war*, as the phrase "when the United States is at war" indicates.

The section of the Espionage Act which made commission of the crimes in print subject to censorship was Title XII, empowering the Postmaster General to bar from the mails any literature which was deemed in violation of any part of the Espionage Act. However, first-class mail was declared to be inviolate from opening by any save the clerk of the Dead-Letter Office, or other person authorized by search warrant. Actually this clause meant that the Postmaster had the right to bar anything from the privilege of the second-class mail rate, and gave him ample authority to suppress any publications which contravened the provisions of the Act; since without the privilege of the less expensive second-class mail rate few publications could be distributed.

Before the Espionage Act became law, on June 15, 1917, a powerful struggle against its censorship provisions was conducted by the newspapers. The fight began in February of the same year, when they protested against the Webb-Overman bill. As introduced, this bill threatened with life imprisonment anyone who should publish information which might be useful, directly or indirectly, to the enemy. The Webb-Overman bill passed the Senate but died in Committee in the House.

However, by the time the final Espionage Act was passed, the attention of the press and the country at large had been diverted by the campaign to raise the first Liberty Loan, and by the enforce-

ment of the Draft Act. The censorship provisions of the 1917 law received but little attention in the press.

Over half of the nearly two thousand prosecutions, and a similar proportion of the one hundred and more censorship cases brought under the Espionage Act, were conducted under the authority of these 1917 provisions of the Act. Individuals, organizations, and publications alike were prosecuted on the grounds of "intent" to persuade to disloyalty. In most cases the actual substance of the speech or the literature involved criticism of the government, the war's aims, or the draft, rather than any concrete or proven interference with the operation of the war. In one case a man was sentenced to a long term of imprisonment for stating his belief that the Supreme Court would declare the Draft Act unconstitutional.

As the months passed, the war hysteria was aroused higher and higher by Creel's war propaganda. The record of judicial decisions on violations of the Espionage Act during the later months of 1917 and the early part of 1918 shows a swiftly mounting rise of intolerance. Although existing law was fully able to cover every kind of treasonable publication, the temper of the people was such that when utterances did not come under the original terms of the Act, but were critical of certain governmental policies and actions, the citizens of the country indulged in violent and often brutal mistreatment of the "guilty" individuals.

In accordance with this change in the mood of the American people, Congress decided to revise the Espionage Act. In recommending the amendments the Attorney General stated that the original law had proven inadequate to meet individual utterances which, though not in violation of the original act, were still creating much trouble, and had resulted in numerous horse-whippings and tar-rings-and-featherings, and in two known lynchings. The Attorney General then suggested certain amendments to cope with this situation, and Congress added

more amendments, until the final revised legislation, which soon became known as "The Sedition Act," made criminal the following ten new offenses: saying or doing anything with intent to obstruct the sale of United States bonds; uttering, printing, writing, or publishing any disloyal, profane, scurrilous, or abusive language, or language intended to cause contempt, scorn, contumely, or disrepute as regards the form of government of the United States; or the Constitution; or the flag; or the uniform of the Army or Navy; or the armed forces of the United States; or any language intended to incite resistance to the United States or promote the cause of its enemies; urging any curtailment of production of anything necessary to the conduct of the War with intent to hinder it; advocating, teaching, defending, or suggesting the doing of any of these things; and any words or acts supporting or favoring the cause of any country at war with us, or opposing the cause of the United States in that war. The penalties which applied to the original clause of the Espionage Act dealing with "sedition" were made applicable to these new crimes. Thus in order to protect outspoken citizens from threatened mob violence, the new laws made them subject to twenty years imprisonment, or ten thousand dollars fine, or both.

The Postal Censorship section, Title XII, was strengthened to give the Postmaster General the right to have all mail addressed to an individual or a publication which had been prosecuted for using the mails in violation of the Act returned undelivered to the original addressee, stamped "Mail to this address undeliverable under the Espionage Act." He was permitted to invoke this clause "upon evidence satisfactory to him" that it should be done, thus making this administrative officer the sole judge of guilt under this clause.

No legislation remotely approaching this in its infringements of the rights of freedom of speech and press had existed in this country since the famous Alien

and Sedition Acts of 1798. Those acts were passed by the Federalist Party to combat the propaganda of the French Revolution, and to preserve their party in power. So unpopular were the Acts that they were largely instrumental in bringing about the defeat of the Federalists in 1800, and a tradition against laws on sedition was established which was not broken until the hysteria of the World War brought the new "Sedition Act" into existence.

The Trading-with-the-Enemy Act dealt in some of its clauses with the censorship of the foreign-language press in this country, and in others with the censorship of all messages between foreign countries and the United States. Under the clause controlling the foreign-language press, the publishers of such periodicals were required to submit to the Postmaster General's office sworn translations of every article in them which dealt with the government of the United States, the War, any foreign government with which we were at war, or the policies or international relations of the United States. The section provided the instrumentality for a powerful preventive censorship of the foreign-language press.

III

To censor the messages between the United States and any foreign country, the Trading-with-the-Enemy Act authorized the establishment of a Censorship Board. This Board took over the cable censorship function of the Naval Communications Division of the Navy Department. It was composed of representatives of the Secretary of State, the Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Navy, the Postmaster General, the War Trade Board, and the famous Committee on Public Information. The man who represented the Committee on Public Information on the Censorship Board was George Creel, Chief of the Committee.

In addition to being the formal sponsor of all the war propaganda, Creel's

Committee was also the "informal" agent for newspaper and periodical preventive censorship. Dealing with the papers, the magazines, and the news syndicates, it established certain categories of material which should not be printed. Most of these concerned information which might prove of value to the enemy, or information of military importance.

The newspapers did not really like this surveillance, nor could they understand a great many of the decisions of Creel's Committee as to what constituted military information, but they submitted to this "voluntary" self-censorship with as good a grace as possible. Actually the Committee on Public Information had only the right to approve or disapprove articles which were voluntarily submitted to it by publishers previous to publication. If it approved such pieces, they were stamped, "Passed by the Committee on Public Information." But, as Arthur T. Robb, editor of *Editor and Publisher*, pointed out in a recent address, this voluntary censorship did almost as much harm to the newspapers as a formal censor might have done. "We did not have soldiers with blue pencils sitting in American newspaper offices in 1917 and 1918," he stated, "but newspaper people got into the habit of thinking what not to print rather than what to print and how to print it and the negative philosophy of the war days persisted long after peace was signed. If another war should come upon us I fear that the experiences of twenty years ago will be repeated in intensified degree."

But the Censorship Board, of which George Creel was also a member, did have the power to recommend to the Postmaster General that he bar the mails to publications containing "seditious" material, and to suggest to the Department of Justice that it prosecute the publishers of such material. This was in addition to its primary task of censoring cable and other outgoing and incoming messages.

There were several other organizations and departments busy ferreting out "seditious" material in addition to the Censorship Board and the Committee on Public Information. For one thing, Department of Justice agents throughout the country examined all kinds of printed material, and reported instances of "seditious" utterance to the Postmaster General for punitive action. The Military Intelligence Division of the Army undertook similar activities.

An Executive Postal Censorship Committee, located in New York, was set up to assist in the examination of printed matter. Local postmasters throughout the nation were directed to act as local censors, reporting to the Washington office anything which they judged derogatory to the government or subversive to the conduct of the War. Numerous private organizations were engaged in hunting down seditious utterances. The Pennsylvania Press Club acted as watchman over all the State of Pennsylvania for the Post Office and the Department of Justice, and an organization known as the American Protective League received semi-official approval in its task of securing information about seditious publications and dangerous speech.

Furthermore, there were thousands of amateur censors, who reported information about individuals and organizations and about all classes of printed matter which they thought were in violation of the "Sedition Act." A great majority of such reports were the result of personal hatreds, spite, imagined injury, or attempts to gain unfair competitive advantage.

The powers of the Postmaster General to deal with this stream of supposedly seditious literature were absolute during and directly after the War. He could suppress anything he wished without citing evidence or giving reasons. Although in the majority of cases he censored only specific issues of a periodical, he had the power to suppress the periodical entirely on the ground that, because it had missed one issue, it was no

longer entitled to second-class mailing privileges under the postal laws, since it was no longer "regularly" issued.

The barring of a publication from the mails by the Post Office was virtually without appeal. The Postmaster General claimed that his acts were not reviewable by any court. This claim was based on an early judicial decision that the Postmaster General's decree must be regarded as conclusive by the courts "unless it is clearly wrong." No one can be proved "clearly wrong" in matters of opinion. Never during the whole course of wartime and post-wartime censorship were any of the Post Office's decisions censoring publications reversed by the courts.

Finally the Postmaster General had the right to keep anyone guilty of violating the Espionage Act from receiving mail, thus blocking any activity on the defendant's part.

During the existence of this postal censorship the distribution of over one hundred publications was interfered with—the greatest violation of freedom of the press in America's history. One of the earliest, and perhaps the best known of the censorship cases was that of *The Masses*. The New York City Postmaster barred the August, 1917, issue of this political monthly from the mails. The publishers then asked the Federal District Court to enjoin the Postmaster from excluding the offending issue. Judge Learned Hand held that the portions of the magazine held seditious by the Postmaster did not advocate violence, or in any way command or suggest opposition to the War, and he granted the injunction. The Post Office then appealed, and the Circuit Court of Appeals voided the injunction. The court's construction of the Espionage Act permitted prosecution for the saying or writing of any words which had even the remotest tendency to persuade to sedition as defined under the Act. The judges held that no immediate intent to persuade and no evidence of success in the persuasion had to be proved. It was on the

basis of this decision that a majority of the Espionage Act prosecutions were conducted, and most of the censorship actions were undertaken by the Post Office.

The case of the Milwaukee *Leader* was of equal importance. The Postmaster General revoked the second-class mailing privilege of the paper on the ground that it was opposed to the War. The case was appealed to the United States Supreme Court. In a decision rendered by that Court it was held that the Postmaster General had authority to do this, and that conviction under the Espionage Act was not required before the Post Office could act. In other words, the Post Office under this decision was given absolute authority over the whole press of the nation, not only to ban a specific issue of a publication, but to suppress "on evidence satisfactory to the Postmaster General," the periodical as a whole, through absolute revocation of its second-class mailing privilege.

Armed with these judicially-granted powers, as well as those specified by the Espionage Act and its amendments, the Post Office was empowered to act as censor of the press of the United States. A list of the periodicals and books suppressed and censored by the Post Office during and after the War reveals that the Postmaster General was not concerned only with pro-German, pacifist, anti-war and treasonable material. The interests of the Department, as of other government bodies, were not only in waging the War to a successful conclusion. They extended also to the suppression of all types of criticism of the government, whether pacifist, religious, or political in origin. For example, *The Freeman's Journal and Catholic Register* was censored for reprinting a statement by Thomas Jefferson to the effect that Ireland ought to be a republic; *The Nation*, for attacking Samuel Gompers, labor's representative on the Council of National Defense; and *The Public*, for suggesting that the government should raise more money by higher taxes and less by loans. Important among the suppressed books were

Andreas Latzko's *Men in War*, Lajpat Rai's *An Open Letter to King George*, dealing with conditions in India, Norman Angell's *Why Freedom Matters*, and Thorstein Veblen's *Imperial Germany and the Industrial Revolution*.

The case of the Veblen book is of special interest. One week after the Post Office had issued its order censoring the book a newspaper called its publisher and asked permission to reprint two chapters from it. That it should do so had been suggested by Creel's Committee on Public Information, which had found the material highly useful as anti-German propaganda! As William Hard put it in a contemporary article, had the suppression of the book been brought to public trial, "Mr. Creel might prove that he understands the immense anti-German use of Veblen's book, but Mr. Burleson (the Postmaster General) would score a probable winning point over him by proving himself to be the Postmaster General." That was, in effect, the nature of the powers held by the Post Office under the law and under judicial interpretations of the law.

Postal censorship of publications was not of course the only way in which freedom of the press was attacked. The Department of Justice frequently interfered with the distribution by hand of publications which were accused of being pacifist or "inflammable" in nature. Suppression of this nature, not being technically censorship so much as infringement of the right to freedom of speech, is not correctly a part of the story of wartime censorship. Nevertheless, such cases were large in number, and should be recalled when evaluating the whole momentum of freedom of the press during the World War.

IV

The Department of Justice had powers of censorship over another medium of expression in addition to the printed word. That was the motion picture. Just before the outbreak of the war with

Germany, work was completed on a film called "The Spirit of '76" which presented the history of the American Revolution. Among the scenes in the picture was one portraying the famous "Wyoming Massacre" which showed British redcoats killing women and abducting young girls. Because this scene was held to arouse hatred against one of our Allies the picture was seized and destroyed. In addition to this, criminal proceedings were instituted against Robert Goldstein, the producer of the picture. Goldstein was sentenced to ten years in the federal penitentiary, and actually served three years before his sentence was commuted.

Censorship and other suppressive acts continued long after the end of the War. The Espionage Act of 1918 was not repealed until March 1921, and it was used right up to that date. A year after the Armistice the Attorney General raided the offices of the Seattle *Union Record* and suppressed the paper because of its political views. The New York *Call* was still being barred from the mails thirteen months after the Armistice. A number of censorship prosecutions occurred during the hysteria which followed the War, which found its most virulent expression in Attorney General Palmer's notorious "Red Raids."

The situation to-day is very different from twenty years ago. If at the end of the War in 1918 the temper of the people and of the government was such as to make the restoration of civil rights a subject for bitter struggle, what will they be to-day? We have ample evidence that censorship in a coming war will be more complete, more drastic, and even less concerned with the constitutional rights of freedom of speech and press than was that of the last war. Already the public is being called upon to report "subversive" acts and utterances to the Department of Justice. Fifteen hundred volunteer "espionage agents" have been enlisted by the Sheriff of Kings County, New York, to be trained, he publicly stated, by a series of lectures by the Fed-

eral Bureau of Investigation and the War Department. The War Department and the Department of Justice have privately expressed disapproval of these civilian groups, but at this writing have not publicly repudiated them. A number of other local law-enforcement officers have created these vigilante groups for heresy-hunting with its inevitable violations of civil rights. The Department of Justice is adding one hundred and fifty new agents to the Bureau whose duties are to track down influences which threaten our neutrality—a justifiable enough function if precautions are taken not to sacrifice any of our liberties.

Government operation of the radio in the event of a "national emergency" is already authorized under the Communications Act of 1934, and while it may not now be invoked, would certainly take effect instantly on our involvement in war. It would place the most powerful medium of propaganda to-day in the hands of a government which would tolerate only the expression of its own views and purposes. The 1917 Espionage Act is still on the books, ready to be invoked in case of war. Although the 1918 "Sedition Act" was repealed, similar and even more repressive legislation has passed one or the other House of the present Congress and will be acted on when Congress reconvenes in January.

The means for arousing war hysteria, as well as suggestions for the control of

opposing opinion, have been fully outlined in the proposed Industrial Mobilization Plan. The 1933 edition of the Plan contained an elaborate study of an Administration of Public Relations, to be a special wartime department of the government.

Among the functions of the Administration of Public Relations were the following: "To mobilize all existing mediums of publicity so that they may be employed to the best possible advantage; to act as a bureau of information to which the public and the world may look for proper and reliable information concerning the aims and activities of the government; to combat disaffection at home; to establish rules and regulations for censorship; to enlist and supervise a voluntary censorship of the newspaper and periodical press."

In the 1939 edition this passage disappeared. In its place is this: "The mission of this Administration should be the co-ordination of the dissemination of information for the public. This information should insure adequate presentation to the people of the purposes, views and progress of the Government in the prosecution of the war. . . . The maintenance of a high national morale is a continuing function of this Administration." No details whatever are given in illustration of the final sentence; its generalization is so broad that almost any activity of the government in this connection could be covered by it.



AFTER MANY A SUMMER

A NOVEL IN FIVE PARTS—PART THREE

BY ALDOUS HUXLEY

THIS Friday, Mr. Stoyte's afternoon in town had been exceptionally uneventful. Things went so smoothly that Mr. Stoyte was through with all his business more than an hour before he had expected. Finding himself with time to spare, he stopped on the way home at his agent's to find out what was happening on the estate. The interview lasted only a few minutes—long enough, however, to put Mr. Stoyte in a fury that sent him rushing out to the car.

"Drive to Mr. Propter's," he ordered with a peremptory ferocity as he slammed the door.

What the hell did Bill Propter think he was doing? he kept indignantly asking himself. Shoving his nose into other people's business. And all on account of those lousy bums who had come to pick the oranges! All for those tramps, those stinking, filthy hoboes! Mr. Stoyte had a peculiar hatred for the ragged hordes of transients on whom he depended for the harvesting of his crops, a hatred that was more than the rich man's ordinary dislike of the poor. Not that he didn't experience that complex mixture of fear and physical disgust, of stifled compassion and shame transformed by repression into chronic exasperation. He did. But over and above this common and generic dislike for poor people, he was moved by other hatreds of his own. Mr. Stoyte was a rich man who had been poor. In the six years between the time when he ran away

from his father and grandmother in Nashville and the time when he had been adopted by the black sheep of the family, his Uncle Tom, in California, Jo Stoyte had learned, as he imagined, everything there was to be known about being poor. Those years had left him with an ineradicable hatred for the circumstances of poverty and at the same time an ineradicable contempt for all those who had been too stupid, or too weak, or too unlucky to climb out of the hell into which they had fallen or been born. The poor were odious to him, not only because they were potentially a menace to his position in society, not only because their misfortunes demanded a sympathy he did not wish to give, but also because they reminded him of what he himself had suffered in the past and, at the same time, because the fact that they were still poor was a sufficient proof of their contemptibleness and his own superiority. And since he had suffered what they were now suffering, it was only right that they should go on suffering what he had suffered. Also, since their continued poverty proved them contemptible, it was proper that he, who was now rich, should treat them in every way as the contemptible creatures they had shown themselves to be. Such was the logic of Mr. Stoyte's emotions. And here was Bill Propter running counter to this logic by telling the agent that they oughtn't to take advantage of the glut of transient labor to force down wages;

that they ought, on the contrary, to raise them—raise them, if you please, at a time when these bums were swarming over the State like a plague of Mormon crickets!

"I'll let him have it," he whispered to himself. "I'll let him have it."

Fifty years before, Bill Propter had been the only boy in the school who, even though he was the older and stronger, didn't make fun of him for being fat. They had met again when Bill was teaching at Berkeley and he himself had made good in the real estate game and had just gone into oil. Partly in gratitude for the way Bill Propter had acted when they were boys, partly also in order to display his power, to redress the balance of superiority in his own favor, Jo Stoyte had wanted to do something handsome for the young assistant professor. But in spite of his modest salary and the two or three miserable thousand dollars a year his father had left him, Bill Propter hadn't wanted anything done for him. He had seemed genuinely grateful, he had been perfectly courteous and friendly; but he just didn't want to come in on the ground floor of Consol Oil—didn't want to because, as he kept explaining, he had all he needed and preferred not to have anything more. Jo's effort to redress the balance of superiority had failed—failed disastrously, because by refusing his offer Bill had done something which, though he called him a fool for doing it, compelled Jo Stoyte secretly to admire him more than ever. Extorted against his will, this admiration bred a corresponding resentment toward its object. Jo Stoyte felt aggrieved that Bill had given him so many reasons for liking him. He would have preferred to like him without a reason, in spite of his shortcomings. It was because Bill had settled down on a ten-acre patch of land in this part of the valley that Mr. Stoyte had decided to build his castle on the site where it now stood. He wanted to be near Bill Propter, even though, in practice, there was almost nothing that Bill could do or say that didn't annoy him. To-day

this chronic exasperation had been fanned by Mr. Stoyte's hatred of the transients into a passion of fury.

"I'll let him have it," he repeated again and again.

The car came to a halt and, before the chauffeur could open the door for him, Mr. Stoyte had darted out and was hurrying in his determined way, looking neither to right nor left, up the path that led from the road to his old friend's bungalow.

"Hullo, Jo," a familiar voice called from the shadow under the eucalyptus trees.

Mr. Stoyte turned, peered through the twilight, then, without a word, hurried toward the bench on which the three men were sitting. There was a chorus of "Good evenings," and as he approached, Pete rose politely and offered him his place. Ignoring his gesture and his very presence, Mr. Stoyte addressed himself immediately to Bill Propter.

"Why the hell can't you leave my man alone?" he almost shouted.

Mr. Propter looked at him with only a moderate astonishment. He was used to these outbursts from poor Jo; he had long since divined their fundamental cause and knew by experience how to deal with them.

"Which man, Jo?" he asked.

"Bob Hansen of course. What do you mean by going to him behind my back?"

"When I went to you," said Mr. Propter, "you told me it was Hansen's business. So I went to Hansen."

This was so infuriatingly true that Mr. Stoyte could only resort to roaring. He roared, "Interfering with him in his work! What's the idea?"

"Pete's offering you a seat," Mr. Propter put in.

"I'm not going to sit down," Mr. Stoyte bellowed. "And I want an answer. What's the idea?"

"The idea?" Mr. Propter repeated in his slow quiet way. "Well, it's quite an old one, you know. I didn't invent it."

"Can't you answer me?"

"It's the idea that men and women are human beings. Not vermin."

"Those bums of yours!"

Mr. Propter turned to Pete. "You may as well sit down again," he said.

"Those lousy bums! I tell you I won't stand it."

"Besides," Mr. Propter went on, "I'm a practical man. You're not."

"Me not practical?" Mr. Stoyte echoed with indignant amazement. "Not *practical*? Well, look at the place I live in and then look at this dump of yours."

"Exactly. That proves the point. You're hopelessly romantic, Jo; so romantic, you think people can work when they haven't had enough to eat."

"You're trying to make Communists of them." The word Communist renewed Mr. Stoyte's passion and at the same time justified it; his indignation ceased to be merely personal and became righteous. "You're nothing but a Communist agitator." His voice trembled, Mr. Propter sadly noticed, just as Pete's had trembled half an hour before, at the words "Fascist aggression."

"I thought we were talking about eating," said Mr. Propter.

"You're stalling!"

"Eating and working—wasn't that it?"

"I've put up with you all these years," Mr. Stoyte went on, "for old times' sake. But now I'm through. I'm sick of you. Talking Communism to those bums! Making the place dangerous for decent people to live in."

"Decent?" Mr. Propter echoed, and was tempted to laugh, but immediately checked the impulse.

"I'll have you run out of the valley," Mr. Stoyte was roaring. "I'll see that you're . . ." He broke off in the middle of the sentence and stood there for a few seconds in silence, his mouth still open and working, his eyes staring. That drumming in the ears, that tingling heat in the face—they had suddenly reminded him of his blood pressure, of Dr. Obispo, of death.

Mr. Stoyte drew a deep breath, pulled

out his handkerchief, wiped his face and neck, then, without uttering another word, turned and began to walk away.

Mr. Propter got up, hurried after him and, in spite of the other's angry motion of recoil, took Mr. Stoyte's arm and walked along beside him.

"I want to show you something, Jo," he said. "Something that'll interest you, I think."

"I don't want to see it," said Mr. Stoyte between his false teeth.

Mr. Propter paid no attention, but continued to lead him toward the back of the house. "It's a gadget that Abbot of the Smithsonian has been working on for some time," he continued. "A thing for making use of solar energy." He interrupted himself for a moment to call back to the others to follow him. "Much more compact than anything of the kind that's ever been made before," he said. "Much more efficient too." And he went on to describe the system of trough-shaped reflectors, the tubes of oil heated to a temperature of four or five hundred degrees Fahrenheit; the boiler for raising steam, if you wanted to run a low-pressure engine; the cooking range and water heater, if you were using it only for domestic purposes. "Pity the sun's down," he said, as they stood in front of the machine. "I'd have liked to show you the way it works the engine. I've had two horse-power, eight hours a day, ever since I got the thing working last week."

Mr. Stoyte had intended to persist in his silence—just to show Bill that he was still angry, that he hadn't forgiven him; but his interest in the machine and, above all, his exasperated concern with Bill's idiotic, crackpot notions were too much for him. "What the hell do you want with two horse-power eight hours a day?" he asked.

"To run my electric generator."

"But what do you want with an electric generator? Haven't you got your current wired in from the city?"

"Of course. And I'm trying to see how far I can be independent of the city."

"But what for?"

Mr. Propter uttered a little laugh. "Because I believe in Jeffersonian democracy."

"What the hell has Jeffersonian democracy got to do with it?" said Mr. Stoyte with mounting irritation. "Can't you believe in Jefferson and have your current wired in from the city?"

"That's exactly it," said Mr. Propter; "you almost certainly can't."

"What do you mean?"

"What I say," Mr. Propter answered.

"I believe in democracy too," Mr. Stoyte announced with a look of defiance.

"I know you do. And you also believe in being the undisputed boss in all your businesses."

"I should hope so!"

"There's another name for an undisputed boss," said Mr. Propter. "'Dictator.'"

"What are you trying to get at?"

"Merely at the facts. You believe in democracy; but you're at the head of businesses which have to be run dictatorially. And your subordinates have to accept your dictatorship because they're dependent on you for their living. In Russia they'd depend on government officials for their living. Perhaps you think that's an improvement," he added, turning to Pete.

Pete nodded. "I'm all for the public ownership of the means of production," he said. It was the first time he had openly confessed his faith in the presence of his employer; he felt happy at having dared to be a Daniel.

"Public ownership of the means of production," Mr. Propter repeated. "But unfortunately governments have a way of regarding the individual producers as being parts of the means. Frankly, I'd rather have Jo Stoyte as my boss than Jo Stalin. This Jo" (he laid his hand on Mr. Stoyte's shoulder) "this Jo can't have you executed; he can't send you to the Arctic; he can't prevent you from getting a job under another boss. Whereas the other Jo . . ." he shook his head.

"You'd be fired pretty quick," growled Mr. Stoyte.

"I don't want *any* boss," Mr. Propter went on. "The more bosses the less democracy. But unless people can support themselves they've got to have a boss who'll undertake to do it for them. So the less self-support the less democracy. In Jefferson's day a great many Americans did support themselves. They were economically independent. Independent of government and independent of big business. Hence the Constitution."

"We've still got the Constitution," said Mr. Stoyte.

"No doubt," Mr. Propter agreed. "But if we had to make a new Constitution to-day what would it be like? A Constitution to fit the facts of New York and Chicago and Detroit; of United States Steel and the Public Utilities and General Motors and the C.I.O. and the government departments. What on earth would it be like?" he repeated. "We respect our old Constitution, but in fact we live under a new one. And if we want to live under the first we've got to re-create something like the conditions under which the first was made. That's why I'm interested in this gadget." He patted the frame of the machine. "Because it may help to give independence to anyone who desires independence. Not that many do desire it," he added parenthetically. "The propaganda in favor of dependence is too strong. They've come to believe that you can't be happy unless you're entirely dependent on government or centralized business. But for the few who do care about democracy, who really want to be free in the Jeffersonian sense, this thing may be a help. If it makes them independent of fuel and power that's already a great deal."

Mr. Stoyte looked anxious. "Do you really think it'll do that?"

"Why not?" said Mr. Propter. "There's a lot of sunshine running to waste in this part of the country."

Mr. Stoyte thought of his presidency

of the Consol Oil Company. "It won't be good for the oil business," he said.

"I should hate it to be good for the oil business," Mr. Propter answered cheerfully.

"And what about coal?" He had an interest in a group of West Virginia mines. "And the railroads?" There was that big block of Union Pacific shares that had belonged to Prudence. "The railroads can't get on without long hauls. And steel," he added disinterestedly; for his holdings in Bethlehem Steel were almost negligible. "What happens to steel if you hurt the railroads and cut down trucking? You're going against progress," he burst out in another access of righteous indignation. "You're turning back the clock."

"Don't worry, Jo," said Mr. Propter. "It won't affect your dividends for quite a long while. There'll be plenty of time to adjust to the new conditions."

With an admirable effort Mr. Stoyte controlled his temper. "You seem to figure I can't think of anything but money," he said with dignity. "Well, it may interest you to know that I've decided to give Mr. Mulge another thirty thousand dollars for his Art School." (The decision had been made there and then, for the sole purpose of serving as a weapon in the perennial battle with Bill Propter.) "And if you think," he added as an afterthought, "if you think I'm only concerned with my own interests, read the special World's Fair number of the *New York Times*. Read that," he insisted with the solemnity of a fundamentalist recommending the Book of Revelation. "You'll see that the most forward-looking men in the country think as I do." He spoke with unaccustomed and incongruous unction, in the phraseology of after-dinner eloquence. "The way of progress is the way of better organization, more service from business, more goods for the consumer!" Then, incoherently, "Look at the way a housewife goes to her grocer," he added, "and buys a package of some nationally advertised cereal or something. *That's*

progress. Not your crackpot idea of doing everything at home with this idiotic contraption." Mr. Stoyte had reverted completely to his ordinary style. "You always were a fool, Bill, and I guess you always will be. And remember what I told you about interfering with Bob Hansen. I won't stand for it." In dramatic silence he walked away; but after taking a few steps, he halted and called back over his shoulder, "Come up to dinner if you feel like it."

"Thanks," said Mr. Propter. "I will."

Mr. Stoyte walked briskly toward his car. He had forgotten about high blood pressure and the living God and felt all of a sudden unaccountably and unreasonably happy. It was not that he had scored any notable success in his battle with Bill Propter. He hadn't; and, what was more, in the process of not scoring a success he had made, and was even half aware that he had made, a bit of a fool of himself. The source of his happiness was elsewhere. He was happy, though he would never have admitted the fact, because, in spite of everything, Bill seemed to like him.

In the car as he drove back to the castle he whistled to himself.

Entering with his hat on, as usual (for even after all these years he still derived a childish pleasure from the contrast between the palace in which he lived and the proletarian manners he affected), Mr. Stoyte crossed the great hall, stepped into the elevator and, from the elevator, walked directly into Virginia's boudoir.

When he opened the door the two were sitting at least fifteen feet apart. Virginia was at the soda counter, pensively eating a chocolate and banana split; seated in an elegant pose on one of the pink 'satin armchairs, Dr. Obispo was in the process of lighting a cigarette.

On Mr. Stoyte the impact of suspicion and jealousy was like the blow of a fist directed straight to the solar plexus. His face contracted as though with pain. And yet he had seen nothing; there was

no apparent cause for jealousy, no visible reason in their attitudes, their actions, their expressions for suspicion. Dr. Obispo's manner was perfectly easy and natural; and the Baby's smile of startled and delighted welcome was angelic in its candor. "Uncle Jo!" She ran to meet him and threw her arms round his neck. "Uncle Jo!"

The warmth of her tone, the softness of her lips had a magical effect on Mr. Stoyte. The fact that he should have felt suspicious, even for a moment, of this pure and adorable, this deliciously warm, resilient, and perfumed child, filled him with shame. And even Dr. Obispo now heaped coals of fire on his head.

"I was a bit worried," he said, as he got up from his chair, "by the way you coughed after lunch. That's why I came up here, to make sure of catching you the moment you got in." He put a hand in his pocket and, after half drawing out and immediately replacing a little leather-bound volume, like a prayer book, extracted a stethoscope. "Prevention's better than cure," he went on. "I'm not going to let you get influenza if I can help it."

Remembering what a good week they had had at the Beverly Pantheon on account of the epidemic, Mr. Stoyte felt alarmed. "I don't *feel* bad," he said. "I guess that cough wasn't anything. Only my old—you know—the chronic bronchitis."

"Maybe it was only that. But all the same I'd like to listen in." Briskly professional, Dr. Obispo hung the stethoscope round his neck.

"He's right, Uncle Jo," said the Baby.

Touched by so much solicitude and at the same time rather disturbed by the thought that it might perhaps be influenza, Mr. Stoyte took off his coat and waistcoat and began to undo his tie. A moment later he was standing stripped to the waist under the crystals of the chandelier. Modestly Virginia retired again to her soda fountain. Dr. Obispo slipped the ends of the curved nickel tubes of the stethoscope into his ears.

"Take a deep breath," he said as he pressed the muzzle against Mr. Stoyte's chest. "Again," he ordered. "Now cough." Looking past that thick barrel of hairy flesh, he could see on the wall behind the inhabitants of Watteau's mournful paradise as they prepared to set sail for some other paradise, doubtless yet more heartbreaking.

"Say ninety-nine," Dr. Obispo commanded, returning from the embarkation for Cythera to a near view of Mr. Stoyte's thorax and abdomen.

"Ninety-nine," said Mr. Stoyte. "Ninety-nine. Ninety-nine."

With professional thoroughness Dr. Obispo shifted the muzzle of his stethoscope from point to point on the curving barrel of flesh before him. There was nothing wrong of course with the old buzzard. Just the familiar set of râles and wheezes he always had. Perhaps it would make things a bit more realistic if he were to take the creature down to his office and stick him up in front of the fluoroscope. But, no; he really couldn't be bothered. And, besides, this farce would be quite enough.

"Just a few more deep breaths, if you don't mind."

Wheezily Mr. Stoyte inhaled, then with a snorting sigh emptied his lungs.

XI

There was silence after Mr. Stoyte's departure. A long silence, while each of the three men thought his own private thoughts. It was Pete who spoke first.

"Things like that," he said gloomily, "they get me kind of wondering if I ought to go on taking his money. What would you do, Mr. Propter, if you were me?"

"What would I do?" Mr. Propter reflected for a moment. "I'd go on working in Jo's laboratory," he said. "But only so long as I felt fairly certain that what I was doing wouldn't cause more harm than good."

"And what about the money?" Pete went on. "Seeing where it comes from

and who it belongs to, do you think I ought to take it?"

"All money's pretty dirty," said Mr. Propter. "I don't know that poor Jo's is appreciably dirtier than anyone else's. You may think it is; but that's only because, for the first time, you're seeing money at its source—its personal, human source. You're like one of those city children who have been used to getting their milk in sterilized bottles from a shiny white delivery wagon. When they go into the country and see it being pumped out of a big, fat, smelly old animal they're horrified, they're disgusted. It's the same with money. You've been used to getting it from behind a bronze grating in a magnificent marble bank. Now you've come out into the country and are living in the cow shed with the animal that actually secretes the stuff. And the process doesn't strike you as very savory or hygienic. But the same process was going on even when you didn't know about it. And if you weren't working for Jo Stoyte you'd probably be working for some college or university. But where do colleges and universities get their money from? From rich men. In other words, from people like Jo Stoyte. Again, it's dirt served out in sterile containers—by a gentleman in a cap and gown this time."

"So you figure it's all right for me to go on like I am now?" said Pete.

"All right," Mr. Propter answered, "in the sense that it's not conspicuously worse than anything else." Suddenly smiling, "I was glad to hear that Dr. Mulge had got his art school," he said in another, lighter tone. "Immediately after the Auditorium too. It's a lot of money. But I suppose the prestige of being a patron of learning is worth it. And of course there's an enormous social pressure on the rich to make them become patrons of learning. They're being pushed by shame as well as pulled by the longing to believe they're the benefactors of humanity. And happily with Dr. Mulge a rich man can have his

kudos with safety. No amount of art schools at Tarzana will ever disturb the *status quo*. Whereas if I were to ask Jo for fifty thousand dollars to finance research into the technic of democracy he'd turn me down flat. Why? Because he knows that sort of thing is dangerous. He likes speeches about democracy. But he doesn't approve of the coarse materialists who try to find out how to put those ideals into practice. You saw how angry he got about my poor little sun machine. Because, in its tiny way, it's a menace to the sort of big business he makes his money from. And it's the same with these other little gadgets that I've talked to him about from time to time."

Mr. Propter went into the bungalow for a moment to turn out the lights, then emerged again on to the porch. Together, the three men walked down the path to the road. Before them the castle was a vast black silhouette punctured by occasional lights.

"There is something you can do," Mr. Propter resumed; "but only on condition that you know what the nature of the world happens to be. If you know that the strictly human level is the level of evil, you won't waste your time trying to produce good on that level. Good manifests itself only on the animal level and on the level of eternity. Knowing that, you'll realize that the best you can do on the human level is preventive. You can see that purely human activities don't interfere too much with the manifestation of good on the other levels. That's all. But politicians don't know the nature of reality. If they did they wouldn't be politicians. Reactionary or revolutionary, they're all humanists, all romantics. They live in a world of illusion, a world that's a mere projection of their own human personalities. They act in ways which would be appropriate if such a world as they think they live in really existed. But unfortunately it doesn't exist except in their imaginations. Hence nothing that they do is appropriate to the real world. All their

actions are the actions of lunatics, and all, as history is there to demonstrate, are more or less completely disastrous. So much for the romantics. The realists who have studied the nature of the world know that an exclusively humanistic attitude toward life is always fatal, and that all strictly human activities must therefore be made instrumental to animal and spiritual good. They know, in other words, that men's business is to make the human world safe for animals and spirits. At present, I'm afraid, it's profoundly unfit. The world we've made for ourselves is a world of sick bodies and insane or criminal personalities. How shall we make this world safe for ourselves as animals and as spirits? If we can answer that question we've discovered what to do."

Mr. Propter halted at what appeared to be a wayside shrine, opened a small steel door with a key he carried in his pocket, and, lifting the receiver of the telephone within, announced their presence to an invisible porter, somewhere on the other side of the moat. They walked on.

"What are the things that make the world unsafe for animals and spirits?" Mr. Propter continued. "Obviously, greed and fear, lust for power, hatred, anger . . ."

At this moment, a dazzling light struck them full in the face and was almost immediately turned out.

"What in heaven's name . . . ?" Jeremy began.

"Don't worry," said Peter. "They only want to make sure it's us, not a set of gangsters. It's just the searchlight."

"Just our old friend Jo expressing his personality," said Mr. Propter, taking Jeremy's arm. "In other words, proclaiming to the world that he's afraid because he's been greedy and domineering. And he's been greedy and domineering, among other reasons, because the present system puts a premium on those qualities. Our problem is to find a system that will give the fewest possible opportunities for unfortunate people like

Jo Stoyte to realize their potentialities."

The bridge had swung down as they approached the moat, and now the boards rang hollow under their feet. The portcullis rose, the gates slid back to receive them.

"If you want to make the world safe for animals and spirits you must have a system that reduces the amount of fear and greed and hatred and domineering to their minimum, which means that you must have enough economic security to get rid at least of that source of worry. Enough personal responsibility to prevent people from wallowing in sloth. Enough property to protect them from being bullied by the rich, but not enough to permit them to bully. And the same thing with political rights and authority—enough of the first for the protection of the many, too little of the second for domination by the few."

"Sounds like peasants to me," said Pete dubiously.

"Peasants plus small machines and power. Which means that they're no longer peasants, except in so far as they're largely self-sufficient."

"And who makes the machines? More peasants?"

"No; the same sort of people as make them now. What can't be made satisfactorily except by mass production methods obviously has to go on being made that way. About a third of all production—that's what it seems to amount to. The other two-thirds are more economically produced at home or in a small workshop. The immediate, practical problem is to work out the technic of that small-scale production. At present all the research is going to the discovery of new fields for mass production."

"And do you figure people will want to leave the cities and live the way you're telling us, on little farms?"

"Ah, now you're talking, Pete!" said Mr. Propter approvingly. "Frankly, then, I don't expect them to leave the cities any more than I expect them to stop having wars and revolutions. All I

expect is that if I do my work and it's reasonably good there'll be a few people who will want to collaborate with me. That's all."

"But if you're not going to get more than just a few, what's the point? Why not try to do something with the cities and the factories, seeing that that's where most people are going to stay? Wouldn't that be more practical?"

"It depends how one defines the word," said Mr. Propter. "For example, *you* seem to think that it's practical to help a great many people to pursue a policy which is known to be fatal; but that it isn't practical to help a very few people to pursue a policy which there is every reason to regard as sound. I don't agree with you."

"But the many are there. You've got to do something about them."

"You've got to do something about them," Mr. Propter agreed. "But at the same time there are circumstances in which you can't do anything. You can't do anything effective about anyone if he doesn't choose or isn't able to collaborate with you in doing the right thing. For example, you've *got* to help people who are being killed off by malaria. But in practice you can't help them if they refuse to screen their windows and insist on taking walks near stagnant water in the twilight. It's exactly the same with the diseases of the body politic. You've got to help people if they're faced by war or ruin or enslavement, if they're under the menace of sudden revolution or slow degeneration. You've got to help. But the fact remains, nevertheless, that you can't help if they persist in the course of behavior which originally got them into their trouble. For example, you can't preserve people from the horrors of war if they won't give up the pleasures of nationalism. You can't save them from slumps and depressions so long as they go on thinking exclusively in terms of money and regarding money as the supreme good. You can't avert revolution and enslavement if they *will* identify

progress with the increase of centralization and prosperity with the intensifying of mass production. You can't preserve them from collective madness and suicide if they persist in paying divine honors to ideals which are merely projections of their own personalities—in other words, if they persist in worshipping themselves rather than God. So much for conditional clauses. Now let's consider the actual facts of the present situation. For our purposes the most significant facts are these: the inhabitants of every civilized country are menaced; all desire passionately to be saved from impending disaster; the overwhelming majority refuse to change the habits of thought, feeling, and action which are directly responsible for their present plight. In other words, they can't be helped because they are not prepared to collaborate with any helper who proposes a rational and realistic course of action. In these circumstances what ought the would-be helper do?"

"He's got to do *something*," said Pete.

"Even if he thereby accelerates the process of destruction?" Mr. Propter smiled sadly. "Doing for doing's sake," he went on. "I prefer Oscar Wilde. Bad art can't do so much harm as ill-considered political action. Doing good on any but the tiniest scale requires more intelligence than most people possess. They ought to be content with keeping out of mischief; it's easier and it doesn't have such frightful results as trying to do good in the wrong way. Twiddling the thumbs and having good manners are much more helpful, in most cases, than rushing about with good intentions *doing* things."

Floodlighted, Giambologna's nymph was still indefatigably spouting away against the velvet background of the darkness. Electricity and sculpture, Jeremy was thinking as he looked at her—predestined partners. The things that old Bernini could have done with a battery of projectors!

"No," Mr. Propter was saying in answer to a protesting question from the

young man, "no, I certainly wouldn't advise their abandonment. I'd advise the constant reiteration of the truths they've been told again and again during the past three thousand years. And, in the intervals, I'd do active work on the technics of a better system, and I'd collaborate with the few who understand what the system is and are ready to pay the price demanded for its realization. Incidentally, the price, measured in human terms, is enormously high, though of course much lower than the price demanded by the nature of things from those who persist in behaving in the standard human way. Much lower than the price of war, for example—particularly war with contemporary weapons. Much lower than the price of economic depression and political enslavement."

"And what happens," Jeremy asked in a fluting voice, "what happens when you've had your war? Will the few be any better off than the many?"

"Oddly enough," Mr. Propter answered, "there's just a chance they may be. For this reason. If they've learned the technic of self-sufficiency they'll find it easier to survive a time of anarchy than the people who depend for their livelihood on a highly centralized and specialized organization. You can't work for the good without incidentally preparing yourself for the worst."

XII

In the columned Lady Chapel, with its hatracks and its Magnascos, its Brancusi and its Etruscan sarcophagus used as an umbrella stand, Jeremy Pordage began, all of a sudden, to feel himself more cheerful and at home.

"It's as though one were walking into the mind of a lunatic," he said smiling happily as he hung up his hat and followed the others into the great hall. "Or, rather, an idiot," he qualified. "Because I suppose a lunatic's a person with a one-track mind. Whereas this—" he made a circular gesture—"this is a

no-track mind. No-track because infinity-track. It's the mind of an idiot of genius. Positively stuffed with the best that has been thought and said." He pronounced the phrase with a kind of old-maidish precision that made it sound entirely ludicrous. "Greece, Mexico, backsides, crucifixions, machinery, George IV, Amida Buddha, science, Christian science, Turkish baths—anything you like to mention. And every item is perfectly irrelevant to every other item." He rubbed his hands together, he twinkled delightedly through his bifocals. "Disquieting at first. But do you know? I'm beginning to enjoy it. I find I really rather like living inside an idiot."

"I don't doubt it," said Mr. Propter, matter-of-factly. "It's a common taste."

Jeremy was offended. "One wouldn't have thought this sort of thing was very common," he said, nodding in the direction of the Greco.

"It isn't," Mr. Propter agreed. "But you can live in an idiot-universe without going to the expense of actually constructing it out of ferro-concrete and filling it with works of art."

There was a pause while they entered the lift.

"You can live inside a cultural idiot," Mr. Propter went on. "Inside a patchwork of mutually irrelevant words and bits of information. Or, if you're a low-brow, you can live in the idiot world of the *homme moyen sensuel*—the world where the irrelevances consist of newspapers and baseball, of sex and worry, of advertising and money and halitosis and keeping up with the Joneses. There's a hierarchy of idiocies. Naturally you and I prefer the classiest variety."

The elevator came to a halt. Pete opened the gate, and they stepped out into the whitewashed corridor of the sub-sub-basement.

"Nothing like an idiot-universe if you want a quiet irresponsible life. That is, provided you can stand the idiocy," Mr. Propter added. "A lot of people can't. After a time they get tired of their no-

track world. They feel the need of being concentrated and directed. They want their lives to have some sense. That's when they go Communist or join the Church of Rome or take up with the Oxford Group. Anything provided it will make them one-trackers. And of course in the overwhelming majority of cases they choose the wrong track. Inevitably. Because there are a million wrong tracks and only one right—a million ideals, a million projections of personality, and only one God and one beatific vision. From no-track idiocy most of them pass on to some one-track lunacy, generally criminal. It makes them feel better of course; but, pragmatically, the last state is always worse than the first. If you don't want the only thing worth having, my advice is: Stick to idiocy. Is this where you work?" he went on in another tone, as Jeremy opened the door of his vaulted study. "And those are the Hauberk Papers, I take it. Plenty of them. The title's extinct, isn't it?"

Jeremy nodded. "And so's the family—or very nearly. Nothing left but two old maids in a haunted house without any money." He twinkled, uttered his little preparatory cough and, patting his bald crown, said with an exaggerated precision: "Decayed gentlewomen." Exquisite locution! It was one of his favorites. "And the decay must have gone pretty far," he added. "Otherwise they wouldn't have sold the papers. They've refused all previous offers."

"How fortunate one is not to belong to an ancient family!" said Mr. Propter. "All those inherited loyalties to bricks and mortar, all those obligations to tombstones and bits of paper and painted canvases!" He shook his head. "What a dismal form of compulsory idolatry."

Jeremy meanwhile had crossed the room, opened a drawer, and returned with a file of papers which he handed to Mr. Propter. "Look at these."

Mr. Propter looked. "From Molinos!" he said in surprise.

"I thought that would be your cup of

tea," said Jeremy, deriving a sly pleasure from talking about mysticism in the most absurdly inappropriate language.

Mr. Propter smiled. "My cup of tea," he repeated. "But not my favorite blend. There was something not quite right about poor Molinos. A strain of—how shall I put it?—of negative sensuality. He enjoyed suffering. Mental suffering, the dark night of the soul—he really wallowed in it. No doubt, poor fellow, he sincerely believed he was destroying self-will; but without his being aware of it, he was always turning the process of destruction into another affirmation of self-will. Which was a pity," Mr. Propter added, taking the letters to the light, to look at them more closely, "because he certainly did have some first-hand experience of reality. Which only shows that you're never certain of getting there, even when you've come near enough to see what sort of thing you're going to. Here's a fine sentence," he put in parenthetically. "'*Ame a Dios,*'" he read aloud, "'*como es en sí y no como se lo dice y forma su imaginacion.*'"

Jeremy almost laughed. The coincidence that Mr. Propter should have picked on the same passage that had caught Dr. Obispo's eye that morning gave him a peculiar satisfaction. "Pity he couldn't have read a little Kant," he said. "*Dios en sí* seems to be much the same as *Ding an sich*. Unknowable by the human mind."

"Unknowable by the *personal* human mind," Mr. Propter agreed, "because personality is self-will, and self-will is the negation of reality, the denial of God. So far as the ordinary human personality is concerned, Kant is perfectly right in saying that the thing in itself is unknowable. *Dios en sí* can't be comprehended by a consciousness dominated by an ego. But now suppose there were some way of eliminating the ego from consciousness. If you could do this you'd get close to reality, you'd be in a position to comprehend *Dios en sí*. Now the interesting thing is that, as a matter of brute fact,

this can be done, has been done again and again. Kant's blind alley is for people who choose to remain on the human level. If you choose to climb on to the level of eternity the *impasse* no longer exists."

There was a silence. Mr. Propter turned over the sheets, pausing every now and then to decipher a line or two of the fine calligraphy. "'*Tres maneras hay de silencio,*'" he read aloud after a moment. "'*El primero es de palabras, el segundo de deseos y el tercero de pensamientos.*" He writes nicely, don't you think? Probably that had a lot to do with his extraordinary success. How disastrous when a man knows how to say the wrong things in the right way! Incidentally," he added, looking up with a smile into Jeremy's face, "how few great stylists have ever said any of the right things. That's one of the troubles about education in the humanities. The best that has been thought and said. Very nice. But best in which way? Alas, only in form. The content is generally deplorable." He turned back to the letters. After a moment another passage caught his attention. "'*Oirá y leerá el hombre racional estas espirituales materias, pero no llegará, dice San Pablo, a comprenderlas: Animalis homo non percipit ea quae sunt spiritus.*" And not merely *animalis homo*," Mr. Propter commented. "Also *humanus homo*. Indeed, above all *humanus homo*. And you might even add that *humanus homo non percipit ea quae sunt animalis*. In so far as we think as strictly human beings we fail to understand what is below us no less than what is above. And then there's a further trouble. Suppose we stop thinking in a strictly human fashion; suppose we make it possible for ourselves to have direct intuitions of the non-human realities in which, so to speak, we're imbedded. Well and good. But what happens when we try to pass on the knowledge so acquired? We're floored. The only vocabulary at our disposal is a vocabulary primarily intended for thinking strictly human thoughts about strictly human concerns.

But the things *we* want to talk about are non-human realities and non-human ways of thinking. Hence the radical inadequacy of all statements about our animal nature and, even more, of all statements about God or spirit, or eternity."

Jeremy uttered a little cough. "I can think of some pretty adequate statements about—" he paused, beamed, caressed his polished scalp—"well, about the more *intime* aspects of our animal nature," he concluded demurely. His face suddenly clouded; he had remembered his treasure trove and Dr. Obispo's impudent theft.

"But what does their adequacy depend on?" Mr. Propter asked. "Not so much on the writer's skill as the reader's response. The direct, animal intuitions aren't rendered by words; the words merely remind you of your memories of similar experiences. *Notus calor* is what Virgil says when he's talking about the sensations experienced by Vulcan in the embraces of Venus. Familiar heat. No attempt at description or analysis; no effort to get any kind of verbal equivalence to the facts. Just a reminder. But that reminder is enough to make the passage one of the most voluptuous affairs in Latin poetry. Virgil left the work to his readers. And, by and large, that's what most erotic writers are content to do. The few who try to do the work themselves have to flounder about with metaphors and similes and analogies. You know the sort of stuff: fire, whirlwinds, heaven, darts."

"'The vale of lilies,'" Jeremy quoted. "'And the bower of bliss.'"

"Not to mention the expense of spirit in a waste of shame," said Mr. Propter; "and all the other figures of speech. An endless variety, with only one feature in common—they're all composed of words which don't connote any aspect of the subject they're supposed to describe."

"Saying one thing in order to mean another," Jeremy put in. "Isn't that one of the possible definitions of imaginative literature?"

"Maybe," Mr. Propter answered. "But what chiefly interests me at the moment is the fact that our immediate animal intuitions have never been given any but the most summary and inadequate labels. We say 'red,' for example, or 'pleasant,' and just leave it at that without trying to find verbal equivalents for the various aspects of perceiving redness or experiencing pleasure."

"Well, isn't that because you can't go beyond 'red' or 'pleasant'?" said Pete. "They're just facts, ultimate facts."

"Like giraffes," Jeremy added. "'There ain't no such animal,' is what the rationalist says, when he's shown its portrait. And then in it walks, neck and all!"

"You're right," said Mr. Propter. "A giraffe is an ultimate fact. You've got to accept it whether you like it or not. But accepting the giraffe doesn't prevent you from studying and describing it. And the same applies to redness or pleasure or *notus calor*. They can be analyzed, and the results of the analysis can be described by means of suitable words. But as a matter of historical fact, this hasn't been done."

Pete nodded slowly. "Why do you figure that should be?" he asked.

"Well," said Mr. Propter, "I should say it's because men have always been more interested in doing and feeling than in understanding. Always too busy making good and having thrills and doing what's 'done' and worshipping the local idols—too busy with all this even to feel any desire to have an adequate verbal instrument for elucidating their experiences. Look at the languages we've inherited—incomparably effective in rousing violent and exciting emotions; an ever-present help for those who want to get on in the world; worse than useless for anyone who aspires to disinterested understanding. Hence, even on the strictly human level, the need for special impersonal languages like mathematics and technical vocabularies of the various sciences. Wherever men have felt the wish to understand they've given up the

traditional language and substituted for it another special language, more precise and, above all, less contaminated with self-interest.

"Now, here's a very significant fact. Imaginative literature deals mainly with the everyday life of men and women; and the everyday life of men and women consists, to a large extent, of immediate animal experiences. But the makers of imaginative literature have never forged an impersonal, uncontaminated language for the elucidation of immediate experiences. They're content to use the bare, unanalyzed names of experiences as mere aids to their own and their reader's memory. Every direct intuition is *notus calor*, with the connotation of the words left open, so to speak, for each individual reader to supply according to the nature of his or her particular experiences in the past. Simple, but not exactly scientific. But then people don't read literature in order to understand; they read it because they want to re-live the feelings and sensations which they found exciting in the past. Art can be a lot of things; but in actual practice, most of it is merely the mental equivalent of alcohol and cantharides."

Mr. Propter looked down again at the close-set lines of Molinos' epistle. "'Oirá y leerá el hombre racional estas espirituales materias,'" he read out once more. "'Pero non llegerà a comprenderlas.' He'll hear and read these things, but he won't succeed in understanding them. And he won't succeed," said Mr. Propter, closing the file and handing it back to Jeremy, "he won't succeed for one of two excellent reasons. Either he has never seen the giraffes in question, and so, being an *hombre racional*, knows quite well that there ain't no such animal; or else he has had glimpses of the creatures, or has some other reason for believing in their existence, but can't understand what the experts say about them; can't understand because of the inadequacy of the language in which the fauna of the spiritual world are ordinarily described. In other words, he either

hasn't had the immediate experience of eternity and so has no reason to believe that eternity exists; or else he *does* believe that eternity exists, but can't make head or tail of the language in which it's talked about by those who have had experience of it. Furthermore, when he wants to talk about eternity himself—and he may wish to do so either in order to communicate his own experiences to others or to understand them better, from the human point of view, himself—he finds himself on the horns of a dilemma. For he recognizes that the existing language is unsuitable—in which case he has only two rational choices: to say nothing at all or to invent a new and better technical language of his own, a calculus of eternity, so to speak, a special algebra of spiritual experience (and if he does invent it, nobody who hasn't learned it will know what he's talking about). So much for the first horn of the dilemma. The second horn is reserved for those who don't recognize the inadequacy of the existing language or else who do recognize it, but are irrationally hopeful enough to take a chance with an instrument which they know to be worthless. These people will write in the existing language, and their writing will be, in consequence, more or less completely misunderstood by most of their readers. Inevitably, because the words they use don't correspond to the things they're talking about. Most of them are words taken from the language of everyday life. But the language of everyday life refers almost exclusively to strictly human affairs. What happens when you apply words derived from that language to experiences on the plane of the spirit, the plane of timeless experience? Obviously you create a misunderstanding; you say what you didn't mean to say."

Pete interrupted him. "I'd like an example, Mr. Propter," he said.

"All right," the other answered. "Let's take the commonest word in all religious literature: love. On the human level the word means—what? Prac-

tically everything from Mother to the Marquis de Sade."

The name reminded Jeremy yet again of what had happened to the *Cent-Vingt Jours de Sodome*. Really it was too insufferable! The impudence of it . . . !

"We don't even make the simple Greek distinction between *erao* and *philo*, *eros* and *agape*. With us everything is just love, whether it's self-sacrificing or possessive, whether it's friendship or lust or homicidal lunacy. It's all just love," he repeated. "Idiotic word! Even on the human level it's hopelessly ambiguous. And when you begin using it in relation to experiences on the level of eternity—well, it's simply disastrous. 'The love of God.' 'God's love for us.' 'The saint's love for his fellows.' What does the word stand for in such phrases? And in what way is this related to what it stands for when it's applied to a young mother suckling her baby? Or to Romeo climbing into Juliet's bedroom? Or to Othello as he strangles Desdemona? Or to the research worker who loves his science? Or to the patriot who's ready to die for his country—to die, and, in the meantime, to kill, steal, lie, swindle, and torture for it? Is there really anything in common between what the word stands for in these contexts and what it stands for when one talks, let us say, of the Buddha's love for all sentient beings? Obviously, the answer is: No, there isn't. On the human level the word stands for a great many different states of mind and ways of behaving. Dissimilar in many respects but alike at least in this: they're all accompanied by emotional excitement and they all contain an element of craving, whereas the most characteristic features of the enlightened person's experience are serenity and disinterestedness. In other words, the absence of excitement and the absence of craving."

"The absence of excitement and the absence of craving," Pete said to himself, while the image of Virginia in her yachting cap, riding her pink scooter, kneeling in her shorts under the arch of the Grotto, swam before his inward eye.

"Distinctions in fact ought to be represented by distinctions in language," Mr. Propter was saying. "If they're not you can't expect to talk sense. In spite of which we insist on using one word to connote entirely different things. 'God is love,' we say. The word's the same as the one we use when we talk about 'being in love,' or 'loving one's children' or 'being inspired by love of country.' Consequently we tend to think that the thing we're talking about must be more or less the same. We imagine in a vague, reverential way, that God is composed of a kind of immensely magnified yearning." Mr. Propter shook his head. "Creating God in our own image. It flatters our vanity, and of course we prefer vanity to understanding. Hence those confusions of language. If we wanted to understand the world, if we wanted to think about it realistically, we should say that we were in love, but that God was x -love. In this way people who had never had any first-hand experience on the level of eternity would at least be given a chance of knowing intellectually that what happens on that level is not the same as what happens on the strictly human level. They'd know, because they'd seen it in print, that there was some kind of difference between love and x -love. Consequently they'd have less excuse than people have to-day for imagining that God was like themselves, only a bit more so on the side of respectability and a bit less so of course on the other side.

"And naturally what applies to the word 'love' applies to all the other words taken over from the language of everyday life and used to describe spiritual experience. Words like 'knowledge,' 'wisdom,' 'power,' 'mind,' 'peace,' 'joy,' 'freedom,' 'good.' They stand for certain things on the human level. But the things that writers force them to stand for when they describe events on the level of eternity are quite different. Hence the use of them merely confuses the issue. They just make it all but impossible for anyone to know what's being talked about.

And meanwhile you must remember that these words from the language of everyday life aren't the only trouble-makers. People who write about experiences on the level of eternity also make use of technical phrases borrowed from various systems of philosophy."

"Isn't that your algebra of spiritual experience?" said Pete. "Isn't that the special, scientific language you've been talking about?"

"It's an attempt at such an algebra," Mr. Propter answered. "But unfortunately a very unsuccessful attempt. Unsuccessful because this particular algebra is derived from the language of metaphysics—bad metaphysics incidentally. The people who use it are committing themselves, whether they like it or not, to an explanation of the facts as well as a description. An explanation of actual experiences in terms of metaphysical entities, whose existence is purely hypothetical and can't be demonstrated. In other words, they're describing the facts in terms of figments of the imagination; they're explaining the known in terms of the unknown. Take a few examples. Here's one: 'ecstasy.' It's a technical term that refers to the soul's ability to stand outside the body—and of course it carries the further implication that we know what the soul is and how it's related to the body and the rest of the universe. Or take another instance, a technical term that is essential to the Catholic theory of mysticism, 'infused contemplation.' Here the implication is that there's somebody outside us who pours a certain kind of psychological experience into our minds. The further implication is that we know who that somebody is. Or consider even 'union with God.' What it means depends on the upbringing of the speaker. It may mean 'union with the Jehovah of the Old Testament.' Or it may mean 'union with the personal deity of orthodox Christianity.' It may mean what it probably would have meant, say, to Eckhart, 'union with the impersonal Godhead of which the God of orthodoxy

is an aspect and a particular limitation.' Similarly, if you were an Indian, it might mean 'union with Isvara' or 'union with Brahman.' In every case the term implies a previous knowledge about the nature of things which are either completely unknowable, or at best only to be inferred from the nature of the experiences which the term is supposed to describe. So there," Mr. Propter concluded, "you have the second horn of the dilemma—the horn on which all those who use the current religious vocabulary to describe their experiences on the level of eternity inevitably impale themselves."

"And the way between the horns?" Jeremy questioned. "Isn't it the way of the professional psychologists who have written about mysticism? They've evolved a pretty sensible language. You haven't mentioned them."

"I haven't mentioned them," said Mr. Propter, "for the same reason as in talking about beauty I shouldn't mention professional aestheticians who had never been inside a picture gallery."

"You mean, they don't know what they're talking about?"

Mr. Propter smiled. "I'd put it another way," he said. "They talk about what they know. But what they know isn't worth talking about. For what they know is only the literature of mysticism—not the experience."

"Then there's *no* way between the horns," Jeremy concluded. His eyes twinkled behind his spectacles; he smiled like a child, taking a sly triumph in some small consummation of naughtiness. "What fun it is when there isn't a way between!" he went on. "It makes the world seem so deliciously cosy, when all the issues are barred and there's nowhere to go to with all your brass bands and shining armor. Onward, Christian soldiers! Forward, the Light Brigade! Excelsior! And all the time you're just going round and round—head to tail, follow-my-Fuehrer—like Fabre's caterpillars. That really gives me a *great* deal of pleasure!"

This time Mr. Propter laughed outright. "I'm sorry to have to disappoint you," he said. "But unfortunately there is a way between the horns. The practical way. You can go and find out what it means for yourself, by first-hand experience. Just as you can find out what El Greco's Crucifixion of St. Peter looks like by taking the elevator and going up to the hall. Only in this case I'm afraid there isn't any elevator. You have to go up on your own legs. And make no mistake," he added, turning to Pete, "there's an awful lot of stairs."

Dr. Obispo straightened himself up, took the tubes of the stethoscope out of his ears and stowed the instrument away in his pocket along with the *Cent-Vingt Jours de Sodome*.

"Anything bad?" Mr. Stoyte asked anxiously.

Dr. Obispo shook his head and gave him a smile of reassurance. "No influenza anyhow," he said. "Just a slight intensification of the bronchial condition. I'll give you something for it to-night before you go to bed."

Mr. Stoyte's face relaxed into cheerfulness. "Glad it was only a false alarm," he said and turned away to get his clothes, which were lying in a heap on the sofa under the Watteau.

From her seat at the soda counter, Virginia let out a whoop of triumph. "Isn't that just swell!" she cried. Then in another, graver tone, "You know, Uncle Jo," she added, "he'd got me panicked about that cough of yours. Panicked," she repeated.

Uncle Jo grinned triumphantly and slapped his chest so hard that its hairy, almost female accumulations of flesh shivered like jellies under the blow. "Nothing wrong with *me*," he boasted.

Virginia watched him over the top of her glass as he got into his shirt and knotted his tie. The expression on her innocent young face was one of perfect serenity. But behind those limpid blue eyes her mind was simmering with activity. "Was that a close call?" she

kept saying to herself. "Gee, was it close!" At the recollection of that sudden violent start at the sound of the elevator gate being opened, of that wild scramble as the footsteps approached along the corridor, she felt herself tingling with a delicious mixture of fear and amusement, of apprehension and triumph. A close call! And hadn't Sig been wonderful! What presence of mind! And that stethoscope thing he pulled out of his pocket—what a brain wave! It had saved the situation! Because, without the stethoscope, Uncle Jo would have put on one of his jealousy acts. Though what right he had to be jealous, Virginia went on to reflect, with a strong sense of injury, she really didn't know, seeing that nothing had happened except just a little reading aloud. And anyhow why shouldn't a girl be allowed to read that sort of thing if she wanted to? Especially as it was in French. And, besides, who was Uncle Jo to be prudish, she'd like to know? Getting mad with people only for telling you a funny story, when just look what he himself was *doing* all the time—and then expecting you to talk like Louisa M. Alcott, and thinking you ought to be protected from hearing so much as a dirty word! And the way he simply wouldn't allow her to tell the truth about herself, even if she had wanted to. Making a build-up of her as somebody quite different from what she really was. Acting almost as though she were Daisy Mae in the comic strip and he a sort of Little Abner rescuing her in the nick of time.

Was he trying to spy on her? Because, if so, she wasn't going to stand for it; if so, then it just served him right that that was what Sig had been reading to her. He was just getting what he deserved for snooping around, trying to catch her doing something that wasn't right. Well, if *that* was how he was going to act, she'd tell Sig to come every day and read another chapter.

"Well, Baby," said Mr. Stoyte, as he did up the last button of his waistcoat.

"You're not saying much, are you? A penny for your thoughts."

Virginia raised that childish short upper lip in a smile that made his heart melt with tenderness and desire. "I was thinking about you, Uncle Jo," she said.

XIII

Pete Boone was not even trying to get to sleep; he was trying, on the contrary, to figure things out. To figure out science and Mr. Propter, social justice and eternity and Virginia and Anti-Fascism. It wasn't easy. Because if Mr. Propter was right then you'd have to start thinking quite differently about almost everything. "Disinterested quest for truth"—that was what you said (if you were ever forced to say anything so embarrassing) about why you were a biologist. And in the case of Socialism it was "humanity," it was "the greatest happiness of the greatest number," it was "progress"—and of course that linked up with biology again: happiness and progress through science as well as Socialism. And while happiness and progress were on the way there was loyalty to the cause. He remembered a piece about loyalty by Josiah Royce, a piece he had had to read in his sophomore year at college. Something about all loyal people grasping in their own way some form of religious truth—winning some kind of genuine religious insight. It had made a big impression on him at the time. He had just lost his faith in that old Blood-of-the-Lamb business he'd been brought up in, and this had come as a kind of reassurance, had made him feel that after all he *was* religious even if he didn't go to church any more—religious because he was loyal. Loyal to causes, loyal to friends. He had been religious, it had always seemed to him, over there in Spain. Religious, again, when he felt that way about Virginia. And yet, if Mr. Propter was right, old Royce's ideas about loyalty were all wrong. Being loyal didn't of itself give you religious insight. On the contrary, it might pre-

vent you from having insight—indeed, was absolutely certain to prevent you if you gave your loyalty to anything less than the highest cause of all; and the highest cause of all (if Mr. Propter was right) was almost terrible in its farness and strangeness. Almost terrible; and yet the more he thought about it the more dubious he felt about everything else. Perhaps it really was the highest. But if it was then Socialism wasn't enough. And it wasn't enough because humanity wasn't enough. Because the greatest happiness didn't happen to be in the place where people had thought it was, because you couldn't make it come by doing things in the sort of fields you worked in if you were a social reformer. The best you could do in those fields was to make it easier for people to go on to where the greatest happiness could be had. And of course what applied to Socialism would apply to biology or any other science, if you thought of it as a means to progress. Because if Mr. Propter was right then what people called progress wasn't progress. That is, it wouldn't be progress unless it had made it easier for people to go on to where the greatest happiness actually was. Easier, in other words, to be loyal to the highest cause of all. And, obviously, if that was your standard, you had to think twice about using progress as a justification for science. And then there was that disinterested quest for truth.

But again, if Mr. Propter was right, biology and the rest were the disinterested quest for only one aspect of truth. But a half-truth was a falsehood, and it remained a falsehood even when you'd told it in the belief that it was the whole truth. So it looked as though *that* justification wouldn't do either—or at any rate as though it wouldn't do unless you were at the same time disinterestedly trying to discover the other aspect of truth, the aspect you were looking for when you gave your loyalty to the highest cause of all. And meanwhile what about Virginia, he asked himself in mounting

anguish, what about Virginia? For, if Mr. Propter was right, then even Virginia wasn't enough, even Virginia might actually be an obstacle to prevent him from giving his loyalty to the highest cause of all. Even those eyes and her innocence and that utterly adorable mouth; even what he felt about her; even love itself, even the best kind of love (for he could honestly say that he hated the other kind—that dreadful brothel in Barcelona, for example, and here, at home, those huggings after the third or fourth cocktail, those gropings by the roadside in a parked car)—yes, even the best kind of love might be inadequate, might actually be worse than inadequate. “I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not something or other more.” Hitherto, something or other had been his biology, his Socialism. But now these had turned out to be inadequate, or even, taken as ends in themselves, worse than inadequate. No loyalty was good in itself, or brought religious insight, except loyalty to the highest cause of all. “I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not the highest cause of all more.” But the question, the agonizing question, was this: Could you love the highest cause of all and go on feeling as you did about Virginia? The worst love was obviously incompatible with loyalty to the highest cause of all. Obviously so; because the worst love was just being loyal to your own physiology, whereas, if Mr. Propter was right, you couldn't be loyal to the highest cause of all without denying such loyalties to yourself. But was the best love so fundamentally different after all from the worst? The worst was being loyal to your physiology. It was hateful to admit it; but so too was the best: being loyal to your physiology and at the same time (which was its distinguishing mark) loyal also to your higher feelings—to that empty ache of longing, to that infinity of tenderness, to that adoration, that happiness, those pains, that sense of solitude, that longing for identity. You were loyal to these, and being loyal to

these was the definition of the best kind of love, of what people called romance and praised as the most wonderful thing in life. But being loyal to these was being loyal to yourself; and you couldn't be loyal to yourself and loyal at the same time to the highest cause of all.

The practical conclusion was obvious. But Pete refused to draw it. Those eyes were blue and limpid, that mouth adorable in its innocence. And then how sweet she was, how beautifully thoughtful! He remembered the conversation they had had on the way in to dinner. He had asked her how her headache was. "Don't talk about it," she had whispered; "it might upset Uncle Jo. Doc's been going over him with his stethoscope; doesn't think he's so good this evening. I don't want to have him worrying about *me*. And anyhow, what is a headache?" Not only beautiful, not only innocent and sweet, but brave too and unselfish. And how adorable she had been to him all the evening, asking him about his work, telling him about her home in Oregon, making him talk about his home down in El Paso. In the end Mr. Stoyte had come and sat down beside them—in silence, and his face black as thunder. Pete had glanced inquiringly at Virginia, and she had given him a look that said, "Please, go," and another when he rose to say good-night, so pleadingly apologetic, so full of gratitude, so understanding, so sweet and affectionate, that the recollection of it was enough to bring the tears into his eyes. Lying there in the darkness, he cried with happiness.

The last prayer had been said; Virginia rose from her knees. Happening to look down as she did so, she saw to her horror that some of the cyclamen-colored varnish had scaled off the nails of the second and third toes of her left foot. A minute later she was squatting on the floor beside the bed, the right leg outstretched, the other foot drawn across it, making ready to repair the damage. An open bottle stood beside her; she held a

small paint brush in her hand, and a horribly industrial aura of acetone had enveloped the Schiaparelli "Shocking" with which her body was impregnated. She started to work and as she bent forward two strands of auburn hair broke loose from their curly pattern and fell across her forehead. Under frowning brows the large blue eyes intently stared. To aid concentration, the tip of a pink tongue was held between the teeth. "Hell!" she suddenly said aloud as the little brush made a false stroke. Then immediately the teeth clamped down again.

Interrupting her work to allow the first coat of varnish to dry, she shifted her scrutiny from the toes to the calf and shin of her left leg. The hairs were beginning to grow again, she noticed with annoyance; it would soon be time for another of those wax treatments. Still pensively caressing the leg, she let her mind travel back over the events of the day. The memory of that close call with Uncle Jo still gave her shivers of apprehensive excitement. Then she thought of Sig with his stethoscope, and the upper lip lifted ravishingly in a smile of amusement. And then there was that book, which it served Uncle Jo right that she should have had Sig read to her. And Sig getting fresh with her between the chapters and making passes; that also served Uncle Jo right for trying to spy on her. She remembered how mad she got at Sig. Not so much for what he actually did; for besides serving Uncle Jo right (of course it was only *afterward* that she discovered quite how right it served him), what he actually did had been rather thrilling than otherwise; because after all Sig was terribly attractive and in those ways Uncle Jo didn't hardly count; in fact you might almost say that he counted the other way; in the red, so to speak; counted less than nobody, so that anybody else who *was* attractive seemed still more attractive when Uncle Jo had been around. No, it wasn't what he actually did that had made her mad at him. It was the way he did it.

Laughing at her, like that. She didn't mind a bit of kidding at ordinary times. But kidding while he was actually making passes—that was treating her like she was a tart on Main Street. No romance or anything; just that sniggering sort of laugh and a lot of dirty cracks. Maybe it was sophisticated; but she didn't like it. And didn't he see that it was just plain dumb to act that way? Because, after all, when you'd been reading that book with someone so attractive as Sig—well, you felt you'd like a bit of romance. Real romance like in the pictures, with moonlight, and swing music, or perhaps a torch singer (because it was nice to feel sad when you were happy), and a boy saying lovely things to you, and a lot of kissing, and at the end of it, almost without your knowing it, almost as if it weren't happening to you, so that you never felt there was anything wrong . . . Virginia sighed deeply and shut her eyes; her face took on an expression of seraphic tranquillity. Then she sighed again, shook her head and frowned. Instead of that, she was thinking angrily, instead of that, Sig had to go and spoil it all by acting hard-boiled and sophisticated. It just shot all the romance to pieces and made you feel mad at him. And what was the sense in that? Virginia concluded resentfully. What was the sense in that, either from his point of view or from hers?

The first coat of varnish seemed to be dry. Bending over her foot, she blew on her toes for a little, then started to apply the second coat. Behind her, all of a sudden, the door of the bedroom was opened and as gently closed again.

"Uncle Jo," she said inquiringly and with a note of surprise in her voice, but without looking up from her enamelling.

There was no answer, only the sound of an approach across the room.

"Uncle Jo?" she repeated and, this time, interrupted the painting of her toes to turn round.

Dr. Obispo was standing over her. "Sig!" Her voice dropped to a whisper. "What *are* you doing?"

Dr. Obispo smiled his smile of ironic admiration, of intense and at the same time amused and mocking concupiscence. "I thought we might go on with our French lesson," he said.

"You're crazy!" She looked apprehensively towards the door. "He's just across the hall. He might come in . . ."

Dr. Obispo's smile broadened to a grin. "Don't worry about Uncle Jo," he said.

"He'd kill you, if he found you here."

"He won't find me here," Dr. Obispo answered. "I gave him a capsule of Nembutal before he went to bed. He'll sleep through the Last Trump."

"I think you're awful!" said Virginia emphatically; but she couldn't help laughing, partly out of relief and partly because it really was rather funny to think of Uncle Jo snoring away next door while Sig read her that stuff.

Dr. Obispo pulled the Book of Common Prayer out of his pocket. "Don't let me interrupt your labors," he said with the parody of chivalrous politeness. "'A woman's work is never done.' Just go right on as though I weren't here. I'll find the place and start reading." Smiling at her with imperturbable impudence, he sat down on the edge of the rococo bed and turned over the pages of the book.

Virginia opened her mouth to speak; then, catching hold of her left foot, closed it again under the compulsion of a need even more urgent than that of telling him exactly where he got off. The varnish was drying in lumps; her toes would look just awful if she didn't go on with them. Hastily dipping her little brush in the bottle of acetone enamel, she started painting again with a focussed intensity.

Dr. Obispo looked up from the book. "I admired the way you acted with Pete this evening," he said. "Flirting with him all through dinner, so that you got the old man hopping jealous of him. That was masterly. Or should one say mistressly?"

Virginia released her tongue to say emphatically: "Pete's a nice boy."

"But dumb," Dr. Obispo qualified, as he sprawled with conscious elegance and a maddeningly insolent assumption of being at home, across the bed. "Otherwise he wouldn't be in love with you the way he is." He uttered a snort of laughter. "The poor chump thinks you're an angel, complete with wings, harp, and genuine eighteen-carat, fully jewelled, Swiss-made virginity. Well, if that isn't being dumb . . ."

"You just wait till I get time for you," said Virginia menacingly, but without looking up; for she had reached a critical phase in the execution of her work of art.

Dr. Obispo ignored the remark. "I used to underestimate the value of an education in the humanities," he said after a little silence. "Now I make that mistake no longer." In a tone of deep solemnity, a tone, one might imagine, like Whittier's in a reading from his own works, "The lessons of great literature!" he went on. "The deep truths! The gems of wisdom!"

"Oh, shut up!" said Virginia.

"When I think what I owe Dante and Goethe," said Dr. Obispo in the same prophetic style. "Take the case of Paolo reading aloud to Francesca. With the most fruitful results, if you remember. *'Un giorno leggevamo per diletto di Lancilotto, come amor lo strinse. Soli eravamo e senz'alcun sospetto. Senz'alcun sospetto,'*" Dr. Obispo repeated with emphasis, looking, as he did so, at one of the engravings in the *Cent-Vingt Jours*. "Not the smallest suspicion of what was going to happen."

"Hell!" said Virginia, who had made another slip.

"No, not even a suspicion of hell," Dr. Obispo insisted. "Though of course they ought to have been on the lookout for it. They ought to have had the elementary prudence to guard against being sent there by the accident of sudden death. A few simple precautions, and they could have made the best of both worlds. Could have had their fun while the brother was out of the way and, when

the time for having fun was over, could have repented and died in the odor of sanctity. They hadn't learned that inconvenient relatives could be given sleeping draughts. And even if they had learned, they wouldn't have been able to go to the drugstore and buy a bottle of Nembutal. Which shows that education in the humanities isn't enough; there must also be education in science. Dante and Goethe to teach you what to do, and the professor of pharmacology to show you how to put the old buzzard into a coma with a pinch of barbiturate."

The toes were finished. Still holding her left foot, so as to keep it from any damaging contact until the varnish should be entirely dry, Virginia turned on her visitor. "I won't have you calling him an old buzzard," she said hotly. "He's a better man than you'll ever be!" Her voice had the ring of sincerity. "I think he's wonderful."

"You think he's wonderful," Dr. Obispo repeated. He laughed as he spoke and, leaning forward from his place on the bed, caught her two arms from behind, a little below the shoulders. "Look out for your toes," he said, as Virginia cried out and tried to wrench herself away from him.

The fear of ruining her masterpiece made her check the movement before it was more than barely initiated. Dr. Obispo took advantage of her hesitation to stoop down, through the aura of acetone toward the nape of that delicious neck, toward the perfume of Shocking, toward a firm warmth against the mouth, a touch of hair like silk upon the cheeks. Swearing, Virginia furiously jerked her head away. But a fine tingling of agreeable sensation was running parallel, so to speak, with her indignation, was incorporating itself in it.

This time, Dr. Obispo kissed her behind the ear. "Shall I tell you," he whispered, "what I'm going to do to you?" She answered by calling him a lousy ape-man.

(To be continued)



One Man's Meat

By E. B. WHITE



A FRIEND of mine has an electric fence round a piece of his land, and keeps two cows there. I asked him one day how he liked his fence and whether it cost much to operate. "Doesn't cost a damn thing," he replied. "As soon as the battery ran down I unhooked it and never put it back. That strand of fence wire is as dead as a piece of string, but the cows don't go within ten feet of it. They learned their lesson the first few days."

Apparently this state of affairs is general throughout the United States. Thousands of cows are living in fear of a strand of wire which no longer has the power to confine them. Freedom is theirs for the asking. Rise up, cows! Take your liberty while despots snore. And rise up too, all people in bondage everywhere! The wire is dead, the trick is exhausted. Come on out!



"I WISH poets could be clearer," shouted my wife angrily from the next room. Hers is a universal longing. We would all like it if the bards would make themselves plain, or we think we would. The poets, however, are not easily diverted from their high mysterious ways. A poet dares be just so clear and no clearer; he approaches lucid ground warily, like a mariner who is determined not to scrape his bottom on anything solid. A poet's pleasure is to withhold a little of his meaning, to intensify by mystification. He unzips the veil from beauty, but does not remove it. A poet utterly clear is a trifle glaring.

The subject is a fascinating one. I think poetry is the greatest of the arts. It combines music and painting and story-telling and prophecy and the dance. It is religious in tone, scientific in atti-

tude. A true poem contains the seed of wonder; but a bad poem, egg-fashion, stinks. I think there is no such thing as a long poem. If it is long it isn't a poem; it is something else. A book like *John Brown's Body*, for instance, is not a poem—it is a series of poems tied together with cord. Poetry is intensity, and nothing is intense for long.

Some poets are naturally clearer than others. To achieve great popularity or great fame it is of some advantage to be either extremely clear (like Edgar Guest) or thoroughly opaque (like Gertrude Stein). The first poet in the land—if I may use the word poet loosely—is Edgar Guest. He is the singer who, more than any other, gives to Americans the enjoyment of rhyme and meter. Whether he gives also to any of his satisfied readers that blinding, aching emotion which I get from reading certain verses by other writers is a question which interests me very much. Being democratic, I am content to have the majority rule in everything, it would seem, but literature.

There are many types of poetical obscurity. There is the obscurity which results from the poet's being mad. This is rare. Madness in poets is as uncommon as madness in dogs. A discouraging number of reputable poets are sane beyond recall. There is also the obscurity which is the result of the poet's wishing to appear mad, even if only a little mad. This is rather common and rather dreadful. I know of nothing more distasteful than the work of a poet who has taken leave of his reason deliberately, as a commuter might of his wife.

Then there is the unintentional obscurity, or muddiness, which comes from the inability of some writers to express even a simple idea without stirring up

the bottom. And there is the obscurity which results when a fairly large thought is crammed into a three- or four-foot line. The function of poetry is to concentrate; but sometimes over-concentration occurs, and there is no more comfort in such a poem than there is in the subway at the peak hour.

Sometimes a poet becomes so completely absorbed in the lyrical possibilities of certain combinations of sounds that he forgets what he started out to say, if anything, and here again a nasty tangle results. This type of obscurity is one which I have great sympathy for: I know that quite frequently in the course of delivering himself of a poem a poet will find himself in possession of a lyric bauble—a line as smooth as velvet to the ear, as pretty as a feather to the eye, yet a line definitely out of plumb with the frame of the poem. What to do with a trinket like this is always troubling to a poet, who is naturally grateful to his Muse for small favors. Usually he just drops the shining object into the body of the poem somewhere and hopes it won't look too giddy. (I sound as though I were contemptuous of poets; the fact is I am jealous of them. I would rather be one than anything.)

Coleridge believed that poetry was most pleasurable when partially but not perfectly understood. I don't go the whole way with him about that. At times I have received the highest poetical emotion from reading something not quite clear, but it is also true that I have received the same sort of emotion from reading something as clear as glass. For example, if I read the words:

Oh, come you home of Sunday
When Ludlow streets are still
And Ludlow bells are calling
To farm and lane and mill,

I am reading what can only be clear in every syllable, but what can only be (as far as I am concerned) unspeakably beautiful and sad and moving. Similarly, when I read a couplet from a poem by Maxwell Anderson:

And in a raining night come down
To walk the one street of a town

I again receive the same sad, almost unbearable sense of loneliness, although there certainly is complete understanding of the words. In these two instances clarity hasn't lessened the emotion. On the other hand, I agree that clarity is not an indispensable ingredient of pure poetry. I can read:

There was a high majestic fooling
Day before yesterday in the yellow corn

and though all the words are simple and I know in general what Sandburg is getting at, still there is a certain obscurity too, a kind of reticence. The poet has withheld the whole meaning and given an inkling. Or if I read the first four lines of a sonnet by Merrill Moore:

The world is the rat's inheritance, and by rats
Earth is inherited, rats in their spats
And velvet overcoats and high silk hats
And their innumerable *whose* and *whys* and *whats*

I am experiencing a certain type of poetical emotion but not the same or as high as when I read the lines about the corn. Both are somewhat obscure, but the first is sensuous, emotional, the other is intellectual.

The degree to which a poem is clear has little to do with the degree to which it is poetical. There are lines which are profoundly moving even though clear, and there are lines which are unutterably beautiful even though they make no sense at all. In all of Housman there is hardly a line which isn't crystal clear, yet some of his verses move me immoderately. And there are passages in Blake and Poe which make no more sense than something my cat might write, but which are the very stuff of poetry. Whitman is mostly very clear, often prosy, often unmoving; but some of his clearest passages and some of his cryptic ones are moving in the extreme. It is impossible for me to read the simple clause, "Starting from fish-shaped Paumanok . . ." without a violent eruption of the spirit.

My quarrel with poets (who will be surprised to learn that a quarrel is going on) is not that they are unclear but that they are too diligent. Diligence in a poet is the same as dishonesty in a book-

keeper. There are rafts of bards who are writing too much, too diligently, and too slyly. Few poets are willing to wait out their pregnancy—they prefer to have a premature baby and allow it to incubate after being safely laid in Caslon Old Style.

I think Americans, perhaps more than other people, are impressed by what they don't understand, and the poets take advantage of this. Gertrude Stein has had an amazing amount of newspaper space, out of all proportion to the pleasure she has given people by her writings, it seems to me, although I am just guessing. Miss Stein is preoccupied with an experimental sort of writing which she finds diverting and exciting and which is all right by me. Her deep interest in the sound that words make is laudable; too little attention is paid by most writers to sound, and too many writers are completely tone-deaf. But on the other hand I am not ready to believe that any writer, except with dogged premeditation, would always work in so elegantly obscure and elliptical a fashion as the author of "A rose is a rose"—never in a more conventional manner. To be one hundred per cent roundabout one must be pure genius—and nobody is that good.

On the whole, I think my wife is right: the poets could be a little clearer and still not get over on to ground which is unsuitably solid. I am surprised that I have gone on this way about them. I too am cursed with diligence. I bite my pencil and stare at a marked calendar.



THE war is so much with us; it is almost as though we had entered it with our armies and navies. To some people our non-participation seems to be rather irritating. The other day I encountered a lady who had rolled bandages in 1918, and she seemed ill at ease and complained that her days were footless. We mentioned Poland, but with no enthusiasm. The sock knitter and bandage roller of yesteryear is out on a limb these days—she has all the discon-

tent and worry of war with none of its exaltation. I think it would be wise if the United States sent the National Guard on a punitive expedition to Louisiana, so that our women at home could find an outlet for their passionate natures.



IN THE cities (but the cities are to be destroyed) lights continue to burn on into the morning, in the hotel bedrooms that open into the dark court, in the little sitting rooms off the bedrooms, where the breakfast things linger, with the light gleaming on the half grapefruit and the bright serving covers and the coffee thermos, the ice melting around the grapefruit-rind all through the morning and shades going up across the areaway where the other people in dressing gowns and bathrobes and pajamas are lifting the receiver from the hook and calling room service and ordering the half grapefruit and the toast and marmalade and running the water behind the shower curtain. The city wakens, but to its own internal suns, each lamp with its parchment shade and the cord, dusty twisted, that connects it to the center of light and of power, the umbilicals of the solar system. (But they tell me the cities are all to be destroyed and that people will no longer live in the impractical cities, but the time has not yet come.) Nevertheless I must begin keeping green the memory of the cities, the ferns and tiger plants in the boxes under the lights in the dining rooms and the restaurants and the grills, the opening and closing of the doors of the elevators, and the finger always on the button summoning the elevator, waiting silently with the others (there are always others in the city) and the ascent and descent always with the others, but never speaking. In the bookshops the clerks, wanting to know if they can help, but you say no you are just looking around, and the terrible excitement of so great a concentration of books in one place under one roof, each book wanting the completion of being read. Under the marquee, after the show, huddling

out of the rain with the rain on the roofs of the cabs and the look on the faces of the city people desperate in the rain, and the men in their black coats and hats darting out into the withering fire of rain-drops to seek the turbulent headwaters of the stream of taxis, and the petulance and impatience and desperation of the women in their dresses waiting for the return of the men who are gone so long into the fierce bewildering night, and the mass urgency, there under the marquee, as though unless they all escaped safely into a cab within five minutes they would die. (You must leave the key at the desk when you go out. Even though the cities are to be destroyed, don't forget to leave the key at the desk when you go out.)



THERE have been complaints that I am not keeping my readers informed of the agricultural state of affairs here. I am charged with withholding facts about farm operations, distorting figures, and falsifying reports. There is some justice to these charges, so I will give an account of myself as of the year 1939 just ending.

Flocks and Herds. I have thirteen grade sheep; also own one-half of a full-blooded Oxford Down ram with another fellow. Two of the sheep are dungy tails; two are snotty noses; one is black. In general their health is good, no ticks. The ram is gentle. I have 112 New Hampshire Red pullets in the henhouse and 36 White Plymouth Rock pullets in the barn, a total of 148 layers. I have three Toulouse geese, the remnants of a flock of four, one having been taken by a fox. I have six roosters, celibates, living to themselves. There is also a dog, a tomcat, a pig, and a captive mouse.

Fruits and Vegetables. I have apples, pumpkins, squash, potatoes, and cow

beets, in boxes and bins. Of jams, jellies, and preserves a great number.

Production. During the past twelve months I produced 482 dozen eggs, brown-shelled. We ate or broke 101 dozen. The other 381 dozen I marketed, some locally, most to the Co-operative. At the moment I produce forty dozen eggs a week. My net loss on poultry probably doesn't exceed a dollar a bird a year. If I didn't have to earn a living writing I think I could show a profit of a dollar a bird a year. It takes all a man's thoughts and attention to get the most out of a hen: give her only a portion of your thoughts and she will clip you.

Fish and Game. During 1939 I shot a porcupine and a rat, trapped four other rats, caught 200 pounds of cod and haddock, 150 pounds of mackerel, and 200 pounds of cunner and pollack for a gull; buried the porcupine and rats, made chowder of the haddock, gave away the cod, lost the gull, and canned the mackerel.

Denizens of Woods and Fields. Living with us here on the place, or in the waters adjacent, are skunks, woodchucks, weasels, foxes, deer, mink, rabbits, owls, crows, hair seals, coot, whistlers, loons, black ducks, squirrels (gray and red), chipmunks, porcupines, coons, hummingbirds, moles, spiders, snakes, swallows, martins, toads, snails, and frogs. One night a wild goose spent the night on our pond en route south. There are songbirds in large numbers at certain moments of spring and fall.

Field Crops. I put three tons of hay in the barn for the sheep and raised nine bushels of oats, which turned out to have smut.

Summary. We had a good year but a selfish one, laying up for ourselves treasures on earth.



The Easy Chair



THE THRESHOLD OF FICTION

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

DO NOT blithely assume that the Easy Chair is going to let you off with one recitation on to-day's lesson. We shall come back to this text sometime in the next few months and get farther along with it.

A common question of literary criticism asks why a writer wrote a particular book or, in the trade jargon, deals with the genesis of art. Critics have not often approached it, however, by the avenue which offers the most satisfactory answer—psychology. The more academic usually refer to what they call the traditions of literature and the “influence” of literary ideas, as if creativeness were a club toward which one was advanced through a waiting list. The less academic usually refer the question to philosophical ideas, as if literature were an exercise in deductive logic, or to the spirit of the times, as if it were a social reflex. Neither approach will get you very far when you try to find out why Jack Doe happened to write his arresting novel, *Dark Wine of Passion*. If you want to know why he did you have little recourse beyond Jack's autobiography, which explains at great length—and though that explanation can be very interesting, it suffers from the notorious fact that writers are untrustworthy when analyzing themselves.

Psychologists tend to regard writers as very odd fish indeed and prefer to investigate human types that come closer to what is called the norm. So psychology has not said much about the genesis of

fiction, and what it has said is open to several serious objections. But it is more realistic than criticism, for it refers literary conception not to tradition or general ideas or social reflexes, all of which are abstractions, but to the known behavior of the human mind. It holds that literature, like other behavior, is psychologically determined, that books, like quarrels and marriages, have causes, that the genesis of art is not parthenogenesis. It holds that Jack Doe did not write *Dark Wine of Passion* by chance but for reasons of which the decisive ones must be sought within him. It holds that *Dark Wine of Passion*, however it may conform to literary tradition or express the sociological tides of its age, is the book it is primarily because it has an organic (and ultimately discernible) relation to Jack Doe's private needs, lacks, fears, hopes, wishes, and compulsions.

Every novel is both a narrative about imaginary characters and, in some degree, a treatise on its author's psychic experiences. The degree to which it is the latter varies enormously. At one extreme there is the professional writer who has a shrewd eye for the material of fiction in what he sees going on about him and who makes up stories (which, psychologically, are phantasies or daydreams) with only a remote reference to himself, in a conscious and voluntary accord with what his intelligence tells him about them. The magazine story of commerce is frequently written by

this kind of author, though just as often it is written under compulsion of the author's private needs (and is likely to get a higher fee when it is). But this kind of writer exists also on a much higher level. Mr. Somerset Maugham and Mr. Booth Tarkington, for instance, who are among the finest craftsmen of their time and richly endowed with the intuition and human sympathy that make distinguished fiction, have always followed the direction of their professional sense. But the professional sense is not the whole of even the most objective, detached, and self-critical writer. Maugham and Tarkington have unquestionably rejected material for fiction which was intrinsically as good as that which they chose instead, and any psychologist will tell you that the choice was predetermined. They chose this material rather than that because it had some private "liveness" for them.

At the other extreme is the kind of writer who when he is very good is called a genius, the writer who could not possibly write otherwise than he does, whose books are the expression of a compulsion. Thomas Wolfe, for instance, obviously wrote under pressure of an inner drive, and it is impossible to imagine him subjecting his phantasies to any such control as the professional sense exerts. The fiction of genius can be very fine, but on the other hand it is likely to have a serious defect. If it cannot submit to the discipline of the professional sense it is also proof against another discipline which is much more important: it is proof against the sense of reality. The private phantasy in whose shaping that discipline has no part is apt to be an aberration and is apt to fail the crucial test of fiction — is apt not to be accepted by the reader as experience. The psychologist who uses the ideas of his science in the service of literary criticism holds that the highest type of the artist in fiction is the one whose books spring from vivid private phantasies which are objectively controlled in two important ways: shaped by the professional skill

called craftsmanship and made congruent with what people know to be the realities of experience.

For our purposes what is important in that prescription is the necessities of the writer. The psychologist holds that novelists will not write fine fiction unless what they are writing about has a living significance for their deepest emotional needs, even their deepest instinctive and unconscious needs. He points to the inertness of novels written to support, illustrate, or demolish ideas. Critics repeatedly tell novelists that they ought to write such novels, and some novelists docilely obey them. During the past twenty years American critics have pointed out several theorems which it was the duty of novelists to express in fiction: the philistine dullness of American life, ah, the pity of the lost generation, the worthiness of using the inner check to suppress the brute half of man's dual nature. The first of these theorems was deduced in great part from Sinclair Lewis's fine novels and the second one altogether from Ernest Hemingway's fine novels; but somehow the people who accepted them didn't seem to write fine novels. America's philistinism and the pitifully lost were live material for Mr. Lewis and Mr. Hemingway; they were just algebra for imitators. But the most vivid demonstration is the more recent one supplied by a number of novelists who were convinced by an active lobby of "proletarian" critics that they would be either liquidated or damned if they didn't write about the class struggle. I think of a novelist who had written one of the finest novels of our generation, a novel charged with the terrible fears of children, but who, turning to the class struggle because convinced that there lay the whole duty of fiction, wrote a novel so lifeless that pieces of it broke off and crumbled in your hand. To that novelist the fears of childhood were alive; they had a neural relationship to private need, but the class struggle was just something to be worked out logically. Mr. James Farrell writes fine novels that

embrace the class struggle, for his inner experience is inseparable from it; Mr. Dos Passos, a much more skillful craftsman, writes less living novels about it because it is just a doctrine to him. The solidarity of the dispossessed lives in symbiosis with Mr. John Steinbeck's most private phantasies, and so he writes *The Grapes of Wrath*. But the dullest novels of recent years are those in which convinced logicians make up some strikes and cruelties to show that the dispossessed are taking up solidarity.

So far psychology has told us that fiction expresses something of private emotional importance to the novelist, and the corollary goes on that this importance sinks down deep, as far as the basic patterns of the unconscious. But it has not told us how *Dark Wine of Passion* serves a psychic need of John Doe or how he came to write it. Unhappily, since the next step is not so easy and since it cannot use the laboratory method employed with other subjects of research, psychology has to guess. Happily it is equipped to guess more accurately than literary criticism. Some pretty acute guesses can be made on the basis of a novelist's whole output. The sum of his books is likely to show a pattern in which related themes are repeated in variation, the same rewards and penalties are assessed, and the same dangers are avoided or encountered. And the Easy Chair now suggests, with an eye to elaborating the suggestion at some later time, that a better guess can be made on the basis of something which criticism and psychology have neglected to consider—the novels which a man has tried to write but failed to complete.

Late in his literary career, Mark Twain suffered a series of disasters. His publishing business went bankrupt and a mechanical invention he had financed was proved worthless; the double failure wiped out his fortune and his wife's. His health broke. Sick, apprehensive, discouraged, he undertook a lecturing tour round the world to pay his debts. It lasted a year, and at the end of it his

oldest daughter died and his wife lapsed into permanent invalidism. So in 1897 he sat down, a conscientious artist, to embody this devastating experience in fiction. For several years he wrote furiously, producing a great bulk of fiction, but he could not complete any of it. Story after story started off with a fine dash, went splendidly for a while, then diminished, ran thin, and petered out.

At first these novels deal with an internationally famous personage who is brought down from his high estate by a terrible catastrophe, sometimes financial, sometimes moral. In one version he is betrayed by people he has innocently trusted. In another what overcomes him is mere brute chance and circumstance. In another he betrays himself when chance and circumstance expose his moral cowardice. In all of them his own doom involves the destruction of his family, humiliation for his wife, and suffering and death for his children. In all of them too mankind is shown to be weak, cowardly, and morally corrupt. These stories come to nothing; they are not finished. Meanwhile in other stories helplessness and hopelessness are given other symbols. A ship drifts in eternal cold and darkness; its passengers live out their lives in this doom and then die and become mummies. Then a famous person who has been internationally disgraced is caught on such a ship. Families are dismembered, horrible deaths overtake them, children are snatched away by monsters. In eternal darkness men play out their drama of moral cowardice. Then the idea of dreaming gets into this series of stories. The ship which drifts in darkness is drifting there only in the hero's dream; presently he will wake and find that the disaster did not occur, that he is not disgraced, that his children are not dead. Now the earlier stories are taken up again and fitted into the framework of the dream, so that these disasters also are shown not to have occurred. Finally in both series of stories the end (so the

notes show) is to be the hero's succumbing to the delusion of the dream: waking, he is to believe that the dream was reality and the reality to which he has awakened is a dream.

None of these stories was finished. The impulse behind them was tremendous and Mark came back to them continually, writing under compulsion. But he could not finish them; some psychic block prevented. And this frustration of an extremely powerful drive is an arresting thing. With all his heart he wanted to write a novel embodying these themes, and with all his energy he tried to, but he could not.

Now observe what happened. There was another series of attempts to write a novel on these themes, but now they were oriented from a new conception. They fumble through most of the material already covered, and then finally they come together and move freely. No exalted personage is laid low in the novel Mark writes, but there are terrible disasters that have no meaning, death in horrible forms is visited on the innocent (especially children), the human race is compact of moral cowardice—and the stuff of reality is slowly eroded from experience. This is *The Mysterious Stranger*, and the last paragraph but one contains the judgment toward which the book has moved: "There is no God, no universe, no human race, no earthly life, no heaven, no hell. It is all a dream—a grotesque and foolish dream." The word "all" makes the whole sequence clear at last. Mark had finally written the novel he had failed to write through several years.

It is as if a lover sat down the day after the death of his mistress to write a novel expressing what she had meant to him, was unable to bear the sorrow of her

death, then insanely accused himself of having killed her, spent a million futile words denying his guilt, and proved able to write the book only by asserting first that she had not died and finally that she had never lived. Mark Twain's deepest instincts required him to write a novel about the climactic catastrophe of his life, but the effort to write one roused resistances equally powerful which kept him from writing it until he found a way of quieting the accusation which they implied.

He had first to plead guilty and then lack of responsibility, but that did not break the inhibition. He then tried to assert that the whole horrible experience was unreal, that he had only dreamed it, but still that was not enough. He could write the book he must write only when he went farther and asserted that all experience is a dream. When he had repudiated not only his own experience but all else he had signed a peace treaty with himself and at last was free to write.

Here is a novel which establishes the only terms in which a writer can quiet an accusation in his heart. Experiences so monstrous that they had to be appraised in the phantasy-life that was his fiction begot in him also a fear so terrible that it inhibited the appraisal until, after a series of attempted compromises, he repudiated the experiences altogether—at the cost of repudiating all experience. Certainly all novels are not private vindications which ally themselves to universal phantasies, but it seems likely that many novels are just what this one is: the resolution of an interior debate, a means by which the novelist answers a question that in the beginning had no meaning except in the deepest recess of his personality.

**For information concerning the contributors in this issue,
see PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE on the following pages**



Harper's *Magazine*

CAPITAL NOT WANTED

AMERICAN BUSINESS ROLLS ITS OWN

BY STUART CHASE

THE Temporary National Economic Committee usually holds its sessions in the largest hearing room in the Senate Office building. The architecture is lofty and imperial. The members of the Committee sit behind a massive mahogany table at one end of the room. Facing them are the stenographers, with their stenotype machines ceaselessly clicking, and the witness in his special great chair. Beside him is a tall chart rack, and often a brisk assistant charged with synchronizing charts and testimony.

On the Committee's right are solid tables for the press. From this quarter flashlight bulbs explode from time to time. On the left are grouped the government examiners whose duty it is to keep the witness on the track with appropriate questions. One or another of the government departments prepares the presentation—the Securities and Exchange Commission most frequently.

Back of the chart rack and the witness, facing the Committee, sits the audience.

It may completely fill its share of the room on a big day—four or five hundred people in neat rows of chairs. The audience cannot see the many-colored charts or the face of the witness. Its hearing may be helped, however, by a loudspeaker system—when the witness remembers to use it.

The Committee consists of three Senators, three Congressmen, and representatives from Justice, Labor, the Federal Trade Commission, Treasury, the SEC. Senator O'Mahoney is Chairman, and unless requisitioned for duty on the Senate floor, is usually at his post. Senator King comes often, looks worried and does not stay long. Senator Borah appears infrequently. The departmental members have numerous substitutes, but Leon Henderson, Jerome Frank, and Isidore Lubin often attend.

The atmosphere suggests a courtroom where the judge has taken off his gown and counsel argue in suspenders. The rules are being observed, but informality

is encouraged. The witness is sworn but he doesn't have to stick too closely to the evidence. Reporters enter noisily, observe with disdain that there are no handouts on the big mahogany tables, and noisily depart. "Nothing doing to-day?" "Nothing." But some of the columnists know that plenty will be doing to-day. They sit quietly taking notes for hours.

Such was the stage upon which the SEC produced its inquiry into Idle Money for two hot weeks in May of 1939. The hearings may or may not have made history, but they certainly recorded it. Peter R. Nehemkis, Jr., of the SEC was in charge of the presentation.

There were no devils at these hearings. Nobody was trying to get anything on anybody. Newspapers read politics into the proceedings of course—for what else can an editor do? But intelligent citizens actually present realized the seriousness with which the inquiry was conducted and the disinterested attempt which was being made to get at the bottom of the major maladjustment in the American economy. Said Mr. Owen D. Young at the beginning of his testimony: "May I compliment the Committee upon the adoption of the case system in this economic study? I am a great believer in the case system." Said Mr. Leon Henderson at the conclusion of the able testimony of Mr. Edward Stettinius: "I think the Committee will benefit tremendously with the same kind of generous and frank testimony that the witness has offered here to-day." Even Senator King complimented Dr. Alvin Hansen on his presentation, although the Senator's economic predilections normally run at a 90° angle with those of the distinguished economist from Harvard.

There were no fights at all; few raised voices, no harsh words, and a surprising amount of agreement on many fundamental concepts. Business executives, bankers, professional economists, Senators, government officials, discussed the evidence, studied the charts, and amica-

bly arrived at similar conclusions. All this exasperated the press and the casual public who had come to see another battle between the verbal spook called "Government" and the spook called "Business." No blood was let, and holders of ringside seats were disappointed. Yet before their eyes was being demonstrated a gigantic turning point in American history.

For the first time, so far as I know, these hearings established beyond reasonable dispute two outstanding economic trends. They have been in operation for years, but only a few specialized students have been aware of them.

The first is that American business enterprises have little use for the savings of the public, and what use they have is declining. Going concerns increasingly find the money for capital improvements—plant and equipment—from their own savings, especially from the funds set aside each year for depreciation.

Yet you and I and millions of others are saving in the aggregate from six to eight billions a year—about as much as business saves. The combined amount is not far from twenty per cent of the national income. We transfer much of our individual savings to insurance companies, savings banks, building and loan associations, trustees, to invest for us; or we leave them on deposit at commercial banks. In the past a large portion has gone into industry for new plant and equipment. But now industry is rolling its own. Where shall our savings go? When they do not go somewhere promptly the economic machine must run on part time. The idle money breeds idle men.

The second major trend flows in part from the first. It is the decline of the investment banker, and it is due to three causes. One we have noted—that many businesses now can meet their capital needs without having to borrow. Next, when they do borrow they often bypass the main capital markets by so-called "private placements." Third, few businesses are expanding rapidly anyhow.

The rate of capital expansion for this country—and most other countries—is declining.

For these three good and sufficient reasons the investment banking business has shrunk to a shadow of its former self. The capital markets are starved for customers. The "money trust" and the "money power" are fading as a financial force. The spiderweb charts of Wall Street are becoming obsolete.

Adolph A. Berle, Jr., summarized this situation in his testimony: "The alleged domination of Big Business by the banking system to-day is now largely sentimental. It really is a holdover." The radicals will have to find a new symbol to kick round. "Wall Street" as director and controller of the nation's capital funds is in eclipse. The great investment houses still stand, but their function has dwindled.

The evidence for these two trends is impressive and, I think, conclusive. Much of it came from the mouths of Messrs. Stettinius, Young, Sloan, and other great industrialists. The rest of this article will show evidence bearing on the first trend—namely that American business enterprises as a group are automatically providing for their capital needs from internal sources. A subsequent article will show the secular decline in the splendor and glory of the capital markets.

II

The chief internal source from which corporations draw for improvements in plant and equipment is their reserve for depreciation. What does depreciation mean as applied to a business concern? It means two things: actual physical wear and tear of buildings, machinery, furniture, and fixtures, and second, the record of these processes in dollars and cents on the company's books.

The Deacon's one hoss shay, you will remember, depreciated in all parts with such perfect symmetry that it fell into a heap of sawdust when its allotted span was over. Few business assets obey the

laws of physical disintegration with such admirable precision. If they did the books might run closer to the physical facts. As it is, depreciation varies with the type of construction, whether stone, brick, wood, cement, steel, plastic. It varies with climate, humidity, and exposure to the elements. In Pittsburgh and St. Louis, where smoke is abnormally prevalent, metal structures corrode very fast. It varies with the intensity of operation and with the care spent on maintenance. You can depreciate your automobile at a dizzy rate by neglecting to keep oil in the crankcase.

In brief, for most things it is impossible to measure depreciation accurately. There are too many variables. *But it is impossible not to recognize that it takes place.* If a concern pays out all its earnings without making allowance for depreciation its directors may wake up some fine morning with a junk pile on their hands, instead of an operating plant, and the sheriff striding briskly through the wreckage.

Up to about the year 1900 most American business men admitted the fact of depreciation, but the way they recorded it on their books can only be described as temperamental. In a good year they might write off a million dollars for wear and tear; in a bad year, nothing. My father, Harvey S. Chase, was retained as a consulting engineer by various textile mills in New England in this period, to examine depreciation facts. He was shocked by the loose and casual way in which depreciation was accounted for. He advocated regular allowances every year whether profits were high or low. Manufacturers in turn were shocked by such a systematic wallop at their earnings.

My father turned from engineering to accounting and became one of the first advocates of regular, annual depreciation allowances. He was called a crank, but the doctrine spread. To-day, with C.P.A.'s hunched over ledgers in every corner of the land, no manufacturer would any more think of disregarding de-

preciation as an operating cost than of disregarding interest, rent, or taxes.

The battle for systematic depreciation allowances has long since been won. The trouble is that it has been more than won. This is an interesting development, close to the heart of our story. I have already observed, and your common sense will confirm the statement, that the money cost of depreciation is almost impossible to determine accurately. Here, for instance, is an Empire State Building. Apart from the land it stands on, it cost, let us say, \$100,000,000 to build. How long before it will fall down and become valueless except for junk? What will the junk—or salvage value—be worth when it does fall down? Neither of these questions can be answered except by astrologers. So the accountant must guess. He guesses that the building will last at least one hundred years. He guesses that the steel and other materials can be salvaged for \$2,000,000. But now, as a good accountant, following the traditions of his profession, he must be conservative and qualify his guess. So he cuts down the life expectancy to sixty years, and the salvage value to \$1,000,000. That surely will be safe enough.

Now observe what happens on the books: Cost, \$100,000,000, less salvage value \$1,000,000; or \$99,000,000 to be depreciated altogether over a sixty-year period. Dividing \$99,000,000 by sixty, the annual depreciation charge works out at \$1,650,000. This means that the company owning the building must set aside \$1,650,000 out of its income every year. At the end of sixty years it will have \$99,000,000 on hand. Then it can sell the junk for \$1,000,000 and so will have \$100,000,000 to build a new Empire State Building—presumably on the ruins of the first. But suppose building costs have come down—or gone up? Suppose to duplicate the whole shebang will cost \$50,000,000 or \$200,000,000? The books do not deal with any such suppositions. They suppose original cost, no more, no less. Suppose the darn

thing actually lasts three hundred years? Irrelevant again. Sixty years has been allowed, and all calculations are made for sixty years. This is the accredited "straight line" method for recording depreciation, and nearly every business uses it.

Thus it is clear—and as an accountant for many years I had occasion to learn it—that while depreciation has been admirably systematized on the records, it is a long way from the physical facts. Meanwhile the records consistently and deliberately *overstate* the physical facts.

Here I am, auditing the books of a printing company. I depreciate the presses in the printing plant at ten per cent of the original cost each year. That is the usual rate, hallowed by the approval of income-tax authorities. At the end of ten years the machinery is all written off and stands on the books at zero. But the old presses are clanking away practically as lively as ever. Among the assets of the company, in the bank balance, the inventory, or the accounts receivable, is the full cost of these presses, set aside from profits, ready to buy a new battery of presses. But the battery may not be needed for another ten years. When the replacement is finally made the depreciation reserve account is debited and cash is credited. But the new presses (again I speak from experience) can often turn out twice as much work as the old faithfuls they replace.

In all my years of practice I never under-depreciated anything—whether mill building, gas tank, printing press, or tycoon's circassian walnut desk. No executive ever encouraged me to under-depreciate. It was, and is, bad form to under-depreciate. It simply isn't done. The records must gallop ahead of moth and rust—far ahead. This is sound, conservative, universal accounting practice.

And what's the result? The result is that, in due time, every going business has more funds on hand than are needed to replace, unit for unit, assets which are wearing out. And the result of that is

that solvent concerns do not often need to go, cap in hand, to Wall Street to borrow money for the expansion of their plants. They already have funds in their depreciation reserve accounts. This does not hold for new companies, whose reserves are necessarily small, or for all matured companies. But it holds for so many of them that the gross effect on the American economy is now tremendous. American business concerns as a group tend to live on their accumulated fat, like a bear in his winter cave.

Depreciation reserves are the chief exhibit in the story of internal financing. There are two more exhibits—reserves for depletion, and profits retained in the business. For the past sixteen years American business as a whole has accumulated about \$63 billion in depreciation reserves, and some \$6 billion in depletion reserves, a ten-to-one ratio. But for companies working a wasting asset like a coal mine, a timber stand, or an oil field, depletion is a very important cost of operation. It represents the amount of the natural resource consumed. Thus, if a coal company acquires one million tons of coal in the ground for \$100,000, the cost per ton is ten cents. If it digs out 100,000 tons in a given year the cost of depletion is \$10,000, and this sum is set aside from earnings as a reserve. Thus when all the coal is gone enough cash is on hand either to liquidate the company at par or to buy a new mine. Conservative accounting again demands, however, that depletion should be over-allowed for. There is a good deal of guessing about how much coal really lies in an unmined seam.

A third source of internal financing consists of profits not paid out to stockholders but retained in the company's surplus account. Normally, the bigger the surplus the better pleased are the accountants and managers. This nest egg for American business as a whole is larger than that provided by depletion, but not so large as that provided by depreciation. From 1922 through 1929 about \$15 billion was thus laid thriftily

aside. Profits, you understand, are always calculated *after* depreciation and depletion have been allowed for as costs of operation. With these preliminaries out of the way, let us now proceed to the evidence before the TNEC.

III

Edward Stettinius, Chairman of the Board of the United States Steel Corporation, takes the witness chair. The Committee is all present, the section reserved for the public is packed, the press is exploding flashlights as on the night before the Fourth. Mr. Stettinius is strikingly handsome with hair prematurely white. He says that the steel industry has been through a technical revolution since the 1920's—new methods of production, new alloys, better quality, automatic machinery. His company has spent more than half a billion dollars in the past ten years improving its existing plant. Fifteen years ago, steel pipe in an oil well could penetrate only 5,000 feet. To-day it can hold its own for 15,000 feet. He spreads the figures of the Steel Corporation on the record. Here they are, covering eighteen years from 1921 through 1938:

Profits earned	\$1,102,000,000	
Dividends paid out	910,000,000	
<hr/>		
Profits retained	\$ 192,000,000	
Depreciation and depletion allowances	938,000,000	
Tax refunds	50,000,000	
Reduction of working capital	186,000,000	
Common stock sold	240,000,000	
<hr/>		
Total funds available for plant improvements		\$1,606,000,000
Total expenditures for plant	\$1,222,000,000	
Property exchanged for common stock	51,000,000	
Funded debt paid off	333,000,000	
<hr/>		
Total		\$1,606,000,000

Precious little pickings for Wall Street here. Precious little need for the savings of the public. The Steel Corporation went through its technical revolution, modernized its plants, putting many of them on the up-to-the-minute continuous strip-mill basis, at a cost of \$1,222,000,000. Where did the money come from?

Out of depreciation and depletion, \$938,000,000; out of profits retained, \$192,000,000—a total of \$1,130,000,000. Practically the whole revolution was thus financed internally.

How does the Steel Corporation record depreciation? By the straight-line method, says Mr. Stettinius, "applying against the investment cost of each facility a rate of depreciation based upon the life expectancy of that facility at its average operating use, so as to provide a reserve to equal the cost of each facility at the end of its useful operating life." If this makes you dizzy think of the Empire State example cited earlier in this article. In the Steel Corporation each building, each furnace, each major machine is depreciated separately, but the principle is the same.

Mr. Stettinius went on to say that the depreciation rate is reduced when plants are running part time, "but is not reduced in as great a proportion as the actual reduction in operating use, and under no circumstances is reduced to less than 50 per cent of average use rate—even if facilities are not used at all." The Corporation has followed this policy since 1901. It means that book depreciation is usually safely ahead of physical depreciation. The nest egg is carefully protected by sound conservative accounting.

DR. LUBIN: "In an organization such as yours, the net savings set aside from depreciation, depletion, and profits are almost sufficient to keep it modernized and up to date?"

MR. STETTINIUS: "That is correct."

MR. HENDERSON: "You are not in any time in the immediate future going to give any great amount of business to underwriting firms; in other words, you are not going to tap individual savings very much?"

MR. STETTINIUS: "That is correct."

SENATOR KING: "Your productive capacity for the demands of the automobile or any other business if it continues along present lines, is sufficient to meet these demands?"

MR. STETTINIUS: "That is correct."

IV

Owen D. Young takes the stand on behalf of the General Electric Company. He gives a long and glowing account of the history of that great enterprise. He tells in detail how it marched its subsidiary, the Electric Bond and Share Company, up the hill and marched it down again. "The General Electric," he says, "has built its capital largely out of undistributed profits." He gives the figures for the sixty years since its inception:

Earnings retained in the business	\$192,000,000
Cash investment (outside sources)	92,000,000
Property exchanged for common stock	38,000,000
<hr/>	
Total investment	\$322,000,000

This includes current assets as well as plant. More than twice as much has come from internal sources as from the capital markets. Mr. Young sympathizes entirely with the point of view that profits should not be retained as a ruse to relieve large shareholders of personal taxes. He points out that new and small concerns may be seriously hampered by a tax on undistributed profits. The Committee appears to agree with this.

MR. HENDERSON: "You have not spent for plant and equipment since 1921 as much as has accumulated in depreciation reserves?"

MR. YOUNG: "I think that is probably true."

MR. PHILIP LEED (his assistant): "Our plant was carried at \$66 million in 1920 and carried at \$40 million in 1938, so there has been a net reduction of \$26 million."

Mr. Henderson brings out the fact that despite this great decline in valuation, owing to accumulating depreciation reserves, the plant can actually make more goods in 1938 than 1920.

MR. HENDERSON: "There has been an expansion since 1920, hasn't there?"

MR. YOUNG: "Oh, yes."

One could not ask for a more dramatic example of the trend we have been discussing. While the physical plant of the

General Electric Company grows larger and stronger, the records on the books, prepared by legitimate accounting methods, register a decline in value of \$26 million, over an eighteen-year period.

MR. HENDERSON: "As I gather from your testimony, you see no time in the immediate future in which your company will be needing new financing?"

MR. YOUNG: "I can't."

MR. HENDERSON: "And so to all intents and purposes your general experience parallels that of Mr. Stettinius' company, in that from your internal sources, after you had arrived at this period of relative maturity, you could do the financing without tapping outside savings?"

MR. YOUNG: "That is right."

Frederick B. Rentschler, Chairman of the Board of United Aircraft Corporation, described a similar situation, except that his company drew a smaller part of its new capital from depreciation reserves than from profits. United Aircraft is a young company. It avoided the capital market in order to keep full control of the business.

V

Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., Chairman of the Board of General Motors, takes the witness chair. He is deaf but genial. He yields to no man in his admiration for the General Motors Corporation, and proudly presents its financial record for the past eighteen years, 1921 through 1938. It is a statement to be proud of:

Sales	\$17,250,000,000
Costs (including depreciation)	14,950,000,000
<hr/>	
Profits	\$ 2,300,000,000
Dividends paid	1,810,000,000
<hr/>	
Profits retained	\$ 490,000,000
Depreciation reserves	520,000,000
<hr/>	
Total internal funds available	\$ 1,010,000,000
<hr/>	
Outlays for plant and equipment	\$ 770,000,000
Investments in subsidiaries	176,000,000
<hr/>	
Total	\$ 946,000,000

Thus internal funds more than covered all plant and equipment expenditures.

MR. NEHEMKIS: "General Motors is virtually a self-contained unit in the sense that it has little or no need to go to the public markets for financing?"

MR. SLOAN: "That is absolutely correct."

Mr. Henderson asks if internal funds are adequate to finance the company if the national income should rise to \$80 billion, with the consequent increased demands for motor cars.

MR. SLOAN: "I am quite certain that we can handle it."

Mr. Lubin asks if a piece of equipment to-day, costing say \$1,000, would yield a greater output than a similar machine costing \$1,000 fifteen years ago.

MR. SLOAN: "Unquestionably. It is astounding the progress that has been made."

In other words, as equipment is replaced out of depreciation funds the new equipment, dollar for dollar, can produce more goods and is thus in effect an addition to plant capacity. This point is illuminated by General Motors' own product. A truck costing \$1,000 to-day is a more efficient piece of machinery than a \$1,000 truck bought in 1925. Business men who have to invest large sums in trucks—say laundry owners or coal dealers—can get far more for their money when the depreciation allowed on the old truck is invested in a new one.

MR. LUBIN: "The present investment in the automobile industry is sufficient to take care of any reasonable demand?"

MR. SLOAN: "I think it is."

Thus not only General Motors but the whole automobile industry is pretty well tooled up for any calls which the immediate future may bring. In this connection Mr. Berle in his testimony pointed out that Henry Ford built his entire mammoth plant out of earnings plowed back into the business. He hated and feared the capital markets.

Our next witness is John W. Barriger, III, chief examiner for the Railroad Divi-

sion of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. He is co-author of the famous Prince Plan for railroad reorganization. He presents the figures on internal financing for the whole railroad industry. His is a very significant story. If there is one industry which has gone running to the capital markets for cash in times past, and *to* which, in times past, Wall Street has come running waving a check book, it is the railroads. Yet here, as in steel, electrical equipment, aircraft, motors, the trend remains unbroken. During seventeen years, 1921 through 1937, American Class I railroads accumulated \$3.6 billion in their depreciation accounts; \$2 billion in their surplus accounts, and \$1.8 billion from other internal sources. They spent \$10.3 billion for plant and equipment.

From internal sources	\$ 7,400,000,000	72%
From the capital markets	1,900,000,000	19%
From decreases in working capital	1,000,000,000	9%
Total capital expenditures	\$10,300,000,000	100%

Wall Street is not completely neglected, but less than twenty per cent of all railroad capital outlays in those seventeen years has come from that source. This is amazing. If you had asked me to guess, I should have said that at least half the new railroad money in recent years came from the capital markets.

VI

The Securities and Exchange Commission now puts on one of its own statisticians—Dr. Oscar L. Altman, formerly of the Economics Department of Ohio State University. He is young, but exceedingly competent. He has to be, for it is his duty to document this trend not for one company or one industry but for the whole national economy. He pours a torrent of charts and exhibits into the record.

He first picks up the 470,000 non-financial corporations which report to the Treasury Department. As a group, their annual depreciation and depletion allowances increased steadily from \$2.5 billion in 1920 to \$4.1 billion in 1930.

Falling off somewhat in the depression, allowances recovered to \$3.7 billion by 1937. The increase is due in part, Dr. Altman says, to the greater value of the plant being depreciated; in part to income tax regulations requiring systematic depreciation. He points out that of all expenditures for plant, about two-thirds go for replacement and about one-third for expansion.

Dr. Altman then gives the over-all figures for American business as a whole, including enterprises not incorporated, as well as the 470,000 corporations. The average annual expenditure for plant and equipment from 1923 through 1929 was \$8.5 billion. The average accumulation of internal funds from depreciation, depletion and profits retained, was \$6.4 billion. Thus in the 1920's, American business financed *75 per cent of capital investment from its own savings*; only 25 per cent came from your savings and mine, via the capital markets.

But note how this trend is stepped up with the recovery from depression lows. In the three years 1935, 1936, 1937, all American business spent \$17.4 billion for plant—almost \$6 billion per year. Of this sum, \$16 billion, *or no less than 92 per cent*, came from internal sources.

From 1930 through 1938 seven large automobile companies saved \$564 million and spent only \$430 million for plant. Internal funds were 31 per cent more than investment requirements! In the same years, eleven large oil companies met 95 per cent of their capital requirements internally. A special study of 56 large companies, with assets of \$12 billion, shows *90 per cent* of plant outlays covered by depreciation, depletion and profits retained, during the period 1930–1938. “In years of high activity,” says Dr. Altman, “business enterprises draw upon the capital markets, but never since 1922 for more than \$2 billion in a year. During years of low activity, business enterprises do not require any funds from the capital markets. Instead, they contribute funds *to* the capital market, either by paying out dividends in excess of

earnings or by converting depreciation allowances into bank deposits." Let this extraordinary conclusion revolve for a while in your mind.

Mr. Nehemkis asks the witness if internal financing is aided by income tax laws and regulations. Dr. Altman says that it is. Business men cannot figure the profits upon which their taxes are to be paid without first allowing for depreciation and depletion. They are thus, in a sense, *forced* to save, whether they desire to or not. Every accountant has clients who wish to reduce taxes by keeping depreciation allowances at a maximum.

Dr. Altman thought it probable that over-depreciation was general, and for two reasons. Price changes on the whole have been downward in recent years. So when a given piece of equipment wears out, its duplicate can be bought more cheaply. The new machine may not only be cheaper; it will probably turn out more goods than the old one, and so will add to plant capacity. "Only part of the depreciation allowances need to be reinvested to maintain capacity. . . ." Research and technological progress are "continually increasing the physical productivity of a dollar's worth of investment."

Dr. Altman might have added, though he did not, that the new and improved machine often requires fewer men to operate it. Thus it reduces labor costs and may cause unemployment. But that is another story.

VII

Our last witness will be Dr. Alvin H. Hansen, professor of economics at Harvard. He is short and sturdy. He wears a green eye shade. The integrity of his mind is evident in every word he says. You may not always agree with him, but you know he is an honest man making an earnest effort to explain the complex workings of modern finance and production. The Committee follow his testimony with undivided attention. The

press is restless, for the argument cuts deeper than spot news can handle.

Using the Kuznets studies of the National Bureau of Economic Research, Dr. Hansen demonstrates a conclusion similar to that of Dr. Altman: American business is now spending primarily for replacement rather than for expansion.

"When a society has accumulated a vast amount of capital goods," says Dr. Hansen, "it is evident that the mere expenditure of depreciation allowances provides wide scope for continuous improvement of plant and equipment. The larger the amount of capital equipment the larger will be the depreciation, depletion, and obsolescence allowances." The process becomes automatic and cumulative. The rhythm will be interrupted only if prices increase sharply. In this event, depreciation allowances on their straight-line basis may become inadequate for full replacement in some cases. But the trend of prices has been down since 1920.

The Kuznets figures show depreciation and depletion allowances for all corporations of \$5 billion in 1929, while only \$2 billion was raised in the capital markets for new productive expenditures.

MR. HENDERSON: "Does that mean two and one half times as much was available from the depreciation account as was supplied through the capital markets?"

DR. HANSEN: "Two and one half times as much available, yes, sir."

"I want to stress the point that it is quite wrong to assume that you can't make any progress in increasing productivity without a large volume of savings. . . . In modern times you can have a perfectly enormous increase in productive capacity merely by expending depreciation allowances and not tapping a cent of [individual] savings. . . . Savings do us good or harm according as they find, or do not find, investment outlets in productive expansion of plant and durable goods, including residential building and public works."

The American industrial structure has

passed through its formative stage of rapid expansion, and has matured. (In the 1880's, it is safe to say, expenditures for expansion led expenditures for replacement, and outside savings were in brisk demand.) It can keep up with the latest technological improvements out of internal funds, now accumulated over the years to massive proportions. It can even expand productivity from depreciation reserves alone in many cases. What is the answer? Dr. Hansen sees—as any intelligent observer must see—only three possible answers, short of redesigning the whole economic structure:

1. The possibility of developing a series of brand new industries requiring capital in billion-dollar blocks. No such industries are yet on the horizon, though no man can say they will not come.

2. A drastic shifting of the national savings into housing and into public investment, where depreciation reserves are not so massive, and where the need from the community point of view is great—slum clearance, conservation, schools, hospitals, rural electrification, agricultural resettlement, and the like.

3. A drastic decline in the ratio of savings to national income—more consumers' goods, relatively less capital goods.

VIII

In any given time period of production, enough money is distributed out of the processes of production to buy back the entire output. If the money which flows out in the form of wages, salaries, interest, rent, profits is promptly spent for either consumers' or capital goods, the economic system will keep on an even keel. But if part of the outflow is hoarded then the goods produced cannot be bought back at the prices asked. Some will pile up on the shelves, some will sell below cost, employees will be discharged, the economy will go on part time. This formula was emphasized on the witness stand by Dr. Hansen, Dr. Laughlin Currie, Dr. Donald H. Davenport, and especially by Ralph W. Man-

uel, president of the Marquette National Bank of Minneapolis.

The hoarding can be done by individuals or by corporations or by both. In the case of the individual, the idle money does not usually go under a mattress, but into banks or insurance companies, which often can make no productive use of the funds entrusted to them. Mr. Manuel cited the case of a manufacturer who has \$85,000 in his checking account in Mr. Manuel's bank. It has lain there for years, "leached out of our economy." In the case of the corporation, the idle money may accumulate in depreciation or depletion reserves, or in surplus account. In all cases, the effect is to interrupt the circuit of dollars.

And there we are, impaled again on the paradox of plenty. Too much money—or better, not enough circulation of the available supply. No conspirators plotted this impasse. No fell clan of economic royalists is responsible. No New Deal dictated the accounting principles upon which depreciation rests. It just happened. It has happened all over the civilized world. It cannot be corrected by putting Mr. Stettinius or Mr. Roosevelt or the American Institute of Accountants in the dog-house. The war, by speeding up investment in munitions, may screen the effect for a time, but presently it will be back in the center of the stage. It is impossible to operate a matured economy with financial methods appropriate to a rapidly expanding one.

If this dilemma were not so serious it would be funny. We have, as a nation, so much money that millions of us are close to the starvation line. It is serious to the point of tragedy. And the paradox will never be resolved by calling names, impugning motives, or summoning the shades of Adam Smith or Karl Marx. It will be resolved when enough Americans of intelligence and good will sit down together to examine the facts, patiently and exhaustively, as they did in this lofty, marbled hearing room in Washington.



DOVER BEACH REVISITED

A NEW FABLE FOR CRITICS

BY THEODORE MORRISON

EARLY in the year 1939 a certain Professor of Educational Psychology, occupying a well-paid chair at a large endowed university, conceived a plot. From his desk in the imposing Hall of the Social Sciences where the Research Institute in Education was housed he had long burned with resentment against teachers of literature, especially against English departments. It seemed to him that the professors of English stood square across the path of his major professional ambition. His great desire in life was to introduce into the study, the teaching, the critical evaluation of literature some of the systematic method, some of the "objective procedure" as he liked to call it, some of the certainty of result which he believed to be characteristic of the physical sciences. "You make such a fetish of science," a colleague once said to him, "why aren't you a chemist?"—a question that annoyed him deeply.

If such a poem as Milton's "Lycidas" has a value—and most English teachers, even to-day, would start with that as a cardinal fact—then that value must be measurable and expressible in terms that do not shift and change from moment to moment and person to person with every subjective whim. They would agree, these teachers of literature, these professors of English, that the value of the poem is in some sense objective; they would never agree to undertake any objective procedure to determine what that value is. They would not clearly

define what they meant by achievement in the study of literature, and they bridled and snorted when anyone else attempted to define it. He remembered what had happened when he had once been incautious enough to suggest to a professor of English in his own college that it might be possible to establish norms for the appreciation of Milton. The fellow had simply exploded into a peal of histrionic laughter and then had tried to wither him with an equally histrionic look of incredulity and disgust.

He would like to see what would happen if the teachers of English were forced or lured, by some scheme or other, into a public exposure of their position. It would put them in the light of intellectual charlatanism, nothing less . . . and suddenly Professor Chartly (for so he was nicknamed) began to see his way.

It was a simple plan that popped into his head, simple yet bold and practical. It was a challenge that could not be refused. A strategically placed friend in one of the large educational foundations could be counted on: there would be money for clerical expenses, for travel if need be. He took his pipe from his pocket, filled it, and began to puff exultantly. To-morrow he must broach the scheme to one or two colleagues; to-night, over cheese and beer, would not be too soon. He reached for the telephone.

The plan that he unfolded to his associates that evening aroused consid-

erable skepticism at first, but gradually they succumbed to his enthusiasm. A number of well-known professors of literature at representative colleges up and down the land would be asked to write a critical evaluation of a poem prominent enough to form part of the standard reading in all large English courses. They would be asked to state the criteria on which they based their judgment. When all the answers had been received the whole dossier would be sent to a moderator, a trusted elder statesman of education, known everywhere for his dignity, liberality of intelligence, and long experience. He would be asked to make a preliminary examination of all the documents and to determine from the point of view of a teacher of literature whether they provided any basis for a common understanding. The moderator would then forward all the documents to Professor Chartly, who would make what in his own mind he was frank to call a more scientific analysis. Then the jaws of the trap would be ready to spring.

Once the conspirators had agreed on their plot their first difficulty came in the choice of a poem. Suffice it to say that someone eventually hit on Arnold's "Dover Beach," and the suggestion withstood all attack. "Dover Beach" was universally known, almost universally praised; it was remote enough so that contemporary jealousies and cults were not seriously involved, yet near enough not to call for any special expertness, historical or linguistic, as a prerequisite for judgment; it was generally given credit for skill as a work of art, yet it contained also, in its author's own phrase, a "criticism of life."

Rapidly in the days following the first meeting the representative teachers were chosen and invited to participate in the plan. Professional courtesy seemed to require the inclusion of an Arnold expert. But the one selected excused himself from producing a value judgment of "Dover Beach" on the ground that he was busy investigating a fresh clue to the

identity of "Marguerite." He had evidence that the woman in question, after the episode hinted at in the famous poems, had married her deceased sister's husband, thus perhaps affecting Arnold's views on a social question about which he had said a good deal in his prose writings. The expert pointed out that he had been given a half-year's leave of absence and a research grant to pursue the shadow of Marguerite through Europe, wherever it might lead him. If only war did not break out he hoped to complete this research and solve one of the vexing problems that had always confronted Arnold's biographers. His energies would be too much engaged in this special investigation to deal justly with the more general questions raised by Professor Chartly's invitation. But he asked to be kept informed, since the results of the experiment could not fail to be of interest to him.

After a few hitches and delays from other quarters, the scheme was ripe. The requests were mailed out, and the Professor of Educational Psychology sat back in grim confidence to await the outcome.

II

It chanced that the first of the representative teachers who received and answered Professor Chartly's letter was thought of on his own campus as giving off a distinct though not unpleasant odor of the ivory tower. He would have resented the imputation himself. At forty-five Bradley Dewing was handsome in a somewhat speciously virile style, graying at the temples, but still well-knit and active. He prided himself on being able to beat most of his students at tennis; once a year he would play the third or fourth man on the varsity and go down to creditable defeat with some elegiac phrases on the ravages of time. He thought of himself as a man of the world; it was well for his contentment, which was seldom visibly ruffled, that he never heard the class mimic reproducing at a fraternity house or beer parlor his man-

ner of saying: "After all, gentlemen, it is pure poetry that lasts. We must never forget the staying power of pure art." The class mimic never represents the whole of class opinion but he can usually make everyone within earshot laugh.

Professor Dewing could remember clearly what his own teachers had said about "Dover Beach" in the days when he was a freshman in college himself, phrases rounded with distant professorial unction: faith and doubt in the Victorian era; disturbing influence of Darwin on religious belief; Browning the optimist; Tennyson coming up with firm faith after a long struggle in the waters of doubt; Matthew Arnold, prophet of skepticism. How would "Dover Beach" stack up now as a poem? Pull Arnold down from the shelf and find out.

Ah, yes, how the familiar phrases came back. The sea is calm, the tide is full, the cliffs of England stand . . . And then the lines he particularly liked:

Come to the window, sweet is the night air!
Only, from the long line of spray
Where the ebb meets the moon-blanch'd sand,
Listen! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and
fling,
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow . . .

Good poetry, that! No one could mistake it. Onomatopoeia was a relatively cheap effect most of the time. Poe, for instance: "And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain." Anyone could put a string of s's together and make them rustle. But these lines in "Dover Beach" were different. The onomatopoeia was involved in the whole scene, and it in turn involved the whole rhythmical movement of the verse, not the mere noise made by the consonants or vowels as such. The pauses—only, listen, draw back, fling, begin, cease—how they infused a subdued melancholy into the moonlit panorama at the same time that they gave it the utmost physical reality by suggesting the endless iteration of the waves! And then the phrase

"With tremulous cadence slow" coming as yet one more touch, one "fine excess," when it seemed that every phrase and pause the scene could bear had already been lavished on it: that was Miltonic, Virgilian.

But the rest of the poem?

The sea of Faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's
shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furl'd . . .
Of course Arnold had evoked the whole scene only to bring before us this metaphor of faith in its ebb-tide. But that did not save the figure from triteness and from an even more fatal vagueness. Everything in second-rate poetry is compared to the sea: love is as deep, grief as salty, passion as turbulent. The sea may look like a bright girdle sometimes, though Professor Dewing did not think it particularly impressive to say so. And in what sense is *faith* a bright girdle? Is it the function of faith to embrace, to bind, to hold up a petticoat, or what? And what is the faith that Arnold has in mind? The poet evokes no precise concept of it. He throws us the simple, undifferentiated word, unites its loose emotional connotations with those of the sea, and leaves the whole matter there. And the concluding figure of "Dover Beach":

we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and
flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

Splendid in itself, this memorable image. But the sea had been forgotten now; the darkling plain had displaced the figure from which the whole poem tacitly promised to evolve. It would not have been so if John Donne had been the craftsman. A single bold yet accurate analogy, with constantly developing implications, would have served him for the whole poem.

Thus mused Professor Dewing, the lines of his verdict taking shape in his head. A critic of poetry of course was not at liberty to pass judgment on a poet's thought; he could only judge

whether, in treating of the thought or sensibility he had received from his age, the poet had produced a satisfactory work of art. Arnold, Professor Dewing felt, had not been able to escape from the didactic tone or from a certain commonness and vagueness of expression. With deep personal misgivings about his position in a world both socially and spiritually barbarous, he had sought an image for his emotion, and had found it in the sea—a natural phenomenon still obscured by the drapings of conventional beauty and used by all manner of poets to express all manner of feelings. "Dover Beach" would always remain notable, Professor Dewing decided, as an expression of Victorian sensibility. It contained lines of ever memorable poetic skill. But it could not, he felt, be accepted as a uniformly satisfactory example of poetic art.

III

It was occasionally a source of wonder to those about him just why Professor Oliver Twitchell spent so much time and eloquence urging that man's lower nature must be repressed, his animal instincts kept in bounds by the exertion of the higher will. To the casual observer, Professor Twitchell himself did not seem to possess much animal nature. It seemed incredible that a desperate struggle with powerful bestial passions might be going on at any moment within his own slight frame, behind his delicate white face in which the most prominent feature was the octagonal glasses that focused his eyes on the outside world. Professor Twitchell was a good deal given to discipleship but not much to friendship. He had himself been a disciple of the great Irving Babbitt, and he attracted a small number of disciples among his own more earnest students. But no one knew him well. Only one of his colleagues, who took a somewhat sardonic interest in the mysteries of human nature, possessed a possible clue to the origin of his efforts to repress man's

lower nature and vindicate his higher. This colleague had wormed his way sufficiently into Oliver Twitchell's confidence to learn about his family, which he did not often mention. Professor Twitchell, it turned out, had come of decidedly unacademic stock. One of his brothers was the chief salesman for a company that made domestic fire-alarm appliances. At a moment's notice he would whip out a sample from his bag or pocket, plug it into the nearest electric outlet, and while the bystanders waited in terrified suspense, would explain that in the dead of night, if the house caught fire, the thing would go off with a whoop loud enough to warn the soundest sleeper. Lined up with his whole string of brothers and sisters, all older than he, all abounding in spirits, Professor Twitchell looked like the runt of the litter. His colleague decided that he must have had a very hard childhood, and that it was not his own animal nature that he needed so constantly to repress, but his family's.

Whatever the reasons, Professor Twitchell felt no reality in the teaching of literature except as he could extract from it definitions and illustrations of man's moral struggle in the world. For him recent history had been a history of intellectual confusion and degradation, and hence of social confusion and degradation. Western thought had fallen into a heresy. It had failed to maintain the fundamental grounds of a true humanism. It had blurred the distinction between man, God, and nature. Under the influence of the sciences, it had set up a monism in which the moral as well as the physical constitution of man was included within nature and the laws of nature. It had, therefore, exalted man as naturally good, and exalted the free expression of all his impulses. What were the results of this heresy? An age, complained Professor Twitchell bitterly, in which young women talked about sexual perversions at the dinner table; an age in which everyone agreed that society was in dis-

solution and insisted on the privilege of being dissolute; an age without any common standards of value in morals or art; an age, in short, without discipline, without self-restraint in private life or public.

Oliver Twitchell when he received Professor Chartly's envelope sat down with a strong favorable predisposition toward his task. He accepted wholeheartedly Arnold's attitude toward literature: the demand that poetry should be serious, that it should present us with a criticism of life, that it should be measured by standards not merely personal, but in some sense *real*.

"Dover Beach" had become Arnold's best-known poem, admired as his masterpiece. It would surely contain, therefore, a distillation of his attitude. Professor Twitchell pulled down his copy of Arnold and began to read; and as he read he felt himself overtaken by surprised misgiving. The poem began well enough. The allusion to Sophocles, who had heard the sound of the retreating tide by the Ægean centuries ago, admirably prepared the groundwork of high seriousness for a poem which would culminate in a real criticism of human experience. But did the poem so culminate? It was true that the world

Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain

if one meant the world as the worldling knows it, the man who conducts his life by unreflective natural impulse. Such a man will soon enough encounter the disappointments of ambition, the instability of all bonds and ties founded on nothing firmer than passion or self-interest. But this incertitude of the world, to a true disciple of culture, should become a means of self-discipline. It should lead him to ask how life may be purified and ennobled, how we may by wisdom and self-restraint oppose to the accidents of the world a true human culture based on the exertion of a higher will. No call to such a positive moral will, Professor Twitchell reluctantly dis-

covered, can be heard in "Dover Beach." Man is an ignorant soldier struggling confusedly in a blind battle. Was this the culminating truth that Arnold the poet had given men in his masterpiece? Professor Twitchell sadly revised his value-judgment of the poem. He could not feel that in his most widely admired performance Arnold had seen life steadily or seen it whole; rather he had seen it only on its worldly side, and seen it under an aspect of terror. "Dover Beach" would always be justly respected for its poetic art, but the famous lines on Sophocles better exemplified the poet as a critic of life.

IV

As a novelist still referred to in his late thirties as "young" and "promising," Rudolph Mole found himself in a curious relation toward his academic colleagues. He wrote for the public, not for the learned journals; hence he was spared the necessity of becoming a pedant. At the same time the more lucrative fruits of pedantry were denied to him by his quiet exclusion from the guild. Younger men sweating for promotion, living in shabby genteel poverty on yearly appointments, their childless wives mimicking their academic shop-talk in bluestocking phrases, would look up from the stacks of five-by-three cards on which they were constantly accumulating notes and references, and would say to him, "You don't realize how lucky you are, teaching composition. You aren't expected to know anything." Sometimes an older colleague, who had passed through several stages of the mysteries of preferment, would belittle professional scholarship to him with an elaborate show of graciousness and envy. "We are all just pedants," he would say. "You teach the students what they really want and need." Rudolph noticed that the self-confessed pedant went busily on publishing monographs and being promoted, while he himself remained, year by year, the English Department's most eminent poor relation.

He was not embittered. His dealings with students were pleasant and interesting. There was a sense of reality and purpose in trying to elicit from them a better expression of their thoughts, trying to increase their understanding of the literary crafts. He could attack their minds on any front he chose, and he could follow his intellectual hobbies as freely as he liked, without being confined to the artificial boundaries of a professional field of learning.

Freud, for example. When Professor Chartly and his accomplices decided that a teacher of creative writing should be included in their scheme and chose Rudolph Mole for the post, they happened to catch him at the height of his enthusiasm for Freud. Not that he expected to psychoanalyze authors through their works; that, he avowed, was not his purpose. You can't deduce the specific secrets of a man's life, he would cheerfully admit, by trying to fit his works into the text-book patterns of complexes and psychoses. The critic, in any case, is interested only in the man to the extent that he is involved in his work. But everyone agrees, Rudolph maintained, that the man is involved in his work. Some part of the psychic constitution of the author finds expression in every line that he writes. We can't understand the work unless we can understand the psychic traits that have gained expression in it. We may never be able to trace back these traits to their ultimate sources and causes, probably buried deep in the author's childhood. But we need to gain as much light on them as we can, since they appear in the work we are trying to apprehend, and determine its character. This is what criticism has always sought to do. Freud simply brings new light to the old task.

Rudolph was fortunate enough at the outset to pick up at the college bookstore a copy of Mr. Lionel Trilling's recent study of Matthew Arnold. In this volume he found much of his work already done for him. A footnote to Mr.

Trilling's text, citing evidence from Professors Tinker and Lowry, made it clear that "Dover Beach" may well have been written in 1850, some seventeen years before it was first published. This, for Rudolph's purposes, was a priceless discovery. It meant that all the traditional talk about the poem was largely null and void. The poem was not a repercussion of the bombshell that Darwin dropped on the religious sensibilities of the Victorians. It was far more deeply personal and individual than that. Perhaps when Arnold published it his own sense of what it expressed or how it would be understood had changed. But clearly the poem came into being as an expression of what Arnold felt to be the particular kind of affection and passion he needed from a woman. It was a love poem, and took its place with utmost naturalness, once the clue had been given, in the group of similar and related poems addressed to "Marguerite." Mr. Trilling summed up in a fine sentence one strain in these poems, and the principal strain in "Dover Beach," when he wrote that for Arnold "fidelity is a word relevant only to those lovers who see the world as a place of sorrow and in their common suffering require the comfort of constancy."

Ah, love, let us be true

To one another! for the world . . .

Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light . . .

The point was unmistakable. And from the whole group of poems to which "Dover Beach" belonged, a sketch of Arnold as an erotic personality could be derived. The question whether a "real Marguerite" existed was an idle one, for the traits that found expression in the poems were at least "real" enough to produce the poems and to determine their character.

And what an odd spectacle it made, the self-expressed character of Arnold as a lover! The ordinary degree of aggressiveness, the normal joy of conquest and possession, seemed to be wholly absent from him. The love he asked for was essentially a protective love, sisterly or

motherly; in its unavoidable ingredient of passion he felt a constant danger, which repelled and unsettled him. He addressed Marguerite as "My sister!" He avowed and deplored his own womanish fits of instability:

I too have wish'd, no woman more,
This starting, feverish heart, away.

He emphasized his nervous anguish and contrary impulses. He was a "teas'd o'erlabour'd heart," "an aimless unallay'd Desire." He could not break through his fundamental isolation and submerge himself in another human soul, and he believed that all men shared this plight:

Yes: in the sea of life enisl'd,
With echoing straits between us thrown,
Dotting the shoreless watery wild,
We mortal millions live *alone*.

He never "without remorse" allowed himself

To haunt the place where passions reign,
yet it was clear that whether he had ever succeeded in giving himself up wholeheartedly to a passion, he had wanted to. There could hardly be a more telltale phrase than "Once-long'd-for storms of love."

In short much more illumination fell on "Dover Beach" from certain other verses of Arnold's than from Darwin and all his commentators:

Truth—what is truth? Two bleeding hearts
Wounded by men, by Fortune tried,
Outwearied with their lonely parts,
Vow to beat henceforth side by side.

The world to them was stern and drear;
Their lot was but to weep and moan.
Ah, let them keep their faith sincere,
For neither could subsist alone!

Here was the nub. "Dover Beach" grew directly from and repeated the same emotion, but no doubt generalized and enlarged this emotion, sweeping into one intense and far-reaching conviction of insecurity not only Arnold's personal fortunes in love, but the social and religious faith of the world he lived in. That much could be said for the traditional interpretation.

Of course, as Mr. Trilling did not fail to mention, anguished love affairs, harassed by mysterious inner incompatibilities, formed a well-established literary convention. But the fundamental sense of insecurity in "Dover Beach" was too genuine, too often repeated in other works, to be written off altogether to that account. The same sense of insecurity, the same need for some rock of protection, cried out again and again, not merely in Arnold's love poems but in his elegies, reflective pieces, and fragments of epic as well. Whenever Arnold produced a genuine and striking burst of poetry, with the stamp of true self-expression on it, he seemed always to be in the dumps. Everywhere dejection, confusion, weakness, contention of soul. No adequate cause could be found in the events of Arnold's life for such an acute sense of incertitude; it must have been of psychic origin. Only in one line of effort this fundamental insecurity did not hamper, sadden, or depress him, and that was in the free play of his intelligence as a critic of letters and society. Even there, if it did not hamper his efforts, it directed them. Arnold valiantly tried to erect a barrier of culture against the chaos and squalor of society, against the contentiousness of men. What was this barrier but an elaborate protective device?

The origin of the psychic pattern that expressed itself in Arnold's poems could probably never be discovered. No doubt the influence that Arnold's father exercised over his emotions and his thinking, even though Arnold rebelled to the extent at least of casting off his father's religious beliefs, was of great importance. But much more would have to be known to give a definite clue—more than ever could be known. Arnold was secure from any attempt to spy out the heart of his mystery. But if criticism could not discover the cause, it could assess the result, and could do so (thought Rudolph Mole) with greater understanding by an attempt, with up-to-date psychological aid, to delve a little deeper into the es-

sential traits that manifested themselves in that result.

V

In 1917 Reuben Hale, a young instructor in a Western college, had lost his job and done time in the penitentiary for speaking against conscription and for organizing pacifist demonstrations. In the twenties he had lost two more academic posts for his sympathies with Soviet Russia and his inability to forget his Marxist principles while teaching literature. His contentious, eager, lovable, exasperating temperament tried the patience of one college administration after another. As he advanced into middle age, and his growing family suffered repeated upheavals, his friends began to fear that his robust quarrels with established order would leave him a penniless outcast at fifty. Then he was invited to take a flattering post at a girls' college known for its liberality of views. The connection proved surprisingly durable; in fact it became Professor Hale's turn to be apprehensive. He began to be morally alarmed at his own security, to fear that the bourgeois system which he had attacked so valiantly had somehow outwitted him and betrayed him into allegiance. When the C.I.O. made its initial drive and seemed to be carrying everything before it, he did his best to unseat himself again by rushing joyfully to the nearest picket lines and getting himself photographed by an alert press. Even this expedient failed, and he reconciled himself, not without wonder, to apparent academic permanence.

On winter afternoons his voice could be heard booming out through the closed door of his study to girls who came to consult him on all manner of subjects, from the merits of Plekhanov as a Marxist critic to their own most personal dilemmas. They called him Ben; he called them Smith, Jones, and Robinson. He never relaxed his cheerful bombardment of the milieu into which they were born, and of the larger social structure which made bourgeois wealth,

bourgeois art, morals, and religion possible. But when a sophomore found herself pregnant it was to Professor Hale that she came for advice. Should she have an abortion or go through with it and heroically bear the social stigma? And it was Professor Hale who kept the affair from the Dean's office and the newspapers, sought out the boy, persuaded the young couple that they were desperately in love with each other, and that pending the revolution a respectable marriage would be the most prudent course, not to say the happiest.

James Joyce remarks of one of his characters that she dealt with moral problems as a cleaver deals with meat. Professor Hale's critical methods were comparably simple and direct. Literature, like the other arts, is in form and substance a product of society, and reflects the structure of society. The structure of society is a class structure: it is conditioned by the mode of production of goods, and by the legal conventions of ownership and control by which the ruling class keeps itself in power and endows itself with the necessary freedom to exploit men and materials for profit. A healthy literature, in a society so constituted, can exist only if writers perceive the essential economic problem and ally themselves firmly with the working class.

Anyone could see the trouble with Arnold. His intelligence revealed to him the chaos that disrupted the society about him; the selfishness and brutality of the ruling class; the ugliness of the world which the industrial revolution had created, and which imperialism and "liberalism" were extending. Arnold was at his best in his critical satire of this world and of the ignorance of those who governed it. But his intelligence far outran his will, and his defect of will finally blinded his intelligence. He was too much a child of his class to disown it and fight his way to a workable remedy for social injustice. He caught a true vision of himself and of his times as standing between "two worlds, one

dead, one powerless to be born." But he had not courage or stomach enough to lend his own powers to the birth struggle. Had he thrown in his sympathies unreservedly with the working class, and labored for the inescapable revolution, "Dover Beach" would not have ended in pessimism and confusion. It would have ended in a cheerful, strenuous, and hopeful call to action. But Arnold could not divorce himself from the world of polite letters, of education, of culture, into which he had been born. He did his best to purify them, to make them into an instrument for the reform of society. But instinctively he knew that "culture" as he understood the term was not a social force in the world around him. Instinctively he knew that what he loved was doomed to defeat. And so "Dover Beach" ended in a futile plea for protection against the hideousness of the darkling plain and the confused alarms of struggle and flight.

Professor Chartly's envelope brought Reuben Hale his best opportunity since the first C.I.O. picket lines to vindicate his critical and social principles. He plunged into his answer with complete zest.

VI

When Peter Lee Prampton agreed to act as moderator in Professor Chartly's experiment he congratulated himself that this would be his last great academic chore. He had enjoyed his career of scholarship and teaching, no man ever more keenly. But now it was drawing to an end. He was loaded with honors from two continents. The universities of Germany, France, and Britain had first laid their formative hands on his learning and cultivation, then given their most coveted recognition to its fruits. But the honor and the glory seemed a little vague on the June morning when the expressman brought into his library the sizable package of papers which Professor Chartly had boxed and shipped to him. He had kept all his life a certain simplicity of heart.

At seventy-four he could still tote a pack with an easy endurance that humiliated men of forty. Now he found himself giving in more and more completely to a lust for trout. Half a century of hastily snatched vacations in Cape Breton or the Scottish Highlands had never allowed him really to fill up that hollow craving to find a wild stream and fish it which would sometimes rise in his throat even in the midst of a lecture.

Well, there would be time left before he died. And meanwhile here was this business of "Dover Beach." Matthew Arnold during one of his American lecture tours had been entertained by neighbors of the Pramptons. Peter Lee Prampton's father had dined with the great man, and had repeated his conversation and imitated his accent at the family table. Peter himself, as a boy of nineteen or so, had gone to hear Arnold lecture. That, he thought with a smile, was probably a good deal more than could be said for any of these poor hacks who had taken Professor Chartly's bait.

At the thought of Arnold he could still hear the carriage wheels grate on the pebbly road as he had driven, fifty odd years ago, to the lecture in town, the prospective Mrs. Prampton beside him. His fishing rod lay under the seat. He chuckled out loud as he remembered how a pound-and-a-half trout had jumped in the pool under the clattering planks of a bridge, and how he had pulled up the horse, jumped out, and tried a cast while Miss Osgood sat scolding in the carriage and shivering in the autumn air. They had been just a little late reaching the lecture, but the trout, wrapped in damp leaves, lay safely beside the rod.

It was queer that "Dover Beach" had not come more recently into his mind. Now that he turned his thoughts in that direction the poem was there in its entirety, waiting to be put on again like a coat that one has worn many times with pleasure and accidentally neglected for a while.

The sea of faith was once, too, at the full.

How those old Victorian battles had raged about the Prampton table when he was a boy! How the names of Arnold, Huxley, Darwin, Carlyle, Morris, Ruskin had been pelted back and forth by the excited disputants! *Literature and Dogma, God and the Bible, Culture and Anarchy*. The familiar titles brought an odd image into his mind: the tall figure of his father stretching up to turn on the gas lamps in the evening as the family sat down to dinner; the terrific pop of the pilot light as it exploded into a net of white flame, shaped like a little beehive; the buzz and whine of a jet turned up too high.

Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain . . .

Peter Lee Prampton shivered in the warmth of his sunny library, shivered with that flash of perception into the past which sometimes enables a man to see how all that has happened in his life, for good or ill, turned on the narrowest edge of chance. He lived again in the world of dreams that his own youth had spread before him, a world truly various, beautiful, and new; full of promise, adventure, and liberty of choice, based on the opportunities which his father's wealth provided, and holding out the prospect of a smooth advance into a distinguished career. Then, within six months, a lavish demonstration that the world has neither certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain: his mother's death by cancer, his father's financial overthrow and suicide, the ruin of his own smooth hopes and the prospect instead of a long, hampered, and obscure fight toward his perhaps impossible ambition. He lived again through the night hours when he had tramped out with himself the youthful question whether he could hold Miss Osgood to her promise in the face of such

reversals. And he did not forget how she took his long-sleepless face between her hands, kissed him, and smiled away his anxiety with unsteady lips. Surely everyone discovers at some time or other that the world is not a place of certitude; surely everyone cries out to some other human being for the fidelity which alone can make it so. What more could be asked of a poet than to take so profound and universal an experience and turn it into lines that could still speak long after he and his age were dead?

The best of it was that no one could miss the human feeling, the cry from the heart, in "Dover Beach"; it spoke so clearly and eloquently, in a language everyone could understand, in a form classically pure and simple. Or did it? Who could tell what any job-lot of academicians might be trusted to see or fail to see? And this assortment in Chartly's package might be a queer kettle of fish! Peter Lee Prampton had lived through the *Yellow Book* days of Art for Art's sake; he had read the muckrakers, and watched the rise of the Marxists and the Freudians. Could "Dover Beach" be condemned as unsympathetic with labor? Could a neurosis or a complex be discovered in it? His heart sank at the sharp sudden conviction that indeed these and worse discoveries about the poem might be seriously advanced. Well, he had always tried to go on the principle that every school of criticism should be free to exercise any sincere claim on men's interest and attention which it could win for itself. When he actually applied himself to the contents of Professor Chartly's bale he would be as charitable as he could, as receptive to light from any quarter as he could bring himself to be.

But the task could wait. He felt the need of a period of adjustment before he could approach it with reasonable equanimity. And in the meanwhile he could indulge himself in some long-needed editorial work on his dry-fly book.



GEOGRAPHY GOES FLUID

BY EARL P. HANSON

DURING the summer of 1938 there was fought in Amsterdam a prolonged battle in a war that is to-day, directly or indirectly, involving the entire world and may eventually affect more lives and result in profounder political, social, economic, and geographical changes than the war of arms trying to get started in Europe as I write. The battle was truly one of ideas, fought without bloodshed, bombast, animosities, or even a recognizable victory for either side; but its mere occurrence is of transcendental importance.

I refer to the discussions of section IIIc of the Congress of the International Geographical Union, which dealt with problems of colonial geography and specifically with the general question of the white man in the tropics. The proceedings contain seventy-one papers in five languages, which attack the question from all angles and often disagree violently one with the other. A few geographers reproclaimed the accepted notion that white men cannot make a success of tropical colonization in the true sense; the rest of the delegates attacked the notion with varying vehemence and with all the ammunition they could muster. The mere fact that such an attack took place is deeply significant; a few years ago most men who concerned themselves with the subject were agreed and there was neither basis nor need for argument; to-day there is not only basis but a need so pressing, so worldwide, that its possible consequences stagger the imagination.

Briefly, we have now a worldwide social and political structure of nations and colonies that is based fundamentally on the idea that white men can live in the tropics only as temporary sojourners, as administrators and overseers of the colored labor that does the work, and never as true settlers. If that idea should fall, then a large part of the present world-organization would necessarily fall with it and a reorganization of inestimable magnitude would have to take place. It makes little difference whether you or I ever plan to live in the tropics. In one way or another, directly or indirectly, we should be affected by the consequent changes of the world's political and economic structure, just as surely as to-day we are affected by Germany's demands for *Lebensraum* and colonies, and by Italy's conquest of Ethiopia.

It is of course impossible for any one scientific congress, let alone one article discussing it, even to touch on all the facets of a problem so staggeringly complex. The tropics themselves are poorly defined. Their limits may be the rigidly mathematical ones of $23\frac{1}{2}$ deg. N. and S., or the climatic ones on which no two climatologists seem ever to have agreed completely. Within them they contain infinite variations, highlands and lowlands, islands and inland areas, trade-wind belts and humid jungles, deserts, relatively infertile pampas, and regions of riotous fauna and flora. As a general rule, tropical soil is less fertile than that encountered in the temperate zones—a fact that militates against white settle-

ment at least as much as does the hot climate. The problems which the white man has to face in the tropics vary with race, location, political and economic creeds, the nature and density of the native population, specific medical problems encountered, psychological factors such as adaptability and reasons for migrating in the first place. Explorers, medical men, political administrators, commercial overseers, engineers, military men, and climatologists have all had their somewhat confusing say on the subject, to which geographers, as such, have heretofore paid little attention. Nevertheless it is of basic importance to the whole vast subject of geography as the study of man's adaptation to his environment, and when we boil the whole question down to its irreducible fundamentals we always arrive at certain first principles.

Those principles were admirably stated at the Congress by Dr. Max Salvadori of Geneva. They will be recognized immediately by all who have read Ellsworth Huntington's emphatic proclamations of the white man's superiority-because-of-climate, by those thousands who have worked in the United Fruit Company's tropical empire or in the tropical outposts of the American or British colonial empires, and by all who not only cling to the white-man's-burden attitude of mind but seek to bolster it with science's comforting conclusions.

For instance, after mentioning the harmful effects of the sun's near-vertical rays on the white man, Salvadori says that "it is advisable for the settler to reduce any regular physical or mental strain to the minimum," and that "he requires more rest than in Europe." In other words, physical labor is harmful or impossible for the white man in the tropics. The obvious corollary is expressed in the statement that in the tropics "Europeans can only form a fraction of the total population," meaning that the colored races have to do the work and that whites can act only as overseers and not as settlers in the true sense. The argument is pursued with

an inhumanly relentless logic when Salvadori goes on to say that "the social development of the natives will have an injurious effect on white settlement. The higher the civilization of the natives, the more will they be able to compete with Europeans in activities which provide a living for the latter."

Every orthodox Southerner in the United States will welcome that last statement with a whoop of joy. To be sure, our South has not a truly tropical climate, but it has inherited pressing problems from what was once a truly tropical exploitation-economy; as a consequence it is constantly concerned with the difficult and often bloody job of "keeping the niggers in their places."

We can go on from Salvadori's statements to the rest of the arguments against the tropics, all of which were presented at the Congress. The need to "keep face" prevents tropical whites from working every bit as much as does the climate, crowds them toward alcoholic and other excesses through sheer boredom, and throws the down-and-outers on the beach of romantic fiction rather than on their own efforts. The white man needs a higher standard of living in the tropics than in the temperate zones, and far more medical care to protect him against the numerous ailments that the natives slough off through something called natural resistance. Fertility is apt to drop off, infant mortality to increase, and degeneration to set in in spite of all care if whites try to live in the tropics longer than a generation or two. Everywhere in the tropics it is necessary for white men to send their children to school "back home" in the temperate zone, if only to protect their health.

All those things are common knowledge, glorified and epitomized in the Kipling-legend. The significant thing about the Amsterdam Congress, however, is the fact that there all the above arguments were presented largely by men who had devoted serious study to them and who proceeded to shoot them full of holes.

Dr. A. Grenfell Price of Australia, for instance, pointed out that there are many cases where whites have lived in the tropics for many generations, doing their own work, living as settlers rather than as mere sojourners, without showing any of the common and expected signs of debilitation. I wish that Price had quoted his own epoch-making book *White Settlers in the Tropics* apropos of the universal problem of keeping the natives in their places. Talking about our South, for instance, he discusses the dangerous presence of large bodies of exploited colored laborers as reservoirs of degradation and disease. "The matter," he says, "will remain very grave until the whites raise the negroes to their own standards of living and health."

Others, like Dr. Lodewyckx of Melbourne, pointed out that there are such tropical areas as Australia's Queensland where white men not only do their own physical work but seem all the healthier for it. Indeed, the question whether whites can work in the tropics and so dispense with native laborers who have to be kept in their places understandably emerged as the crux of the problem, and Queensland, to be discussed later, furnished most of the ammunition.

After citing evidence from Saba, Dutch Guiana, and Curaçao, Dr. Winckel of Amsterdam made the startlingly definite statement that "it was long ago observed that planters and soldiers on active service retain their health better than any other group of whites, that, in fact, heavy physical labor is the most efficacious means of keeping fit in a hot country. This conclusion has been corroborated of recent years by the results obtained from the treatment of neurasthenic patients with physical labor, among other things, instead of with rest."

So goes argument after argument, based on firsthand observations. The man who works is generally far healthier than the one who doesn't; men who do hard physical work in the fields feel the heat less than those who do white-collar work in sheltered offices; white women

who lead sheltered lives in the tropics, take scrupulous care of themselves, and find servants so cheap that they don't even do housework, show the effects of the climate much more drastically than do the men. The implication throughout is that the supposed debilitating effects of the tropical climate may well be at least in part the effects of an inevitable neurasthenia, resulting from the attempt to live abnormal lives according to accepted but abnormal mental, physical, hygienic, racial, political, social, and economic standards.

Summing up: The Amsterdam Congress was a symptom of a present-day worldwide attack on yesterday's scientific ideas about the debilitating effects of the tropical climate. In general that attack says: We whites went into the tropics as conquerors, found colored races there, enslaved them, and so walked straight into the trap that the Chinese, according to legend, once set for the conquering Manchurians, the trap that ensnares the conquerors in the debilitating effects of being lords of creation, served by the conquered. We went in as sojourners rather than actual settlers, striving to get rich quick and return to our native lands with our wealth. We surrounded ourselves with dangerous reservoirs of disease and degradation, in the form of vast bodies of exploited natives who must be kept in their places at all cost. Often we went to the tropics to escape work rather than seek it. We drank too much and otherwise indulged in dangerous riotous living. Then, when we paid the inevitable price, our scholars erected a vast and sturdy structure of scientific argument that bolstered the whole vast social-economic structure based on those concepts by blaming the whole trouble on climate. We don't know if those scholars were entirely wrong; we do know that there is now enough evidence to refute them to force us to re-examine their entire structure, certainly to alter it, and perhaps to scuttle it in favor of a new and more realistic one.

II

The results of the so called Queensland experiment have been attacked by a number of scholars on the grounds that they are still too young to be conclusive, that the Queensland climate is not truly tropical in the sense of, say, the African and South American lowlands, and that the experiment is being carried out with government help and supervision, behind the protective walls of a tariff. Nevertheless they are extremely important.

In 1860 a gold rush brought white men into Australia's tropical Queensland, the coastlands invited attempts to grow sugar. Kanakas were brought in to do the heavy work on a basis little removed from slavery, a plantation system was developed similar to the old one in the United States and the West Indies. Economically, the system was a success—the sugar planters made money; politically, however, it caused so much trouble that northern Queensland once almost seceded from Australia, as our South seceded for similar reasons; hygienically, it bore out the gloomiest conclusions of the orthodox climatologists; morally, it was a flat failure.

An appalling incidence of disease and death afflicted the Kanakas and, through them, the whites. The small whites were forced into a position similar to that of Alabama's "poor whites" and by the same condition of nearby cheap colored labor. Among all the whites, small and large, "the expectation of life at birth was only 41.5 years, a figure more than 12 per cent less than that of the average for Australia, and the average crude death rates for Queensland were enormously in excess of those of other States, in one year (1884) there being an excess of as much as 50 per cent." In those days northern, or tropical, Queensland was a glaring proof of the general unhealthfulness of the tropics, sadden with such diseases as malaria, carrying the burden of short life expectancy, high death rates, low birth rates, sterility, and widespread and obvious degeneration.

The unique feature was, however, the fact that Australia as a whole recognized the dangers of an exploited and degraded colored population, formulated the "White Australia" policy, and began to repatriate the Kanakas and Chinese laborers in spite of violent protests from tropical Queensland. As late as 1889 a Royal Commission reported that opinion was unanimous that white men could not cultivate cane. Nevertheless Australia in fifteen years sent home so many colored laborers that their number decreased from 10,775 to 8,826. Necessarily these had to be replaced at least in part by whites. Whether in spite of that or because of it, during the same period Queensland's annual production of sugar rose from 55,000 tons to 123,000.

The present Australian Commonwealth was formed in 1907. Confronted on the one hand by the scientific "knowledge" that white men cannot labor in the tropics, and on the other by its unhappy experience with imported colored labor, by the tragic example of negritization in the West Indies, and by the dangerous social and hygienic troubles that the Negro problem had created in the United States, and being no doubt painfully aware of the "yellow peril" from nearby crowded Japan, the Commonwealth decided, as a matter of Government policy, to disregard the teachings of science and to pursue the "White Australia" policy with utmost vigor. Kanakas and Chinamen were sent home en masse; white men were encouraged to settle and work in tropical Queensland and were given Government bounties to help tide them over the difficult transition period. Englishmen, Australians, and Italians took over all the processes of production in a few short years. In 1884 sugar cane was produced almost 100 per cent by colored workers. In 1907 they still grew 86 per cent of the crop. By 1912 whites were producing 96 per cent of it. To-day, with tariff walls and embargoes supplanting the old bounty system, it is grown almost 100 per cent by whites.

While the change was made to the tune of dreadful warnings from most "authorities" on the tropics, it seems to have worked out amazingly well. In tropical Queensland there are to-day some 260,000 white inhabitants who are settlers in the true sense of the word in so far as they live what we would call "normal" lives. They do their own work and do not have the doubtful advantage of inordinately cheap colored laborers and servants. They raise their children and send them to schools in the immediate neighborhood, no longer finding it necessary to send them away for reasons of health. They dress lightly and sensibly, but they no longer find it necessary to protect themselves against sunstroke with those cork helmets and spinal-pads that were once essentials in their country, that are still considered essential among Englishmen in India and Africa, and that are badges of the white man's burden throughout the tropical world. They have their own schools, hospitals, recreation centers. They take care of their old and bury them, and expect their children to take care of them and bury them in turn, in the endless cycle of every permanently established settlement.

How is it working out? Referring again to the Battle of Amsterdam, we find Sir James Barrett of Melbourne there presenting a number of highly significant statistics. In 1935 the birth-rate of tropical Queensland was 19.69 per thousand; that of non-tropical Australia was 16.43, of Metropolitan Australia 13.62, of all Australia 16.55. So much for loss of fertility in the tropics. In the same year tropical Queensland had a deathrate of 8.89, non-tropical Australia of 9.47, Metropolitan Australia of 10.42, and all Australia of 9.46. Children fared correspondingly well. In 1936 the infant mortality in Queensland, tropical and non-tropical, was only 36.20; in Metropolitan Australia, which had all the usual city aids of better medical care, better hospitals, visiting nurses, and the like, it was 41.55; in all Australia 41.16.

So go the statistics. Could we ignore all other factors and draw lessons from those figures alone, we should have to say: "If you want to live a normal, safe, healthy life, with higher birthrate, lower deathrate, and lower infant mortality than elsewhere, forget everything you ever heard about the tropical climate, move into the tropics, do a good day's work, keep on doing it day after day and year after year, take a white wife, raise children, and just make yourself at home in general."

In another part of his paper Sir James Barrett mentions such widespread diseases as malaria, yellow fever, yaws, dysentery, and tropical ulcers as having always and everywhere been major obstacles to the white man's "conquest" of the tropics. It must be remembered that they were also rampant in tropical Queensland in the old days of Kanaka-exploitation. Barrett, however, goes on to make the surprising statement that to-day "Australia is practically free from these diseases though some of them exist in quantity—notably malaria—in the adjacent islands."

Whether that surprising absence of malaria and other tropical diseases in Queensland is attributed to some active Government health-campaign or to sane standards and technics of living, or both, I don't know. I do know that in the worst parts of South America's interior I found that those people who did their own work, ate fresh instead of imported foods, and otherwise lived fairly normal lives, were able to laugh at malaria as being of little consequence. I also know that in Puerto Rico those *jibaros* who miraculously still retain their own little patches of land and can so grow their own food and lead fairly normal lives are relatively healthy, while in the sugar areas, where the natives have been debased by the American-fostered plantation system to abysmal standards of bare subsistence and a constant, devastating diet of little more than rice, beans, and the contents of garbage cans, we find one of the highest malaria rates in the world.

It is of course impossible to present here all the numerous pros and cons about the Queensland experiment. Suffice it to say that it has indicated if not proved that white men not only can, but probably must if they want to succeed, do physical work in the tropics as everywhere else. It has indicated that a dangerous race problem, with all its social and hygienic implications, is no more necessary to white colonization in at least *some* tropical regions than are the colored laborers whose presence produces it. In spite of such disturbing signs as the rapid infiltration of Italians to replace the British, the experiment has so far succeeded beyond the dreams of the wildest enthusiasts of twenty-five years ago. That, in view of its widespread and deep implications, is a great plenty for the time being.

III

While the results of the Queensland experiment are startling enough to make almost any geographer pause and take notice, we cannot assume that they, in themselves, were primarily responsible for the energetic assault on long-accepted ideas that is taking place throughout the world to-day. The social sciences don't work that way; they don't change their fundamental ideas except under the pressure of absolute need. The cattle ranchers on Marajo Island, in the mouth of the Amazon River, the white settlers of Saba, German settlements in Venezuela, Dutch settlements in Suriname, various tropical settlements established after the Civil War by refugee Southerners who didn't want to live in the same country with the Damn' Yanks, were eloquent, living refutations of the concept of the debilitating tropics for decades before Australia's absolute need forced the Queensland venture. Yet few if any geographers paid attention to the lessons taught by those groups, or regarded them as more than, at best, the exceptions that proved the rule. But now the issue is forced by the fact that any schoolboy can

see how vitally necessary it is for us to re-examine our ideas about the potential usefulness of an enormous part of the world to the white man.

Against the background of recognized population pressures in virtually all the world's great nations except Russia, consider the relative emptiness of the tropics. They include something like one-third of the world's land areas and are peopled by some 550 million human beings, most of whom are colored. *The Colonial Problem*, published some years ago by the African Research Survey in London, states that *the total white population of tropical and sub-tropical colonial countries is probably less than a million*. Add to those the 4 million whites who live in Cuba and Puerto Rico, the 2 or 3 millions in Mexico and the smaller Central American States, the white population of tropical South America, and you see a total white population of some 10 or 12 millions, holding one-third of the world's land area. You also get some inkling of why there are still enormous uninhabited stretches in South America and Africa, lordly expanses with varying fertility, beauty, healthfulness, and general attractiveness—as determined by their own natures as well as by the point of view of the beholder. (The man who looks at them with bayonets and concentration camps at his back is apt to find them far more beautiful and potentially useful than the man who is firmly entrenched within some one economic structure, and who dismisses, without solving, the refugee problem with the facile quip that you can't make pioneers out of money-changers and shopkeepers.)

The refugee problem itself is serious enough. Tens of thousands of people wandering homelessly over the earth constitute a menace that is already in part responsible for the present alarming growth of fascist feeling in the United States. The refugee problem as a symptom of world-diseases is a hundred times more serious still. Either way it is to-day the one vital, immediate problem that is really forcing the issue over yes-

terday's pessimistic concepts about the possibilities for white men in the tropics.

As I write, I come from a number of conferences with people who are working on the problem of refugee settlement. The important trend in their efforts is this: A few years ago at least the refugee organizations in New York labored mainly to find jobs and places for the homeless in such countries as the United States; to-day they are beginning to look on such efforts as mere temporary stop-gaps. They are applying the long-range point of view and are looking toward the tropics and the sub-arctic for possible colonization.

So, for instance, several New York organizations are even now arguing over the relative merits of Alaska, where the possible passage of a congressional bill in Washington *may* soon make room for an appreciable number of refugees, and the highlands of British Guiana, where an international commission recently examined conditions for the benefit of refugees and turned in a report that was on the whole favorable. So too a Hague organization that was recently organized and financed to the tune of two million dollars for the express purpose of actually doing something about the refugees, is now actively working out colonization schemes in the Dutch and French tropics. So too Sir Neville Chamberlain, with his usual genius for making himself appear the champion of the under-dog, suggested a year or so ago that Jewish refugees might be settled in those African colonies that Germany once held and now wants back.

It matters little whether you consider such thinking visionary and impractical; as things now stand it is far less visionary than any idea that room can be found for the refugees within any one country even as large and as liberal as the United States; as a symptom of realignments of world thought it is so very important that it is forcing geographers to re-examine the very fundamentals of their scientific structure.

The refugees, however, are only the

unfortunate whipping-boys who take the rap for that world problem that is loosely called "over-population." To be sure the term is encumbered by a vast amount of pseudo-scientific claptrap, but the fact remains that, in general, populations are still growing while the abilities of the various capitalistic economic structures to take care of them are slowing down, standing still, or actually decreasing, according to who does the arguing and about what country. Under conditions of that kind something has *got* to give. Yesterday's great east-and-west migrations have largely been stopped by the quota system in America and elsewhere; now we are turning our thoughts in a north-and-south direction.

Even the United States is now "over-populated" in relation to her economic structure to the tune of some thirteen—or whatever it is—million unemployed. In so far as any single—and, therefore, inadequate—explanation ever suffices, we can very well explain Japan's conquest of Manchuria and her present war in China by her annual population growth of 900,000, and Italy's conquest of Ethiopia by *hers* of around 500,000. The latter is also a direct attack, by force of arms, on the old ideas about the debilitating effects of the tropics. Mussolini intends to exploit Ethiopia's tropical highlands with Italian settlers—farmers, homebuilders, not mere colonial administrators and sojourners. If he succeeds—which remains to be seen—then Italian Ethiopia will loom over the growing British settlements in the East African tropics and threaten the main British trade route to the tropical East, as Japan's activities in the East have long menaced the Philippines and Australia. Project those forces into accelerating world realignments, view them in the light of the one problem that was discussed by Section IIIc of last year's Congress in Amsterdam, and you can catch a small glimpse of the importance of that Congress to yourself, myself, and our children and children's children who will inherit the earth as we leave it to them.

It is a mere truism that even the social and economic ideologies on which our present world structures stand are undergoing profound changes under the pressure of absolute need. Even the Economic Royalists almost invariably preface their attacks on Roosevelt's patch-up efforts with the smug remark that they know very well that capital has to make greater efforts than in the past to take care of labor. Every bit as significant, and forced by the same general need, are the changes that are being made by geographers and other scientists in those ideas that yesterday stood firmly as parts of the foundations of capitalism's colonial world empire. That is why the battle of Amsterdam, as an incident in man's war over changing scientific ideas, is at least as important as the battles of Guadalajara and Warsaw, as incidents in our present bloody deadlock over political and economic dogmas.

IV

Geographers have long been aware that for the past twenty years their particular body of knowledge has been undergoing a revaluation so profound that it can well be called a renaissance. By to-day that revaluation has gathered so much momentum that it is beginning to affect the world's affairs, and in that condition we can see a striking repetition of history.

In classical and medieval days the white man's world was small and encompassed by a wall of scientific ideas that hemmed it in every bit as much as did the dangers and terrors of the unknown that scared Columbus' sailors. The wise men of those days taught that only the temperate zones were habitable; the tropics were too hot and the polar regions too cold to be even penetrated by man. It mattered little that the Phoenicians circumnavigated Africa and so crossed both the tropics twice, some two thousand years before those ideas were scuttled, or that the Norsemen penetrated some seven hundred miles beyond the

Arctic Circle. The Phoenicians and the Norsemen were barbarians, hence what they did didn't count; there was as yet no pressing need to revise scientific opinion, hence the proofs that contradicted it were simply ignored.

But eventually the need did become pressing. Filthy, crowded, diseased, suffering Europe needed *Lebensraum*; successive crusades failed to break the barriers in the East; hence ideological barriers had to go.

Isaiah Bowman has pointed out that the broad general study of man's life proceeds on the dual vehicles of history and geography, the one to give it depth and perspective, the other to give it breadth. It is well known, however, that history changes, that it is generally written to bolster a social and political *status quo* and must be rewritten when that *status quo* changes. In more ways than one it is becoming apparent now that the writing and thinking of geography changes in an exactly similar manner.

Finding it necessary to break through the ideological walls that were hemming them in, the Portuguese of the fifteenth century began to sail farther and farther south along the coast of Africa until, in 1484, they crossed the equator and discovered that the tropics not only didn't burn but were on the whole quite pleasant. With that they unleashed the frenzied age of discovery, colonization, and conquest.

The centuries-old barrier of the supposedly burning tropics had been broken; it was only a matter of time before the barrier of the impenetrable frozen north also, and inevitably, had to break down. Spain and Portugal discovered a vast new world and divided it between them. England didn't like it. Spain controlled the Southwest Passage to the fabled East, by way of the Straits of Magellan; Portugal the Southeast Passage by way of the Cape of Good Hope. England looked to the north for a passage that would beat them both. When the long-established scientific dogma of the im-

penetrable frozen north stood in the way, it had to go. Robert Thorne attacked it with his famous dictum, "There is no land uninhabitable nor sea unnavigable." It had to go to permit three centuries of heroic searching for the Northwest and Northeast Passages.

When the restraining dams of scientific knowledge had finally burst, men swarmed in exuberant hordes into the mental and physical *terra incognita* beyond, just as they may again in the near future, to beat themselves bloody against the realities of previously unsuspected difficulties, just as they will again if they start to swarm by the uncontrolled thousands into the tropics. Even in his war against the wilderness man must have thousands of troops who are nothing more than cannon fodder. The important thing is that they swarmed, and so made the whole world over.

The arctic wasn't as pleasant as the men of the renaissance had pictured it; one tropical colony after another failed. Gradually the world settled down to a concept in which the temperate zones were climatically the true homes of the white man while the tropics and the romantic polar regions served only as temporary abodes of explorers, adventurers, military men, and colonial overseers of one kind or another. Scholars developed a system of thought that explained that condition. With regard to the north it was as definite as with regard to the tropics; there the "monotony of cold," the supposedly nerve-racking effects of the so-called long, dark, winter night, the danger from scurvy, were as menacing to white men as were malaria and heat in the tropics.

But, just as we are to-day seeing all our previous ideas about the tropics challenged, so all our old notions about possibilities for arctic colonization are going by the board.

Stefansson started it by exposing the weaknesses of the old way of thinking, but as long as the question was an academic one and debate a matter of intellectual

exercise he was a lone voice in a wilderness of derision. More than anybody else the Russians, *because they needed the far north*, actually scuttled the ideas that Stefansson had attacked so vigorously. They needed a sea route to the East and the raw materials of Arctic Siberia. Hence they opened the Northeast Passage for commercial shipping, built cities and settlements hundreds of miles north of the Arctic Circle, started an active campaign of arctic colonization that has never been approached, that compares in magnitude with our own westward expansion after the Civil War. From all accounts that arctic colonization program seems to be working out exceedingly well. Certainly it is every bit as significant in refuting yesterday's scientific thought as is the Queensland experiment. Certainly too it is giving such regions as Alaska a brand-new potential importance in the eyes of a number of forward-looking Americans.

The similarity between those events and the breakdown of long-established geographical thinking that marked the end of the Middle Ages is too striking to be ignored. As in medieval days, we have been hemmed in by ideological walls that were no less effective for being wholly or partially wrong. As during the Renaissance, we are to-day attacking those walls, finding great holes in them, breaking them down wherever possible. It has often been predicted, on other evidence and reasoning, that the end of the world's present deadlock over issues of fundamental political and economic dogmas will release a vast flood of pent-up energies, will send men out by the thousands to conquer and "civilize" the far corners of the world, to do for the world what our westward expansion did for us. The battle of Amsterdam is only one of many indications that our thought is shaping in that direction, and that geographers are doing everything in their power to pave the way for a new renaissance of unpredictable scope and significance.



THE CAPTAIN OF THE CARGO

BY FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES AND KATHARINE McKIEVER

"IT is just a small cargo—a freight-air you call it. But it will leave to-night, and I can give you a cabin—yes, for just you two of course." The director paused, his pleasant face, which had looked rather troubled, slowly brightening. "*Le Commandant est très gentil*—the Captain is one ver' nice man," he said, shifting from French into slow and careful English. "We will do the best we can for you, the very best. What do you decide, *Mesdames*?"

We decided to go. For we had been in Bordeaux for two dreary weeks, along with thousands of other Americans who longed to get home and were mobbing the steamship offices for reservations; and accommodations even on a small freighter were welcome. That evening, with a dozen other American refugees, a Czech with an Argentinian wife, two middle-aged English spinsters with a dog, a young Austrian Jewess who was all alone, a Mexican who cultivated a resemblance to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and a Greek who resembled no one in particular, we embarked at Bordeaux on the French Line cargo vessel *San Pedro*, for a destination vaguely defined as the North American Continent.

Our first manifest task was to unpack and put our possessions in order. Our departure had been so precipitate that our preparations had been sketchy. Among the paper packages we had brought aboard was one containing a wet corset—wrapped up in *Paris-Soir*—which had been rinsed out that morning and which there had been no time to dry.

It had dripped all over the dock and occasionally it had slipped, disclosing garters and straps. It seemed high time that it should be anchored somewhere, and a knob of the upper berth was as good a place as any for it.

The cabin was better than either of us had expected. Besides the two berths, it contained a narrow settee covered with brown velvet, an armchair, a chest of drawers, a wardrobe with a long mirror, and a washstand with cold running water. Its greatest disadvantage appeared to be its distance from any sort of plumbing except this basin. Investigation revealed that the deck where we were contained the quarters of the "ver' nice captain"—as yet undiscovered—situated between our cabin and another one like it, and nothing else. At the bottom of a flight of very dark, steep steps was a deck where there were four more cabins and the community bathroom which bore on its inner door the inscription, "*Prière de faire fonctionner la chasse d'eau assez longtemps pour assurer la propreté de la cuvette*," which had been translated very freely into English, beneath: "Leave this chamber just a little better than you found it." There were indications that this injunction had not always been heeded. On the deck below were the officers' quarters, a tiny galley, and a small salon which served as dining room, smoking room, and lounge. Two tables, equipped with swivel-chairs and seating eight people each, ran across it sideways between a buffet and a settee, covered, like the one in our cabin, with

brown velvet. The walls were paneled in golden oak. The portholes, painted dark blue, were all screwed down tight. A steward was engaged in setting out bottles of mustard and *vin ordinaire*, in preparation for the evening meal.

We returned to our cabin, finished our unpacking, and reassured an anxious sailor who was making the rounds to be sure that all the painted portholes were tightly screwed down and covered with curtains as well. We had been in Bordeaux two weeks, we told him, we knew the regulations. At the thought that within a few minutes we should be leaving Bordeaux our spirits rose. We washed in cold water and went down to dinner.

It was not until long afterward that we discovered we both had had the same feeling as we seated ourselves at table: that we had suddenly stumbled into the *mise-en-scène* of another "Outward Bound," not a stage version of a last journey, but a real one. Everything combined to contribute to this feeling. We were on a ship belonging to a belligerent nation, which we had taken in a spirit of mingled bravado and gratitude, because it offered us immediate departure and decent accommodations at a fair price, when we could secure none of these on an American ship. We had not hesitated to take the cargo, but now that we were on it, sober second thought compelled us to face the fact that we were about to cross waters strewn with mines and spotted with submarines, and that the result might be extremely unpleasant, to say the least. Neither of us gave tongue to this thought and, left to ourselves, we might have risen above it. The presence, and the behavior, of our table-mates made this impossible.

The two English ladies were seated on one side of us. One was pretty and feminine, with soft gray curls, pink cheeks, and wide, childlike eyes. The other was masculine and protective; she was heavily built and clad in serviceable sports clothes. They talked to each other in undertones, calling each other

dear and darling, but they did not speak spontaneously to anyone else at first, though they answered courteously when addressed. They were perfectly self-controlled, but their presence on such a ship, at such a time, seemed mysterious.

The Czech, the Argentinian, and the Austrian on the other side of us were not controlled at all. The young Austrian, who was lovely looking and lonely, kept making little moaning sounds, and giving vent to soft, desperate exclamations, addressed to no one in particular. She was terribly pale and she clutched frantically at a large zipper-bag as if she expected someone to wrest it from her at any moment. The husband and wife were convinced that we should be torpedoed before the night was over. They said this so often, addressing everyone else at the table in a variety of languages, that it was all we could do to keep from asking them why they had bothered to come aboard if they felt their fate was so certain and so near. Resolutely we refrained and attacked the food that was set before us.

It was not bad food. French food almost never is. But there were unmistakable signs that the general nervousness pervaded the galley no less than elsewhere. The courses arrived in higgledy-piggledy fashion, some of them with no change of plate between, others with no accompanying forks and knives, and all of them at such lightning speed that it was not possible to swallow much of anything before it was snatched away. In the middle of this crazy service the steward paused with a plate he had just caught up still in midair and said he knew just how to please us, that he had waited on us before, on the *Île de France*, where, as we well knew, everything was perfectly done. It seemed like the final touch to a fantastic vision.

"*André, Madame a besoin d'un cendrier,*" said a pleasant voice out of nowhere.

We turned in our swivel-chairs to see whence the voice came. At the farther table, which had been empty when we entered the salon, beside another refugee

American—a mining engineer on his way back from Cypress, shrewd, gray, and disillusioned—sat a man with a lean brown face, an aquiline nose, thin sensitive lips. The slight sharpness of the general effect which these gave was offset by a twinkle, apparently irrepressible, in the keen eyes, and a whimsical smile which appeared unexpectedly. He was smoking a stub of a cigarette tucked into the corner of his mouth, and he sat with his elbows on the table, slightly slouched forward, an attitude which was more graceful than it sounds. He was dressed in a rather stained and shabby uniform with four gold stripes on the sleeves and the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor in the buttonhole.

Here, indubitably, was the “ver’ nice Captain.”

II

It was the next day at luncheon that the Czech, the Argentinian, and the Austrian began to question him. The interval had admittedly been trying. We had pulled out from Bordeaux about nine in the evening, hours later than the announced departure. Then we had gone jogging down the river so slowly that the engines creaked and groaned and the ship shook as though it had the palsy. Frequently it stopped altogether. When morning came we saw that we were not heading out to sea but creeping cautiously along the coast of France in a northerly direction, getting farther from New York every minute. This was too much for the self-control, if any, of the above-mentioned refugees. As the Captain slipped into his seat, as unobtrusively as he had the evening before, a barrage of questions was fired across the dining room.

“Do tell us, Captain. What route are we taking? We can’t understand why . . .”

“Route? W’at route are we taking?” The Captain’s face assumed a blank expression, as if he had never heard of such a thing as a route. “I don’ know,” he said pleasantly but vaguely. “I don’

get my orders yet. I don’ know w’ere we’re going.”

“But are we going north instead of west to avoid submarines? Is there less danger of submarines this way?”

“Submarines?” inquired the Captain. “W’at you say, submarines? W’at makes you think there might be submarines? Did you ever see wan? No! Did you ever hear wan? No! *Eh bien!* Legends, that w’at they must be. Anyway, I don’ know anything about them.”

He produced a funny little nickel-plated gadget from his pocket and began to roll himself a fresh cigarette. “All I know is,” he said, in a slightly plaintive voice, “yesterday morning, nine o’clock, the General Passengair A-gent, he sends for me, he ask me if I could take five, six passengairs to New York. We ne-vair take passengairs to New York, this is a freight-air. But naturally, I say yes, if he want, we manage five, six. Two o’clock he send for me again; he say, could I manage twelve passengairs. *Que voulez-vous?* I say yes again. Finally, dinnair time I find we have nineteen passengairs on the poor *San Pedro*. How I going to think about a route, about submarines, about such things like that? I got to look after nineteen passengairs!”

Somebody certainly had looked after them, very efficiently; and when we caught the Captain testing the taps in the community bathroom which had declined to turn, and unobtrusively doing various other odd jobs of like nature, we decided that he did indeed have a careful finger in every problematical pie. The two English spinsters and their dog were installed in the cabin opposite ours. On the bathroom deck were the Czech, the Argentinian, the Austrian, the mining engineer, two girls from a dancing troupe with their Pekinese, and an American widow. In the Lieutenant’s quarters on the deck below were another American dancer and her mother. The bachelors, with the exception of the mining engineer, were all accommodated aft, in the *San Pedro’s* infirmary. The

"third class" passengers ate at eleven and six, and the "first class" passengers at twelve-thirty and seven-thirty, all in the small salon, which meant that it was hardly ever available as a sitting room because a succession of meals was always in progress. I believe that the first-class menus were slightly more elaborate than the third-class. Otherwise no distinction was made between them.

Lifeboat drill took place immediately after luncheon on the first day out. It was considerably less perfunctory than such a ceremonial usually is on ship-board, and the Mate who supervised it adjusted the lifebelts individually to make sure that they fitted. He also gave detailed instructions concerning the small bags to be kept ready, packed with bare necessities, by our berths; but to this rather grim reminder of what might happen at any moment was coupled the reassuring knowledge that the lifeboats had enough space for three times the number of persons aboard the ship, and that all were so readily accessible as to be reached within one minute.

The drill was hardly over when the *San Pedro*, which had not been going more than six or seven knots an hour at any time, eased itself into a position which from the point of picturesqueness left nothing to be desired, groaned, creaked, and came to a stop off Belle Ile. By dinnertime it was apparent that we were not going any farther that night. The barrage of questions began again: Why had we dropped anchor? How long were we going to stay in this place? What was it all about anyway?

"This is a ver' nice harbor," the Captain said cheerfully, "ver' shallow. If there should be a submarine—you said you believed in submarines, *non?*—the *San Pedro* couldn't sink. She is right on the bottom anyway. You can all have a nice, long sleep. So can I. *Bon repos, Mesdames, Messieurs.*"

His assurances did not have the desired effect upon the Austrian, the Argentinian, and the Czech. With one accord they exclaimed that they would not be

able to close their eyes. The word submarine had sent them into fresh frenzy. The Argentinian was especially vehement.

"What is the use in talking to us like that?" she exclaimed. "We all know that we shall never reach New York alive. Well, then, we all know that probably we shall not. Oh, when I think of all that I have left behind me! My charming apartment! My two cats!"

We were very rude. We asked her why she had left them.

"But Paris was about to be destroyed!" she cried still more vehemently. "No, it is true that it had not been injured when we left, but at any moment bombs might begin to fall! We fled to Havre and there an *alerte* took place almost every night. So then we fled to Bordeaux. But who could know how long that would be safe? So next we took this boat. We thought we should be out of the danger zone by this time. And instead of that we seem to be staying in it indefinitely!"

It was a pity, we reflected, that such a pretty woman and one who might have been so pleasant should persist in making the perils of war her sole topic of conversation at meal times. It was not calculated to make good digestion wait on appetite. But her husband was not only afraid of the perils of war, he was afraid of everything. He carried Flit in a special suitcase, and insisted on spraying his surroundings at inopportune moments, to rid them of imaginary insects. He crept about, from deck to deck, peering into cabins and corners, in search of lurking dangers. He washed his dinner plate himself, and then declined to have this changed because he was persuaded that there were germs in the galley. He ate only potatoes, bread, eggs, bland cooked vegetables, and cheese; but when any one of these was passed to him he helped himself to almost all there was on the platter, either oblivious of the fact that there were others still to be served or unconcerned about it. Gradually we

got used to all this, but that evening when the *San Pedro* lay off Belle Ile we looked at each other covertly but desperately.

"I don' have to get that good sleep just yet," the Captain said suddenly behind us. It was as if he had divined everything that was passing in our minds—the disgust, the captured feeling, the sudden longing for congenial friends round a festive board of our own. "Shall we make wan small bridge? We are in this nice shallow harbor, we might have a litt' game. At sea all lights out in the dining room at ten o'clock. Bet-air we play while we can."

We settled down at the end of one of the long tables, which by this time had been cleared of their yellow linen table cloths and ringed napkins, their carafes and mustard, and were covered with brown felt. The mining engineer had brought some cards and an old score pad with him. He produced these, thawing visibly. He played beautiful bridge, never making a mistake himself and never denouncing anybody else's. The game was prolonged. By and by a young officer came in quietly and handed the Captain two sheets of paper. He waited until he was dummy, then he glanced at them. "Half-past six," he said to the young officer, in a pleasant undertone. Afterward he rolled a fresh cigarette, picked up his newly dealt cards, and regarded them critically. "I bid three no trumps," he said. Then he glanced round him as if to find anyone to challenge his bid. He nearly always did bid three no trumps no matter what he held in his hand, and what is more, he nearly always made his bid.

We wakened next morning to a rocking ocean and knew then what half-past six had meant. But when we got out on deck we discovered that we were still headed north instead of west and still hugging the coast of France. By mid-afternoon we had come to a stop again, this time in the beautiful harbor of Brest. We were all asked to hand in our passports and to fill out elaborate forms telling

our life history, past, present, and future. These forms were hardly finished when a little boat shot out from the shore, and the Captain, in civvies, stepped into it and chugged away. He was gone for a long while, and when he came back he looked tired but triumphant. During dinner, as he parried the usual questions in the usual way, he studied the young Austrian as if he were concerned about her. When the other passengers had left the dining room and we had settled down for another "small bridge" with the mining engineer as the fourth again the Captain told us what the trouble was.

"That poor little girl," he said. "She has a German passport. *Eh bien*, how would she have anything else then? W'at can an Austrian do? The port authorities were agitated, they did not wish that she should sail. And her French visa good only for five days more! W'at would have happened to her if I had put her off here? *Non, non*, that does not do itself. She has waited a year to go to America. Now the *San Pedro* will take her."

He rolled his cigarette, picked up his cards, and glared at them.

"Three no trumps," he announced.

The second bridge game was not so quiet as the first. The Czech, who had retired for the night—or so we supposed—apparently smelled it out. He returned to the dining room to tell everybody else what was wrong with the way they played. Then he remembered the submarines again.

"I suppose there are a good many around Brest, huh?" he said. "I suppose there are more here than anywhere else, aren't there, Captain?"

"Except in the Channel!" exclaimed his wife, who had rejoined him by that time. "I am sure we shall never live to get through the Channel! Don't you think the Channel is almost certain to be fatal, Captain?"

"I don' know," said the Captain, shuffling his cards. "I don' know anything about it at all. Three no . . ."

"And then it is so dreadfully rough!"

she interrupted. "Even if we are not sunk by a submarine we are sure to be seasick."

"No doubt we shall be starting for the Channel at any moment now," chimed in the Czech. "We shall be leaving Brest during the night, shan't we, Captain? I think I had better start to bed at once so that I shall already be undressed before it begins to get rough. I am such a very bad sailor. I remember once when I left Liverpool and did not get up again until I reached New York. Doubtless it will be the same this time. Unless we are torpedoed. Of course if there is an alarm I shall get up at once. Meanwhile I lock the door. In that way I am as safe as possible under the circumstances."

The Captain sprang up, scattering his cards as he did so. "You lock your door and put the key under your pillow!" he cried. "And then if we are struck by a submarine you will be caught like a rat in a hole and your wife with you! You will keep your door fastened open at night! Every night, from now on, you will sleep like that! It is an order!" He sat down again, gathering up his scattered cards. "*Mon dieu*, these passengairs!" he exclaimed. "On my freight-air! At ten o'clock in the morning, the General Managair, he send for me, he ask if I can take three, four passengairs! W'at can I do? I say yes, I suppose so, and then at three o'clock . . ."

Every time the Captain told this story he had received a little less notice to get ready for the intruders, and the number he had originally agreed to take was a little smaller. Otherwise it did not vary at all. It was the *leitmotif* of his habitual song.

In spite of the Czech's suggestions, we did not leave Brest that night. We stayed at anchor there, through the bright moonlight which constitutes perfect submarine weather, and the mellow radiance of the gorgeous fall day that followed. Not even Rio in all its glory could be more beautiful than this spacious blue harbor guarded with tall

shining cliffs. The ships surrounding us on every side rode proudly and easily on the waves as if they were live creatures. And yet there was something sinister, something mysterious, about all this beauty, as if hidden danger were coiled round it like a serpent, ready to strike at any moment. Were we staying still because we could not move? If we did move what would happen? We tried not to ask ourselves these questions. We tried not to look beyond the loveliness we saw to the menace we could not see.

In the late afternoon a sudden stir, a sudden excitement, pervaded the motionless ship. Then, through the silence, came the first faint throb of the engines. As we slid slowly from our moorings we saw that all round us other ships were doing the same. One—two—three—four—five—six ships, skimming over the blue water, pointing straight toward the setting sun, which poured out its splendor far and wide, making a golden path across an azure sea.

"We're all going out together! We'll be safe after all!"

It was one of the young students who spoke. We stood in the bow watching the glorious sight, feeling secure, feeling uplifted. The serpent had uncoiled itself and slipped away, far from that shining stream.

Then something happened again. We saw that the other ships, one by one, seemed to be turning to the left, while we seemed to be turning to the right. At first we told each other that we were just getting into position. Then we pretended not to see what had really happened.

The other ships had gone south, to Bordeaux, whence we had so lately and so longingly come. We were headed for the Channel, all alone.

III

Strangely enough, we both slept soundly that night. Perhaps this was because we were exhausted by danger, even though we were not frightened by

it. When we woke the ship had stopped again, and there was a sound of voices coming from the Captain's quarters—English voices, courteous but cold.

The port officials of Plymouth had come aboard the ship and were asking searching questions of the Czech, the Argentinian, and the Austrian. It was obvious that they intended to be satisfied that these aliens should be allowed to proceed to the United States. We could not hear the words, only the tones. The little Austrian's were shaking. She was a Jewess, she had waited and waited for her escape from bondage to freedom; and now, on a technicality, she might be sent back to the doom of the German yoke. The Czech was strident and argumentative. You fool, you fool, we said to ourselves, lying very still in our berths; if you aren't careful you'll get sent back to your charming apartment and the bombs which may be falling over Paris any day now. And if you act this way it might end in having all aliens sent ashore. Do give that poor little girl a fighting chance, for life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness. . . .

It was the Captain's voice we heard next, suave and hospitable. There was a clink of glasses, a short laugh, a pleasant murmur; the moment of tension had passed. It almost seemed as if a sigh were wafted through the ship. Presently the English officials went away, agreeable, satisfied. The Captain went with them. A little boat had come chugging out from shore as it had at Brest. But before he left he had gone round to each stateroom, knocked, and asked if anyone would like to have some errands done ashore. He would be glad to undertake small commissions—cigarettes, candy, writing paper, out-going mail. There had also been a slight *contretemps* about port rulings, after the matter of the aliens had been satisfactorily adjusted. The British regulations are very comprehensive. "Eight pages!" the Captain exclaimed, in telling us afterward of his predicament. He produced the formidable document which the Mate had filled

out, and turning the sheets, pointed to a section marked with a cross. "Now w'at you think of that? Animals—dogs, cats, we must say how manny we have of everything. I have told the port authorities we have three cats, I suppose that is all. I don' know anything about anything. One of these cats, she just has three kittens. My *Second* has written in six cats on this papair. The British officer finds the item about the kittens I didn't declare! *Mon dieu! Que voulez-vous?*"

We expressed our sympathy to the Captain but we did not dwell on the matter very long because our attention had been diverted in another direction. As our stay in Plymouth, which had begun early Saturday morning, still showed no sign of coming to an end on Sunday at dinner-time, the Argentinian began to voice a fresh cause for alarm as she helped herself to the various dishes provided for this excellent repast.

"No doubt we shall soon be running out of food," she said encouragingly. "The Passenger Agent in Bordeaux told me the voyage would last ten days—well, at the very most, twelve. Here we have been gone five already, and we have not even started across the Atlantic! In five days more we know what to expect!" She drained her glass of *vin ordinaire*, and her husband helped himself to a whole cheese.

"It will not mat-tair if before that we have met wan of those—w'at did you say they were, Madame? Wan of those submarines. Then w'at difference would it make? There are plenty of provisions in the lifeboats."

"Except ice water. If you will excuse me, *Commandant*, I will go at once and double the supply of ice water in those," remarked the Mate, with a sly glance in the direction of the small bucket and the large carafe which always stood at our places.

A very heated political discussion had been taking place on the side. The Mate, having finished his own meal, had assumed an attitude in front of the side-

board, and with gestures so excited that he seemed in danger of bursting off all his buttons, had begun to declaim. The mining engineer, the Chief Engineer of the ship, and the Czech had all chimed in. Only the Captain had sat on the sidelines, rolling interminable cigarettes out of his little nickelplated machine, and smiling his whimsical smile. When at last the Mate had cooled down, whether over his own joke about the ice water or something else, and disappeared together with most of the passengers, the Captain remained in his swivel-chair, leaning over the table, making pleasant, inconsequential remarks, and folding the menus into fanciful shapes, which eventually took the form of *petites marmites* and flying ducks. He did not say anything about "wan small bridge." He was plainly preoccupied. At last, with the apologetic air of a host who feels that he has been slightly remiss, he asked if we would not like a nightcap. As André, the pseudo-stylish steward from the *Ile de France*, set the ingredients for this down before him and he began to pour them out, we noticed that his hand shook, ever so slightly. It was at this moment—for the shaking lasted only a moment—that we felt sure we were leaving Plymouth during the night, and that this time we should be headed out to sea.

We were not mistaken. Again, miraculously, we had gone soundly to sleep. But we were awakened by a tremendous clatter outside our open door. Heavy footsteps were coming up the stairs, and a hearty British voice rang forth, "Has the Captain gone out?" It did not seem likely under all the circumstances that he could or would have gone out, and soon there were other sounds which indicated that he had not. After that we waited breathlessly for the throb of the engines. It was not long in coming. We got up and looked at the little clock with the radium dial, which we were careful to keep turned away from the blue-painted, curtained window; for even a dial like this can be seen a long

way off. It was just half-past-two, and we were "Outward Bound." We went back to bed and fell asleep again.

There had been rumors about a convoy, just as there had been rumors about many other things—those strange whisperings of wartime that come from nowhere but which are not so easy to waft away again into space. This report, as it proved, had been made of more substantial stuff than most. When we unscrewed our porthole to let in the welcome morning air (the breathless, stuffy nights were a trial) we could see framed by its circle another freighter bobbing up and down close behind us; when we got out on deck the sky and the ocean both seemed alive. Overhead two airplanes were swooping, and around a covey of cargoes, two destroyers were frisking, lightly turning up foam as they wove their way in and out of the waves as playfully as if their purpose had been that of pure sport. One of the cargoes had an old-fashioned paddle-wheel at the back. Another, trailing its lifeboat after it, was so small that it seemed incredible that it could keep up with the others. But it did. It was bound for St. Pierre and Miquelon, the two small islands off the Banks of Newfoundland, which neither time nor tide have been able to wrest from France. It was of course French, like our own "freight-air"; all the others were English. Toward sunset the orange and crimson sails of a dozen Breton fishing smacks came into view. Both their color and their courage seemed a fitting complement for the convoy. We were sorry when we left them behind. They made a fair picture seem fairer and a brave one braver.

But it was late that night when we saw the fairest picture of all. Cautiously switching out the last light, the Captain opened the door leading from his quarters to the deck, and motioned to us to step out there. The sea was as smooth as glass; and over it, all round us, the still dark shapes of ships were silently gliding forward. Not a sound came from any one, not a beam or beacon of any kind

was visible. But overhead the moon, encircled by flashing stars, hung like a silver lamp. Transparent clouds, floating softly away from us, carried some of its radiance with them. The ocean was radiant too; only at the horizon did its luminescence merge with the darkness. The silent shapes looked all the blacker against it—giant coffins set down in celestial silver.

"You nevair saw anything like that before, *Mesdames*," the Captain said. "I hope you nevair will again. Beautiful, is it not so, as you look at it this way? But that, *Mesdames*, is war."

IV

We stayed with the convoy three nights and two days, finally slipping away from it, as we had joined it, under cover of darkness. Presumably we were out of the danger zone by this time, and so were the other cargoes. The destroyers frisked about us no longer; their gambols were reserved for ships coming from the other direction. The airplanes had gone humming back to their bases. The Breton fishing smacks, brave as they were, could not venture this far out. We were alone again.

The Captain made our solitude seem important. "With the convoy we go only seven, eight miles an hour," he said. "Now we go twelve, fourteen. We go'n'to hurry up, we go'n'to be the first French boat to make this crossing since the war. The *Normandie* and the *Île de France*, they are both tied up at the dock in New York. Ah don' know where are the *De Grasse* and the *Champlain*. Anyway, the *San Pedro* is the flagship now!"

No one can remain in a state of tension indefinitely, and presently we settled down to a serene existence.

Some people got seasick and some people caught cold. The Czech belonged to the former category. He retired to his stateroom in anguish. André, the pseudo-stylish steward, belonged to the latter category. For a day or two he battled bravely against his symptoms. Then,

apparently, he decided to resort to well-known remedies—remedies which are, however, more efficacious when their beneficiary does not try to move round too much. It was evident to us when we entered the dining room for dinner that all was not well with André. The napkins, neatly ringed, which had been used for the third-class service, were lying in a heap in the middle of the table; but none of our own was there. We courteously called his attention to this omission, but he waved it aside, and passed us the soup although he had provided no plates to put this in. By the time the roast arrived there were plates, but André balanced the platter containing lamb drenched in gravy as if he were doing a juggling act. We gently called his attention to the liquid dripping down our dresses.

"*Cela n'a pas d'importance*," he said airily, staggering forward again. Nothing seemed important to him by that time. He was in a very playful mood. He quoted proverbs, burst into snatches of song, and tossed the oranges which comprised the final course first to one passenger and then to another. The more extraordinary his antics became the more frozen silence enshrouded the dining room, broken only by hysterical giggles from the little Austrian. But when André, whose breath by that time not even a Roquefort cheese could smother, finally slithered out of sight, the Captain gave a deep and audible sigh. "W'at am I goin' to do?" he said, "*D'abord les sousmarins, puis les passagers, et maintenant le garçon!* Everythin' goin' from bad to worst."

The supercharged atmosphere cleared suddenly. Someone gave a wholly natural laugh, and then everybody began to talk at once, describing the special antic of André's which in his or her opinion seemed most arresting. It was late before we started on our little bridge. This now took place in the Captain's quarters, as the pseudo-Douglas Fairbanks, the dancers, and the students overran the dining room in the evening, while the

Czech cowered in his berth, and the two English ladies explained that they preferred to spend their evenings alone in their cabin. It was a welcome diversion after the long days, during which we both resolutely wrote, having observed the various evil effects, mental and physical, of idleness on the rest of the passengers. But usually we stopped at the rubber which ended near eleven. This time, however, the game was close and exciting, so we went on playing. We were in the middle of one of the Captain's three no trumps when a dull, sickening thud, followed by screams, caused us to spring up with one accord and make for the deck below.

The lady whose son had decided that it would be best for her to take this boat while he remained behind in Bordeaux had fallen out of her berth, the upper one, over the little Austrian. No one knew exactly how it had happened, since the upper berth had railings and the sea was perfectly calm. Possibly the ladder had slipped when she was on it, though there was no way of determining this. But the fact remained that she was prostrate on the floor, with a Pekinese, who had strayed in from the dancers' cabin, sniffing at her feet. It was evident that she was in considerable pain, besides being terribly frightened. Someone had arnica, someone else had a bandage, someone else had a sedative. By slow degrees her most immediate needs all received attention; she was hoisted back into bed, and everyone else dispersed.

Not, however, for long. We had hardly settled down in our own cabin when we began to smell smoke. We both tried to pretend it was imagination, but the actuality proved too strong for us. We arose, put on the black silk house-coats which we had rather hesitated to bring to Europe at all—since of course we should always have private bathrooms!—and knocked respectfully at the door of the Captain's quarters.

"*Pardon, Commandant.* We are very sorry to disturb you. But we are quite sure we smell smoke."

The Captain was still up. (He and the Mate both kept twelve-hour watches, since they declined to let the younger officers take the responsibility for these alone.) He gave a startled exclamation and dived down the stairs, followed by the passengers, whose number increased every minute, and whose toilets were for the most part sketchy. The farther down we went the thicker the smoke became. When we reached the Mate's quarters we found that it was pouring out of his door.

He had a bad case of asthma and was burning a smudge to assuage it.

V

Bad weather and desuetude settled down over the "freight-air." The sailors, who had begun to paint it gray while we were at Plymouth, continued their task; they put up signs, "Mind the paint," which were not always successfully heeded. The officers hung a large sign marked "Private" in red letters on the door of their bathroom, indicating its invasion, and when two of the dogs were bathed in the community tub, which we already approached with a certain reluctance, we wished we could do the same thing. One of the dancers, who had been a beautiful blonde when we left Bordeaux, began to turn, slowly but surely, into a brunette; two inches of dark hair sprang out arrestingly from her scalp. The young men quartered in the infirmary ceased to shave. A mild romance sprang into being between one of them and the little Austrian; but it did not progress very fast or very far.

Beautiful balmy weather announced our entrance into the Gulf Stream, though the Captain still looked blank when anybody spoke to him about a route. ("I don't know. I don't know anything. Panama, maybe. Maybe Martinique. I saw some seaweed.") Then came the unmistakable fog and wind of the Banks and a light which unofficially proclaimed Nantucket. The Captain made a casual suggestion. "Maybe you

like to send some little messages home? We are in territorial waters now. You write them out, I okay them for the T.S.F."

"Some little messages home!" There were sudden lumps in our throats. For sixteen days not a single wireless had been sent out from the ship; it is too easy for submarines to compute the position of one from these. We had not even been allowed beforehand to say what boat we were taking. We knew that by this time our families must be almost frantic with fear. We typed out our little messages with thankful hearts and then we dressed for the Captain's dinner.

It was a very gala occasion. We all met in his quarters for cocktails, even the English ladies who emerged from seclusion, and the Czech, who forgot to be seasick. As the drinks circulated, the Captain drew from a drawer the map showing the positions of the submarines that had been sighted during the voyage, and the pink slips bearing the little messages regarding these—for wireless had been received, though not transmitted. We saw now that there had been a submarine at the very entrance to the harbor by Belle Ile—so that was why we had run in there, not because the water was so nice and shallow! Of course there were a flock of them in the Channel—that was to be expected. But the last one, the one from which we had been only thirty kilometers away, two days before we reached territorial waters—well, that did not seem quite so logical.

But the submarines were behind us now, as well as the voyage. We went down to dinner in the best of spirits. The Argentinian's fears concerning a food shortage had not been justified, and it was a very good dinner indeed. Everyone complimented the Captain. He shrugged his shoulders.

"*Que voulez-vous?*" The *San Pedro* is the flagship now; we shall not call her a freight-air any more, we shall call her a luxury line-air. Has she not taken you on a splendid cruise, showing you beautiful harbors? *Mais oui, nous avons fait le*

tourisme. Now we must celebrate. *À votre santé, Mesdames, Messieurs!*"

We drank our toasts standing, but it was to him, not to ourselves. He smiled his little whimsical smile and turned away. However, we knew he was pleased, pleased and very touched. He did not joke, for once. He did not say anything at all for a few minutes, and though we had all been so gay a little while before, we were moved, too deeply moved to say much either. Each of us knew that the other was thinking of all we had been through—and of all we had escaped. Then the Captain got slowly to his feet.

"*Voyons*," he said huskily, "*voyons*. We must have one more small bridge before we say good-by."

The *San Pedro* steamed into New York harbor at noon the next day. There were mists early in the morning, but these gradually melted away. As we slipped slowly up the Hudson River, we saw all our surroundings gilded by the bright autumnal sun—the tall buildings, the fussy ferry boats, the endless docks, the multitudes that peopled them. The little Austrian stood looking out at them with a transfigured face. To her they represented a new heaven and a new earth. To us they represented home. Who can say which is the better?

Our families and friends were waiting for us on the dock; we were caught up in the warmth and relief of their greetings. Then the customs and reporters engulfed us. But not entirely and not for long. We had asked the Captain to give us the privilege of presenting our own people to him, and we watched and waited eagerly until the slight, nonchalant figure, with its jaunty air and its well-worn decoration, came into view.

"Kitty," we said excitedly. "Eleanor—Julian—John. We want you to meet the Captain of the cargo." Our eyes met in the midst of the flutter of introductions and the cordial claspings of hands. Then, under our breath, we added, spontaneously and simultaneously, "He is one ver' nice man."



WHERE DOES TELEVISION BELONG?

BY IRVING FISKE

IT HAS become increasingly evident of late that the bright predictions which have been made about television have not been realized to any striking degree. This fact has been responsible for a good deal of bewilderment and a growing popular suspicion, however unjustified, that something may be wrong with television itself. But these bright predictions about television have mostly been based upon precedents established by the startling growth of radio; and radio's example alone is apt to prove a treacherous guide. Television, we may be quite sure, will move not along predetermined grooves, but rather along entirely new lines dictated by the underlying human needs it is peculiarly suited to fulfill. These determining human factors seem to have been overlooked.

It is a common assumption, shared by television's promoters and the public alike, that once certain technical and economic obstacles are overcome television must sweep unchecked into the nation's homes. On this assumption virtually rests the whole existing television structure; and on it too are based whatever calculations for the future, whether cheerful or wary, that radio executives have made. One of the most optimistic of these, a tentative forecast made by the General Electric Company, is reported by *Fortune* magazine:

Year	No. of Sets Sold	Average Price
1940	199,000	\$250
1941	414,000	200
1942	846,000	160
1943	1,371,000	150
1944	1,903,000	140

By the end of 1944, according to this estimate, a total of over 4,700,000 home receivers, valued at close to \$750,000,000, would be served by 512 transmitting stations costing \$54,000,000.

Such forecasts show few signs as yet of being justified. When television was formally inaugurated at the New York World's Fair in April, 1939, it was freely predicted that there would be 100,000 television receivers in use in the metropolitan area by the end of the year; but it is doubtful whether more than one thousand have been sold. It is significant that in England, a pioneering country in television, where regular transmissions were begun three years earlier than here and where similar hopes had been cherished, only some 12,000 home receivers, priced as low as \$120, had been sold up to the outbreak of the present European war.

Those radio executives who view the future with more caution, condemning excessive optimism, are quick to explain that television's acceptance into the nation's homes on any scale of consequence—a matter of years, not months—must await the solving of a number of basic economic and technical problems. The so-called economic problems, particularly, have been much emphasized. The main one, in brief, is formulated in the argument that television sets cannot be sold in quantity until enough satisfactory programs are available; that satisfactory programs won't be available until commercial sponsors can be secured to pay their heavy costs; and, finally,

that the sponsors cannot be secured until enough sets have been sold. This "vicious circle" argument has had wide circulation. It should, on closer inspection, reduce itself to absurdity. Analogous arguments could have been applied with equal force, or lack of it, to the radio and the automobile at their inception; and no doubt were. The fact is that such problems are never "solved," nor can they be—they have a way of solving themselves. Strictly speaking, they are really not problems at all, but specialized ways of looking at things—at best, merely conditions incidental to the spread of a new invention.

The technical obstacles advanced by way of explanation are certainly much more to the point. They fall into two main categories—those restricting the transmission range of television signals and those restricting image size and clarity. Television requires very wide channels, available only in the ultra-short wave section of the radio spectrum. Ultra-short waves behave very much like light waves, and their use confines the transmitting station's range to the visible horizon—a mere stone's toss, as radio distances go. In addition, the millions of individual impulses handled each second make it impossible to employ telephone wires in the normal way for linking television stations. Because the establishment of linked networks to parallel present radio networks is the main goal toward which engineers are now working, this difficulty is regarded as the most serious. The coaxial cable and the use of intermediate relay stations—the two methods most frequently suggested for surmounting it—are both very expensive and otherwise disadvantageous. Restricted image sizes of 9 by 12 inches or so are inherent in cathode-ray receiver tube design; and restricted clarity is bound up largely with man-made static in its various forms; atmospheric static is fortunately absent.

As a matter of fact, the technical difficulties seem, if anything, to have been overrated, most of all by the engineers,

who are notoriously cautious people. Less has been heard recently about technical problems than was the case some ten or twelve months ago, apparently because of the progress that is being made. New methods and new devices by the score, about which the public knows little, have been developed and are now being worked upon in the seclusion of research laboratories both here and abroad. For example, modulated carrier-wave transmission over telephone wires, a new variant of the old "wired wireless," already tried experimentally by the National Broadcasting Company, would permit cheap and efficient linkage of stations if ultimately successful. New high-intensity and polarizing kinescopes throw enlarged images on external screens in the manner of motion-picture projectors; while image sizes as large as 12 by 15 feet have been obtained by mechanical means. Armstrong frequency modulation, intended originally for coping with radio static, offers promising possibilities as a way of reducing man-made interference to the vanishing point. If these particular methods do not meet the tests of necessity others will. The engineers, in any event, are doing their part with all the speed and thoroughness it is reasonable to expect.

But suppose that these economic and technical problems just described had all been satisfactorily solved? Suppose, for example, that the air were filled with lavishly expensive programs made available by hosts of willing sponsors; and that the images came into our homes with all the clarity, size, and brilliance of a technically superb motion picture—a prospect regarded not without fear by motion picture, theater, and other amusement interests. How then would television fare in the home, and what would the effect be on other entertainment media? Under these ideal conditions it has been asked why would anyone want to go out to a movie or a play, a prizefight, or a football game when he could stay at home and see them at ease? It was once

similarly asked why anyone would ever want to go to a symphony concert when he could hear it at home on the radio gratis; but symphony concerts are nevertheless attended now as they never were in the days before radio broadcasting began. Obviously, the assumption implicit in the question ignored some essential factor. But in regard to television, the entire basic premise that television's primary place is in the home is in itself open to doubt. It may be a foundation of shifting sands.

II

Television, it is important to note, is allied not only to radio but to the motion pictures, and in so far as its own distinctive studio technic is concerned, to the stage as well. An illuminating parallel is afforded by the motion pictures especially.

When as long ago as 1890 the possibilities of sound-accompanied motion pictures were first discussed it was a not infrequent prediction that the future would one day find a talking movie in every home. The talking movies are now with us in profusion, it is true, but not in the home—and this despite images much larger and brighter than those of television, and equipment less complex. To be enjoyed fully, a motion picture, like a play, must be seen not in the home, but in a place outside it where others can gather together for the same purpose.

It is not even enough that it be enjoyed outside the home; it must also be enjoyed in the presence of as many others as possible, preferably strangers. Why else the real sense of restlessness and desolation that grows upon one in a half-empty movie house? To the confirmed moviegoer there is no bliss like that of a large and well-packed theater. Moreover, this bliss seemingly is something that can operate to set at naught the testimony of reason and the senses. In line before the Broadway motion picture palaces on a holiday evening stand great crowds from the outermost reaches of New York, for the sake of a crammed

hour within, patiently suffering the crush, the endless waiting, the drearily interminable subway trip back home, though one might think the easily accessible, less crowded neighborhood movie houses would do just as well, if not better. And everywhere are fastidious, discerning people without number who trudge off hopefully again and again to Hollywood "attractions" which they know beforehand will, with unerring triteness and sentimentality, offend every fiber of their instincts; and yet they go. Why do they do it? What does it mean?

The findings of two thousand years of dramatic criticism point to man's deep-rooted need for the sense of identity with his fellow-men that comes through absorption in a common interest or a common goal. This need for sharing a common experience is not confined to entertainment alone; it permeates the whole of human enterprise. In the face of natural catastrophe, it evokes a magnificence of effort otherwise never seen. Extended to all mankind in relation to a universal goal, it becomes virtually religious in its meaning and intensity. If strangled and denied fruition in daily life, it cannot find a profitable goal and seizes upon any that is offered, manifesting itself in astonishing ways. When European cities were first bombed from the air it is reported that people did not cringe in fear; they were drawn irresistibly out into the streets, where they stood facing the bombs in the grip of a fierce exultation. During the radio panic accompanying the notable Martian Invasion of Mr. Orson Welles in October of 1938, there seems to have been more than a touch of the same excitement and exultation, not unmingled with a desire to believe. In its search for expression this need plays a compelling, if unsuspected part in all our human affairs.

An impulse so profound will not allow itself to be denied. Regarding television, the question to put might rather be phrased: Why would anyone want to stay at home to see a play or a movie,

even a good movie, when he could go out among others to see one, even a poor one?

But, it will be asked, if radio has been so successful in the home, why not television?

Television, like the motion pictures and the stage, and unlike the radio, requires complete and unfaltering attention. If the eye wanders for a moment from the television screen a program's continuity is lost. Toward a radio one can be as casual as he pleases; attention ranges through varying degrees or there is none at all, as witness the widespread use of the radio as a background for conversation or reading. But a casual attitude is impossible in the theater; attention there is fully claimed even if one should, by a deliberate effort of will, attempt to withhold it. The arousing and gripping of completely fixed, unwavering attention—a phenomenon normal in the theater, but rare elsewhere—is properly a function of group participation in the theater, as is also the emotional catharsis experienced there. Radio interests us by engaging the imaginative faculty; for this the theater substitutes a relinquishing of individuality and the supreme satisfaction attendant upon an identification with the rest of the human species and its problems. Even in the case of radio, when attention is most eager, the need for direct group participation sometimes unconsciously makes itself felt. Radios in city dwellings never blare so loudly as during the broadcast of a prizefight or other event in which interest is running high. Solitary listeners, unable to endure their loneliness, fling their windows open and turn their radios on full blast in their insistence on sharing the ecstasy of the moment with the world at large.

Upon this need for group participation television depends as radio does not. Television-production men, sensing something amiss, promise programs for the home more swiftly paced than those of other entertainment media, in order to hold interest. This too would

seem to be merely an evasion of the underlying human demands. The willingness to watch hangs on the presence of an audience, not on any quality in the program itself.

Fortunately, television's growth need not depend on the extent to which it finds acceptance in the nation's homes. The assumption that it must do so proceeds from its engineering relation to radio, an only incidental circumstance.

The one place in which television can adequately meet the basic human demands is the theater; and abroad, at least, theater television has come forward in response. Overemphasis on home television seems so far to have paralyzed efforts in that direction here. In England, where sales of home receivers have been unimpressive, television in the theater was able within a brief period to achieve some striking successes. In March, 1939, two English organizations, Gaumont-British and Scophony, Ltd., exhibiting a prizefight by television for the first time, filled three London motion picture theaters to capacity at prices ranging to five dollars a seat, while large crowds seeking admission had to be turned away. As a result of subsequent successful exhibitions, notably of the Oxford-Cambridge boat races, Gaumont-British is reported to have made preparations to equip half of its 300 motion-picture theaters in England with television projectors—a step which would have enabled television to reach more people at a single stroke than had been done previously by all the home receivers sold. In September, however, all television activities in England were halted by the war. Meanwhile American theater executives had been encouraged by the English experiments to declare that television, within the next decade, would become a permanent feature in all our motion picture theaters.

Television is potentially capable of bringing both motion pictures and stage productions, as well as sports events, to theaters everywhere throughout the country. Such theaters, more efficient

and less costly to operate than to-day's motion-picture theaters, could open up an unprecedented wealth of entertainment to more people than ever before. There might eventually be a number of different kinds of theaters served by television—one for motion pictures, another for stage productions transmitted directly from Broadway and elsewhere, a third for sports events, another perhaps for musical drama in all its forms. Only in the theater would these programs be available. Admission charges would pay the costs. Motion pictures, permanently produced on film as they are to-day, would be transmitted to theaters by cable or air wave from central distribution points. The possibilities are boundless. To the motion pictures television could offer even wider fields for penetration. To the stage it would offer an unexampled opportunity for reaching prospectively vast drama-hungry audiences outside our cities. Far from supplanting either medium, it could invigorate both by increasing the demands on their resources. The human needs once met, the problem of how television is to be paid for will have quietly solved itself.

In the home television's place, though distinctive, would be one of secondary importance. Home television could best be served by programs of news, of educational and cultural interest. By their

very nature inexpensive to televise, such programs need not depend on the arousing of group emotions for their effectiveness. They make their appeal where individual interest already exists. The enthusiastic art student requires no reliance on group participation to view an illustrated lecture on Giotto, nor the conscientious housewife one on cooking. Unquestionably, television can ultimately be a valuable adjunct to radio in the home. But its future prospects in the home are necessarily restricted in their range by the very same considerations that make them appear virtually limitless in the theater.

Television represents a culmination of previous methods devised by science for recording and communicating human information, both of sound and of sight. To the arts it offers a fertile soil such as they have never known. Just as radio created a popular demand for classical music by increasing its availability, so can television—through the theater and the home—intensify popular interest in the drama, in its allied arts such as the dance, and even in the graphic arts. In turn, it can help infuse the arts with a vitality drawn only from the lives of the people.

In the cultural flourishing for which America is now held to be ripe, television can play a major part—but chiefly by way of the theater.





THE DARKROOM

A STORY

BY RODERICK LULL

IT WAS the memory of the first time it had happened to them and George standing talking, a little bewildered, being very precise about what he said and assuming, quite unconsciously, a dignified and mannered voice. Then the other man's voice cutting in, quick and harsh and determined, pointing out in untutored syllables the only two possible solutions. And George seeming to grow shorter before her eyes, while he sought again for the right words and failed miserably, saying it was just a little misunderstanding; well, not quite that: it was just one of those unfortunate things that sometimes happened to everyone—well, almost everyone; in a day or two now, or a week or a month at most; why, this very morning . . .

It had been hideous then, though not so hideous as it became afterward. And even then they had both known that what George said was not true; that maybe on some bright future day it might be true, but not now. For a long time that evening after the man had gone, leaving behind him his ultimatum, they had sat together and made believe it was true. It was funny really, they had said. Quite screamingly funny, getting thrown out of your apartment—and oh, darling, my belly fairly aches with laughter. Why you know, Madge, I had the most splendid talk with Jeffries this morning. It was just unfortunate, he said, that nothing existed right at the moment. But I was just the man they needed, he told me,

and it was very possible, almost probable you might say, what with the weeding out they've been forced to do to get themselves on a more efficient basis, that I'd hear from them in no time. He was most fulsome with praise—fairly made me blush to listen to him. It was nothing for us to worry about really, he said. Just one of those things—the right man always finds the right niche eventually. . . .

He had not seen her cry. He had gone away to his darkroom then to work on a print he was rather proud of. The park, twilight, three poised gulls in the mottled sky; almost black against the clouds a single tree moving in the light cool wind, an empty bench, a newly raked gravel walk. There was a competition coming up and they were offering rather decent cash prizes. He wanted to get it in and there was no time to lose—deadline tomorrow. Curious if it turned out your avocation became for a short time—oh, a very short time—your vocation. Well, stranger things had happened.

By the time he had returned, holding the new print carefully in proud hands, she was no longer crying and he was too busy explaining the print, its fine points of texture and composition, to notice the redness of her eyes.

And it was the memory of the times—two, three, four times—after that, and the declining laughter and his back to her, muscles stretched tight under his coat, while she cried audibly without shame or reserve, and hated herself for it

with a bitter intensity of hatred she could bring to bear on nothing else in the world.

And, most strange of all, it was the memory of suits. The good tweed suit that always looked so well on his spare, well-turned figure, and the little worn place on the elbow that was so easily fixed at first (a swell job, Madge, you're a born tailor; you'd have to search for it to find it), and then was less easily fixed and at last could not be fixed at all. Then the memory of the dark, serviceable, close-woven suit—marvelous what they can do for a little money these days, really marvelous. (I'm sure I've spent a hundred dollars for a suit no better than that; those little details in custom-made clothes that they soak you for, the button-holes and the lining and that sort of thing, why, they amount to nothing at all really, and you're a sucker to pay for them.) It looked as if the cloth was almost good, and came nearer than she would have expected to fitting fairly well. Of course it wouldn't take a press quite right, but if you were very careful and pressed it often enough (thanks, Madge, that's fine).

And it was too the memory of so many other things, so many that some of them she had half forgotten and remembered only at intervals—dishes broken in moving and furniture going apart at the joints; furniture sold and the piano they could no longer find a place for save in some dark hallway where it was impossible to use and simply got in the way of a door. And the other print that had won the prize, the ten-dollar third prize, and had provided the wherewithal for a reckless, unjustifiable celebration with a café dinner, cocktails, and the sight of a show from excellent balcony seats. And the letters home and back—hers non-committal, bright, vague; theirs inquiring, obviously worried, equally obviously curious out of the cruel curiosity that even kind people have; and back again, hers careful, cheerful, full of more or less intimate, homey little details: young George is doing so well; I think I wrote

he won the mathematics prize in his freshman year; apparently he's a chip off George's block; the flowers are lovely this year in the park, we feel so fortunate to be only three blocks from it; the weather has been a bit uncertain lately, and I wonder if you still have that old trench-coat I left when we visited three years ago; it would come in handy for knocking about shopping, and so on. I'm so ashamed we forgot a remembrance for Aunt Bertha's birthday but we've been so busy you know, and shall make it up double and more next year. . . .

All this, and much more.

When he told her about it, sitting on the unpadded chair in the corner, she felt she could see this man whom George quoted, felt she would give anything to have her chance at him with words, with her fists, with all her strength of mind and body. There was nothing useful she could say to George. She could only say, her voice flat, "It's ridiculous. You'd think a man was in his dotage at forty-three."

George's voice came back to her, his controlled, weighty, analyzing voice, with the tone he used when he spoke of justice and necessity and the essential ways of a hard and competitive world. "Oh, you can see their point of view, I suppose. It takes some time before a man is worth anything to them, particularly in more important capacities. It's that kind of a business. Frankfort told me himself and I've no reason to doubt him, that they often have twenty or thirty thousand dollars invested in a man in the research department before they get a nickel out. So they naturally want to be sure he's of an age to be with them a long time. Anyway, forty is the limit with them. They were damned pleasant, but as Frankfort said, there it is, and he has no authority to change it. After all, as he pointed out, he's only an employee himself and has no control over basic policy."

"Yes," she said. And wondered why she had said it, a single, meaningless word



that somehow took on omniscient color and stood in space between them in the room. "Yes," she said again, and the word was gone. They were alone together and it was time for young George to be home from school, it was almost time for dinner, it was going on night, the end of another day.

He stood up then, went to the window and stared out into the darkening street below. He stood very still, one hand on the window ledge, and spoke to the window. "Well, they're not all like that, nor most of them," he said. "which is a lucky thing for us. I was looking in *Business Digest* to-day—in Frankfort's outer office while I was waiting for him. Things seem to be picking up—not to the extent everyone had hoped for, but noticeably. I was amazed how much better times are than last year—I hadn't thought it. During the next three to six months, they said, the improvement should be rapid and progressive, in almost all lines."

She saw, very vividly, the way he had sat erect in the chair in the outer office, holding the *Business Digest* with stern, strong hands, reading the encouraging words over and over, almost committing them to memory. Turning a page, then going back to what he had read, the few sentences of type that were alive with meaning and with hope, as if the type made a highroad into the future, straight and sure and direct. And in the reading of this was happily forgotten all the similar sentences of type that had been read and memorized in the past years—the *Industrial Leader* said this, the *Investment Analyst* said that, the *Economic Fortnightly* said so. Always, in the darkest of periods, there were lines of type that spelled hope, spelled the prospect of security, spelled useful work thoroughly and imaginatively done, spelled the gentle, sufficing weariness that comes at the end of a day profitably spent with busy hands and an undistracted mind.

He turned away from the window and for the first time since he had come home looked at her. This was the moment she

should fill with words, she thought; this moment, perennially recurring, was as familiar to her as her fingers, but the words were not there. "I'm quite sure," she began slowly, and repeated herself stupidly, "I'm quite sure—oh, it must be getting better now, it's been such a terribly long time!"

She saw him stiffen and would have given all and more than she had, all her own personal hopes for the future even, to have been able to call the words back and replace them with the calm, invigorating words she should have said. For what she had said had been not a statement but a lament, pitifully weak, a keening in the vast, darkling economic wilderness that surrounded them. "I mean," she began again, forcing herself to meet his eyes squarely, glad that it was now so dark that neither could see the other clearly, "I mean that we've really got something to feel glad about." Then, as if through motion she could counteract her inability to speak properly, she crossed the room to him and put a hand on his shoulder. He looked down at her and smiled gravely. She felt his arm slip about her. She heard his breathing, deep in his chest. When he drew her very close to him she felt, through his thin suit, the shape of his fountain pen and automatic pencil.

But when she looked up at him again she no longer saw his face except as a vague sort of background for the letter, which was between them. The letter, she thought desperately, was really not there at all but put away in her bag, a bit crumpled from a half-dozen readings. But when she looked for him the letter stood between. A polite, cold letter, on good quality embossed stationery: "My Dear Mr. Farnsworth: Because of your refusal to make a substantial payment of the back rent due us, as we have requested in three communications since the first of last month, we regret to inform you that we must demand that you evacuate your apartment. As required by law, we are giving you—"

It was happening again. Most hurt-

ful things, if they came sufficiently often, brought with them their own anaesthesia. But not this thing. Always the wound was deeper, a greater pain.

She said, "Did you see Crabhorn?"

He looked at her vaguely, as if she had broken into serious, intimate thoughts with an alien suggestion that forced him to return from some faroff territory of the mind in order that he might consider it. "Crabhorn? Oh, yes. I called him from Frankfort's office. He'll have a bit more work in ten days, and he wants me. I'm afraid—well, it won't be even so well paid as last time. It won't give us a chance to work out on the bills. But—oh, hell, what you get there doesn't matter. Not really. I've the feeling the good break's coming soon. You know, after what I've read by the people who are supposed to know and been told."

Very gently she stepped away from him. "I've something on the stove."

He followed her out into the kitchen and while she busied herself with dinner he opened the little closet where his photographic things were stored. There was not enough space for them, and the bottles of chemicals whose use she had never understood and whose names she always forgot were piled one upon the other in a welter of cans of exposed film, albums of negatives, neatly tied boxes of completed prints and the enlarger which, along with his camera, he had once suggested he sell. He had suggested it coolly, as if it were the smallest of matters and the most natural of actions; afterward she thought it was this manner, so obviously created to conceal something felt so deeply that even she must not be allowed to see it, a thing too intimate for even the dearest being to be made aware of by word or gesture or inflection of voice, that had made her stop him.

He untied one of the boxes of prints and began running through them. "You know," he said, "I've some good stuff here I've never made use of. I think there are half a dozen, given the right kind of cropping and printing, would

have a chance in one of the big contests. There are two or three coming up in the next few months. I do wish I had a decent room for all this."

Of the few complaints he made this was the recurring one—the wish for a decent darkroom and laboratory. The last place but two they had lived in had had it. The little closet he had converted into his camera room had been of good size and nicely ventilated. For him, she realized, it had done more than she knew to mitigate everything else. And, because of him, it had served her well too.

"Some day," she said, making her voice gay, her back turned as she seasoned the soup, "you shall have the most magnificent photographic room in all the State. And a library off it for the exhibition of your best prints."

"I don't want a magnificent room," he said testily. "I only want a little space to work in—" He laughed. "Excuse me," he said, "my name is Old Scrooge. Now, look at this. If I cropped out that house so the barn would be the dominant thing, don't you think—"

The door opened gently and closed hard and heavy shoes clumped along the floor. The boy came into the kitchen, carrying two or three books and his lunch box. He stood for a moment in the doorway looking at them, brushing his thick dark hair back with nervous hands, before greeting them. She felt like a knife his amazing resemblance to George when she had first known him—after all, he had been not many years older. The same keen gray eyes, the same quiet, confident look, the same air of expectancy and achievement. For him, she said to herself, for this boy who is ourselves, who is all of ourselves, it will come, he will have it. It must come. Dear God, let us have this one all-important thing. . . .

George said, "Hello, Spike," and the boy laughed and put down his books. She ran a quick hand across her eyes, smiled, and kissed him.

It was all quite bearable while they were eating. For then there was little necessity for words. Only the motions of forks raised full to the lips and returned empty to the cracked green plates, of knives biting raggedly into the tough beef, the hard sound of a cup returned to a saucer. Long ago she and George had given up sustained conversation at meals; it was a time for light, clever talk of pleasant aimless things, and when you had neither heart nor mind for that silence was better. The boy, a young and eager animal, was content simply to eat.

She dreaded the time, so near, when dinner would come to an end—the plates of gelatine emptied, the spoons finally put down, the second cup of coffee consumed. The boy would go to his little room to study. George would roll a cigarette awkwardly. It was strange, so clever was he with his hands in many ways, that he had never completely mastered the simple art of this. She would clear the table, taking a long time about it, stacking the dishes ever so carefully, arranging the silver in neat formation, adjusting again and again the worn linen pads that had been a wedding present those many centuries ago. And there would come the inevitable moment when all was done, when there could be no reason for further delay, when she would sit down opposite him and put her hand lightly on his and tell him about the letter.

How brutally quickly the dessert was eaten, the final cup of coffee drained! Dinner was over.

She sat straight in her chair, watching George roll the cigarette. He folded the brown paper neatly and filled the channels with the fine-cut tobacco. A few bits of it trickled from the open ends and onto the table. And while she watched him move thumb and forefinger in rhythm to make the cylinder she felt a sudden, completely ridiculous emotion of horror at the sight. It was as if this simple, frequent act had become a dreadful symbol of what was happening to

them—as if it carried always with it the stigmata of poverty and failure and defeat. Then the cigarette was rolled and lighted and puffed and she turned to the boy.

Eagerly she thought up questions to ask him—how was school to-day? Good, good. And that nice Miss Masters, who taught English history and had been struck by the car—an awful thing, and she hoped she was getting along nicely. Was he finding Composition less difficult?

He answered seriously, weighing his words, his face grave. She glanced at George and saw him watching their conversation with proud eyes, the cigarette drooping from his mouth. He had, as usual, the air of a well-fed, prosperous, and able host at a bounteous table of his providing. The lines of care were there, the hollows in the cheeks and beneath the eyes, and the nervous tapping of his fingers upon the arm of his chair. But you did not notice these things unless you looked for them.

The talk about school died for want of material and George spoke. "I was talking to an old acquaintance of mine about you to-day," he said. "Harold Frankfort—he's vice-president of National Manufacturing. Now, we of course hope that when you're through with high school you'll be able to go to college. We're quite confident that will happen. But—" he hesitated, picking up a saltcellar and looking at it curiously as if it were some rare and unusual object as to whose use he could only speculate—"in the world as it is now, the best laid plans will go astray. And National Manufacturing has a very fine school for selected young men. It really amounts to an intensified university course in engineering, according to Mr. Frankfort. So under any circumstances it will give you something as you learn. Afterward, naturally, you work for them. There's some sort of a contract—I don't quite know how it works—"

He put the saltcellar down hard and cleared his throat. The boy looked at his father with inscrutable eyes. "Sure," he said, "sure. That'd be fine. I've

got to study now. Exams to-morrow."

She did not watch him leave the room. She heard the hard click of his shoes on the floor and the soft sound the latch made as the thin bedroom door closed after him. She thought, he doesn't know what it meant to George to have to say that; he will never know, unless he is in George's position some day, and God forbid that. No one can ever know what it means to him to have to say such things, and so often. I know better than anyone but I can never know all of it. No one can ever know that—no one is ever as close as that to another person.

She rose and cleared the table while he rolled and smoked another cigarette. He made a neat little mound of ashes in the center of his plate, brushing stray bits of ash into the main pile with the tip of his forefinger. They were far apart now with something strong and dark between them. And, as always when this thing appeared, she felt fear and the insane urge to dash against it, to strike it with her fists, to damn it with her voice, to rend it with her nails.

She stood in the kitchen and heard him come in after her. "If you're going to do the dishes let me help."

She said without turning around, "I'll do them in the morning. I'm a bit tired." She was thinking that she must tell him about the letter now. It couldn't be put off any longer. She said softly, "George."

"Yes." He was very close behind her now. She thought she could hear his breathing.

She turned swiftly round and flung out her arms. His own arms went about her and one hand patted her shoulder gently. When she moved her head her cheek brushed against his rough skin. She wanted desperately to say idiotic, sentimental things. She wanted to say how unutterably much she loved him and that so long as they were with each other there was nothing great to worry about, and to say eloquently her faith in him, and more than this, much more than words existed for.

He said, "What is it?"

"Nothing," she said strongly. "I'm just tired, a weepy old woman. Don't let go of me for a minute, darling." She would tell him, she would have to tell him and soon, but not now.

In the morning he went off early to see still another old acquaintance who had risen in the world and had recently returned to the city after a year away managing an outlying plant of the company for which he worked. Breakfast as usual was a hurried, disorderly affair and soon after the boy had left for school he picked up his hat, kissed her and left. She stood at the window watching him pass along the street, a little stooped but still walking swiftly with his vital, muscular gait. She held herself back a bit from the window so that if he should turn and look back he would not see her and perhaps wonder if there was anything wrong of which he had not been told.

She rushed through her housework, deliberately cutting corners and leaving little tasks undone, and within the hour left the house too. She walked until she found a store where she could buy a paper, then stood on a corner, impervious to the curious eyes of passers-by, and read through the For Rent notices, marking with a pencil half a dozen that seemed possible. Those which did not mention rent she passed over; inevitably, she had learned from long experience, they were far beyond their means. And then she thought swiftly, they are all that, there are none so cheap we can really afford them, there is nothing at all left for us and for such as us. She lifted her head, folded the paper roughly, and set out in the direction of the place that seemed most likely.

Soon after noon she was home again, conscious of a gigantic weariness. Her memory was a maze of strange faces and strange rooms; of landladies with hard voices and dirty, rumpled hair, of others smelling of cheap perfume, with suspicious voices and smiling, inquisitive

faces. And serving as background to each of the faces were street numbers and rooms and doors and stairs and furnishings; a shabby rug of faded green and yellow with moth holes at the edges; a mahogany table that had once been fine, now scratched and scarred and with a badly mended leg that teetered; a kitchen without a window so small she couldn't turn about in it; a living room with a fine bay window looking out to sea, part of a flat whose price caused her to take a last wistful look round, say thank you and leave, with the frail excuse that no one ever believed—she would think it over.

But she had found a home for them, which was not greatly worse than what they had now and was cheaper still. It could be paid for each half-month and she had had enough for the first period. A quite good-sized apartment with a long narrow living room that could be made quite pleasant with a little paint to cleanse the walls and take away its air of perpetual darkness. And, most desirable of all, a small, closetlike room with no apparent purpose at all, which could be used for a darkroom.

She had debated it, before she had seen the little room, thinking that maybe it was possible to do better; a decenter part of town at least and a street less like an alley. But the little room had decided her and she had made her payment at once.

She made herself coffee and sat down to plan in her mind where she would put the few pieces of their own furniture and how she would arrange that which came with the place. She had it all planned and was telling herself it would really be almost attractive—at least it would not be so bad as it had at first seemed to her—when the door opened and George came in.

He put his hat carefully on the table, flicking off a speck of dust. He looked at her and managed a smile. "All dressed up," he said. "Been out?"

"Yes. Did you see Giddings?"

George sat down and rolled a cigarette. "I saw him. He was really very nice.

Quite encouraging too, in a way. There didn't happen to be anything new in my line, he said, but they were making some plans and there was a good chance there'd be an opportunity in their laboratory. He said he'd certainly keep me in mind if it turned up. And he'd like to take me to lunch, he said, only as luck would have it he had a business appointment he couldn't get out of."

"That was nice," she said. "That was very nice." Her voice was not her own voice at all. "George. I must tell you this—there was a letter yesterday. We have to move."

He looked at her with his eyebrows lifted. "You mean—"

"Yes. They gave us notice. And I found a place to-day. It's five dollars cheaper. It's really—really quite pleasant."

He looked away and the cigarette burned itself out unnoticed between his fingers.

She rushed on and her voice grew warm now, a little desperate, as she tried to make it cheerful and even gay. "A fine living room—only a little smaller than this. We can paint it some day and brighten it up. And there's a good place for the walnut table—it will really look very nice if we refinish it; I've been meaning to do that, it shouldn't be hard. And the bedrooms are quite comfortable I'm sure, and it's all quite clean. And—listen, George."

"Yes?"

"There's a little room that we can use—that you can use for your photographic things. A perfect little room without a window, but with a light. It's all by itself off the kitchen and if you do a little work on the door you can make it completely dark. It's what you've been wanting so long, George; I was so happy when she showed it to me. I know she wouldn't mind if you put up little shelves and made sort of a table—I think I remember a little kitchen table that's already there and that we won't need."

She ran down suddenly, as an unwound phonograph runs down. She

spent a long silent minute lashing herself, thinking up more words and sentences, discarding and changing them, realizing desperately the danger now of a long silence, of the need for talk and brightness and encouragement. "I know if you have a decent place for your pictures you'll be able to do something with them—more than we realize perhaps. You've such fine pictures, so much finer than so many you see in magazines. And you can be all by yourself in this room, quite undisturbed, and there can be a place for everything—convenient and where you want it. I think I'll paint it for you myself, just for fun, perhaps a nice blue and the shelves red. And the table—well, red too, I think, like the shelves. You'll have a fine time with it, George."

Now she had said all that was in her and new words must come from him. She looked at him. He sat very still, the dead cigarette still between his fingers, and stared at the wall.

She said, "What is it, George?"

After a long time he answered. "It's something else Giddings said. Something I hadn't told you yet. It was about my clothes. He was terribly pleasant about it—quite a joke, the way he said it. He said, 'You scientist fellows are so damned sloppy. Never knew one yet who wasn't, from Steinmetz down. But really, in these days—well, a good suit with a press pays dividends.' We had a good laugh over it and I said he had something there—you get interested tremendously in what you are doing and you never think about clothes. Oh, we made a splendid joke of it. You know, the absentminded professor—that sort of thing. And he was so kind in the way he brought it up. Very kind. Of course he couldn't know I hadn't another suit. Of course he was entirely right. Entirely right."

She leaned back in the chair and closed her eyes. She knew, with a sudden flash of intuition, what he would say next,

and she told herself that she must be wrong, desperately wrong. She said, "Yes, George?"

"So I ordered a suit to-day. A very good, dark suit, for thirty-five dollars. It will be ready for me to-morrow. I had fifty cents in my pocket and I ordered a suit as if I had all the money in the world. It is a fine, satisfying thing to order a suit even when you have no money to pay for it."

The emotion was all drained out of her now. She felt complacent, even—in a curious way—almost contented. She said again, "Yes, George?"

"Then I went to see Marcus. I got the camera and the enlarger from him and he knows what they're worth. Seeing it was a forced sale, he made me a fairly decent offer. I took it and he paid me. He's going to pick them up to-night. I said I'd bring them down to-morrow, but he said he'd call in his car. An enlarger is such a bulky thing. He was very nice."

It was then that she saw it as the funniest thing that had ever happened, the funniest thing in the world, and laughter swept over her. She laughed until her eyes watered and her sides ached and still there was no end to it. She lifted her hands to her face and laughed wetly into them and there was a tremendous pain in her side from laughing, the kind of pain she remembered from childhood as coming from running too fast, from running and running. She laughed and laughed and couldn't stop.

But suddenly the laughter was done and she stood up, sickened at all laughter, at all things mirth-making, at all things glad and cruel and beastly and so humorous. She went to him and put her hand over his. He did not move. His hand was cool and dry to the touch. She was far away from him now, she thought wearily. Never, in all their life together had she been so far from him as now.



QUEST FOR WISDOM

HOW NINE NEWSPAPERMEN SPENT A YEAR AT HARVARD

BY FRANK SNOWDEN HOPKINS

IN September, 1938, the oldest and most dignified of American universities was the scene of a spectacle which must have seemed strange indeed to the hovering ghosts of three centuries of scholars. A little squad of eight newspapermen, fresh from the city rooms and editorial departments of their respective papers, came together in Harvard Yard, took a deep breath of academic atmosphere, and then, notebooks tucked under arms, strode off to lectures and libraries to launch a new experiment in adult education.

The eight men, to be increased to nine the second semester, were Harvard University's first Nieman Fellows, financed by the million-dollar bequest of the late Mrs. Lucius W. Nieman, widow of the publisher of the *Milwaukee Journal*. I was fortunate enough to be one of the group, returning to university life after ten years of journalism in the hope, shared by us all, that newspapermen could achieve in academic studies a badly needed perspective on the problems of a troubled world.

The university year is now behind us, and perhaps it may be of some interest to others to hear how we fared in our educational quest. Like most men in our occupation, we were realistic in training and outlook, with considerable first-hand experience in public affairs. Was it possible that such men as we, in one brief academic splurge, could absorb from scholars and theorists the kind of wisdom

we needed for a more intelligent performance of our journalistic tasks?

In more ways than one we constituted a test case. Not only did the fate of future Nieman Fellows hinge upon our success in bending academic learning to our purposes, but we could go far to demonstrate how useful the world of scholarship could be to men of practical interests. For if university studies could improve our understanding of the social complexities amid which we were struggling, might not many a perplexed individual in other fields of worldly endeavor profit by our example?

Conditions under which we were to spend our experimental year were ideal. Harvard had been given the Nieman money without other instructions than that the income be used to "elevate the standards of journalism." Under such a broad formula there were innumerable ways in which the endowment might have been employed. President Conant and his advisers sensibly chose a plan which would make the entire educational resources of the university available to working newspapermen, selected under a competitive scholarship arrangement and brought to Harvard on one-year leave of absence from their jobs.

More than three hundred reporters, copyreaders, editorial writers, and news executives made application for the first fellowships, representing papers big, little, and medium-sized in all parts of the country. The nine selected, whether by

good luck or good management, were those most successful in convincing a university committee that they would make a profitable use of the year, to the subsequent benefit of journalism. We were to have unrestricted access to all courses, but no one might receive any credit toward a degree. Freed from all usual academic requirements, we were thrown on our own resources to select what would be useful to us. Meanwhile each Fellow was granted a stipend equal to his newspaper salary for the period of his leave of absence, so that the expedition to Harvard would be financially feasible for him.

Those finally selected were four reporters and five editorial writers. All of us had been in newspaper work for at least five years, several had been at it for ten years or more, and one had rounded out a full twenty years. Six of the nine were college graduates, two had previously done graduate work, and three were Phi Beta Kappas. On the other hand, two men had not had the opportunity to finish college, and one had no formal education beyond high school. Even the eight with varying degrees of college experience had been out of academic life for an average of ten years, so that our point of view was decidedly that of the outside world.

Ages ranged from twenty-five to forty, with my own age, thirty-one, the median. Geographically, we represented in approximately equal proportions New England, the Middle Atlantic area, the South, and the Middle West. All but two of us were from newspapers of major size and importance. Though our backgrounds and tastes were diverse, our political philosophies were remarkably harmonious; we had no hardheaded conservatives on the one hand, no doctrinaire radicals on the other, but a thoughtful group whose center of interest lay in making American democracy work through an effective solution of public problems.

Each man on making application had outlined, as best he could, a specific study plan. One had chosen to specialize in

the physical sciences, to improve his capacities as a science reporter. Another wished to study Latin-American history, with a view to specialization in news from below the Rio Grande. The other seven of us were interested in the broad field of public affairs, but with such various foci of interest as labor economics, agricultural economics, unemployment relief, and Southern regional problems. In no case did a special field of study preclude a general concern with social questions, and with the role which journalism should play in the modern world.

Just what the experience at Harvard would mean to us, no Fellow was quite sure beforehand. But a nine-months vacation in a great center of learning seemed a rosy prospect indeed. After years of immersion in the hurly-burly of daily journalism, we had an accumulated longing to get back of everyday affairs for a while and dig into a systematic program of study. Our minds were teeming with questions to which we wanted answers, and although we doubtless had an over-romanticized notion of the apples of wisdom that would be ripe for the picking, we hoped for much from work under Harvard's celebrated scholars.

The university received us with the greatest kindness and interest, yet, it was apparent, not without a certain apprehension. The Nieman Fellowships were a new departure in academic procedure, and no one knew how newspapermen would adjust to life at Harvard, or how wide might be the gap between the points of view of journalist and scholar. If we were over-enthusiastic in our anticipations of what lay ahead, the university felt it necessary to be over-cautious. We were touched but a little startled by the elaborate preparations made in our behalf.

Harvard, we were told, was sincerely afraid that our new life might seem dull in contrast with our customary activities. The administration had grave doubts whether unworldly academicians, whose minds were trained on problems of scholarship, would prove helpful to men whose

interests were practical and immediate. Certainly we might go to such lectures and seminars as we thought would be helpful, but we must not expect too much, and perhaps our greatest benefit would come from just browsing round, talking with academic people and getting the feel of the place.

However, the Nieman Fellows would have one another for stimulation, and no doubt one of the most profitable aspects of our year would be learning from one another by comparing experiences. To expedite this process and to keep our minds focussed on the problems of journalism, the university had arranged a series of weekly Nieman dinners, at which we would talk things over and translate our university experiences into ideas meaningful for newspapermen. As official host, one of America's best-known men of letters had been engaged. With the impressive title of "Curator of the Nieman Collection of Contemporary Journalism" (the phraseology, though no doubt apt for us, really referred to newspaper files to be built up on micro-film), Archibald MacLeish was to preside at the dinners and serve as a sort of liaison officer between us and the university.

None of us could help but feel grateful for all this hospitable interest in our problem of adjustment. However, there were some among us who began to grow apprehensive lest Harvard, in trying to make us feel at home, should take the edge off the sharp contrast in intellectual climate which we knew should be one of the great values of our academic adventure. Fortunately, the problem adjusted itself as the year rolled along. The university was experimenting, and we were inevitably the guinea-pigs. It was soon demonstrated that there was no insuperable gap between newspapermen and university teachers. Many of the faculty were as much interested in our experiences as we were in their ideas; the very differences between us proved to be the basis for numerous friendships, and on every side we met with a cordial reception.

While some of our group associated more with the faculty than did others, all of us circulated widely about the university and became acquainted with scores of teachers and scholars, in the Law School and Medical School as well as in the university proper. It was a stimulating experience to be able to talk with men with whose reputations we had been familiar for years, as well as with many younger men whose abilities we discovered for ourselves. It would be invidious to attempt to name those who most impressed us, but certainly any list would include Felix Frankfurter, of whom we saw a great deal prior to his appointment to the Supreme Court, James M. Landis, dean of the Harvard Law School, and Dr. Heinrich Bruening, former German chancellor, with whom we spent a memorable evening discussing the role of the press in a democracy.

One courtesy of the university which speeded up our social infiltration into academic life was a pleasant arrangement by which each Nieman Fellow had an associate membership at one of the seven undergraduate houses, entitling him to library and social privileges and making it possible for him to lunch daily with the faculty on the house tutorial staff. Another meeting ground was the Nieman dinners, at which we usually had from four to six faculty guests, selected from all parts of the university and including many well-known scholars whom we should not otherwise have seen.

Because in the final analysis each Fellow had to integrate his education for himself, the weekly dinners hardly played the co-ordinating role for which they were intended. On the other hand, they provided an informal atmosphere in which we got better acquainted with one another and with many distinguished guests, and they furnished us with mental refreshment and a great many important ideas on which to chew. We were especially lucky in our guest speakers. Our curator was able, through his extensive friendships and well-known name, to secure an impressive assortment of editors,

publishers, columnists, and correspondents, and presided over our debates with skill and distinction. While discussions usually started on some journalistic problem, we wandered afield over a wide range of interesting topics.

Meanwhile there were other entertainments of various kinds during the year. President Conant, who took a keen interest in us, was our host on three occasions; the secretary of Harvard Corporation, who headed the Nieman Fellowship Committee, feasted us twice in royal style; the Massachusetts Institute of Technology invited us over for lunch and a tour of inspection, and there was a superb dinner with Mr. Frankfurter and Harold J. Laski, not to mention other pleasant affairs that kept our social calendar a lively one.

II

But although our extra-curricular activities were helpful in enabling us to draw a continuing sustenance from the university's intellectual environment, the fact remained that our real education had to come from our own scholastic efforts. There is no substitute for hard work, and we put in our full share of it. At this point it becomes difficult to deal in generalities, since there was such a diversity of interests in our group that each man necessarily had his own program and his own method of attack.

While most of us were integrating our work round a core of focal interests, not one stuck rigidly to a set schedule. We roamed widely over the curriculum, sampling courses here and there and adding to or subtracting from our programs as we ascertained what would be most worth our while. Since we were not working for credit, we felt under no compulsion to perform any course assignments unless they interested us. Consequently, we were free to attend as many lectures as we wished to give time to. Naturally in many cases we did work hard over courses central to our study projects, and when several of us took ex-

aminations voluntarily at midyears we had the satisfaction of discovering that our ratings were in no case inferior to the standard expected of other graduate students.

Many of us spent a great deal of time on library work, and here of course some of the most solid results were obtained. A most interesting development in this area was the reading-and-discussion technique which evolved out of calls upon faculty advisers for reading advice. Many of the faculty were most generous with their time, and we got a great deal of benefit from informal relationships of this kind. One such tutorial arrangement blossomed into a weekly discussion seminar when several of the Fellows formed the habit of meeting regularly with Granville Hicks, left-wing journalist serving as history counselor at one of the houses, and reading together some of the outstanding books by such American historians as Frederick Jackson Turner, V. L. Parrington, and Charles Beard.

Of individual programs our science reporter unquestionably had the toughest. His range of studies included atomic physics, astronomy, physiology, bacteriology, preventive medicine, anthropology, and the history of science. It was obviously impossible for him to cover all fields at once through the regular curriculum; but with the aid of faculty friends who took a keen interest in his project he was able to focus on essential points through reading and tutorial discussions, using lectures and laboratory work as they fitted in. By the end of the year he had added greatly to his equipment for work in a field in which American journalism is notoriously inept. If he had simply become more of a scientist and less of a reporter his value as an interpreter would not necessarily have been improved. But since his emphasis was on the social role of science, he concluded his studies with a full perception of the need for journalism to keep the public informed on the work the scientist is doing and the kind of support he needs to continue his efforts for human betterment.

With a less complicated program, our Latin-American specialist had an equally important job to do. The regular curriculum offered only one history course each semester in his field, which he supplemented with classes in Spanish and in Indian anthropology. The bulk of his time was spent deep in the stacks of Widener Library, digging into the rich materials there. As the year ended he was planning a tour of South America before returning to newspaper work with his greatly increased understanding of a part of the world which, though vitally important to the United States, has been far too inadequately interpreted in this country in the past. Meanwhile he had assisted in launching a new quarterly journal of inter-American affairs whose purpose is to improve relations between the two hemispheres of the New World.

Our agricultural economist, an editorial writer from an important paper of the deep South, concentrated heavily on economics lectures and seminars to improve his understanding of the knotty problems of his region. His program included the economics of agriculture, economic theory, money and banking, labor problems, economic history, and government regulation of industry, as well as a history course on the Reconstruction South, in which, by invitation, he gave one of the lectures himself. The rest of us bade him good-by convinced that he was carrying home an insight into economic processes which fitted him to aid importantly in solving the Nation's Economic Problem No. 1.

Our other editorial writer from the deep South specialized largely in American history, with emphasis on the cultural and economic problems of his area. He took courses in agricultural economics, labor problems, and government regulation of industry, and did a great deal of work on a long thesis on the intellectual and social background of the old South which was given a high rating by faculty advisers. The only unmarried member of our group, this Fellow spent the year in one of the houses and made

an impressive number of friends among the faculty members who shared his literary and scholarly interests. In June he accepted a position on one of the country's largest and most influential papers.

Meanwhile our labor expert from the Middle West was busy making friends with some of Harvard's most distinguished minds and attending courses in law, economics, statistics, and accounting. From this base he branched out into general background work in American and European history. This member of our group had the monumental task of adjusting himself to graduate studies with no previous college experience upon which to build. Yet difficult though the adjustment was, a man accustomed to penetrating police lines, sitdown strikes, and some of big industry's fanciest executive offices was not to be daunted. With the intuition of the born reporter, he found his way past the formal curriculum to the faculty personalities who could help him with his problems. Supervised reading and informal discussion of books and ideas gave him an entrée into the world of learning which opened new fields of personal enrichment, as well as furnished him with valuable journalistic background. And when the academic atmosphere became at times too stuffy for him he took time off to mingle with Cambridge police and firemen and acquired an insight into local politics that no doubt marks the all-time high for a Harvard man. Who else ever called hundreds of Cambridge barkeepers, politicians, and public employes by their first names, or walked around Harvard Yard with a gold-headed cane loaned by the chief of the Fire Department?

Another of our Fellows, associate editor of a newspaper in Kentucky, attended courses in government, sociology, and history, and was one of the four of us to sit in on Mr. Frankfurter's famous seminar in administrative law. With a keen interest in the needs of small-town journalism, he worked at much special

reading focussing on the problems with which his paper has to deal. His particular concern was the role of the press in aiding democracy to function by participating vigorously in local affairs. Since he had the advantage over the rest of us of sharing in the control of the policies of his family-owned paper, he went home prepared to put into immediate effect his improved knowledge and invigorated ideas.

One of the most interesting schedules was worked out by the senior member of our group, who picked the professors he thought most impressive intellectually and dug deeply into philosophy and the history of political theory, at the same time attending classes in constitutional government, administrative law, and American and European history. Surely none of us got greater nourishment or intellectual enjoyment from his fellowship year than this able and thoughtful New Englander, who had been out of college a full twenty years and was determined to make this long-awaited opportunity yield him the fullest and most enduring satisfactions.

Another non-specialist was our half-year man, an editorial writer whose nationally famous Midwestern paper was able to spare him only from February until June. Arriving late, he made up for lost time in whirlwind fashion by attending the lectures of practically every well-known teacher in five social science departments and the Law School as well. In his own words, he tried to "bite off all the leaves of all the trees," and left for home with bulging notebooks and a headful of memories, enough to give him a cud to chew for many a thoughtful day. Meanwhile he had subleased the Frankfurters' comfortable Cambridge home and made it during his four-months stay a center of social life for numerous faculty friends as well as his fellow-journalists.

III

Although my own adventures were in no way more significant than those of my

colleagues, I can speak of them with far greater assurance. Perhaps one first-person narrative would be a more revealing commentary on the Nieman experiment than anything else I could write.

Six of my ten years in journalistic work had been spent covering governmental activities of cities, States, and the Federal Government, so I was in some measure the government specialist of our group. For the two years immediately previous to our Harvard expedition I had been closely associated with relief and welfare administration in Maryland, observing at first-hand the efforts of New Deal agencies to deal with unemployment and dependency. After what I had seen I was convinced that this was an area of crucial importance, involving that most dangerous of all social diseases, the progressive loss of faith in political ideals that grows out of idleness and frustration.

Yet unemployment obviously was only one aspect of a far more comprehensive maladjustment. It appeared to me that we had reached in our society the stage at which social forces were beginning to get out of hand, making it necessary for government to step in with farsighted reforms. For good or bad, I felt, the United States Government has no alternative in the long run but to play a paternalistic role in the national economy, and our effective choices are limited to questions of how far to go and what methods to use. So when I outlined my study project for the year I proposed to examine as many aspects of this general problem as I could in the brief time at my disposal. What I had in mind was the need for some sort of working compromise between our inherited traditions of freedom and private initiative, on the one hand, and an economic system reformed and controlled in the public interest, on the other.

That was a large order indeed. I had no idea how far I should get with it, but I thought I might at least clarify my thinking and fit some of my disconnected

convictions together. And if my plan was vague, I had the compensating advantage of open-mindedness; I was not interested in doctrinaire utopias, but in practical measures to secure as much freedom as possible for the human personality under the very difficult conditions of the present and immediate future.

My approach for the first four months was through the study of political science. I attended such lectures and seminars as seemed promising, I read scores of books recommended by my professors, and I sought to ascertain what trained political scientists, with their advantages of scholarly perspective, thought about these matters. But I soon ran into difficulties. If a government course was practical in its approach it dealt largely with matters with which I was already familiar. But if it was theoretical in nature it drew heavily upon the political philosophy of the past, and failed to focus upon the problems of expediency in which I was interested. I had come to Harvard with enough academic experience to be skeptical of the organized curriculum, yet even the reading to which I was directed failed to quench my thirst. I was amazed to learn that I had already absorbed from my own observations the bulk of what I could find that seemed to me useful. Some books gave me valuable background knowledge and a few sharpened my insight into political complexities, but in general my gleanings were rather meager for the amount of time I was spending.

But although I was impatient at the time, I can see in retrospect that the political studies were of considerable value. Covering familiar ground in a systematic way, while not exciting, is at least an aid to orderly thinking. It was especially helpful to ascertain the limitations of the academic literature on governmental problems and to orient my own experiences and conclusions with respect to what scholars had recorded in print. The more I matched my own ideas with those I found set forth in

books, the more confidence I felt in my own judgment, which was clarified and confirmed in many respects. It was a tremendous help to learn how far I could trust my own thinking.

By January I was beginning to explore the resources of economics. Yet the "dismal science" posed quite a number of difficulties for one in my position. My working knowledge of practical economics was good enough so that I was not greatly stimulated by the descriptive courses I sampled. On the other hand, to go beyond this into economic theory was a year's work in itself. Here a faculty friend came to my rescue, and with his aid I worked out a reading program which familiarized me with the drift of contemporary economic theory. This I was able to supplement with a course in money and banking which was a straightforward discussion of national economic policy. Yet I could not say at the end of the year that I was proud of my attainments in this field; my nibblings had brought me more flavor than nourishment.

History was still another approach to my problem, and in fact the most useful government course I found—on American constitutional development—was really history, just as most of the significant government books I read were essentially historical in nature. My other venture into history was a course on the Byzantine Empire which became a favorite joke with my colleagues, yet was far from being the least valuable item of my program. In my mind it was not the long leap from my interest in current social problems it seemed to my amused friends. One of the most fruitful spare-time projects in which I have ever engaged was the intensive study of the history of the Roman Empire all one year. Byzantine history is equally suggestive for our times, in that it presents the record of a society which survived repeated crises through its ability to put through internal reforms at crucial periods in its eleven centuries of existence.

Nevertheless, it was not government,

economics, or history, but sociology, a discipline against which I harbored particular prejudices, which gave me my most fruitful lessons of the year. I drifted into sociology by a devious route. Friendship with an anthropologist, whose insight into social motivations stirred my curiosity, led to my exploring some of the reading in his field. I quickly decided I was on a very promising scent indeed, as here was a study which opened up the whole question of why human beings felt and acted the way they did, and, by implication, how public policy could be shaped in accord with too-often-ignored realities of human conduct.

From the study of primitive societies it was a short step indeed into the study of the social institutions of our own. I began attending courses and reading books under the guidance of two very able young sociologists, and soon began to feel that I was perceiving for the first time the inner importance of all sorts of activities and relationships in my familiar world. Naturally I could not make any very thorough study of this field in the five months of the year I had left to me, but I was able to concentrate on certain practical aspects of it.

My focus of interest was in the role of deep-seated social sentiments in determining human behavior, and in the development of these sentiments through the conditioning to which man is subjected by the institutions and traditions of his culture. Every man of practical experience knows that his fellow-human beings feel before they think, and that most so-called logical arguments are merely rationalizations; but how many really understand the nature of these emotional determinants with which all of us must deal? Certainly it would be difficult to find fields in which such factors are more important than they are in politics and public opinion. Where social reforms and changes in public policy are involved they are crucial indeed.

With this new approach in mind, I devoted considerable time in the final

weeks of the year to books and reports on the sociological aspects of American relief and welfare policies. How were millions of unemployed and their families reacting to the programs of the Works Progress Administration, the Social Security Board, and the innumerable State and local welfare agencies? And what understanding of the issues involved was being displayed by those who guide our destinies?

The more I burrowed into the very inadequate literature on these subjects the more I became convinced that our national legislators and administrators, not to mention the local ones, are working to a large extent in the dark. The mental effects of a decade of relief have not yet been studied, nor have we in sight a permanent unemployment policy courageous enough to maintain the morale of millions of unfortunate Americans. England, after twenty years with a large-scale relief problem, is just beginning to realize what has happened to her unemployed; Germany exemplifies only too well what can happen when defeatism becomes general.

In considering ten years of unsolved social problems in the United States the obvious question one asks himself is, how stable is the American system? With frustrations present in every rank of society, can we keep muddling through with our present political methods, or is there an upheaval in the making that may destroy much that is finest in our democratic tradition? I had attended lectures during the year which analyzed the social turmoil in Central Europe. Following my theme through to its logical end, I supplemented these with as many books as I could find on the causes of revolutions, using that term to include every type of overthrow of constitutional authority.

My conclusions may be of no importance except to my own thinking, but I set them down as part of my educational experience. Although the immediate symptoms of upheaval are lacking in this country, I decided, dangerous cramps



and pressures could develop very quickly in a period of confusion. And such a period might come at any time in a nation unable to solve its problems. To survive a time of troubles, it seemed to me, a democracy must have a strong central government and courageous leadership; it must be able and willing to meet social problems as they arise and to carry through far-reaching economic reforms.

Yet if the reforms are to succeed, I was equally certain that the most meticulous attention must be paid to the means employed. Quite aside from considerations of administrative efficiency and practical achievement, I was convinced that greater allowance must be made in the future for powerful social sentiments and inherited moral beliefs. If our reform technics cannot keep policy within the limits of accepted traditions they must at least provide moral and psychological equivalents to offset feelings of insecurity and distrust.

Somewhere in this area, it seemed to me, the New Dealers had made their most crucial mistakes, losing a large measure of public confidence by outraging too many deep-rooted convictions. And I came to doubt that other reformers would succeed much better without a convincing emphasis on moral issues on which alone the country can be unified. Some time soon some American government must put through far-sighted reforms in these terms, I felt, reemphasizing the best in our constitutional tradition. Otherwise the reactionaries and revolutionists will fight it out on a far less civilized level.

Yet what kind of program could be devised, I was still far from sure at the end of the year. My academic quest ended, as it began, in a ferment of uncertainties. I had fired my questions at a great center of learning, and they had come back at me not only unanswered, but redoubled in urgency and significance. My problems, after all my work, were only redefined. Yet that itself was success, for all I had sought was

an improved understanding. I had explored much of the area in which social scientists operate, I had learned where my own observations fitted into their findings, and my stimulating year had given me important new insights. While I had found no solutions, at least I felt better able to appraise what I saw happening about me. Who will say that was not worth while?

IV

From the foregoing paragraphs it should be abundantly clear that in the minds of the nine Nieman Fellows there existed at the end of the year no doubt but that the fellowships had been enormously helpful. Each man felt that he had been through an educational experience which had enriched him. Still it was not easy to analyze what had happened to us. Granted that we could point to this or that significant achievement, the fact remained that to a large extent we had benefited from nine months of freedom to think, as well as from the saturation in an environment where most minds are keen and all are trained on the quest for wisdom in one form or another.

But what were the implications of our experience for others? We had no doubt about future Nieman Fellows. The twelve men selected to succeed us, we felt, had every right to expect that they too would have an exciting and profitable year. And while time alone could prove the ultimate value of the fellowships, we had the greatest confidence that they would establish themselves as a source of continuing enrichment to journalism.

For the more general proposition of whether others in fields of practical endeavor could profit by emulating our experience, the case was not quite so clear. We had had many social advantages which would not be forthcoming for isolated individuals entering upon academic studies unobtrusively on their own. Yet the idea appears to me sound,

with three provisos: the individual must have the mental capacity to do university work of graduate caliber; he must know what it is he wants to learn; and he must give up all thought of working for credits and degrees.

These provisos, I am convinced, are essential. If our difficulties demonstrated anything, it is that a curriculum planned for the training of scholars is ill-adapted to the needs of laymen engaged in a one-year search for practical wisdom. One must plan one's work without regard to academic requirements and then use the resources of the university as they fit in. We saw cases during the year of people from outside occupations who had come back to take regular graduate programs, and had found them too narrow for their purposes. They had allowed themselves to be dominated by the curriculum, and as Humpty Dumpty said, it's just a question of who's to be master, that's all. Unless the out-

sider has the privilege of auditing all courses, of shifting about at will, and of cutting across prescribed routines to work on a purely individual basis, he can hardly expect to get the full benefit of his academic excursion.

But it is not only the student who can benefit from a plan of this kind. The presence in a university of laymen who can rove across departmental lines and fit together scholarly findings in a realistic way can do much to take the curse off academic specialization. Our group was told that its influence on Harvard in this respect was not wholly negligible. There are other universities which, even without scholarship funds, might admit each year a few qualified men of affairs, encouraged to graze freely in academic pastures. Is there not reason to suspect, on the basis of the Nieman experiment, that there might be mutual advantage to scholarly learning and the world of action in such an arrangement?





BRITAIN'S STRENGTH IN THE AIR

BY ALLAN A. MICHIE

FROM Cornwall to the Orkney Islands propellers are whirring. Shiny new airplanes, their wings and sides marked with the red, white, and blue bull's-eye of Britain's Royal Air Force, are taking off and landing at hastily constructed aerodromes. Youngsters of eighteen and twenty, who a year ago were clerking in London, Birmingham, or Glasgow, attending school in Canada and Australia, or farming in New Zealand and South Africa, are learning to ease a throttle forward.

In the gray misty dawns huge camouflaged Short "Sunderland" flying boats skim over the Isle of Wight and the Moray Firth and set off on their eight-to twelve-hour daily patrol over the Atlantic—to sink a Nazi submarine, protect an Allied convoy, or spot a freshly sown mine field. Along Britain's North Sea coast squads of Avro Anson patrol planes shuttle back and forth ceaselessly, keeping watchful eyes for invading Nazi bombers. And on deserted headlands along the coast keen-eyed members of the Observers Corps, twentieth-century counterparts of those who first gave cry that the Spanish Armada was approaching, keep a twenty-four-hour vigil against the arrival of a more deadly armada from the skies. Back of them stand batteries of sound locators—mechanical "ears" tuned to catch the sound of oncoming airplane motors—and anti-aircraft guns, most of them manned by former Territorials (corresponding to the United States National Guard), men who have received their training in this vital defense work

during their spare evenings and Saturday afternoons.

On both sides of the Firth of Forth, in the Shetlands, and at hundreds of other aerodromes throughout Britain, squadrons of fast-flying, fast-climbing Spitfires and Hawker Hurricanes are lined up day and night, their motors warm, their pilots ready to take them into the sky in ninety seconds. In less than four minutes they can be ten thousand feet in the air, their eight automatic machine guns spitting death at enemy bombers.

In London and other large cities the soldiers who man the barrage balloons are raising and lowering their deadly, camouflaged sausages, carefully maneuvering them into concealing cloud banks to trap invading planes. Volunteer and paid Air Raid Precautions (ARP) workers in the cities and smallest villages walk their rounds, ready to add their warning whistles to the air-raid sirens. Taxi drivers, their cabs hitched to mobile steel-gray fire pumps, sit hunched at their posts. And in thousands of factories, from south Wales to the north of Scotland, hundreds of thousands of eager, skilled workers are turning out airplanes and airplane parts so rapidly that every plant looks like a mass-production American auto factory.

This is the picture of a new Britain—a Britain made air-conscious by the war. It is a Britain strong in the air—much stronger than is generally realized—ready and waiting for any attack the highly touted Nazi *Luftwaffe* may bring; able also to deliver reprisal attacks on

Germany as severe as the Nazis may bring to Britain.

II

Out of the endless crises in the "war of nerves" which preceded the second World War came two impressions: the first was that the Nazi Air Force was invincible; the second, that Britain—as well as France—was woefully weak in the air. In the light of what has happened in aerial warfare up to the time of this writing (mid-December), backed by first-hand observation of Britain's air power since the outbreak of the war, these impressions must be reexamined and corrected. What follows is as accurate an estimate of the strength of the air forces of the belligerent nations as it is possible to get under wartime conditions. When possible, the facts were double-checked against the findings of neutral observers, many of them American aviation experts now stationed in Europe. When this was impossible a healthy amount of skepticism was applied.

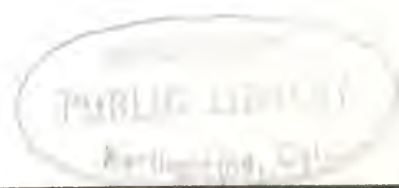
Until September 3, 1939, brought the Nazi *Luftwaffe* into conflict with two nations equal in strength to that of Germany or better, the German Air Force was more of a legend than an observed fact. It was impressive largely because of its phenomenal rise from scratch in 1933, partly because it went into action only against opponents who had virtually no air forces at all—Spain and Poland. In effect, it served as an instrument of blackmail. A Hitler threat to send thousands of bombers to wipe out their cities did more than anything else to frighten Germany's weaker neighbors. And in September, 1938, it was the threat of a sky black with death-dealing Nazi bombers that sent Londoners scurrying to dig trenches in Hyde Park and made them thank Chamberlain when the Peace of Munich ended this terror—temporarily. It was part of the Nazi technic to boast about the size and striking power of their *Luftwaffe*. They boasted so much and propagandized so effectively, in fact,

that a great many outsiders believed them. American magazine writers, for example, began to report that the Nazis had 15,000, 20,000 and even 30,000 military planes. Germany was the greatest air power in the world—on paper! Nothing was more helpful to the German technic.

While this Sunday-supplement speculation was boosting the Nazi Air Force the other erroneous impression was forming in the American mind. Britain had no air force worth mentioning, her home defenses against air attacks were in a deplorable state, and the destruction of her cities, particularly London, would be immediate and terrific once war started. The fault for allowing this impression to arise lay largely with the British themselves.

There are two national characteristics of the British which Americans usually fail to notice. The first is the habit of putting the blackest possible face on all events which will affect the future of Britain; the second is the habit of understatement. In a sense they are complementary characteristics. Both serve to make the Britisher feel better when his nation muddles through in the end. These two characteristics color the actions and statements of His Majesty's Government as much as they do the thinking of the man-on-the-street.

Thus when the Chamberlain Government admitted during the Munich Crisis of 1938 that Britain was unprepared for war it did not mean that she lay helpless before a Nazi attack: Britain was, in fact, quite well prepared, but not well enough for her satisfaction. And in the months after Munich, when the Government was repeatedly taken to task for not speeding up airplane production, this did not mean that British production, nor the strength of the Royal Air Force, was as low as the British pretended it was. Unfortunately, American aviation writers began to take the Britisher's deprecatory attitude too seriously. The British Air Force was dismissed as definitely inferior to that of the Germans.



III

The power of an air force lies not alone in the number of its planes. An air force is made up largely of the men in it, and its strength or weakness stems from many factors: the morale, training, and skill of its pilots, crews, and ground forces; the performance of its machines under war conditions; the productive capacity of the nation behind it to build new machines and provide replacements; the supply of vital materials for plane construction; and last, but certainly not least, the supply of high-octane gasoline and refined oils for its machines. Considered against all these factors, there is no doubt that impression No. 2 must be revised. The British lion not only has wings; they are the strongest wings in Europe to-day.

The majority of aviation enthusiasts seem to hold that air supremacy in this war—a shifting advantage at best—belongs to the side with the greatest number of planes. Taking only the considered opinions of reliable American and British observers and discounting impossible estimates of the Nazi Air Force, it is doubtful if Germany could claim even a numerical superiority over the combined Allied air fleets when the war began.

On September 3, 1939, expert opinion gave Germany some 4,500 first-line planes, 3,500 planes of all types in reserve—a total of 8,000 military machines. Britain was credited with 3,500 first-line machines, 2,500 in reserve—a total of 6,000; France had only 2,150 first-line planes and 1,500 in reserve—a total of 3,650. The Allied total, however, was 9,650, as against 8,000 for Germany.

The Nazis, gloomily calculating on war losses up to 100 per cent a month during intensive aerial warfare, estimate that the possible life of an airplane is about 30 days. Therefore, even if they could get first-class material, they go on the theory that it is useless to put it into planes soon to be destroyed. Britain, on the other hand, puts her machines to-

gether with the skill and care used on a Swiss watch movement.

During a recent tour of British factories one of Germany's industrial weaknesses was made strikingly apparent to me. German machine-makers are among the best in the world and many British industrialists preferred to import German machines for their own plants. However, year by year the quality of the German machines became "softer." They were simply unable to stand the ordinary wear and tear as British and American machinery can. Just before the outbreak of the war, in fact, the quality of German materials became so bad that British buyers could not use the German machines in their plants, but had to have their own tool makers dismantle and duplicate them in British materials. To a great extent this weakness of material is responsible for the fact that German airplane engines do not stack up with engines produced in Britain and America.

The first four months of the second World War have proved that the Nazi planes are not as good as the Nazis have claimed them to be. In fact, it seems that the German Air Force was built up hurriedly in the faint hope that sheer weight of numbers would save it from a clash with another powerful air force. Many Nazi models have been turned out so hurriedly that they do not have adequate armament for their own protection. The highly-publicized Heinkel He 111 K, one of Germany's best bombers, has no protection underneath and is considered "cold meat" for Britain's fast-flying, highly armored Spitfires and Hurricanes. Germany's Messerschmitt Me 109, which the Nazis have boasted is the best fighter plane in Europe, is not as maneuverable as France's Curtiss 75-As (the export version of the United States Army Air Corps's P-36, 200 of which had been delivered to France before the start of the war) and her Morane-Salnier machines. British pilots have flown an Me 109 which was captured intact behind French lines shortly after the outbreak of war, and claim that it is extremely tricky

and dangerous in a fast dive. Try as they might, they could not get it to do more than 300 m.p.h., although the Germans have claimed a 354 m.p.h. top speed for it. There are several models of the Me 109s, but the commonest models are unable to do more than 309 m.p.h.

Knowledge that their machines are superior in quality to the Nazi planes has done a great deal to give confidence to British and French airmen. French production, as will be detailed later, has been notoriously slow for years. What has generally been overlooked by critics of French air power, however, is the fact that French design is usually superb. Many planes in France's Armée de l'Air have been able to hold their own in dog-fights with Nazi machines.

The most important air fight of the war's early months took place over the Rhine-Moselle front on November 6th. Nine French Curtiss 75-As, piloted by members of the new Lafayette Escadrille, were flying in formation just above the French lines. Suddenly they spotted two fighter squadrons, twenty-seven planes in all, of Nazi Messerschmitt Me 109s approaching from Germany. The French planes quickly took up a position between the sun and the German machines, which enabled the French fighters to wait until the Nazis were directly beneath them. The German pilots failed to observe the French machines and dropped down to do away with two slow-moving French observation planes below them. The French pilots didn't waste a second. Tipping their machines into fast dives, each pilot picked out an Me 109 for his target. It was all over in the first volley. Seven Messerschmitts crashed down into the French lines, two others, badly damaged, fluttered back to the German lines and crashed there. The attack had carried the French machines close to the ground and by the time they climbed back to fighting position the remaining Messerschmitts were several miles behind the German lines. No French planes were lost.

All three belligerents are naturally

concentrating on development work: new types, improved planes, and faster engines are being turned out from month to month. Even in peacetime, planes on the designer's board are often obsolete before they can be put on the assembly line. Statistics on planes and their performance go out of date about as rapidly. However, taking the latest and most reliable information on the three air forces, this is how the principal planes of all types stack up.

BRITAIN

Fighters, Interceptors, Pursuit Planes

Supermarine Spitfire I. This is the fastest military plane in the world, having a published top speed of 367 m.p.h. with full war load at 18,400 feet. Aeronautical engineers whom I have talked with contend that the Spitfire, which is powered with a crack Rolls Royce Merlin motor, can actually break the land speed record. The Spitfire is almost too fast. Its speed cuts down its maneuverability in the air, since it takes so long to turn it about, and its high-landing speed has proved too much for some unseasoned British pilots. It is Britain's best bet against Nazi bombers, being able to climb after invading planes at the rate of 2,400 feet per minute. Armed with eight remote-control machine guns which fire 600 bullets a minute, it has been extremely effective in bringing down such Nazi bombers as the Do 17s, the Do 215s, and the He 111Ks during their raids on the Firth of Forth and Scapa Flow.

Hawker Hurricane. Only some 30 m.p.h. slower (335 m.p.h.) than the Spitfire, the Hurricane is another fast-climbing fighter (both the Spitfire and the Hurricane are called interceptors by the British). The Hurricane, also powered with a Rolls Royce Merlin motor which virtually pulls it straight up into the sky, can climb to 10,000 feet in 4.8 minutes, to 20,000 feet in 9 minutes. It carries also eight automatic machine guns, mounted in the wings. The Spitfire is several miles an hour faster than the fastest model of Germany's crack fighter, the Me 109 (354 m.p.h.) and the Hurricane, with its 335 m.p.h. speed, is far above the most common version of the Me 109, which has a top of 309 m.p.h.

Boulton Paul Defiant. A new two-seater fighter. Its performance has been kept secret, but it is rumored that it is almost as good as the single-seater Hurricanes.

Bombers, Medium and Heavy, and Bomber Transports

Bristol Blenheim. Neutral aviation experts agree that if a "bomber command efficiency rating" can be set up, taking into account per-

formance and number of planes in service, the Bristol Blenheim is not only the mainstay of Britain, but the best bomber in Europe. It is the most commonly used British bomber. Adaptable for long-range, high-speed bombing, fighting, or reconnaissance work, the Blenheim comes in two types: the short-nosed, with a top speed of 280 m.p.h., and the long-nosed, with a top of 295 m.p.h. The long-nosed version can travel 1,900 miles with a bomb load of 2,500 lbs. It has a reputation for being able to climb and maneuver like a fighter (5,000 feet in 3.7 minutes, 10,000 in 7.2 minutes) and can land and stop within 300 yards.

A Bristol Blenheim was captured intact by the Nazis some months ago. German pilots and technicians flew the plane and expressed themselves as "enthusiastic about its possibilities." Fortunately for the British, this plane was not one equipped with Britain's secret power-driven movable gun turret, which makes British bombers so formidable to attack planes, and which the Nazis have not yet adapted for their own bombers.

Vickers Wellington. Larger than the Blenheims, the Wellingtons are almost as fast (round 295 m.p.h.) and have a range of 3,120 miles, ample to reach Berlin and back. Without war load this plane is reported to have a range of over 10,000 miles. It is produced in quantity at the Vickers-Armstrong plant at Weybridge and is of the unique geodetic construction. Geodetic methods, first used on the slower Vickers Wellesley, utilize thick-walled duraluminum and steel tubes, do away with bulkheads, frames, and ribs, leaving the interior of wings and fuselage unobstructed and available for stowage.

Bristol Beaufort. Newest of Britain's bombers, this machine is a combined bomber, reconnaissance, torpedo-bomber, and general purpose landplane. Its performance has not been made public, but it is generally admitted that it is considerably faster than the Blenheim (by some 30 m.p.h.). Beauforts are being produced in Australia as well as in Britain.

Britain's greatest airplane weakness is in bomber transports. Mainstay of this field is the *Bristol Bombay*, a two-motored plane which can carry only 24 armed soldiers. The lumbering, unarmed *Vickers Valentia* is still being used for transport purposes, but it can carry only 22 men. Germany early realized the value of transport machines and they came in especially useful when the Führer's army broke down on its way to Vienna and advance squads had to be ferried to the Austrian capital in old Junker 52s. Many forward-minded aviation authorities in Britain have urged the Air Min-

istry for years to develop a fleet of some 300 50-seater transports. In October I learned that Britain was moving in this direction. A new large bomber, the *Manchester*, is being developed, primarily for troop-carrying work. No facts are available, except that it is large enough to carry two full-sized automobiles.

FRANCE

Fighters, Chasers

Curtiss 75-A. America's P-36, now in service with the Armée de l'Air. Able to do a shade better than 300 m.p.h., the Curtiss 75-As, better known as Hawks, are extremely maneuverable because of a favorable weight distribution and have flown circles around Germany's Me 109s.

Morane-Salnier 406. Latest version of this single-seater fighter, powered with a Hispano-Suiza engine, has done 370 m.p.h. Most 406s, however, have speeds round 300 m.p.h.

Bloch 150. Armed with two Hispano-Suiza shell-firing guns in the wings, this fighter can do 316 m.p.h., as fast as Germany's crack Heinkel He 112. Another version, the *Bloch 151*, has done 320 m.p.h. at 16,400 feet.

Fighter-Bombers and Reconnaissance Planes

France excels in the design of fighter-bombers. A new model built by the Loire & Oliver factory has a top speed of 340 m.p.h., fast enough to outfly most of Germany's fighters, and formidable enough to tackle the heavy-armed Nazi bombers.

Potez 63. This plane has been used for much of the photographic work in the early months of the war. As a fighter, it has a top speed of 285 m.p.h.; as a bomber, 279 m.p.h.; and as a reconnaissance plane, 267 m.p.h.

Breguet 691. A medium bomber, able to deliver 1,000 lbs. of bombs over an 1,860-mile range; some versions of the 691 can get up to 340 m.p.h.

Bombers

Bloch 162. Able to carry a terrific load (8,500 lbs.), this bomber has a high top speed of 295 m.p.h.

LeO 45. One of France's best, although comparatively unnoticed, bombers, the LeO 45 has a top speed of 325 m.p.h., faster than the British Blenheim and the Nazi bombers, and has a range of 1,600 miles.

Two other excellent French bombers are the *Amiot 340*, now in quantity production, which can reach 295 m.p.h. over a cruising range of 1,240 miles, and the *Amiot 370*, with a top speed of 311 m.p.h., which can go 1,200 miles with a 2,000 lb. bomb load.

In the past French technicians had a tendency to develop hybrid planes, de-

signed for fighting, reconnaissance, and bombing. However, as in the case of the *Bloch 200*, a medium bomber with low (155–175 m.p.h.) speed, most of these planes are either too slow for attack or too short of range and too lightly-armored to make first-class bombers. In the months before the war French designers turned their attention to specialized planes and have succeeded in turning out planes with great possibilities. The *Hanriot NC-600* fighter, for example, is reputed to have a top speed of 325 m.p.h. Other French fighter models have top speeds of over 370 m.p.h., and the end is not yet in sight. A new light fighter-bomber is supposed to have a top speed of 370 m.p.h., much faster than anything Britain or Germany can claim at present.

GERMANY

Fighters, Attack Planes

Messerschmitt Me 109. This single-seater fighter is Germany's best all-round military plane, although it has not proved itself the equal of the British Spitfires and Hurricanes and the French Curtiss 75-As and Morane-Salniers. The commonest models claim a top speed of 309 m.p.h. and a few Me 109s are said to be able to do 354 m.p.h.

Heinkel He 112. With the Messerschmitt Me 109, this plane is the mainstay of the Nazi attack and pursuit forces. It has a top speed of 316 m.p.h., considerably slower than the British and French fighters, and a range of 2,110 miles, and is far from being the most maneuverable fighter in Europe. Its chief ability is in climbing, which it can do at the rate of 3,280 feet in 1.20 minutes.

Bombers

Dornier Do 17. This is the plane which has been given the misnomer of "The Flying Pencil." While the Do 17 looks unusually thin and pointed from a side view, it is unusually broad and squat from the front. It is Germany's fastest and most commonly used bomber. There are six or seven versions of the Do 17, however, and only one version, fitted with Daimler Benz engines, is capable of 300 m.p.h., a shade faster than Britain's Blenheims. Most of the Do 17s are fitted with Pratt & Whitney (American) engines, built under license, and cannot do over 235–280 m.p.h. The range of the 300 m.p.h. Do 17 is 1,490 miles in still air.

Dornier Do 215. A more modern offshoot of the Do 17, this two-motored reconnaissance bomber is unable to do more than 280 m.p.h.

Heinkel He 111Ks. There are also six or seven

versions of this bomber, which is slightly larger than the Do 215s and the British Blenheims and compares more with the British Wellingtons. The best version is said to be able to carry a ton of bombs for 1,600 miles at almost 300 m.p.h. However, most of the versions are unable to top 240–260 m.p.h., which puts them behind Britain's Blenheims and Wellingtons. Although formidable in offense, the He 111Ks are easy game for British fighters since they have no protection underneath the plane.

Junkers Ju 88. This bomber, newest of the lot, will undoubtedly come forward in the news as Germany puts her best bombers into action. Little is known about the Ju 88 except that a year ago it set records for speed with load over distance. One flew 600 miles at an average speed of 321 m.p.h. The Ju 88 has been in full-scale production for about six months.

During the first four months of war both the Allies and Germany used obsolescent long-range bombers for reconnaissance work. The reason for this was that neither the Allies nor Germany had expected months of watching and waiting and neither side had a sufficient number of long-range reconnaissance machines to fill the demand. The usual reconnaissance planes were used only for tactical reconnaissance at short range.

From a comparison of the performance of the crack planes in the three air forces it is evident that the Allies, in addition to their numerical superiority, can claim superiority in the quality of their machines.

IV

The weakest link in the British Royal Air Force is in the training of its airmen. Under the stepped-up air armament program of the past few years the training of new pilots, crews, and ground forces has had to be done hurriedly. As a result, Britain's expansion in the air has been marred by a high toll of accidents and loss of life. Chief difference between Britain and Germany, however, is that the British accidents have been revealed to the public. In Germany, where the training pace has been brutal for years, the training crack-ups are not publicized.

Often blanketed by bad weather (the sun shines only one hour out of three), limited in space (94,000 square miles, as

compared to 212,600 in France, 3,026,789 in the United States), Britain has little opportunity to train its airmen. With the outbreak of the war came a new training plan for Britain which will utilize the farflung resources of the Empire. By the first of December, 1939, the plan was under way. Recruits from New Zealand, Australia, Britain, and the British colonies have been sent to Canada, where they are now being trained at commercial aerodromes and new fields laid out in the spacious Canadian west. Under this training plan Canada has agreed to provide the airfields and ground crews, Britain the majority of the training planes, while the costs will be shared proportionately among the four countries. When the plan gets into full operation it is expected that Canada will be able to turn out 25,000 qualified airmen each year.

Backed by the knowledge that their machines will prove superior in quality when they go into action against Nazi planes, the morale of the R.A.F. is excellent. There are no heroics. There is nothing Britain's crack Chief of Air Staff, Sir Cyril Newall, dislikes more than to have a man talk about himself, and his excessive modesty extends through to the men under him.

The morale of the French Armée de l'Air is as excellent as that of the R.A.F. France claims more experienced pilots than either Germany or Britain and the French, always hardy, clever fighters in the air, have the advantage of being led by an inspiring Air Chief, modest Joseph Vuillemin, who still likes to fly and fight beside his men.

V

The number and performance of a nation's fighting planes are meaningless unless considered against the supply of high-octane gasoline and refined oils. According to the recently-released *Jahrbuch 1939/40 der Deutschen Mineralölwirtschaft*, Germany normally consumes from 6 to 7,000,000 metric tons of mineral oil a year. In wartime, when great quanti-

ties are needed for her mechanized army and air force, it is estimated that Germany will need from 12 to 15,000,000 metric tons a year. In 1938, however, Germany was able to produce only 2,700,000 metric tons within her borders and some 4,000,000 tons had to be imported, partly from the United States, Mexico, and Central America. These import sources are now closed to Germany by the British and French navies.

In September, 1939, it was estimated that Germany had on reserve about ten months' supply of gasoline and oils for her air force and army needs, but a great deal of this was used up when she overran Poland. Allowing for the increased production of synthetic gasoline from coal, alcohol, and compressed gases (Germany produced 1,300,000 metric tons of synthetic gasoline in 1938 and some 1,500,000 metric tons in 1939), it is evident that the Reich must import an almost-impossible number of tons, approximately 9,000,000, for her full wartime needs. As long as Britain and France control the seas Germany is forced to depend largely upon Russia for her imported gasoline and oils. Poland's oil deposits were insignificant, producing only 500,000 metric tons a year, and two-thirds of the Polish oil fields are now in Russian hands. Rumanian assistance is also negligible. Germany has long struggled for a foothold in the Rumanian oil industry, but it was only recently that German firms were allowed to start pumping oil from fields bought from the Rumanian Government.

Russia's assistance is more potential than probable. Russia is the second greatest oil producer in the world, but her 1938 production was only 30,000,000 metric tons, compared to 170,000,000 for the United States. Of this amount Russia was able to export only about 1,500,000 metric tons, owing largely to her increasing domestic demands, technical difficulties in drilling and refining, and her deficient transport system. Under the Russo-German Trade Treaty of 1939 Germany agreed to provide installations

for Russia's oil industry, laboratory equipment, ships, motor vehicles, and other means of transport. Russian oil exports to Germany could become an influential factor in the war, neutral European observers agree, but only after Soviet production and transportation methods have been greatly developed and that, in Russia, will take time.

This shortage of gasoline and oil—which explains, in part, Germany's reluctance to put more than a fraction of her *Luftwaffe* into action during the early months of the war—is the greatest weakness of the Nazi Air Force. On the other hand, as long as the British and French navies command the seas—and no one in Britain or France has the slightest doubt that their naval forces will continue to do so until the end of the war—the R.A.F. and the *Armée de l'Air* are assured of a steady supply of high-quality gasoline and oil from the United States, Mexico, and the productive fields of Iraq and Palestine.

In a war where the destruction of planes may be terrific once intensive aerial action begins (Germany calculates on a 100 per cent monthly loss, Britain conservatively at 30 per cent), production of new planes and replacements is of major importance.

It is generally agreed that on September 3, 1939, German factories were turning out from 900 to 1,100 planes a month. This production has undoubtedly been increased, perhaps to between 1,800 and 2,500 per month. Well-informed sources in the United States are convinced that Germany, under terrific pressure, could step her production up as high as 4,000 to 5,000 planes per month. However, these sources conclude, this rate could not be maintained for more than five or six months. At the end of that time the entire production would collapse from a shortage of materials: more important, it would be impossible to train airmen and ground crews fast enough to man the planes produced.

Those who have been guilty of under-rating Britain's Air Force have con-

stantly made the same mistake about Britain's production of planes. American estimates of British production in December, for example, were from 700 to 1,000 planes per month. Although the official figures are carefully withheld from the public, I was able to learn that Britain was producing in excess of 1,000 planes a month shortly after the outbreak of the war. The Air Ministry set 1,000 a month as its goal for October 1, 1939. This mark was passed and bettered by 200 planes. By mid-November production had increased to 1,400 a month and at the present time it is approaching 2,000.

French production has been notoriously slow until recently, but the advent of Premier Daladier brought France a new plan and a stimulated air industry. Under the new schedule, known as Plan V, the goal was set at 5,000 first line planes, including reserves, and 12,000 engines, to be reached by the Spring of 1940. In the months immediately before World War II French plants had put their production up to 250 a month. Since then the work week has been lengthened in aircraft and munitions plants to 60 hours a week, with the provision that it can be increased to 72 hours a week if conditions demand it. French factories have the capacity to produce 500 planes and 1,000 to 1,500 engines a month and production is probably close to capacity at present.

If French and British production combined is still behind that of the Germans in these early months of the war, the Allies have the satisfaction of knowing that their production will not suddenly halt because of lack of supplies, that it will instead continue to increase. Britain has adopted the German scheme of doing the major part of plane assembly work in the principal airplane and "shadow" factories, allowing thousands of other factories throughout Britain to produce airplane parts on a mass basis. In a recent visit to thirty British plants, representative of those which have changed from peace to wartime production, I

found a number of them changed from their normal products to the manufacture of airplane parts. Factories which in peacetime turned out auto bodies, busses, railway brakes, ornamental railings and doorways, gas meters, and toys are now busy making parts for hundreds of airplanes each week. It is safe to estimate that Britain, even in turning out 2,000 planes a month, is not using more than 40 per cent to 50 per cent of her productive airplane capacity. In time it may be necessary for Britain to utilize this capacity for expansion, but she will do so with the assurance that German airplane factories are already at their productive limit.

No one in Britain denies that the Nazi *Luftwaffe* is potent: but the British Air

Force is just as strong. It has come a long way from the days when disarmament-minded politicians allowed it to drop to third-rate importance in Europe. British fighter planes can outfight and outfly the fastest planes Germany can produce. Britain's bombers are equal to anything the Nazis can put in the air. Her home defenses are formidable and will take a high toll of invading bombers. The lion's wings are strong, and they are getting stronger with each day of the war. Germany's sole advantage—the ability to produce perhaps as many as 4,000 to 5,000 planes a month for five or six months—is rapidly being whittled down as British and French assembly lines grow longer from week to week. The Allies have Time on their side.

WHEN MARS WAS NEAR THE EARTH

BY LAWRENCE LEE

*N*EAR, in the summer night, Mars rises red;
 Southward, past hills, the darkness fills with stars.
 Take, with this sleeping child, our thoughts to bed;
 Men have survived a darker time of wars,
 And nights and history both must bury their dead.

*This infant girl, so innocent soft with sleep,
 May watch all Europe burning to the walls—
 Nations too hotly latched with death to weep—
 Or see these heavens when a great peace falls
 And men are brothers in a brother's keep.*

*To-morrow, light will wake the crowing bird;
 The darkest thought may with the darkness pass.
 Drowsing, now dream for her the lovely word
 Spoken in summer on the blowing grass,
 In a green stillness where no gun is heard.*



THE STRUGGLE FOR PEACE

BY C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

THE French are calling the war "diplomacy under arms," not a bad phrase when you come to think of it, reminiscent of Clausewitz's classic "War is politics continued by other (*i.e.*, forcible) means." It has the great advantage of emphasizing that the true objective of the fighting powers is to gain a settlement which will in some measure be a realization of the purposes they have professed or will profess.

It can be taken for granted that most Americans are little likely to find German objectives at all seductive—whether they be acceptance of the accomplished partition of Poland or the prospective destruction of the British Empire. Therefore it is the British and French terms which are most likely to influence American attitudes and public policies. The British will speak most directly to us and it is their ideas to which critical attention should be directed.

Europe has reached a point in its evolution where war long continued will so far upset the social balance that it will be exceedingly difficult to return Europe to anything remotely resembling prewar conditions. Those who rule the countries of Europe to-day must, therefore, proceed very cautiously for fear the war will produce consequences far more disastrous to them than the most radical peace terms minority groups may suggest. In the interest of saving as much as possible of the old Europe, they will see to it that diplomacy plays a far larger role in the Second World War than in the First. While it is likely that

the destructive phases of the war will in the future be more spectacular than they have been thus far, especially on land, each outburst of intensive warfare will probably be followed by a lull during which the combatants will talk peace. Each breakdown of the peace discussions will be followed by a new outburst of furious battle. And so on until the arms of one side will give success to the diplomacy of that side. There will be no blind, headlong rush toward a catastrophic decision.

It is folly to suppose that either side will place all its cards on the table at any time before the game is really won. If before the fighting actually broke out we learned what "white" war is—a war of nerves in which threat of force is the weapon, we are now learning what a "gray" war is—a war in which force is actually employed but only to strengthen diplomatic maneuvers. We are not likely to see an extended "black" war this time, a war in which all reliance is placed on force and force alone until the moment when the enemy completely collapses. In a gray war peace terms become a weapon.

The fighting powers will not put their peace terms into any more concrete form than is necessary to influence morale. Any expectation that we shall know precisely what they aim to do if they win is pretty sure to be dashed. The terms given out during the war will be designed chiefly to keep up home morale; to exert psychological pressure on the morale of the enemy; and to influ-

ence the view of neutral peoples in favor of one side. They will have but a contingent relation to the real intentions of the powers. That is a lesson we learned in the First World War.

If Europe's gray war should get out of hand or spread beyond Europe into areas where the Great Powers of Europe could not exert any control then all bets will be off. To keep it in hand is the aim of most of the governments now fighting.

Nothing in particular is to be learned from the generalized declarations of Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain. They make very nice reading for those who are disposed to agree with them anyhow, but they lack persuasive power for the skeptical.

Our desire . . . when we have achieved our war aims, would be to establish a new Europe . . . a Europe with a new spirit. . . . In such a Europe, fears of aggression will have ceased . . . and such adjustments of boundaries as would be necessary would be threshed out between neighbors sitting on equal terms around a table, with the help of disinterested third parties if it were so desired . . . a full and constant flow of trade between the nations . . . each country would have the unfettered right to choose its own form of internal government so long as that government did not pursue an external policy injurious to its neighbors . . . armaments would gradually be dropped as a useless expense, except in so far as they were needed for the preservation of internal law and order . . . you would need some machinery capable of conducting and guiding the development of the new Europe in the right direction. . . .

The reluctance of the Allied leaders to formulate their ultimate purposes in any greater detail than this has thrown the real debate over peace terms into the hands of the intellectuals, especially the English intellectuals. Conspicuous among the debaters is H. G. Wells, whose views are of unusual interest because in the last war he was a government propagandist. This time he has refused such a post and his reasons are extremely important:

. . . the gist of the business is that we who lent ourselves to propaganda were made fools of and ultimately let down by the traditional

tricks of the Foreign Office. . . . We were kept in the dark about all sorts of secret entanglements to which these gentry had committed the country, and we were allowed to hold out our hopes to the German people of a liberal post-war settlement our masters had no intention of making. We were tricked and, through us, the German liberals were cheated, and what these tricksters of the British Foreign Office and the Quai d'Orsay imagined they were doing except being very, very diplomatic and very clever about their double-crossing and general having the laugh on their betters, I cannot imagine. Betters, I say without a blush. Every disastrous thing that has happened in the past twenty years was clearly foretold by a galaxy of writers and thinkers twenty years ago. Our politicians and officials were, relatively speaking, little, purblind, mean chaps. Orders and titles cannot alter that. It filled them with joy to snub the highbrows. The evil state of Europe to-day is traceable almost directly to the want of imagination, the self-protective cunning and the deliberate breaches of faith made by them during those eventful years that immediately followed the Great War. . . . If I lend myself to any propaganda, then by all my standards I shall be damned. And I will be damned if I lend myself to any propaganda. . . . Most of us know that this time the propaganda activities are going to be much intensified, they are going to be far more cunning and elaborately misleading than ever before.

This warns us against going off the deep end under the pressure of official propaganda, but it does not assist us either to discover the true intentions of the British government, or to know how far the ideas of Mr. Wells and his fellows will influence the final settlement. For example, Mr. Wells has come out flatly for a federated Europe. His reasons are so familiar to those who have read him in recent years that they do not require exposition here. They are very persuasive. But it need not astonish anyone that *The Times* of London disposes of Mr. Wells in this fashion:

His [Wells's] obsession is with a particular diagnosis of the world's troubles which may broadly be called materialistic. Our old friend the economic man, long believed to be dead and buried in his Manchester calico, reappears as the attacker of all that he once defended, though still as the only mentor to whom we must listen. Mr. Wells insists on his own dogma at the moment when its insufficiency is most apparent, in the hour when a

long chastened and largely enlightened capitalism was everywhere on the side of peace and the greed of unlimited nationalism has plotted and precipitated war.

This transforms a serious debate into farce. Mr. Wells is a vulgar materialist and *The Times*, Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Halifax, and the capitalists of Europe are idealists! Nor is this the only comic note struck. Surveying the writings of the embattled intellectuals, John Maynard Keynes finds them funking the job of fighting the war and "leaving the defense of freedom and civilization to Colonel Blimp and the Old School Ties, for whom Three Cheers."

But all farcical remarks aside, the appeal of a federated Europe is widespread in England and may become an emotionally potent peace slogan, perhaps in the hands of those who are now vaguely referring to the need of "some machinery . . ." It is indeed a persuasive idea. It seems to offer an escape from an anarchic situation which may be the death of Europe.

But if among the intellectuals the tide is running in a highly idealistic direction, the editorial from *The Times* is sufficient warning that England as a whole still floats far behind them. What the more sophisticated really think can be discovered perhaps in *The Economist*. It is conservative without being absurd. It does not fall for the hare-brained ideas of intellectuals. For these reasons it sees no Europe of the future which differs materially from the Europe of the past. It wants American aid, but it does not want it in order to realize elaborate schemes of reconstruction; it wants that aid to insure that Nazi Germany is put down and Franco-British predominance reasserted and assured. It proposes to get Europe back into something resembling the shape it had before 1914:

The history of the last two decades has shown that there are only two consistent alternative policies to pursue towards the German problem. One is to parcel Germany into a number of small states, permanently garrisoned by and subjected to the Allies. The other is to treat a Germany purged of the Nazis as an equal.

The Versailles policy of humiliating and penalizing Germany without successfully holding her down runs the maximum risk of provoking a war every generation. In theory, we could, after victory, choose freely between the policies of repression and equality. In practice we should have neither the brutal resolution nor the moral indifference to pursue the policy of repression with the unyielding severity that would alone give it a chance of success. The policy of equality is really the only workable one. That being so, the peace terms must be formed with the deliberate object of creating a satisfied and contented Germany. Poland and Czechoslovakia must, of course, be restored. But it would be better for the future peace of Europe to leave Austria in the Reich, unless the most convincing proof were forthcoming that the Austrian population would prefer to get out, and stay out, of the Reich. It would also be necessary to be long-sighted in the matter of indemnities. There is, for example, the clearest case in equity for exacting reparation for the destruction of Warsaw. But it would probably pay the Allies better to pay for the reconstruction themselves than to inject the poison of reparations once more into the relations between Germany and her western neighbors. Similarly the principles of self-respect and equality must govern the problem of disarmament. Germany must not be expected to remain indefinitely in a state of permanent inequality. If her disarmament precedes that of the Allies, it must be conditioned absolutely on their performance of their pledge. They must seek their safety in the more lasting guarantees of a real collective security.

This is practical stuff. This is the thinking of men who, we may suspect, will really influence government policy. This is probably much closer to what Mr. Chamberlain really has in mind than the writings of the intellectuals. This is why *The Times* thinks that "there are reasons plain to any reflecting mind why it would be premature as yet to demand any detailed formulation of peace terms for the Allied Governments."

But if the job of defeating Hitler becomes desperately hard, as it well may, we may expect the government spokesmen to turn, not to *The Economist* for its propaganda, but to the writings of the idealistic intellectuals. Stranger ironies have come to pass. Did not Hitler borrow the principle of self-determination from Woodrow Wilson?

II

It is well worth our while to scrutinize the attractive unofficial proposals, even if they are not to-day clearly accepted by the various governments. Anxious as the governments may be to come out of the war with the customary banners flying, the fortunes of war may not only force them to resort to highfalutin propaganda but also to accept extraordinary proposals as actual government policies. During the First World War the League of Nations was not booted out of the door; it was accepted, incorporated into the Treaty of Peace; and only later was it strangled in favor of the more ancient ideals of power politics. This may happen again. Let us, therefore, look closely at the idea of a federated Europe. But first a glance should be taken at some more generally accepted ideas.

There is the primary objective of dislodging Hitler and Hitlerism from power, the war aim of Mr. Chamberlain. This is a purely negative idea. Hitler is a symptom, not a disease, and removing him won't cure the disease. But this is a truth the "stop Hitler" crowd is to-day reluctant to face. They prefer to believe that if Hitler is chucked out then arrangements can be made that will bring peace and prosperity to Europe. What these arrangements will be we do not know, for they are difficult to forecast, but as *The Economist* says, they will not be untraditional in character. This is also borne out by Mr. Chamberlain's declaration that "each country would have the unfettered right to choose its own form of internal government so long as that government did not pursue an external policy injurious to its neighbors." In short, while the war is being fought to dislodge Hitler from power, when he is gone the Germans can have a dictatorship if they want one, *provided* they confine its dictating to domestic affairs and don't let it attempt to dictate abroad. But is it in the nature of dictators scrupulously to mind their own (domestic) business? Mr. Chamberlain is appar-

ently willing to take the risk that every so often Europe will have to go to war to eliminate a dictator who isn't, just then, minding his own (domestic) business. A cheerful prospect indeed.

Nor is it possible to take much more satisfaction in the vague official pronouncements about Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Austria. Poland and Czechoslovakia are to be restored, while Austria is to decide whether or not she wishes to stay in the Reich. But in what sense are Poland and Czechoslovakia to be restored; and with what object in view? To ask these questions is not to imply hostility to either of these countries. We may abhor the way in which their existence was ended without believing that justice is served by their thoughtless restoration. Czechoslovakia was a well-governed state; Poland was an ill-governed state. In this respect they are not on an equal footing. Since it is not the business of the Allies to pass on internal regimes, are these countries to be restored and that alone? This would not seem to get Europe anywhere in particular. Moreover, the problem of defining their boundaries must be faced. For Czechoslovakia, will these be the pre-Munich or the post-Munich boundaries? And what about the boundaries of Poland? The partition of the country would seem to make any restoration on the old basis impossible. But the Polish Government refuses to recognize either conquest. To accomplish restoration, then, the Allies must fight both Stalin and Hitler to make them disgorge their spoils. This means a prolonged, horrible, and pretty senseless war. Is Poland worth this sacrifice? The answer is not easy to give. It is not easy because we do not know what purpose is to be served in restoring Poland, either with or without its old boundaries. If it is, as the Paris *Le Temps* says, for the purpose of restoring the balance of European power in favor of France and Britain, then the game isn't worth the candle. If it is to give the Polish people a place within a federated Europe, then the old bound-

aries are unnecessary, for they included minority peoples who might better be given direct representation. Or are these states to be restored to punish Germany by returning her to her 1919 boundaries and keeping her forever within them—a step in the direction of the French desire permanently to disable Germany by “atomizing” her? And so we could continue to peel the onion. Once again, ill-considered generalizations are unsatisfactory objectives for a project as tremendous as modern war.

III

It is because the objectives which the governments are willing to admit are so vague, so full of holes and jokers and unattractive possibilities, that we are driven into the arms of the intellectuals. We seize upon any indorsements of their ideas, even though but implied or delivered at the back door the more readily to repudiate them at the front, with an avidity which is a confession of our dissatisfaction. Perforce we find ourselves toying with the idea of a federated Europe and before we know it we shall, if we are not careful, take to thinking that the war is being fought to install it. The extremely human desire to feel that men are up to something worth while when they lay down their lives in battle can be the occasion for egregious self-deception. Perhaps it will be a protection against too ready allegiance to what is, on the face of it, a fine, high, shining ideal, if we scrutinize it rather more closely than its present position among war aims entirely justifies. On some to-morrow it may be an official objective and then its appeal may be so strong that we will ignore all criticism of it. That would be a disaster.

Particularly should Americans be skeptical of it. Lord Lothian has told us that the secret of democratic federalism is an American secret. But since we discovered the principle, maybe we also know some things about it which should give us pause to doubt its applicability

to Europe. Let us look at it from several different angles.

Federalism requires that the states entering the system give up a large part of their sovereign rights. They become definitely subordinate to a superior power, the federal government. It will boss them. Conspicuous among the powers which will be taken away will be the right to maintain armies and to lay down protective tariffs, the objectives being the abolition of war among the states and the abolition of economic warfare. These are desirable ends. But plainly we have here the beginnings of a furious controversy, in legalistic terms, a controversy over the distribution of powers as between the member states and the central authority. This controversy is chronic in every federal system of which we have knowledge; to-day it is at a crisis stage in most of them. How countries with long-established traditions of independence are going to be persuaded to give up the indispensable powers to a central authority is not clear at all. Just recently the League of Nations crumbled because of lesser invasions of sovereign rights, actual or suggested.

In addition, the members of the proposed federal system would have to achieve a fair measure of uniformity in political organization. This would mean throwing out of the window tolerance of varying forms announced by Mr. Chamberlain. There can be no really successful federalism in Europe if some states are dictatorships and some democracies. From London news comes that neutral diplomats take this for granted and are laughing up their sleeves at the impassioned federalists. The diplomats ask how Mussolini and Franco are to be induced to join a system which, they presume, will be built up out of British and French democracy, both founded in principles the dictators abhor? This question is so pointed that even the federalists are admitting its force. Lord Lothian has admitted that the system can't work with democratic, fascist, and

communist states. True! And since it is true, how is uniformity to be achieved? By force?

Of a similar nature is the matter of economic organization. All federalisms of history have been erected where the same general economic principles had currency; and those of the United States, Canada, and Australia, on the basis of capitalism. Can any uniformity in this respect be guaranteed in Europe? If it can't, how is it proposed to get round the difficulty? The answer of the socialists is explicit, but it raises more problems than it settles: Mr. Wells puts it, "Political federation, we have to realize, without a concurrent economic collectivization, is bound to fail." The British Labor Party holds the same view. But under what banner is universal collectivization to be achieved; and what is to guarantee that its achievement will be paralleled by an equally powerful drive toward federation?

There is also an age-old problem of federalism, the task of reconciling the differences between regions within the federal system. We in the United States know a bit about that. We know how large a part of our political history can be written in terms of struggles between the agricultural-plantation South and the industrial-financial North, between the agricultural Middle West and the financial East, between the farmers and Wall Street. Europe faces the same problem. Francis Delaisi has pointed out that there are two Europes, the strong, powerful, industrialized Europe, based on coal and iron resources, and the weak, satellite Europe based on agriculture. This division cuts across national boundaries, and the partitioning of industrialized Europe among many states, all sovereign, in large measure accounts for the anarchy of Europe to-day. Those states which fall in whole or in most important part outside the Great Industrial Circle of Europe, or which while within it are lacking industrial resources, are satellite nations; and they also mostly are depend-

ent upon agriculture. As we know, agricultural and industrial economies are theoretically complementary, but actually they are rivals. To reconcile their interests is a major problem of politics. This problem is present in Europe to-day. In a federal Europe it will be hardly less urgent. What solution is suggested?

The struggle over the powers of government has reached a high pitch of intensity in existing federal states. The drift throughout the world to-day is toward concentration of power in the hands of the central authority. This is equally true in the United States, Canada, and Australia. In every instance the member states try to balk this drift, but are fighting a losing fight. Not long ago Professor Harold Laski published an article on the "obsolescence of federalism" in the United States, not only describing the trend toward centralization of power in Washington, but favoring it as a necessary development in a highly industrialized and increasingly unified country. Now Mr. Laski is out for European federation. But do not the reasons which compelled him to assert that American federalism is obsolescent apply in equal measure to Europe? Is Europe not a highly industrialized continent and would not the need for centralized administration be as pressing there? Or is Mr. Laski saying that federalism is a necessary step toward a unified Europe? The point plainly needs clarification.

These remarks assume that European federalism will be based on ideas drawn from the United States, Canada, and Australia, revised in the light of experience. Another suggestion is that the principles of the British Commonwealth of Nations might be applied. In my view this is rather more difficult. If this system is closely inspected it is, in the most favorable light, a scheme for allowing immature nations to grow to maturity under the benevolent protection of an indisputably stronger power which has but lately asserted *complete* control over them. It is true that the domin-

ions have, in theory, equality with the master country, Great Britain, though in practice this is not so; in the jargon of the subject, there is equality of status but not equality of function. Moreover the whole process of development is toward the full powers of sovereign states, not away from it. Under the British system the progression is from a very dilute sovereignty to a less dilute sovereignty and, theoretically, to complete sovereignty. This is the opposite evolution from that necessary for Europe if it is to federalize. The British dominions to-day have one sovereign power which the European nations must give up if economic anarchy is not to result: they have the right to lay down protective tariffs even against their fellow-members of the Commonwealth!

The more deeply the jungle of European federation is explored the more tangled the terrain becomes. It is a place where more than one high idealist is going to get lost during this war; and when he is lost his shrieks for war to rescue him and his ideal will assail our ears. For there is an air of complete unreality hovering over the debate. It is not only that all too few of the disputants ever mention the puzzling difficulties; it is also that they are so far above the battle that no one ever asks this impertinent but highly relevant question: What gives us confidence that Europe will come out of the war any more disposed to federate than it was when it went in? If federation is such a compelling idea now that the fighting has started, why was it not broached and made a part of the foreign policy of the nations in time of peace? Why does talk of federation come on the heels of the deliberate bilking of the League of Nations? What guarantee have we that this war-bred idealism is not a cover for a double cross of the variety Mr. Wells so eloquently condemns? And to return to the big question, who is to guarantee that a Europe disposed to federate will emerge from the war? The Soviets are little likely to co-operate and they will

try to hold on to the spoils they have picked up. Mussolini will stay out, if he survives; so will General Franco. Will the spirit of forgiveness survive years of fighting, that Germany may be admitted on terms of equality? Who knows? Is it not likely that the old barriers to federation will survive and the chances and changes of war produce new obstacles to it?

Moreover Mr. Chamberlain says that the job of reconstructing Europe will "not be the work of weeks or even months. It would be a continuous process, stretching over many years." This must be read in the light of the conservative psychology, not as a statement of obvious truth. Surely it is plain from history that to the conservative gentry the time is *never* ripe for decisive change. In Mr. Chamberlain's post-war world there will always be excellent reasons for delaying the final consummation of federation. Tentatively indorsing the need for change in the future is an old technic the conservatives use to delude hopeful idealists. From the gingerly way the leaders are approaching federation—they are in the "some machinery" stage to-day—it is apparent that they hope they will never have to redeem their faintly implied commitments. They may in the future be panicked into even less qualified indorsements, but if they come out on the other side of war with anything like their old power they will try to bolster it by the old methods. Over a hundred years ago William Hazlitt put the case as follows:

We believe this, that princes are princes, and that men are men; and that to expect any very great sacrifices of interest or passion from either in consequence of certain well-timed and well-sounding professions drawn from them by necessity, when that necessity no longer exists, is to belie all our experience of human nature.

IV

Whether one inspects the larger or the smaller war objectives or peace proposals—official or unofficial—one is beset with a sense of grasping the empty air. Only



those liberally supplied with the will to believe can get much satisfaction from them. None really answer the questions which beset the critical and the suspicious. Because this is so the incidental proposals are left dangling in mid-air, pretty baubles, but of what use? Colonial possessions, it is suggested, are to be completely pooled and governed by an international authority. But such a realist as the editor of *East Africa and Rhodesia*, plainly a spokesman for the men on the ground, writes that "A most significant fact is that . . . not one single man of outstanding colonial experience and renown—whether as administrator, missionary, educationist, agriculturist, or trader—has embraced this notion. . . . Yet among such men are many of pronouncedly liberal views, so much so that more than a few of them have been regarded by their fellows overseas as out and out Negrophiles." This is not of course final testimony; it may be that some men of experience do think the idea feasible. But it is at least fair warning that the colonial crowd is not yet silenced; and we must remember that the Colonial Office of the British Government represents its views. Nor can we make anything understandable in economic terms of a proposition put forward by Major Attlee of the British Labor Party: "No imperialism, and access for all nations to markets and raw materials." Does this mean that the Labor Party is proposing to give India its freedom? Does the Party also have in mind revolutionary revisions of the system of production and exchange of colonial produce? It does if Harold Laski is an accurate reporter. But to-day the Labor Party is not the Government of the United Kingdom and it will have a stiff fight to gain that position if it demands a clear mandate to institute revolutionary changes.

The truth of the matter is that the problems of the world are too complex to be solved under the inspiration of high-sounding generalizations. We probably know what the problems are;

we do not yet know how to solve them; and it is unlikely that any single-track solution will be the answer. To-day there is no general agreement on ends; and certainly no agreement on means. We can speak with confidence only about what men seem to want. I know of no better presentation of their aspirations than that which Professor E. M. Patterson arrived at after a pragmatic investigation of present discontents. He thinks that men generally desire:

- Avoidance of military conflict
- Reduction toward the vanishing point of economic warfare
- Increase of world production to care for all wants
- Greater economic stability
- Greater economic security
- Greater equality in the distribution of incomes

These are things the common people want and one suspects that they hope they are in some measure fighting for them. But they are not true peace terms, for they involve domestic action in greater measure than international action. They cannot be realized or guaranteed by a peace treaty, though a good treaty would assist their realization. The conclusion is inescapable: with things as they are to-day, the best we can expect of a peace treaty is that it assist in creating the conditions under which progress toward these objectives can be made. This circumstance lends powerful support to those who contend that the fighting will contribute little to the solution of the problems which beset the world. The real task will begin when the fighting ceases.

For that reason there is sense in Liddell Hart's hope that no one wins the war; there is sense in Mr. Chamberlain's hope that the peace terms will be fixed by negotiation. For only a negotiated peace offers much hope for the future. If the conditions are such that negotiations cannot be undertaken because of the disorganization of the powers, then Europe's future will be dark indeed.



AFTER MANY A SUMMER

A NOVEL IN FIVE PARTS—PART FOUR

BY ALDOUS HUXLEY

VIRGINIA did not wake up that morning till nearly ten; and even after having had her bath and eaten her breakfast she remained in bed for another hour or more, her eyes closed, leaning back motionless against the heaped-up pillows, like a beautiful young convalescent newly emerged from the valley of the shadow.

The valley of the shadow of death; of the greater deaths and all the little deaths. Through deaths come transfigurations. He who would save his life must lose it. Men and women are continually trying to lose their lives, the stale, unprofitable, senseless lives of their ordinary personalities. Forever trying to get rid of them, and in a thousand different ways. In the frenzies of gambling and revivalism; in the monomanias of avarice and perversion, of research and sectarianism and ambition; in the compensatory lunacies of alcohol, of reading, of day-dreaming, of morphia; in the hallucinations of opium and the cinema and ritual; in the wild epilepsies of political enthusiasm and erotic pleasure; in the stupors of veronal and exhaustion. To escape; to forget one's own, old, wearisome identity; to become someone else or, better, some other *thing*—a mere body, strangely numbed or more than ordinarily sentient; or else just a state of impersonal mind, a mode of unindividualized consciousness. What happiness, what a blissful alleviation even for such as were not previously

aware that there was anything in their condition that needed to be alleviated! Virginia had been one of those, happy in limitation, not sufficiently conscious of her personal self to realize its ugliness and inadequacy, or the fundamental wretchedness of the human state. And yet, when Dr. Obispo had scientifically engineered her escape into an erotic epilepsy more excruciatingly intense than anything she had known before or even imagined possible, Virginia had realized that after all there was something in her existence that required alleviating and that this headlong plunge through an intenser, utterly alien consciousness into the darkness of a total oblivion was precisely the alleviation it required.

Lying there, propped up against her pillows, Virginia was suffering her daily resurrection from the valley of the shadow of her nocturnal deaths. From having been epileptically something else, she was becoming her own self again—a self, it was true, still somewhat numbed and bewildered by fatigue, still haunted by the memory of strange scenes and overpowering sensations, but none the less recognizably the old Virginia; the Virginia who admired Uncle Jo for his success and was grateful to him for having given her such a wonderful time, the Virginia who had always laughed and thought life grand and never bothered about things. And now this Virginia was doublecrossing her poor, old admired Uncle Jo—not just telling a few

little fibs, which might happen to anyone, but deliberately and systematically doublecrossing him. And not only him; she was also doublecrossing poor Pete. Talking to him all the time; giving him the glad eye (as glad an eye, at any rate, as she was capable of giving in the circumstances); practically making love to him in public, so that Uncle Jo wouldn't suspect Sig. Not that she wouldn't be glad in some ways if Uncle Jo did suspect him. She'd love to see him getting a punch on the jaw and being thrown out. Just love it! But meanwhile she was doing everything she could to cover him up, and in the process making that poor, idiot boy imagine she was stuck on him. A doublecrosser—that was all she was. A doublecrosser. The knowledge of this worried her, it made her feel unhappy and ashamed; it prevented her laughing at things the way she used to; it kept her thinking, and feeling bad about what she was doing, and resolving not to do it again; resolving, but not being able to prevent herself doing it again, even though she really hated herself for doing it and hated Sig for making her and, above all, for telling her, in that horrible, hard-boiled, cynical way, just how he made her and why she couldn't resist it. And one of the reasons why she had to do it again was that it stopped her feeling bad about having done it before. But then, afterward, she felt bad again. But it just couldn't last this way forever; she simply refused to believe she'd always have that awful rubber feeling in her bones. Some day she'd feel strong enough to tell Sig to go to hell.

Virginia sighed profoundly and, closing her eyes again, tried, by a simulation of sleep, to recapture the happy oblivion from which the light of morning had forced her unwillingly to emerge.

XV

Mr. Stoyte had spent his morning at the Beverly Pantheon. Very reluctantly; for he had a horror of cemeteries, even

his own. But the claims of money-making were sacred; business was a duty to which all merely personal considerations had to be sacrificed. And talk of business—the Beverly Pantheon was the finest real estate proposition in the country. The land had been bought during the War at five hundred dollars an acre, improved (with roads, Tiny Tajes, Columbariums, and statuary) to the tune of about ten thousand an acre, and was now selling, in grave sites, at the rate of a hundred and sixty thousand an acre—selling so fast that the entire capital outlay had already been amortized, so that everything from now on would be pure jam. And of course as the population of Los Angeles increased, the jam would become correspondingly more copious. And the population *was* increasing, at the rate of nearly ten per cent per annum—and, what was more, the main accessions consisted of elderly retired people from other States of the Union, the very people who would bring the greatest immediate profit to the Pantheon. And so when Charlie Habakkuk sent that urgent call for him to come over and discuss the latest plans of improvements and extensions Mr. Stoyte had found it morally impossible to refuse. Repressing his antipathies, he had done his duty. All that morning the two men had sat with their cigars in Charlie's office at the top of the Tower of Resurrection, and Charlie had waved those hands of his, and spouted cigar smoke from his nostrils, and talked—God, how he had talked! As though he were one of those men in a red fez trying to make you buy an Oriental carpet—and incidentally, Mr. Stoyte reflected morosely, that was what Charlie looked like; only he was better fed than most of those carpet boys, and therefore greasier.

"Cut the sales talk," he growled out loud. "You seem to forget I own the place."

Charlie looked at him with an expression of pained surprise. Sales talk? But this wasn't sales talk. This was real, this was earnest. The Pantheon was

his baby; for all practical purposes, he had invented the place. It was he who had thought up the Tiny Taj and the Church of the Bard; he who, on his own initiative, had bought that bargain lot of statues at Genoa; he who had first clearly formulated the policy of injecting sex appeal into death; he who had resolutely resisted every attempt to introduce into the cemetery any representation of grief or age, any symbol of mortality, any image of the sufferings of Jesus. He had had to fight for his ideas, he had had to listen to a lot of criticism; but the results had proved him right. Anyone who complained that there was no Crucifixion in the place could be referred to the published accounts. And here was Mr. Stoyte talking sarcastically about sales talk. Sales talk, indeed, when the demand for space in the Pantheon was so great that existing accommodations would soon be inadequate. There would have to be enlargements. More space, more buildings, more amenities. Bigger and better, progress, service.

At the top of the Tower of Resurrection Charlie Habakkuk unfolded his plans. The new extension was to have a Poet's Corner, open to any bona fide writer—though he was afraid they'd have to draw the line at the authors of advertising copy, which was a pity, because a lot of them made good money and might be persuaded to pay extra for the prestige of being buried with the moving picture people. But that cut both ways—because the scenario writers wouldn't feel that the Poet's Corner was exclusive enough if you let in the advertising boys. And seeing that the moving picture fellows made so much more than the others . . . well, it stood to reason, Charlie had concluded, it stood to reason. And of course they'd have to have a replica of Westminster Abbey in the Poet's Corner. Wee Westminster—it would sound kind of cute. And as they needed a couple of extra mortuary furnaces anyhow, they'd have them installed there in the Dean's

Yard. And they'd put a new automatic record player in the crypt, so that there'd be more variety in the music. Not that people didn't appreciate the Perpetual Wurlitzer; they did. But all the same it got a bit monotonous. So he'd thought they might have some recordings of a choir singing hymns, and things, and perhaps, every now and then, just for a change, some preacher giving an inspirational message, so that you'd be able to sit in the Garden of Contemplation, for example, and listen to the Wurlitzer for a few minutes and then the choir singing "Abide with Me" and then a nice sort of Barrymore voice saying some piece like the "Gettysburg Address" or "Laugh and the World Laughs with You," or maybe some nice juicy bit by Mrs. Eddy or Ralph Waldo Trine—anything would do so long as it was inspirational enough. And then there was his idea of the Catacombs. And, boy, it was the best idea he'd ever had.

Leading Mr. Stoyte to the southeastern window, he had pointed across an intervening valley of tombs and cypresses and the miniature monuments of bogus antiquity, to where the land sloped up again to a serrated ridge on the farther side. There, he had shouted excitedly, there, in that hump in the middle; they'd tunnel down into that. Hundreds of yards of Catacombs. Lined with reinforced concrete to make them earthquake proof. The only class-A Catacombs in the world. And little chapels, like the ones in Rome. And a lot of phony-looking murals, looking like they were real old. You could get them done cheap by one of those W.P.A. art projects. Not that those guys knew how to paint of course; but that was quite O.K., seeing that the murals had to look phony anyhow. And they wouldn't have anything but candles and little lamps for people to carry around—no electric light at all, except right at the very end of all those winding passages and stairs, where there'd be a great big sort of underground church, with one of those big nude statues that were going

up at the San Francisco Fair and that they'd be glad to sell for a thousand bucks or even less when the show was over—one of those modernistic broads with muscles on them—and they'd have her standing right in the middle there, with maybe some fountains spouting all around her and concealed pink lighting in the water so she'd look kind of real. Why, the tourists would come a thousand miles to see it. Because there was nothing people liked so much as caves. Look at those Carlsbad Caverns, for example; and all those caves in Virginia. And those were just common or garden natural caves, without murals or anything. Whereas these would be Catacombs. Yes, sir; real Catacombs, like the things the Christian Martyrs lived in—and, by gum, that was another idea! Martyrs! Why couldn't they have a Chapel of the Martyrs with a nice plaster group of some girls with no clothes on, just going to be eaten by a lion? People would get a real thrill out of that.

Mr. Stoyte had listened wearily and with repugnance. He loathed his Pantheon and everything to do with it. Loathed it because, in spite of statues and Wurlitzer, it spoke to him of nothing but disease and death and corruption and final judgment; because it was here, in the Pantheon, that they would bury him—at the foot of the pedestal of Rodin's *Baiser*. Charlie's enthusiasm for Catacombs and Wee Westminster elicited no answering warmth; only occasional grunts and a final sullen O.K. for everything except the Chapel of the Martyrs. Not that the Chapel of the Martyrs seemed to Mr. Stoyte a bad idea; on the contrary, he was convinced that the public would go crazy over it. If he rejected it, it was merely on principle—because it would never do to allow Charlie Habakkuk to think he was always right.

"Get plans and estimates for everything else," he ordered in a tone so gruff that he might have been delivering a reprimand. "But no martyrs. I won't have any martyrs."

Almost in tears, Charlie pleaded for just one lion, just one early Christian Virgin with her hands tied behind her back—because people got such a kick out of anything to do with ropes or handcuffs. Two or three Virgins would have been much better of course; but he'd be content with one. "Just one, Mr. Stoyte," he implored, clasping his eloquent hands. "Only one."

Obstinately deaf to all his entreaties, Mr. Stoyte shook his head. "No martyrs here," he said. "That's final." And to show that it was final he threw away the butt of his cigar and got up to go.

Five minutes later Charlie Habakkuk was letting off steam to his secretary. The ingratitude of people! The stupidity. He'd a good mind to resign, just to show the old buzzard that they couldn't get on without him. Not for five minutes. Who was it that had made the place what it was: the unique cemetery in the world? Absolutely the unique. Who? (Charlie slapped himself on the chest.) And who made all the money? Jo Stoyte. And what had *he* done to make the place a success? Absolutely nothing at all. It was enough to make you want to be a Communist. And the old devil wasn't grateful or even decently polite. Pushing you around as though you were a bum off the streets! Well, there was one comfort: Old Jo hadn't been looking any too good this morning. One of these days maybe they'd have the pleasure of burying him. Down there in the vestibule of the Columbarium, eight feet underground. And serve him right!

It was not only that he didn't look too good; leaning back in the car which was taking him down to Beverly Hills on his way to see Clancy, Mr. Stoyte was thinking, as he had thought so often during these past two or three weeks, that he didn't feel too good. He'd wake up in the morning feeling kind of sluggish and heavy, and his mind didn't seem to be as clear as it was. Obispo called it suppressed influenza and made

him take those pills every night; but they didn't seem to do him any good. He went on feeling that way just the same. And on top of everything else, he was worrying himself sick about Virginia. The Baby was acting strange, like someone that wasn't really there; so quiet and not noticing anything and starting when you spoke to her and asking what you said. Acting for all the world like one of those advertisements for Sal Hepatica or California Syrup of Figs; and that was what he'd have thought it was if it hadn't been for the way she went on with that Peter Boone fellow. Always talking to him at meals—and asking him to come and have a swim; and wanting to take a squint down his microscope—and what sort of a damn did *she* give for microscopes, he'd like to know? Throwing herself at him—that was what it had looked like on the surface. You'd say she was kind of stuck on the fellow. But then why should it have happened so suddenly? Because she'd never shown any signs of being stuck on him before. Always treated him like you'd treat a great big dog—friendly and all that, but not taking him too seriously; just a pat on the head and then, when he'd wagged his tail, thinking of something else. No, he couldn't understand it; he just couldn't figure it out. It looked like she was stuck on him; but then, at the same time, it looked like she just didn't notice if he was a boy or a dog. Because that was how she was acting even now. She paid a lot of attention to him—only the way you'd pay attention to a nice big retriever. And that was what had thrown him out. If she'd been stuck on Pete in the ordinary way then he'd have got mad, and raised hell, and thrown the boy out of the house. But how could you raise hell over a dog? How could you get mad with a girl for telling a retriever she'd like to have a squint down his microscope? You couldn't even if you tried; because getting mad didn't make any sense. All he'd been able to do was just worry, trying to figure things out and not being

able to. There was only one thing that was clear, and that was that the Baby meant more to him than he had thought, more than he had ever believed it possible that anyone should mean to him. It had begun by his just wanting her—wanting her to touch, to hold, to handle, to eat; wanting her because she was warm and smelt good; wanting her because she was young and he was old, because she was so innocent and he too tired for anything not innocence to excite. That was how it had begun; but almost immediately something else had happened. That youth of hers, that innocence and sweetness—they were more than just exciting. She was so cute and lovely and childish, he almost felt like crying over her, even while he wanted to hold and handle and devour. She did the strangest things to him—made him feel good, like you felt when you'd tanked up a bit on Scotch, and at the same time made him feel *good*, like you felt when you were at church, or listening to William Jennings Bryan, or making some poor kid happy by giving him a doll or something. And Virginia wasn't just anybody's kid, like the ones at the hospital; she was *his* kid, his very own. He had been happier since he'd known her than he'd ever been in years. With her around, things had seemed worth doing again. You didn't have to go through life asking “why?” The reason for everything was there in front of you, wearing that cunning little yachting cap maybe, or all dressed up with her emeralds and everything for some party with the moving picture crowd.

And now something had happened. The reason for carrying on was being taken away from him. The Baby had changed; she was fading away from him; she had gone somewhere else. Where had she gone? And why? Why did she want to leave him? To leave him all alone. Absolutely alone, and he was an old man, and the white slab was there in the vestibule of the Columbarium, waiting for him.

"What's the matter, Baby?" he had asked. Time and again he had asked with anguish in his heart, too miserable to be angry, too much afraid of being left alone to care about his dignity or his rights, about anything except keeping her, at whatever cost. "What's the matter, Baby?"

And all she ever did was to look at him as though she were looking at him from some place a million miles away—to look at him like that and say: Nothing; she was feeling fine; she hadn't got anything on her mind; and, no, there wasn't anything he could do for her, because he'd given her everything already, and she was perfectly happy.

And if he mentioned Pete (kind of casually, so she shouldn't think he suspected anything) she wouldn't even bat an eyelid; just say, Yes, she liked Pete; he was a nice boy, but unsophisticated—and that made her laugh; and she liked laughing.

"But, Baby, you're different," he would say; and it was difficult for him to keep his voice from breaking, he was so unhappy. "You don't act like you used to, Baby."

And all she'd answer was that that was funny because she felt just the same.

"You don't feel the same about me," he would say.

And she'd say she did. And he'd say no. And she'd say it wasn't true. Because what reasons did he have for saying she felt different about him? And of course she was quite right; there weren't any reasons you could lay your finger on. He couldn't honestly say she acted less affectionate, or didn't want to let him kiss her, or anything like that. She was different because of something you couldn't put a name to. Something in the way she looked and moved and sat around. He couldn't describe it except by saying it was like she wasn't really there where you thought you were looking at her, but some place else; some place where you couldn't touch her or talk to her or even really see her. That was how it was. But whenever he had tried to explain it

to her she had just laughed at him and said he must be having some of those feminine intuitions you read about in stories—only his feminine intuitions were all wrong.

And so there he'd be, back where he started from, trying to figure it out and not being able to, and worrying himself sick. Yes, worrying himself sick. Because when he'd got over feeling sluggish and heavy, like he always did in the mornings now, he felt so worried about the Baby that he'd start bawling out the servants and being rude to that god-damned Englishman and getting mad with Obispo. And the next thing that happened was that he couldn't digest his meals. He was getting heartburn and sour stomach; and one day he had such a pain that he'd thought it was appendicitis. But Obispo had said it was just gas because of his suppressed influenza. And then he'd got mad and told the fellow he must be a lousy doctor if he couldn't cure a little thing like that. Which must have put the fear of God into Obispo because he'd said, "Just give me two or three days more. That's all I need to complete the treatment." And he'd said that suppressed influenza was a funny thing; didn't seem to be anything, but poisoned the whole system, so you couldn't think straight any more; and you'd get to imagining things that weren't really there, and worrying about them.

Which might be true in a general way; but in this case he just knew it wasn't all imagination. The Baby *was* different; he had a reason for being worried.

Sunk in his mood of perplexed and agitated gloom, Mr. Stoyte was carried down the windings of the mountain road, through the bowery oasis of Beverly Hills and eastward (for Clancy lived in Hollywood) along Santa Monica Boulevard. Over the telephone that morning Clancy had put on one of his melodramatic conspirator acts. From the rigmarole of hints and dark allusions and altered

names, Mr. Stoyte had gathered that the news was good. Clancy and his boys had evidently succeeded in buying up most of the best land in the San Felipe Valley.

At another time Mr. Stoyte would have exulted in his triumph; to-day, even the prospect of making a million or two of easy money gave him no sort of pleasure. In the world he had been reduced to inhabiting millions were irrelevant. For what could millions do to allay his miseries? The miseries of an old, tired, empty man; of a man who had no end in life but himself, no philosophy, no knowledge but of his own interests, no appreciations, not even any friends—only a daughter-mistress, a concubine-child, frantically desired, cherished to the point of idolatry. And now this being, on whom he had relied to give significance to his life, had begun to fail him. He had come to doubt her fidelity—but to doubt without tangible reasons, to doubt in such a way that none of the ordinary satisfying reactions, of rage, of violence, of recrimination was appropriate. The sense was going out of his life and he could do nothing; for he was in a situation with which he did not know how to deal, hopelessly bewildered. And always, in the background of his mind there floated an image of that circular marble room, with Rodin's image of desire at the center, and that white slab in the pavement at its base—the slab that would some day have his name engraved upon it: Joseph Panton Stoyte, and the dates of his birth and death. And along with that inscription went another, in orange letters on a coal-black ground: It is a terrible thing to fall into the hands of the living God.

And meanwhile here was Clancy, conspiratorially announcing victory. Good news, good news! A year or two from now he would be richer by another million. But the millions were in one world and the old, unhappy, frightened man was in another, and there was no communication between the two.

XVI

Luncheon, in the absence of Mr. Stoyte, was a very cheerful meal. The servants went about their business un-reprimanded. Jeremy could talk without the risk of being snubbed or insulted. Dr. Obispo was able to tell the story about the chimney sweep who applied for life insurance after going on his honeymoon, and, from the faraway depths of that almost trancelike state of fatigue—that state which she deliberately fostered, so as not to have to think too much and feel too badly about what was happening—Virginia was at liberty to laugh at it as loudly as she liked. And though with one part of herself she would have liked not to laugh at all, because she didn't want to make Sig think she was encouraging him in any way, with another part she wanted to laugh, indeed couldn't help laughing, because, after all, the story was really very funny. Besides, it was such a relief not to have to put on that act with Pete for the benefit of Uncle Jo. No double-crossing. For once she could be herself. The only fly in the ointment was that this self she was being was such a miserable specimen; a self with bones that would go like rubber whenever that horrible Sig chose to come along. Her laughter abruptly ceased.

Only Pete was consistently unhappy—about the chimney sweep of course, and Virginia's burst of merriment; but also because Barcelona had fallen and, with it, all his hopes of a speedy victory over Fascism, all prospect of ever seeing any of his old comrades again. And that wasn't all. Laughing at the story of the chimney sweep was only a single painful incident among many. Virginia had allowed the first two courses of the meal to come and go without once paying any attention to him. But why? Why? His distress was aggravated by bitter bewilderment. Why? In the light of what had been happening during the past three weeks it was inexplicable. Ever since the evening of the day she

had turned back at the Grotto, Virginia had been simply wonderful to him—going out of her way to talk to him, inviting him to tell her things about Spain and even about biology. Why, she had actually asked to look at something under the microscope. Trembling with happiness, so that he could hardly adjust the slide, he had focussed the instrument on a preparation of the carp's intestinal flora. Then she had sat down in his place and as she bent over the eyepiece her auburn curls had swung down on either side of the microscope and, above the edge of her pink sweater, the nape of her neck had been uncovered, so white, so tangibly inviting that the enormous effort he had had to make to prevent himself from kissing it had left him feeling almost faint.

There had been times during the ensuing days when he wished that he hadn't made that effort. But then his better self would reassert its rule and he was glad again that he had. Because of course it wouldn't have been right. He still remembered what his pious and conventional mother had said about kissing anyone you weren't engaged to; he was still at heart the earnest adolescent whom Reverend Schlitz's eloquence had fired during the perplexities of puberty, with a passionate determination to be continent, a conviction of the Sacredness of Love, an enthusiasm for something wonderful called Christian marriage. But at the moment, unfortunately, he wasn't earning enough to feel justified in asking Virginia to accept his sacred love and enter into Christian marriage with him. And there was the added complication that on his side the Christian marriage wouldn't be Christian except in substance. And even if those difficulties could somehow be miraculously smoothed away, there remained the dreadful fact of Mr. Stoyte. He *knew* of course that Mr. Stoyte was nothing more than a father to Virginia, or at most an uncle—but knew it with that excessive certainty that is born of desire; knew it in the same way as Don Quixote knew

that the pasteboard vizor of his helmet was as strong as steel. It was the kind of knowledge about which it is prudent to make no inquiries; and of course if he asked Virginia to marry him such inquiries, or the information such inquiries might be expected to elicit, would almost inevitably be forced upon him.

Yet another complicating factor in the situation was Mr. Propter. For if Mr. Propter was right, as Pete was coming to feel more and more certain that he was, then it was obviously unwise to do something that would make more difficult the passage from the human level to the level of eternity. And though he loved Virginia he found it difficult to believe that marriage to her would be anything but an obstacle to the enlightenment of everybody concerned.

Or rather, he *had* thought this; but in the course of the last week or two his opinion had changed. Or to be more exact, he no longer had an opinion; he was just uncertain and bewildered. For Virginia's character seemed almost suddenly to have changed. From being childlike, loud and extraverted, her innocence had become quiet and inscrutable. In the past she had treated him with the jocular and casual friendliness of mere good fellowship; but recently there had been a strange alteration. The jokes had stopped and a kind of earnest solicitude had taken their place. She had been simply wonderful to him—but not in the way a girl is wonderful to a man she wants to fall in love with her. No, Virginia had been wonderful like a sister—and not an ordinary sister, either: almost a Sister of Mercy. Not just any Sister of Mercy; that particular Sister who had nursed him when he was in hospital at Gerona; the young Sister with the big eyes and the pale oval face, like the face of the Virgin Mary in a picture.

There had been a kind of sudden conversion from the outward-looking life to the inward, from open responsiveness to secret and mysterious abstraction. The cause of this conversion was beyond his comprehension; but the fact was mani-

fest, and he had respected it. Respected it by not kissing her neck as she bent over the microscope; by never even touching her arm or taking her hand; by not saying to her one word of all he felt about her. In the strange inexplicable circumstances of her transformation such actions, he had felt, would have been inappropriate to the point positively of sacrilege. It was as a sister that she had chosen to be wonderful to him; it was therefore as a brother that he had responded. And now, for no known reason, she seemed suddenly to have become unaware of his existence. It was beyond him; he simply couldn't figure it out.

With the arrival of the coffee Dr. Obispo announced that he proposed to take the afternoon off and, as there was nothing that urgently needed doing in the laboratory, he advised Pete to do the same. Pete thanked him and, pretending to be in a hurry (for he didn't want to go through the humiliation of being ignored when Virginia discussed her plans for the afternoon), swallowed his coffee and, mumbling excuses, left the room. A little later he was out in the sunshine, walking down toward the plain.

As he went he thought of some of the things Mr. Propter had said to him in the course of his recent visits. Of what he had said about nobody ever getting something for nothing—so that a man would pay for too much money, for example, or too much power or too much sex, by being shut up more tightly inside his own ego.

Misplaced seriousness—the source of some of our most fatal errors. One should be serious, Mr. Propter had said, only about what deserves to be taken seriously. And, on the strictly human level, there was nothing that deserved to be taken seriously except the suffering men inflicted upon themselves by their crimes and follies. But, in the last analysis, most of these crimes and follies arose from taking too seriously things which did not deserve it. And that, Mr. Propter had continued, was another of the enormous defects of so-called good

literature; it accepted the conventional scale of values; it respected power and position; it admired success; it treated as though they were reasonable the mainly lunatic preoccupations of statesmen, lovers, business men, social climbers, parents. In a word, it took seriously the causes of suffering as well as the suffering. It helped to perpetuate misery by explicitly or implicitly approving the thoughts and feelings and practices which could not fail to result in misery. And this approval was bestowed in the most magnificent and persuasive language. So that even when a tragedy ended badly the reader was hypnotized by the eloquence of the piece into imagining that it was all somehow noble and worth while. Which of course it wasn't. Because if you considered them dispassionately nothing could be more silly and squalid than the themes of *Phèdre*, or *Othello*, or *Wuthering Heights*, or the *Agamemnon*. But the treatment of these themes had been in the highest degree sublime and thrilling, so that the reader or the spectator was left with the conviction that, in spite of the catastrophe, all was really well with the world, the all too human world, which had produced it. No, a good satire was much more deeply truthful and of course much more profitable than a good tragedy. The trouble was that so few good satires existed, because so few satirists were prepared to carry their criticism of human values far enough. *Candide*, for example, was admirable as far as it went; but it went no farther than debunking the principal human activities in the name of the ideal of harmlessness. Now it was perfectly true that harmlessness was the highest ideal most people could aspire to; for, though few had the power to do much positive good, there was nobody who could not refrain, if he so desired, from evil. Nevertheless, mere harmlessness, however excellent, most certainly didn't represent the highest possible ideal. *Il faut cultiver notre jardin* was not the last word in human wisdom; at the best it was only the last but one.

The sun was in such a position that as he walked down the hill Pete saw two little rainbows spouting from the nipples of Giambologna's nymph. Thoughts of Noah immediately arose in conjunction with thoughts of Virginia in her white satin bathing costume. He tried to repress the latter as incompatible with the new thoughts he was trying to cultivate about the Sister of Mercy; and since Noah was not a subject that would bear much thinking about, he proceeded instead to concentrate on that talk he had had with Mr. Propter about sex. It had begun with his own puzzled questionings as to what sort of sexual behavior was normal—not statistically normal of course, but normal in that absolute sense in which perfect vision or unimpaired digestion may be called normal. What sort of sexual behavior was normal in that sense of the word? And Mr. Propter had answered: None. But there must be, he had protested. If good could be manifested on the animal level, then there must be some kind of sexual behavior that was absolutely normal and natural, just as there was an absolutely normal and natural sort of digestive activity. But man's sexual behavior, Mr. Propter had answered, wasn't on the same level as digestion. A rat's love making—yes, that *was* on the same level as digestion; for the entire process was instinctive; in other words, was controlled by the physiological intelligence of the body—the same physiological intelligence as correlated the actions of heart and lungs and kidneys, as regulated temperature, as nourished the muscles and made them do the work demanded of them by the central nervous system. Men's bodily activities were controlled by the same physiological intelligence; and it was that intelligence which, on the animal level, manifested good. In human beings sexual behavior was almost completely outside the jurisdiction of this physiological intelligence. It controlled only the cellular activities which made sexual behavior possible. All the rest was non-instinctive and took

place on the strictly human level of self-consciousness. Even when men thought that they were being most exclusively animal in their sexuality they were still on the human level. Which meant that they were still self-conscious, still dominated by words—and where there were words there, of necessity, were memories and wishes, judgment and imagination. There, inevitably, were the past and the future, the actual and the fantastic, regret and anticipation, good and evil, the creditable and the discreditable, the beautiful and the ugly. Among men and women even the most apparently bestial acts of eroticism were associated with some or all of these non-animal factors—factors which were injected into every human situation by the existence of language. This meant that there was no one type of human sexuality that could be called “normal” in the sense in which one could say that there was a normality of vision or digestion. In *that* sense, all kinds of human sexuality were strictly abnormal. The different kinds of sexual behavior could not be judged by referring them to an absolute, natural norm. They could be judged only in reference to ultimate aims of each individual and the results observed in each case. Thus if an individual wanted to be well thought of in any given society he or she could safely regard as “normal” the type of sexual behavior currently tolerated by that local religion and approved by the “best people.” But there were some individuals who cared little for the judgment of angry God or even of the best people. Their principal desire was for intense and reiterated stimulation of their senses and feelings. For these it was obvious “normality” in sexual behavior would be quite different from what it was for the more social-minded. Then there would be all the kinds of sexuality “normal” to those desirous of making the best of both worlds—the personal world of sensations and emotions, and the social world of moral and religious conventions. The “normalities” of Tartufe and Pecksniff; of the clergy-

men who can't keep away from school-girls; the cabinet ministers with a secret mania for handsome youths. And finally there were those who were concerned neither to get on in society nor to placate the local deity, nor to enjoy repeated emotional and sensuous stimulations, but whose chief preoccupation was with enlightenment and liberation, with the problem of transcending personality, of passing from the human level to the level of eternity. Their conceptions of "normality" in sexual behavior would not resemble those of the men and women in any of the other categories.

From the concrete tennis court the children of the Chinese cook were flying kites in the shape of birds and equipped with little whistles, so that they warbled plaintively in the wind. The cheerful quacking sound of Cantonese drifted down to Pete's ears. Across the Pacific, he reflected, millions upon millions of such children had died already or were dying. Below them, in the Sacred Grotto, stood the plaster figure of Our Lady. Pete thought of Virginia kneeling in white shorts and a yachting cap, of the abusive eloquence of Reverend Schlitz, of Dr. Obispo's jokes, of Alexis Carrel on the subject of Lourdes, of Lee's *History of the Inquisition*, of Tawney in the relationship between Protestantism and Capitalism, of Niemoller and John Knox and Torquemada and that Sister of Mercy and again of Virginia and finally of Mr. Propter as the only person he knew who could make some sense out of the absurd, insane, diabolical confusion of it all.

XVII

Somewhat to Jeremy's disappointment, Dr. Obispo was not at all mortified by the information that his ideas had been anticipated in the eighteenth century.

"I'd like to hear some more about your Fifth Earl," he had said, as they glided down into the cellars with the Vermeer. "You say he lived to ninety?"

"More than ninety," Jeremy answered. "Ninety-six or seven, I forget which.

And died in the middle of a scandal, what's more."

"What sort of a scandal?"

Jeremy coughed and patted the top of his head. "The usual sort," he fluted.

"You mean, the old bozo was still at it?" Dr. Obispo asked incredulously.

"Still at it," Jeremy repeated. "There's a passage about the affair in the unpublished papers of Greville. He died just in time. They were actually on the point of arresting him."

"What for?"

Jeremy twinkled again and coughed. "Well," he said slowly and in his most Cranfordlike manner, "it seems that he had a tendency to take his pleasures rather homicidally."

"You mean, he'd killed someone."

"Not actually killed," Jeremy answered; "just damaged."

Dr. Obispo was rather disappointed, but consoled himself almost immediately by the reflection that at ninety-six even damage was pretty creditable. "I'd like to look into this a little further," he added.

"Well, the note-book's at your disposal," said Jeremy politely.

Dr. Obispo thanked him. Together they walked toward Jeremy's work room.

"The handwriting's rather difficult," said Jeremy as they entered. "I think it might be easier if I read it aloud to you."

Dr. Obispo protested that he didn't want to waste Jeremy's time; but as the other was anxious to find an excuse for putting off to another occasion the wearisome task of sorting papers that didn't interest him, the protest was out-protested. Jeremy insisted on being altruistic. Dr. Obispo thanked him and settled down to listen. Jeremy took his eyes out of their native element for long enough to polish his spectacles, then began to re-read aloud the passage he had been reading that morning, when the bell rang for lunch.

"It is to be found in the Mud," he concluded, "'and only awaits a skilful Angler.'"

Dr. Obispo chuckled. "You might almost use it as a definition of science," he said. "What is science? Science is angling in the mud—angling for immortality and for anything else that may happen to turn up." He laughed again and added that he liked the old bastard.

Jeremy read out the next entry.

"December, 1796. After this second attack of pulmonary congestion, Convalescence has come more slowly than before and advanced less far. I hang here suspended above the pit as though by a single thread, and the substance of that thread is Misery.' "

With an elegantly bent little finger Dr. Obispo flicked the ash of his cigarette on to the floor.

"One of those pharmaceutical tragedies," he commented. "With a course of thiamin chloride and some testosterone, I could have made him as happy as a sandboy. Has it ever struck you," he added, "what a lot of the finest romantic literature is the result of bad doctoring?"

"I could lie down like a tired child
And weep away this life of care.

"Lovely! But if they'd known how to clear up poor Shelley's chronic tuberculous pleurisy it would never have been written. Lying down like a tired child and weeping life away happens to be one of the most characteristic symptoms of chronic tuberculous pleurisy. And most of the other *Weltschmerz* boys were either sick men or alcoholics or dope addicts. I could have prevented every one of them from writing as he did." Dr. Obispo looked at Jeremy with a wolfish smile that was almost childlike in the candor of its triumphant cynicism. "Well, let's hear how the Old Boy gets over his troubles."

The next note was dated January 11, 1797: "This year the anniversary of my birth calls up Thoughts more gloomy than ever before. I am too weary to record them. The day being fine and remarkably warm for the Season, I had myself carried in my chair to the fishponds. The bell was rung and the Carp at once came hurrying to be fed. As I

watched the fishes pushing and jostling for their dinner, like a crowd of Divines in search of Preferment, my Thoughts returned to the perplexing Question upon which I have so often speculated in the past. Why should a man die at three-score years and ten when a Fish can retain its Youth for two or three centuries? I have debated with myself a number of possible answers. There was a time, for example, when I thought that the longer life of Carp and Pike might be due to the superiority of their Watery Element over our Air. But the lives of some subaqueous Creatures are short, while those of certain Birds exceed the human span.

"The only Hypotheses to which I can see no manifest Objections are these: the Diet of such fish as Carp and Pike contains some substance which preserves their Bodies from the Decay which overtakes the greater number of Creatures even while they are alive; alternatively the substance which prevents Decay is to be found within the Body of the Fish, especially, it would be reasonable to guess, in the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, and other Organs of Concoction and Assimilation. In the short-lived animals, such as Man, the Substances preventive of Decay must be presumed to be lacking. The question then arises whether these Substances can be introduced into the human Body from that of the Fish. History does not record any remarkable instances of longevity among the Ichthyophagy, nor have I ever observed that the Inhabitants of seaports and other places where there is an abundance of Fish were specially long-lived. But we need not conclude from this that the Substance preventive of Decay can never be conveyed from Fish to Man. For Man cooks his Food before eating it, and we know by a thousand instances that the application of Heat profoundly modifies the nature of many Substances; moreover, he throws away, as unfit for his Consumption, precisely those Organs of the Fish in which it is most reasonable to assume that the Substance preventive of Decay is contained."

"Christ!" said Dr. Obispo, unable to contain himself any longer. "Don't tell me that the old buzzard is going to eat raw fish guts!"

Bright behind their bifocals, Jeremy's eyes had darted down to the bottom of the page and were already at the top of the next. "That's exactly what he is doing," he cried delightedly. "Listen to this. 'My first three attempts provoked an uncontrollable retching; at the fourth I contrived to swallow what I had placed in my mouth, but within two or three minutes my triumph was cut short by an access of vomiting. It was only after the ninth or tenth essay that I was able to swallow and retain even a few spoonfuls of the nauseating mincemeat.' "

"Talk of courage!" said Dr. Obispo. "I'd rather go through an air raid than that."

Jeremy meanwhile had not so much as raised his eyes from the book.

"'It is now a month,' " he said, "'since I began to test the truth of my Hypothesis, and I am now ingesting each day not less than six ounces of the raw, triturated Viscera of freshly opened Carp.' "

"And the fish," said Dr. Obispo, slowly shaking his head, "has a greater variety of parasitic worms than any other animal. It makes my blood run cold even to hear about it."

"You needn't worry," said Jeremy, who had gone on reading. "His Lordship does nothing but get better and better. Here's a 'singular accession of Strength and Vigour during the month of March.' Not to mention 'Revival of appetite and Improved memory and powers of ratiocination.' I like that ratiocination," Jeremy put in appreciatively. "Such a nice period piece, don't you think? A real Chippendale word!" He went on reading to himself and, after a little silence, announced triumphantly: "By April he's riding again 'an hour on the bay gelding every afternoon.' And the dose of what he calls his 'visceral and stercoraceous pap' has been raised to ten ounces a day."

Dr. Obispo jumped up from his chair

and began to walk excitedly up and down the room. "Damn it all!" he shouted. "This is more than a joke. This is serious. Raw fish guts, intestinal flora, prevention of sterol poisoning, and rejuvenation. Rejuvenation!" he repeated.

"The Earl's more cautious than you are," said Jeremy. "Listen to this. 'Whether I owe my recovery to the Carp, to the Return of Spring, or to the *Vis medicatrix Naturae*, I am not yet able to determine.' "

Dr. Obispo nodded approvingly. "That's the right spirit," he said.

"'Time,' " Jeremy continued, "'will show; that is, if I can force it to show, which I intend to do by persisting in my present Regimen. For I take it that my Hypothesis will be substantiated if, after persisting in it for some time longer, I shall have recovered not only my former state of Health, but a measure of Vigour not enjoyed since the passing of Youth.' "

"Good for him!" Dr. Obispo exclaimed. "I only wish old Uncle Jo could look at things in that scientific way. Or, maybe," he added, suddenly remembering the Nembutal and Mr. Stoyte's childlike faith in his medical omniscience, "maybe I don't wish it. It might have its inconveniences." He chuckled to himself over his private joke. "Well, let's go on with our case history," he added.

"In September he can ride for three hours at a stretch without fatigue," said Jeremy. "And he's renewing his acquaintance with Greek literature and thinks very poorly of Plato, I notice. After which we have no entry till 1799."

"No entry till 1799!" Dr. Obispo repeated indignantly. "The old bastard! Just when his case is getting really interesting he goes and leaves us in the dark."

Jeremy looked up from the note-book smiling. "Not entirely in the dark," he said. "I'll read you his first entry after the two years of silence and you can draw your own conclusions about the state of his intestinal flora." He uttered a little

cough and began to read in his Mrs. Gaskell manner. "May, 1799. The most promiscuously abandoned Females, especially among Women of Quality, are often those to whom an unkind Nature has denied the ordinary Reason and Excuse for Gallantry. Cut off by a constitutional Frigidity from the enjoyments of Pleasure, they are in everlasting rebellion against their Fate. The power which drives them on to multiply the number of their Gallantries is not Sensuality, but Hope; not the wish to reiterate the experience of a familiar Bliss, but rather the aspiration towards a common and much vaunted Felicity which they themselves have had the misfortune never to know. To the Voluptuary, the woman of easy Virtue is often no less obnoxious, though for other reasons, than she seems to the severe Moralist. God preserve me in Future from any such Conquests as that which I made this Spring at Bath!"

Jeremy put down the book. "Do you still feel that you've been left in the dark?" he asked.

XVIII

The news that the Fifth Earl had had three illegitimate children at the age of eighty-one was announced in the notebook with a truly aristocratic understatement. No boasting, no self-congratulation. Just a brief, quiet statement sandwiched between the record of a conversation with the Duke of Wellington and a note on the music of Mozart. One hundred and twenty years after the event, Dr. Obispo, who was not an English gentleman, exulted noisily, as though the achievement had been his own.

"Three of them," he shouted in his proletarian enthusiasm. "*Three!* What do you think of that?"

Brought up in the same tradition as the Fifth Earl, Jeremy thought that it wasn't bad, and went on reading.

In 1820 the Earl had been ill again, but not severely; and a three months' course of raw carp's entrails had restored him to his normal health, "the health,"

as he put it, "of a man in the flower of his age."

A year later, for the first time in a quarter of a century, he visited his nephew and niece, and was delighted to find that Caroline had become a shrew, that John was already bald and asthmatic, and that their eldest daughter was so monstrously fat that nobody would marry her.

In 1831 he was in negotiations for the purchase of a house near Farnham.

"That must be Selford," Jeremy put in. "The house where these things came from." He indicated the twenty-seven packing cases. "Where the two old ladies are living." He continued his reading. "The house is old, dark, and inconvenient, but stands in sufficiently extensive Grounds upon an Eminence above the River Wey, whose southern bank at this point rises almost perpendicularly in a Cliff of yellow sandstone, to the height of perhaps one hundred and twenty feet. The Stone is soft and easily worked, a Circumstance which accounts for the existence beneath the house of very extensive Cellars which were dug, it would seem, about a Century ago, when the Vaults were used for the storage of smuggled Spirits and other goods on their way from the coasts of Hampshire and Sussex to the Metropolis. To allay the fears of his Wife, who dreads to lose a child in their subterranean meanders, the Farmer who now owns the House has walled off the greater part of his Cellarage; but even that which remains presents the appearance of a veritable Catacomb. In Vaults such as these a man could be assured of all the Privacy required for the satisfaction of even the most eccentric Tastes."

Jeremy looked up over the top of his book. "That sounds a bit sinister, don't you think?"

Dr. Obispo shrugged his shoulders. "Nobody can have enough privacy," he said emphatically.

"Well, he buys the house," said Jeremy, who had been reading to himself. "And he has repairs and additions made

in the Gothic manner. And an apartment is fitted up in the cellars, forty-five feet underground and at the end of a long passage. And to his delight he finds that there's a subterranean well, and another shaft that goes down to a great depth and can be used as a privy. And the place is perfectly dry and has an ample supply of air, and . . ."

"But what does he do down there?" Dr. Obispo asked impatiently.

"How should I know?" Jeremy answered. He ran his eyes down the page. "At the moment," he went on, "the old boy's making a speech to the House of Lords in favor of the Reform Bill."

"By the way, how old was he when he made this speech?"

"Let me see." Jeremy paused for a moment to make the calculation, then answered: "Ninety-four."

"Ninety-four!" Dr. Obispo repeated. "Well, if it wasn't those fish guts, I don't know what it was."

Jeremy turned back to the note-book. "At the beginning of 1833 he sees his nephew and niece again, on the occasion of Caroline's sixty-fifth birthday. Altogether, as the Earl remarks, 'a most enjoyable evening.'"

"Nothing about those cellars," Dr. Obispo complained.

"No; but his housekeeper, Kate, has been ill and he's giving her the carp diet."

Dr. Obispo showed a renewal of interest. "And what happens?" he asked.

"She's evidently alive," said Jeremy. "Because here's a little note in which he complains about the tediousness of too much female devotion."

"Listen to this," Jeremy suddenly cried in a tone of excitement. "'March, 1834. By the criminal negligence of Kate, Priscilla has been allowed to escape from the subterranean place of confinement. Bearing as she does upon her Person the evidence that she has been for some weeks past the subject of my Investigations, she holds in her hands my Reputation and perhaps even my Liberty and Life.'"

"I suppose this is what you were talking about before we started reading," said Dr. Obispo. "The final scandal. What happened?"

"Well, I suppose the girl must have told her story," Jeremy answered without looking up from the page before him. "Otherwise how do you account for the presence of this 'hostile Rabble' he's suddenly started talking about? They have to send a company of militia from Guildford to protect the house from the rabble. And a magistrate has issued a warrant for his arrest; but they're not doing anything for the time being, on account of his age and position and the scandal of a public trial. Oh, and now they've sent for John and Caroline. Which makes the old gentleman wildly angry. But he's helpless. So they arrive at Selford; 'Caroline in her orange wig and John, at seventy-two, looking at least twenty years older than I, who was already twenty-four when my Brother, then scarcely of age, had the imprudence to marry an Attorney's Daughter and the richly merited misfortune to beget this Attorney's Grandson whom I have always treated with the Contempt which his low Origin and feeble Intellect deserve, but to whom the negligence of a Strumpet has now given the Power to impose his Will upon me.'"

"One of those delightful family reunions," said Dr. Obispo. "But I suppose he doesn't give us any of the details?"

Jeremy shook his head. "No details," he said. "Just an outline of the negotiations. On March the seventeenth they tell him that he can avoid prosecution if he makes over his unentailed property by deed of gift, assigns them the revenues of the entailed estates, and consents to enter a private asylum."

"Pretty stiff conditions!"

"Which he refuses," Jeremy continued, "on the morning of the eighteenth."

"Good for him!"

"They tell him he'll be tried, condemned, and transported. To which he answers that he prefers transportation to a private asylum."

" 'March 20th. To-day, Robert Parsons, my Factor, returned from London bringing with him in the Coach, three strong boxes containing Gold coin and Bank Notes to the value of two hundred and eighteen thousand pounds, the product of the sale of my Securities and such Jewels, Plate, and works of Art as it was possible to dispose of at such short notice and for cash. With more time I could have realized at least three hundred and fifty thousand pounds. This loss I can bear philosophically; for the sum I have in hand is amply sufficient for my purposes.' "

"What purpose?" asked Dr. Obispo.

Jeremy did not answer for a little while. Then he shook his head in bewilderment.

"What on earth is happening now?" he said. "Listen to this. 'My funeral will be conducted with all the Pomp befitting my exalted Rank and the eminence of my virtues. John and Caroline were miserly and ungrateful enough to object to the expense; but I have insisted that my Obsequies shall cost not a penny less than Four Thousand Pounds. My only Regret is that I shall be unable to leave my subterranean Retreat to see the Pageantry of Woe and to study the expression of grief upon the withered faces of the new Earl and his Countess. To-night I shall go down with Kate to our Quarters in the Cellarage; and to-morrow morning the World will hear the news of my death. The body of an aged Pauper has already been con-

veyed hither in Secret from Haslemere, and will take my place in the Coffin. After the Interment the New Earl and Countess will proceed at once to Gonister, where they will take up their Residence, leaving this house untenanted except for Parsons, who will serve as Caretaker and provide for our material wants. The Gold and Bank Notes brought by Parsons from London are already bestowed in a subterranean hiding place known only to myself, and it has been arranged that, every First of June so long as I live five thousand pounds in cash shall be handed over by myself to John, or to Caroline, or, in the event of their predeceasing me, to their Heir, or to some duly authorized Representative of the Family. By this arrangement, I flatter myself, I have placed them to fill the Place left vacant by the Affection they most certainly do not feel.' And that's all," said Jeremy, looking up. "There's nothing else. Just two more blank pages, and that's the end of the book. Not another word of writing."

There was a long silence. Once more, Dr. Obispo got up and began to walk about the room.

"And nobody knows how long the old buzzard lived on?" he said at last.

Jeremy shook his head. "Not outside the family. Perhaps those two old ladies . . ."

Dr. Obispo halted in front of him, and banged the table with his fist. "I'm taking the next boat to England," he announced dramatically.

(To be concluded)



CAN HITLER BEAT AMERICAN BUSINESS?

BY JOHN T. FLYNN

CAN Hitler beat American business? He can if the United States enters the war in Europe.

That war breeds in each man's mind his own special brand of terrors. One man sits in fear lest England and France be defeated, for this will bring the fascist flood swiftly across our borders. Another is equally fearful of a German defeat, for this will mean that central Europe will sink into the arms of bolshevism—a mere prelude to our own bolshevization. Another is certain that British disaster will mean the ruin of our foreign trade. And still another feels quite certain that the success of German arms will be followed by a spread of the fascist philosophy to the whole world. Others look for German victory to be quickly succeeded by an energetic penetration of South America by the fascist powers. Others think they will go farther and attempt military penetration. And there are those who live in terror of a German invasion of our own country, ranging all the way from an aerial attack to Senator Andrew W. Neeley's dream of a conquering Germany coming here with the French army and the English navy, establishing a Siegfried line along the Canadian border, setting up Sudeten areas in St. Louis, Milwaukee, and other populous centers and subjecting the United States to the fate of Poland. Fantastic as this last horrific vision may seem, there are many in America—editors, statesmen, and even Cabinet members—who accept the possibility of a

German invasion of the United States.

In the midst of these alarms and terrors it is singular how little our people permit themselves to be disturbed by the most serious possibility of all—the possibility, not that Germany will come over here after us, but that we may go over thereafter Germany.

Americans do not want to become involved in this war of course. But it is not that they have the least fear of defeat. They do not want their sons slaughtered. They do not want to be saddled with the vast cost of war. The opposition to the war is not based at all upon the real peril of war to us. We should win a military victory. We should get a new set of monuments, a new collection of heroes, some new national shrines, and a new national holiday. The real peril of war lies not in military defeat. It lies in war itself, whether we win or lose. After such a war Hitler would probably be dead. But how his ghost would shriek with laughter as he surveyed the scene! For it would behold the greatest of all his victories. It would see America subjected, not to the fate of Poland, but to the fate of Germany.

II

To see this in all its white clarity it is necessary to look very swiftly over a few rather bare facts. You are probably familiar with that chart prepared by Leonard Ayres. It is the most popular of all charts, for I have seen it on the walls

of banks and barber shops and in the windows of brokerage offices and bar-rooms. It is that chart which shows a long straight line which represents what is called a normal state of business. Then there is a long snaky line which curves up and down along the straight one, making little hillocks and large mountain peaks above and small valleys and canyons below. The hills and mountains above the straight line represent periods of prosperity and booms. The valleys below depict the intervals of depressions and slumps.

If you will look at that chart for the past thirty years you will perceive a very serious fact. It is this—that the hills and peaks of prosperity use up twelve years of the thirty, and the depressions and slumps occupy eighteen. Is it not a somewhat arresting phenomenon that for a whole generation in the most favored country in the world sixty per cent of the time should have been passed in depressions?

The facts are even more serious when examined closely. Most of that era of depression has been in the last half of this thirty-year period. Out of the past fifteen years eleven have been years of depression—seventy per cent. If we go back to the beginning of the century—forty years, forty years which have extorted from our after-dinner economists and poets pæans of praise for the most blessed age in all the long chronicles of man—we shall find this disturbing fact. In the first twenty years we had thirteen years of prosperity and seven of depression. In the past twenty this was reversed and we had seven years of prosperity and thirteen of depression.

At the risk of being disagreeable I will add one more pinch of dark statistics. The low points of depression in these forty years have been 1908, 1921, and 1933. In 1908 we went below the line to minus 18. In 1921 we descended to minus 25. In 1933 we hit an all-time low of minus 45. The 1908 depression lasted one and a half years. The 1921 depression lasted two years. The 1930

depression has lasted for ten years and exhibits no signs of being near its end. The depressions are deeper and longer.

I have only to add that these past twenty years make up the period following the World War. In this brief history there would seem to be warrant for the following observation. Our economic system is a delicately adjusted mechanism and under the most favorable circumstances is easily thrown out of kilter. The years 1900 to 1919 were extraordinary years of progress, yet we had seven years of sub-normal business. We were in trouble 35 per cent of the time. Apparently this mechanism cannot stand the shock of war. For since the system was hammered by war we have been in trouble 65 per cent of the time. We can win wars against military foes, but we cannot win them against war. When the victory is over we have to manage with an economic system which has been cruelly damaged and which, in the present instance, has remained damaged for thirteen years out of twenty.

III

The unpleasant facts recorded above have rested uneasily upon the consciousness of all manner of men for a good many decades. Well above the patriotic self-satisfied oratory of the Chamber of Commerce speaker, the overtone of fret and dismay about our balky, stalling, and unpredictable economic system has been audible. And out of this condition and the anxieties of men about it have arisen three facts which confront the whole world—facts overmastering in their meaning for those who try to peer a few seasons ahead to guess what lies in store for us. These three facts are the controlled society, national debt, and militarism. Far apart as they may seem they are logically and inextricably related.

All sorts of men, I say, have been aware for a long time of this imminence of distress forever above our heads while we were most pleased with our lot. Even in our most prosperous days there

have been large provinces—geographical and economic—which have not shared in the general prosperity. In the Coolidge days, for instance, there was once prosperous New England, the farm belt, the share-croppers, the sweat shop workers in the cities, to name but a few of the desert spots. Even in these good times there is the continuous repetition of the feeling that somehow means must be found to make our economic system work better. We must do something about it; that is, we must find some way to control our economic system. All through the lush years of 1923 to 1929 the Chamber of Commerce of the United States kept up a persistent and energetic drive for the relaxation of federal laws which prevented trade associations and other business groups from getting together to do something about it, to find means of controlling the economic system in order to make it work "for us instead of against us."

The golden era of free competition was with us before and just after the Civil War. Save in railroading, there were no corporations to speak of, no holding companies, no dominating trade associations, no trade agreements, no chain stores, no powerful industrialists, no I.C.C.'s, no Federal Trade Commissions, no utility commissions, no rule-making commissions of any importance. The private enterpriser was free to plunge in, to drive ahead, to maul and kick and gouge, beat down his rivals until they beat him down. But that principle of action has been slowly dissolving for decades and is now almost gone.

The controls began not with the government but with private business groups. In the 'sixties men in first one and then another industry formed themselves sometimes into loose combinations, sometimes into airtight trade associations to control production, prices, the conditions of competition. This movement spread. It was followed by the development of the corporation, not merely to combine large resources for large-scale operation, but in order to

unite hostile groups, like various oil refiners, into a corporate combination more effective and manageable than trade-association combinations. Then as machine development went forward, making large-scale operation simpler, new forms of corporate organization—such as the trust and then the holding company—were invented to extend and consolidate economic control. Monopolies appeared, not merely as the instruments in the hands of predatory men but as mechanisms for combatting the erosions and earthquakes of economic law attacking industries.

Along with this went the parallel movement of government controls. At first these were negative—prohibitory controls, regulations designed to prevent private groups from inflicting controls for selfish purposes upon the economic system. Such were the Interstate Commerce Law, the first utility commissions, the Federal Trade Commission. Their aims were based upon two popular concepts—the devotion of the people to the system of free enterprise and their hatred of injustices heaped by powerful men and groups upon helpless little persons, competitors and workers. The State and Federal interventions were to compel competition, to prevent constrictions upon business by private persons, to prevent and punish human injustices.

But this is no longer the chief objective of either government or private action. Now all sorts of people insist that government withdraw its restrictions upon business and let business men get together and make laws for the government of our economic life. And they insist too that the government supplement this with mechanisms of its own to keep the system functioning.

The Little Man, a little panicky, says we just must do something about this. We cannot sit down and let these economic laws run over us. We must make work for the people. We must help the people save their homes. The Aged say, we are outcasts; we've been thrown out of the economic system. The gov-

ernment must do something about it. It must invent work. It must shield us from want. The Youth say, we are licked before we start. The government must do something about us. We must have subsidies to take us through college. We must have jobs when we come out. There is a threatening note in their complaints.

The Farmer says, we must have laws, subsidies, rules; we cannot survive unless there is control—control and cash. The Little Business Man says, there are too many of us. There are too many grocers, café owners, saloon keepers; too many little shops. All cannot live. There must be restrictions. There must be no price-cutting. We must be permitted to charge a price that will enable us to live. We must be protected against the chain, the big fellow. The Big Business Man says, there is too much production, too much oil, steel, copper, lumber, textiles, everything. It ruins us. It kills prices. The government must let us do something about it. We must get together and submit all this disorder to law. We must control production, prices, the laws of competition.

Thus the young and the old; the manufacturer, the farmer, laborer, the little merchant and the big merchant, all swell the chorus of demand for order, law, regulation, rule—control. And thus for seventy years we have been introducing little by little into the system first one control and then another. First little price agreements, little selling cartels, then trade associations, then corporations to do more effectively in corporate combinations what trade associations did but imperfectly, then holding companies to expand and tighten corporate controls over great areas, then chain stores and modern merchandising, then government controls keeping pace with this—commissions and more commissions and laws and more laws and, perhaps as serious as anything, bigger and bigger units to exercise more despotic control over larger areas of economic activity—regulations against abuses, regulations to

improve the lot of this one and that one, regulations to energize the system until all this flowered into that so-called revolutionary orgy of regulation and control by private agencies and the government which flamed up in 1933 in the NRA, the AAA, and a large group of kindred agencies.

The purpose of this brief survey is not to discuss the wisdom or folly of the controls but to point to the fact that this movement toward control is one of the great, overmastering influences in our economic life. There may be differences of opinion—indeed there are—as to what are the wisest controls. But there is little or no difference of opinion that control there must be. The socialist, the capitalist, the fascist, the communist are one on this. It has come to be a conviction deep-rooted in the consciousness of people everywhere. It is in fact a settled mass conclusion, conditioning and directing the thinking of liberal and conservative. All the old shibboleths of liberty of action and freedom of choice are still uttered with that kind of pious fervor with which we proclaim our abiding love of the Commandments which we violate and the teachings of Christ which we ignore. We talk about freedom of action but it no longer controls our thinking. We are all interested not in freedom but in control—far-spreading, detailed, and comprehensive control of our economic life.

Thus, I say, this idea of the controlled society is one of the three great facts which are at the bottom of almost all the great drifts in man's social thinking in this critical time.

IV

The second molding fact of our times is national debt. The governments of the whole world are floating on an ocean of debt. Nothing saves the whole world from utter economic collapse and a world revolution but government borrowing. Whatever the reason—and we need not seek to find it here—private enterprise has ceased to provide all the jobs, food,

and shelter that is needed. The same force that has driven people to demand comprehensive economic controls has driven the governments to throw up as a mere temporary barrier against disaster the barricade of bonds. The fascist countries where totalitarian control has been tried, no less than the others where the control has been sporadic, fragmentary and uncoordinated, have been forced to save themselves from the failure of private enterprise by borrowing vast sums to expend upon made work and doles.

Governments have borrowed because they all stand helpless in the presence of the economic riddle which confronts them. All make a great show of launching schemes of reform and repair. But none of these has any important effect upon the economic disaster which envelops their countries and the world. Not knowing which way to turn, they borrow money and spend it one way or another. There is nothing new about this. It is one of the oldest devices of rulers. It is easier now merely because of the invention of bank credit which makes it possible for governments to spend money not only without taxing the people but even without consuming their savings. But it produces profound economic dislocations in the system and generates burdens of its own.

Just when the day of reckoning on this monstrous debt will come is not easy to say. It cannot be far off. Practically every country in the world has stretched its credit to the breaking point and now further credit is possible only through the most weird and fantastic improvisations. The United States alone has not yet exhausted itself. But it moves forward toward the breaking point rapidly. Our national debt in 1929 was \$16,000,000,000. Now it is \$41,500,000,000. And, despite a lot of brave talk about economy, there is no immediate prospect of an end to its further growth.

It is this fact—the surrender to debt as the sole remaining barrier between the nations and economic chaos—which is

the second of the three tremendous facts in the world to-day.

V

The third of these facts is militarism. It is not a mere accident that militarism has spread like a plague of weeds over a world which had come to hate it. It is not an isolated fact. It is the inevitable and logical consequence of the debt technic of national salvation. Militarism is a scavenger disease and follows in the wake of national spending and debt as naturally as pneumonia on the heels of influenza where the body is weakened by disease.

Militarism takes many forms and flourishes for various reasons. But in its present-day form it has come to have a special significance. It is a means of creating a vast new industry. Immense numbers of the population can be drained off into armies while the remainder of the unemployed find work in factories, mines, enterprises which produce the ships, guns, tanks, planes, which the armies need. In a country like ours it is not possible to lead our people off into huge armament expenditures without much preparation. Peaceful, feeling secure behind our ocean fortresses, we could not have been interested in military projects in 1933. Our people were not averse to spending. They wanted recovery. They did not want sacrifices. They wanted abundance, the good life. Therefore an era of peacetime expenditures of borrowed funds for recovery was easily practicable. But now that course has become difficult. More imperious reasons for continued spending and borrowing must be found.

Government spending and borrowing bring with them a number of burdens. They build up a heavy debt-servicing load which must be cared for out of unproductive taxes. They produce uncertainty about the currency. They make for dislocations in the field of private enterprise. They intensify the underlying disease which they temporarily alleviate. They begin af-

ter a while to frighten people—to become a national bugaboo. Resistance rises against them. The projects for spending grow more and more difficult to defend. Resistance becomes militant and formidable. But the bewildered minister has nothing to substitute for it. What he must do is to find a reason for spending which will subdue opposition. And in the end there is always one reason that is imperious, one reason which can override all opposition. That is national defense. That means spending on battleships, on guns and munitions, on planes and fortresses and uniforms and soldiers. That leads to this present-day kind of militarism. But to do this national defense must be made popular. And there is but one way to make a vast military establishment popular in an over-taxed and debt-burdened country. That is by providing the population with enemies.

Italy and Germany resorted to this first because their economic systems were more exhausted than others. They have been providing employment by spending taxes and borrowed funds upon military establishments for several years. And hence they have been popularizing the military expenditures by providing their countries with enemies. They were merely farther along the road of this fatal cycle. Now all the countries in the world are at that point, save that some of them, like Belgium and Holland and Finland and other small nations, have not had to invent their enemies. They are there as terrible facts upon their frontiers.

We have created a huge national debt to relieve poverty and idleness and produce recovery. With the money we have built schools, hospitals, playgrounds, roads, parkways. But now it is no longer possible to support such expenditures. Powerful resistance has developed. It is difficult to get approval of more school and park building when maintaining those already built has become so onerous, and legislatures and city governments are finding it difficult to get the

money to support existing institutions. But the spending must go on or the present government will face a collapse. And hence this one great imperious call to national defense is invoked. All sorts of influences drive us that way. There is no other kind of projects for which the spenders and borrowers can get support. It has the supreme advantage politically of being popular; the Gallup polls show that the public already supports it. The events in Europe are easily exploited to produce fear of various enemies. We have had the Yellow Peril kicking round for years. We have the old prejudices and aversions inherited from the last war. We have the natural love of force dramatically expressed in military might so dear to the heart of the conservative mind—the mind which is most to be mollified on this borrowing-spending policy. And along with this the whole device is most agreeable to the President whose love for battleships and the external manifestations of military power is well known. And so we slide with little or no resistance into the last phase of the cycle.

Economic dislocation, control and more control, national debt and militarism—these three great facts have now invaded our life.

VI

How war will come to us we need not argue here. There is at least a possibility that, having thrown ourselves into the arms of militarism, we may by the very propaganda essential to defend this course generate a war psychosis. Popularizing war preparations is a dangerous process. We call up devils only to find we cannot exorcise them. Some of the enemies we conjure may take our propaganda seriously. There is grave peril in such a state of affairs. But I do not seek to probe here the path by which we may go to war. We are concerned with what may come upon us with war.

Of course the first effect of war will be to transform us into a dictatorship. Oh! of course it will be merely for the dura-

tion! A few weeks after war has been declared there will be no great difference in fact between America and Italy, though the external structure of the two governments will remain dissimilar. There is a good deal of pious horror now about M-Day. But that is only the whimpering of the Sabine virgin just before the magnificent Roman legionary subdues her. When war comes M-Day codes will be inevitable. And when M-Day comes all the M-Day restrictions and regimentations will be received with acclaim. The plan to subject our system to control will be laid upon a population which for decades has yearned for that very thing. In a society where all schools of thought have slowly got round to the necessity of a controlled economic system even in times of peace, there will be no resistance to the most drastic controls in the crisis of war.

In the last war almost all the proscriptions against industrial agreements and combinations were suspended. The government went about and taught trade groups how to get together. The trade combinations which flourished in the late 'twenties were largely organisms which had been given life during the War. The official tolerance of the trade agreements which marked the whole period of the 'twenties was an inheritance of the War. We are of course much farther along the road to control now than we were in 1917. Then we had an Administration whose claim to fame was the perfecting of national instrumentalities for enforcing competition. This time we should go into a war with an Administration whose chief device of recovery was the NRA and AAA which suspended our laws against combinations and completely reversed our whole official attitude toward industrial and other controls.

Having delivered ourselves into the hands of a totalitarian regime through the necessities of war, what shall we do when the war ends? Observe the objectives of the M-Day plans. They are to eliminate delays in the producing

machine, to conserve national assets, to direct them into essential channels, to distribute the production load to avoid industrial congestions. What is there in these objectives which differs in essence from the reasons for control which we have dallied with in our peacetime economy? And when the war is over does any innocent person imagine that the crisis will be less than during the war? Indeed, the real crisis will come after the war is over. What argument for control that can be made now to a people already convinced of its necessity will lose force in the presence of the crisis that will descend upon us with the peace? If control seems important now, if it will be accepted as inevitable during the war, will it not seem many times more essential when the war has done its work upon us? For when the fighting stops we shall see our economic system reduced to the kind of disorder and burdens and exhaustion which characterized the Germany of 1933 and the Italy of 1922. We shall then have advanced far—indeed beyond turning back—into that economic wilderness where the nation will be prepared and eager to throw itself into the arms of some cocksure group which will promise salvation through a subjugation of all our institutions and enterprises to regulation and control.

The debt with which we go into the war will seem insignificant to the debt with which we emerge. What that debt would be one may merely guess. The last war cost us \$33,000,000,000 and we borrowed \$22,000,000,000 of it. It is not to be supposed that another such war would cost us less and it is equally improbable that we should raise so much of it in taxes because of the present state of our tax load. A war lasting as long as the last one—only a year and a half so far as our participation was concerned—would certainly add another thirty billions to our debt and maybe more. We may safely estimate that another such war would leave us at its end with a total debt load of from \$75,000,000,000 to \$100,000,000,000.

The impossibility of going on without a continuance of national debt will be equally evident even to those who deplore it most. We shall be driven to all sorts of strange fiscal devices and to all sorts of strange internal—and perhaps external—adventures to justify such devices. We shall have a vast naval and military establishment on our hands which we shall not be permitted to demobilize completely. And we shall find ourselves in a world of strange neighbors. Nothing can save us from the practical dissolution of our ancient liberties when that day comes, even though we may continue to speak the language of the age of democracy.

There is a curious misconception of fascism among our people. Essentially it is an attempt to make the capitalist system of private property and private profit work by subjecting it to extensive controls. The controls are, in the first place, entrusted to the various trades. It is, in theory at least, self-control for industry. It is a form of syndicalism. It can be made to work only when backed up by a grim and ruthless authoritarian government which enforces compliance with an iron hand. Therefore, while it implies a corporative organization somewhat similar to our NRA, it implies also a dictatorial government unrestrained by democratic forms. That is all it is in essence. The other external evidences which we are accustomed to look at are merely part of its pageantry and part of its propaganda. This may take, in any given country, forms which conform to the spirit and character of that country.

What is more, nations do not sink down into fascism and particularly into the most brutal forms of fascism at one fell dive. In Italy the catchwords of the fascist party before it reached power were universal suffrage for men and women, abolition of the senate (though it was the Chamber of Deputies which it abolished), nationalization of arms and munitions factories, control of other factories, railroads, public resources by

workers' councils, minimum wages, universal eight-hour day, extension of social insurance, confiscation of war profits and certain church property, heavy inheritance taxes and income taxes. And Mussolini said: "We will accept no form of dictatorship" (*The Corporate State in Action*, by Carl T. Schmidt). Thus it begins.

What is completely overlooked is this—that while some form of control is essential to the capitalist money economy, the kind of controls which the corporate state and we, with our self-rule-in-industry cult, lean to, not only fail to make the system work but actually foul it. Profit may not be necessary to society, but it is certainly necessary to society organized under the profit system. And the type of control employed in the fascist state, which is merely the type of control we favor carried to its inevitable conclusion, paralyzes all the glandular motors and regulators of the capitalist economy, including private investment and profit.

We may seem to be a long way from the kind of fascism which we behold in Italy to-day, but we are not so far from the kind of fascism which Mussolini preached in Italy before he assumed power and we are slowly approaching the conditions which made fascism there possible. All that is needed to set us definitely on the road to a fascist society is a war. It will of course be a modified form of fascism at first. But fascism cannot continue in a modified form. It implies dictatorship and the means to a dictatorship will be found, even though we may continue to preserve for a time the shell of democracy.

Thus, though Hitler will never come here to impose his fascist abomination upon us, we may go to him to impose it on ourselves. Then one day American industrialists powerful enough to be dangerous to a dictator may find themselves like Fritz Thyssen sojourning in Canada or Switzerland and Hitler's ghost will rock Valhalla and deafen old Thor and Odin with its sardonic laughter.



One Man's Meat

By E. B. WHITE



I HAVE been studying last year's town report to see how things went during a twelve-month period, how the money was spent, and with what luck. In a town of this size (798 people) it is possible for me to understand the financial statement, because the sums are of a size I can grasp. It is not like the Corn Exchange statement which I used to examine regularly in my theater program but which somehow eluded me. My town is to my liking in this respect: when I read under miscellaneous expenses that \$2.25 was spent for repairs to the town hall (whose front door when last I passed by was held shut by a broom handle thrust into its vitals), I am reading something I can sink my teeth into. Or if I learn that \$42.50 was paid out in porcupine bounties, and \$13.88 to a typist, I am on ground which seems familiar and solid. I shot one of the porcupines.

In the main, it seems to me things are managed very well here. The town wage is \$3 a day for a man, \$6 a day for a team, \$9 a day for a truck. There are more trucks than teams, but the teams are in heavier demand and scarcely have an idle day from spring till fall. Last October, on a brutally cold day with snow in the air, I saw one of these teams headed up the road to keep a haying engagement.

The average citizen pays an annual tax on his property of about twenty-five dollars. He pays a poll tax of three dollars. If he has a car he pays an excise tax. The heaviest expenses which the town must meet are for the schools, the roads, and the poor. The land and buildings owned by the non-residents of the town, that is, the summer visitors, are valued at a greater sum than the

land and buildings of the residents—which gives a top-heavy feeling to the load but makes it possible for the town to survive in this generation. Without the money received from the summer population this community would find it difficult to make out.

The current expenditures for public servants, office supplies, and miscellaneous items are light. The town paid \$2,084.65 to meet them last year. Out of that sum, the salaries of the selectmen, the tax collector, the constable, the health officer, and the school board were paid. Also the salaries of the auditor, the ballot clerk, the election clerk, the moderator, and the sealer of weights and measures. We have also among our town officers certain men who are designated as cullers of hoops and staves, surveyors of wood and bark, and fence viewers; but although the offices are filled, I do not find any record of the officeholders being paid anything. The constable last year received \$40.50. The health officer received \$15.00. This would lead one to suppose that the department of the citizens required closer watching than their health, but I do not believe this to be the case.

It costs a good deal more to repair roads and bridges than it does to pay the public servants. The last town meeting voted to spend \$1,700 for repairing roads and bridges, plus another \$800 for the improvement of State-aid roads, plus another \$500 for the repair of a particular road called No. 3, plus another \$292 for third-class roads, plus another \$350 for the Hales Woods Road—blasting ditches through ledges, repairing culverts, et cetera. For its privilege of riding smoothly, keeping communication open, and getting where it wants to go, the

town pays and pays. The boon of mobility in this isolated community is the Number One boon, outranking all others. Road money is the one item which nobody seems to kick about. There are aspects of life here far bumpier than the roads, but the roads respond readily to treatment; perhaps that's the reason the townsfolk are willing to lavish so much of their wealth on them. A large proportion of the able-bodied men in town work on the road, applying tar in summer and sand in winter, so that the money which was appropriated comes home again, after a little interval, and after much toil.

The town voted \$40 for putting electric lights in the library building, in order that the populace might see to read. A sum of \$150 was voted for the installation of chemical toilets in one of the schools. But I am told they are less good than a well-constructed backhouse.

The heaviest expense was for education. There are in this town three one-room schools, one two-room school, and one combination high and junior high school. To maintain them, a sum of \$7,400 was voted, this to include teachers' wages, fuel, janitor service, conveyance, textbooks, and supplies. The State is counted on to chip in another \$1,500. In the period which this report covers, that is, 1938-39, the highest paid teacher was the high school principal (who is also the baseball and basketball coach) who received \$1,400. The next highest were the high school and junior high teachers, who received \$800. The lowest were the grade teachers in the one-room schools, who got \$504.

School buildings are heated by wood stoves, except the high school, which has a furnace. At the end of the year the account stood: for fuel, \$439.44; for teachers, \$2,600.40. So that it costs one-sixth as much to heat the pupils' bodies as their minds, minds being slower to kindle. The superintendent of schools, who gives only part of his time to this town, received for his services \$324.96. Snow removal cost \$984.36.

The town operates a farm, which I believe was purchased because it was a handy source of gravel. (Gravel plays a major role in this community; somebody is always hauling a load of gravel somewhere either to cover an icy road in winter or to spread on tar in summer.) Hay and gravel to the amount of \$242.50 were sold from the town farm, and most of this sum was paid into the poor account, the poor thus profiting because of the town's natural resources.

In all, it cost the town about \$2,400 to support the poor. Some of the towns in this county in recent years have unloaded some of this burden onto the Federal government, but in our town we have walked alone. Our first selectman does not approve of the Federal government as now constituted and has never participated in any of its gay and mischievous adventures in which Washington puts up a dollar and the town matches it with another dollar. Some of the citizens are disturbed about this, but I think most of them approve. There is some talk going round of accepting funds from the Youth Administration, to pay young high school graduates for doing odd jobs; but I don't know whether anything will come of it. I have studied the treasurer's report carefully and can find no trace of any connivance with Uncle Sam.

There is an item of \$96 received from the State for overpayment of shovel rent, but no trace of Federal complicity. For all I know, the shovels may have been for the removal of fireside chats from the living rooms.

There were seven marriages in our town in the fiscal period. Of the fourteen individuals implicated, twelve were undertaking marriage for the first time, two for the second time. Six persons were born, 2 males and 4 females. Nine persons died, 4 females and 5 males. Dogs were licensed to the number of 42 males, 8 females. Ninety-eight children attended the dental clinic, and six permanent teeth were drawn.

I think this is an excellent report.

SICK in bed to-day, so was able to work out a plan for America. Bed is the perfect laboratory—just the right degree of withdrawal from the world, yet with the comforts at hand, and errands delegated to someone else. The toast crumbs, accumulating among the sheets, set up the irritation inside the shell and start the pearl growing.

My plan will effect a reconciliation between Man and Nature, reestablish the boundaries of the individual against the encroachment of the state, improve the national vigor, conserve forests and streams, expose competition, halt the steady retreat called Progress, inflate the spirit, reaffirm youth's dream, preserve the peace, disconnect the radio, and inoculate the mind against anemia. This may not seem practical or desirable to some, but I believe it is more practical than the average five-cent candy bar.

Since my plan concerns young men, to explain it I shall have to start with a word or two about them. At the age of sixteen or seventeen a young man is at the height of his power, and, as often as not, at the end of his rope. He has achieved his stature, mastered his alphabet, and dreamed his dream. If he is normal he has neither written a book, been elected to public office, taken a wife, nor gone into serious debt. He is a unique being—erect and free and, save for his complexion, without flaw. His severest handicap is that he has inherited a truly astonishing set of notions about life and about earning a living—notions that have come down from his grandfather, who was a successful grain merchant, and from his father, who was getting along all right in the long-distance hauling business until the depression and labor troubles hit him, and from his educators, who build of brick and steel and have recently installed new baskets in the gym. Besides carrying the burden of all the fictitious values bequeathed him by these adults, this young man is also burdened down by Love—not actively perhaps, but secretly, or nobly, or both. His ambitions and desires are amorphous

and for the most part valiant and praiseworthy. He also wants a driver's license like anything.

Now, at such an age and at such a time, only two things can happen to this high school senior, this indispensable citizen. Either he goes off to college, immersing himself in the swift stream of campus activities and traditions, or he stays home and looks for work, maybe even finds it. I propose (this is my plan) that a third course be opened to him, if he should care to try it. I propose that he be given the opportunity of going not into college nor into trade but into camp, for a period of one year. The idea is not new, but the camp is.

My camp is unlike any that have been proposed or administered. It is not a military camp, nor is this a youth movement. Physically the camp, or camps (there will be hundreds of them) may be something like the Civilian Conservation Corps camps which now exist; but spiritually they will be quite the opposite. My plan, briefly, is for the extension and enlargement of the C.C.C. in America, not to make it greater in size but diviner in conception. It will not be primarily for the purpose of saving a tree for the sitter; it will be to save the sitter for the tree. I can see no reason for a conservation program if people have lost their knack with earth. I can see no reason for saving the streams to make the power to run the factories if the resultant industry reduces the status and destroys the heart of the individual. Such is not conservation but the most frightful sort of dissipation.

The camps I am planning will be for the individual, not the group. And they will be for idleness as much as for work. They will simply seek to introduce our most important citizens to their heritage of earth. During certain seasons of the year when the elements are favorable the young men will perform acts of conservation and bravery, just as they do now in the C.C.C. camps. They will repay their government and their parents by making needed repairs in the roads and

in the forests and in the fields. During the remainder of the year they will repair their own judgments.

I doubt whether anything but good comes from putting a young man into closer communication with elemental affairs. There are thousands of youths who have translated Cicero but have never decoded the cricket's message. They have followed the campaigns of generals but not the course of rivulets and stars.

While they are in their camps the young men will associate with the persons who happen to reside, for natural or artificial reasons, in the vicinity—woodsmen, hunters, salesmen, trappers, fishermen, farmers, poets, biologists, traders, and teachers. There will be teachers living in the camps and there will be books.

There has been lately a revulsion against vocational education in colleges, against the materialistic note in our culture; and on certain campuses there has been a renaissance of the classical spirit. At St. Johns and, I believe, at one or two other schools students are offered a college course which consists wholly in reading a list of great books and in discussing these books with their teachers. This program—the scheme of exposing young scholars to books other than textbooks—is an exciting one, and I propose to carry it bodily into camp. Boys of sixteen have seldom encountered a great book in the flesh, other than certain plays of Shakespeare, which are usually taken up in such detail as to deaden their impact, and Virgil's "Æneid," which suffers by coming immediately after Cicero, has prejudiced youth against Latin as a language and against Rome as a place. In my camp the library facilities will be good, if not extensive. It doesn't take a very big roof to keep the rain off the deathless books.

In my camp there will be no organized sports, games, or amusements, unless the boys do the organizing. What I mean is, there will be no organization from above and no encourage-

ment of group activity and competitive endeavors. No camp paper will be published and no camp spirit will be engendered. There will be no automobiles or motor lorries; when somebody wants to go somewhere he can take it on the hoof. There will be nobody to stop anybody from going anywhere, either. The campers will not be led out in groups of twelve to identify birds, or in groups of two and three to learn to paddle a canoe. In my camp the young men will occupy themselves in any way they wish, and they will be allowed to bother other people too; because the penalty for being an individual and enjoying individual liberty is that you are bothered by others enjoying the same privilege. This will be made clear at the start. It is only in regimented societies and disciplined encampments that nobody gets bothered (until it is too late).

In my camp will be demonstrated the tenuousness of the so-called necessities. The campers will discover how well and delightfully the body can function for a year without the appurtenances which are prescribed every fifteen minutes over the blue network. News will filter slowly into my camp, and the young men will be introduced to the strange musty smell of stale events. There will be no taps nor reveille, except the setting and the rising of the sun. There will be no campcraft, and no contests to see who can make fire by rubbing two old Indians together.

The setting for this experiment will be the mountains, the valleys, the forests, the rivers, and the plains of America, wherever the trails lead away from the highway, away from the town. There is still plenty of room, I am sure of that. Whether the treatment will effect a reconciliation between Man and Nature, and help these two to correspond, is the test. Nature has been cut to the quick, and may be a trifle diffident at first. I appoint Henry Wallace, Stringfellow Barr, and Carl Sandburg to get the camp going, with peavy, book, and guitar.



The Easy Chair



FATHER ABRAHAM

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

THROUGH the greater part of 1939 Mr. Sherwood's "Abe Lincoln in Illinois" played to packed houses. Hollywood issued its version of Mr. Sherwood's play and made "Young Lincoln" a venture of its own. When the year ended another Lincoln play was in preparation, two scholars were co-operating on an important biography, and Mr. Carl Sandburg's *The War Years*, of which the *Easy Chair* had been able to read only one volume by the deadline of this issue, had begun a career certain to be momentous. The publishing business has a superstition that all Lincoln books make money, but such a heightening as this can no more be explained by economic determinism than the Civil War can be. There is only one explanation for this intensified interest in a President who has been dead for three-quarters of a century: that it is an invocation. At a time when American democracy has reached a crisis which many think it cannot survive, the American people have invoked the man who, by general consent, represents the highest reach of the American character and who, in that earlier crisis, best embodied the strength of our democracy.

During the last years before the Civil War the same feeling of ignorance and paralysis in the presence of doom that is our heritage to-day overspread America. The shadow of events ran on before. It was no longer possible to postpone the resolution of a disharmony in our social system, to evade the consequences of an economic anachronism, or to compro-

mise the inevitable test of constitutional government. All that the nation believed about itself, all the ideas and ideals it accepted, all the essentials of the way of life it had developed were to come to the ordeal by battle. After that ordeal should be over there was to remain a continuity from what we had been to what we had become, but much of America that had existed was not to survive and there was to be created much that had not existed before. Prescience of all this was in men's minds and there was reason enough to despair. It was, Francis Grierson said, as if the social cycle which began with the Declaration of Independence was drawing to a close and the collective consciousness of men became aware of impending innovation and upheaval.

The uncomprehended, remorseless energies of change reverberated to the remote Illinois prairie where Grierson was growing up. He was nine years old when, at Alton, he heard Lincoln and Douglas bring their great debate to an end. Before that he had touched the turmoil and despair in many ways. He had seen slaves despatched along the Underground Railroad at night, against the backdrop of a prairie fire. He had seen wolfhounds used against the pursuers, he had seen neighbors turn into enemies, he had seen mobs rising. Small wonder, with the world breaking up around them, if Grierson's neighbors found portents of evil in the stars, if violent cults found support among them,

if their minds quivered with compulsive terrors, if terrors sickened and even killed them. He saw such things while he was still a young boy—and he saw also the slow growth of a common will that at last gave them arms against terror, feeble and directionless at first but growing, unifying, strengthening. Years later when he came to write his masterpiece, one of the uncelebrated classics of American literature, he remembered a Sunday morning in a prairie meeting house where the humble had gathered to hear an unlettered preacher. Before beginning his sermon the parson read a text from Isaiah: "And it shall be for a sign and for a witness unto the Lord of hosts in the land of Egypt: for they shall cry unto the Lord because of the oppressors, and He shall send them a saviour and a great one, and he shall deliver them." Fifty years after that sermon there was no doubt in Grierson's mind, as there was none in the congregation's when the preacher finished, that the text foretold the coming of Abraham Lincoln. Allowing for the altered substance of men's faith, that is how America thinks of Lincoln to-day.

Grave men have told us that in such thinking the Lincoln legend must acquire supernatural implications, that it is in danger of becoming a christology. That anxiety may be dismissed. In the clear light Lincoln is a man whom anyone may look at, and though there is so much of him that no one has yet succeeded in seeing all there is, though the mystery that accompanies all high endeavor and great events will make him forever mysterious, the basis of our national reverence is simple and easily expressed. What America finds in Lincoln is confirmation of the best it has dared to believe of itself. There he is, the American, the man who was adequate for the task appointed, who grew when there was need for growth, who found the strength required, who seized the hour and subdued it. In him the democratic experience vindicates the democratic belief. His life, his under-

standing, and his triumph compose a symbol which stands for the justification of American democracy.

Herndon tells us that he was one of the limestone men, a common enough type; in the great central valley that is our true melting pot there were many who looked like him, and in truth there are portraits of his antagonist, Jefferson Davis, which could be, except for the goatee, mistaken for his portrait. Herndon, who spent twenty-five years in association with Lincoln and the rest of his life studying him, thought that Lincoln did not exceed or surpass the type but only brought it to full development. "Lincoln is unknown and possibly always will be," Herndon said, but he meant that Lincoln revealed himself to no one, that he kept his secrets. Herndon associated that secrecy with the loneliness of the forest lands where Lincoln was born, which may also be charged with at least some part of the melancholy that is as basic in him as the laughter, the melancholy that was close to insanity but had its part in armoring him against a strain such as no other President has been called upon to endure. Strong and weak, Herndon's antitheses run on, sad and cheerful, good-natured but capable of a terrible anger. All that went into the crucible, together with his ruthlessness in using men for his own ends, his willingness to think of men as tools which could be discarded when he had finished with them.

You can find in Lincoln nearly any quality that is human, nearly any trait that is called American, and there is so much of him that he continues to be "unknown." The sum made him superior to his associates and opponents, and the larger part of his superiority was sheer intelligence. From the beginning to the end, he is the better man, the better mind. From the backwoods circuits there slowly emerges a lawyer superior to his colleagues in clarifying issues and manipulating personalities. From the debris of the Whig party and the chaos of developing Republicanism there emerges

an artisan who works more skillfully than those round him with the raw stuff of politics, and who sees farther ahead to where things unregarded by others now will be working out when their time comes. From the debates with Douglas that gave him national significance there emerges a mind much less deluded, much more realistic, and infinitely more capable of understanding how democratic desires become democratic causes. And once he is in Washington and freed to his destiny, his superiority is manifest, incontestable, and enormous. He is superior to anything in the Confederacy, superior to his Cabinet, to his Congress, to his supporters equally with his opponents, even to his generals.

Warmed by prairie earth, rooted in human tragedy, his intelligence was at once deeply intuitive and rigorously rational, and both qualities were anchored fast to the thing that *is*. He occupied himself with the possible, and he did not ask men to be more than he had learned they were. He had logic, but he was impatient with abstractions. The theoretical and the ideal might be very fine, but what, practically, could be done; what, practically, would the human material prove to be capable of? Jefferson Davis, implored by his generals to find food and munitions for their armies, replied with brilliant dissertations in logistics; Lincoln reorganized the service of supply and saw to it that the Treasury raised funds. Davis governed and made war like a geometer, Lincoln like an artisan in human lives. Charles Sumner and the associated intellectuals of the North wanted to abide by the ideal no matter if the war were lost and the nation destroyed; Lincoln would save the Union slave or free or half slave and half free. Seward came into office with a set of scale-drawn blueprints for the conduct of war and peace and a plan for foreign relations that satisfied the furthestmost requirements of extrapolation. Either would have destroyed the United States in six months. Lincoln took hold of them and war, peace, and foreign re-

lations became a controlled pragmatism, the next thing was done next, there was no commitment to the ideal plan; there were only the immediate dictates of the end in view.

That end was the preservation of the United States. He would save the Union. Some have told us that his reverence for the idea of union was a mystical thing, but there was no mysticism in it, there was only recognition of geography and of what two centuries and a half of American civilization had established. Almost unanimously the intelligence of the eleven Confederate States was committed to a paradox in logic, an idea flatly falsified by the facts of experience, a miscalculation in judgment, and a misunderstanding so blatant that history sees it afterward as Lincoln saw it beforehand, as a delusion. Make war on us, he told them before they made war, fight it through to victory, establish your monstrosity—and it will all have to be done over again. The land will remain, the river valleys and the mountains and the prairies, the frontiers, the trade routes, and the membrane of interdependent lives they control. You cannot have a Europe in the continental area of the United States, you cannot have a South America, a Central America, or even a Confederacy. It is determined before you begin, it was determined when the glaciers retreated. And alternatively, as for the forms of government that rationalize the geography of God, they mean, if they mean anything, just what they say. If government is by the people, then it is by the people. If it is necessary for the people to assert their institutions through that lesser paradox—war in defense of majority rule—then so be it. How long can a nation endure which was conceived as the constitutional expression of popular will? If you say the word, we shall see.

That was the simplicity he fixed his eyes on, the consideration to which he made all others yield. It was enough. The ordeal began, the forces of disintegration were loosed, and with them were

loosed all that goes into war and civil anarchy. There was the Confederacy to defeat; there were also, in the North, the violence of a thousand conflicting interests loosed in an interior war, the rise of despotisms, factions, fanaticisms, graft, treachery, treason, the full baseness and evil of human nature molten in a chaos which could be constrained within the established forms only—as it proved—by the character and intelligence of Lincoln. He met Washington in wartime as he had met Springfield in peace. He had, Swett says, “the most exalted tact and the wisest discrimination.” He had also the fortitude to endure, the patience to let things happen and meet them as they came, the tenacity to let events show their shape, the realism to accept the means at hand, use them, abandon them when they would serve no further, find new ones, and keep on. A personal fatality spared him animosity and he had no need for retaliation. “If any given act was to be performed, he could understand that his enemy could do it as well as anyone.”

He did the next thing. The Border States must be kept in the Union; he kept them there. The North must be united in support of the war and kept united; never mistaking mob emotion for the public will, as his finest advisers sometimes did, he achieved and maintained that unity. The South must be subjugated by diplomatic, military, and economic means; he found the means. Then, because you could not have two nations in the United States, it followed that you could not have a half-conquering and half-conquered nation, and he was taking steps to repair the Union he had preserved when death caught up with him. Throughout this time there were plenty of occasions when he erred, but few in which his judgment was not proved better than the best offered as advice, and none in which he did not learn wisdom for the future.

That is his fascination. He is the stuff of American life shaping to the need. His ignorance becomes understanding,

his fumbling becomes mastery, his weakness becomes strength. His uncouthness refines into spiritual greatness. As the necessity is laid on him he rises to it. The country lawyer becomes the greatest popular leader whom history knows. When American democracy reaches its crisis and needs a “saviour and a great one,” out of its native earth, its native shrewdness and reality and common sense, it produces Abraham Lincoln, a backwoods politician and one of the greatest statesmen in all history.

There is more of him that we can respond to than there has ever been of any other American, and we probe what is mysterious in him because it is mysterious in ourselves. He can be seen lying sprawled on the office floor, or sprawled on the shabby couch, one foot on a chair and one on a table, reading his newspaper or telling the stories of our native substance. He can be seen fleeing from the tragic woman whose shrewishness became insanity, standing in his nightshirt on the White House stairs when news of a new defeat or a new treason is brought to him, telling a Cabinet who disagree with him, after he has first read them a page of jokes, that the time has come to call upon an idealism as a weapon of warfare, and he has therefore decided to free the slaves. We may see him in a thousand attitudes, but behind them all is the sadness of fortitude, the courage of things seen, the will of things carried through.

America survived, the paradox was not established. The new age came, no lovelier than the old one certainly, but something that joined on, that fitted in, that kept going and was a continuation of things known. He is the highest expression of American democracy. Of the democracy that survived its test. Government by the people did not perish from the earth. In the most terrible time that America has known democracy found formed within itself the instrument that was needed to save it. That is why, these days, we are invoking Father Abraham.



Harper's *Magazine*

THE LONG WATCH IN ENGLAND

BY EUGENE AND ARLINE LOHRKE

SURROUNDED by her ancient province, the sea, holding desperately to the image of her past securities, guarding her treasure with the force of her deep inner dismay, the ancient island world of England stands facing the future.

What holds her together to-day is chiefly the immense accumulated inertia of the ages in men's thought and habit, together with the profound resources collected in a century and a half of unparalleled expansion and power. An energy unequalled in the world since Rome reached out from that small green island wreathed in its eternal mists, from ports and harbors whose smoke drifted back over the face of the fairest rural landscape the earth has known. Now in a hundred valleys and plains, grimed with the smoke of the industrial era, the hammers of progress are done; the hammer still sounds, but only to beat out for the ancient island the new hard shell that is not for the future but only to defend the achievement of the past.

To anyone who has lived long and

quietly close to the heart and history of England a vision rises with every flick of the fire on the old hearth, a vision that will not be denied. Through every country lane more lovely than its picture, over the wild waste of her moors, the terrifying contours of her industrial towns, stretches a thin veined hand. It is a hand from the past. The impulses of those old arteries are still very strong. Are they strong enough to hold and preserve her?

The summer of 1939 had come as gently as ever to the Sussex fields and lanes, to the old farm under the downs, and the two Americans who lived there had again watched the dispersal of the long winter dank beneath the spreading carpet of May-bloom. We could watch as ever, bemused, the slow folding of seasons, the dark grape-hue of winter mists in the folds of the hills yielding to the first pastel; and in that tentative fading and change was a symbol of our remoteness, in England, from the imperative summons and burning zest of American skies and seasons.

Looking back on our own life experiences since the First World War, spent in many countries, we could recall how often we had come to Europe for that inner light which continuity and tranquillity of experience kindle. In Europe, and in England especially, the present was never more than one surface of the past, pushed into the foreground for immediate observation. Men are, in a way, dependent on this kind of continuity. We cannot look ahead if, somehow, we cannot look back. This was the meaning and import of Europe to Americans like us. We had come to Europe, to the quietest and most traditionally minded place in Europe, and we had settled in a corner of it where every field and grove and hill was sculptured in the long light of the past—only to find this continuity passing and the light rapidly going out.

Decent, thoughtful men, not only in England but all over Europe, looked out at kindly fields and villages stamped with their forefathers' toil and saw the shadow of panic and worse than panic ahead. An old way of life was going, and the war that was coming close, closer every day, was only a symptom of it, not a finality. The old European controls were down. In Germany the incarnate ghosts of despondency laid the whips of sadism round the necks and shoulders of a shuddering civilization. In England the controls were sinking too as an old civilization tried to preserve and isolate itself, turning its back on those great responsibilities which only a young, energetic civilization could face. When shattered nerves could no longer stand it Europe would collapse into war, almost with relief, with just that gasp and clutch of a man who has hung from a precipice with grass roots in his hand.

Through all the deepening shades one picture of England was impressed on us. It was of a very old world; not the glamorous old world of the tourist, the tradition-hungry American, but an old world losing its spirit in that slow, or-

ganic, shapeless fashion that marks all change in England to-day or yesterday. If you wish to see what faces, what kinds of men ruled in that old world, go to some picture gallery and look at the portraits of the Venetian merchants who also knew how to grip hard and to cling. That was the expression we saw in England's rulers: the same hard, alert caution, the same intense conservatism, the same crafty avoidance of risks, the look not of eager merchants confronting a changing world, but of trustees of a world their enterprising forefathers had built.

If you look again at the picture of England to-day you will notice other things. You will see a vast, docile mass of people, accustomed to leadership, accustomed to doing what they are told—although among them, here and there, you can find rumors of revolutionary restlessness and strains of as vigorous a character as any nation has ever bred. You will notice too how small England really is for such a mass of population. The land you see is really a little land, territorially smaller than Sweden. Divorced from the prestige, influence, and wealth of its empire, it could bring no more weight to bear on the general problems of mankind than just the strength of a restless, energetic, creative spirit. A long day's drive in a good car will bring you from the south to the north of this island country; at no point in that drive will you be more than a hundred miles from the seacoast.

Look once more at this picture and you will notice other curious things that make England unlike any other land in the world to-day. What will strike you first of all is not how crowded that island is with its forty-five million people, but how empty. You may walk for miles over the Yorkshire moors or the hilly stretches of the Border without seeing a house or a sign of human habitation. If you journey by train from Plymouth to London your trip will be through one vast park, with plowed fields here and there, cattle grazing, glimpses of ancient

farms and manor houses set in their perennial frames of unchanging rural loveliness. From all this land the population has been drawn off for centuries to settle in vast huddled agglomerates. Go farther north again along the spine of England, the Pennine range that strings along from the Lakes to the Midlands, perhaps a hundred and fifty miles. Here the real story and condition of England stretch out, one sprawling Pittsburgh crowded together on the spine of England, its smoke lying for miles like a fog over the wild peaks or the gentle grasslands on either side. From Leeds to Derby you are never away from the beat of the factory hammers, except in those desolate regions where the factories lie forlorn and broken and the forgotten men of England cling like debris to the rotten towns and villages that fringe its edge.

Here, then, is the answer to the huge moors, parks, and deserted tracts, and to the beautiful Georgian manors, set in their eternal loveliness of meadow and wood. Those who move and live on the brighter surface of England—Mayfair, Piccadilly, Rotten Row, the pink-coated huntsmen in the field, the quiet, drab gentlemen in Parliament, the even fields and gentle downs of Sussex—owe their existence to this. Eighty per cent of the population of England is clustered in towns like these, like Leeds, Manchester, Bradford, under their eternal tall pillars of grime and smoke. Twenty-five per cent of that eighty per cent cling to London and the immense drab vistas of the London suburbs alone.

II

Once you are anchored for a time in a certain place you identify yourself with it. The slow ways and manners, the easy, kindly ways of the Sussex country people were all on our side. They were not afraid to talk to us as they were to the Squire or the Squire's son or the Rector's wife or other persons above them whose elevation demanded a

corresponding elevation of sentiment. Our very impermanence as foreigners gave us readier access.

The lane in which our house stood led out of the village and past the entrance of the long drive to Clifton Hall, with its gatekeeper's lodge gone green with age and moss, the massive oaks rooted in velvet turf kept smooth by sheep. Presently the estate opened up before your eyes, the grim façade of the manor on your right, three crazy-roofed cottages on the left, with our own faded-red lump of a house snugly laid in a fold of the land over toward the large copse where the pheasants bred. Ahead of you rose the downs, edging and encompassing the whole estate in high, fluid lines. Here were the limits of a world complete in itself and self-sufficient.

It had been one of the most prosperous agricultural properties in the south; never a large estate, as estates go, running to about fifteen hundred acres, but with good soil. That soil, which long ago had supported a manor, a Squire with his stables and hounds, three farmers and their families, a dozen cottagers and their children, now supported a decent, hard-bargaining tenant in his suburban villa with gargoyles, his wife, his two cars, and a half dozen hard-working, aging laborers right out of the old, fading book of rural England.

As the tenant had no interest or heart in the place beyond what he could get out of it, he was putting nothing back into it. The men who worked for him, cheerfully on the whole, for he was a fair master, complained that he was starving the soil, that it was getting too thin for good crops. The "Old Squire," of revered memory among the cottagers, who had handed over the reins to his son to avoid death duties just after the last war, had retired to die in a Victorian villa on the coast. The present easy-going Squire and his son had their heads full of other things than the estate. Everything, including barns, fences, and walls and our own house—which we were continually cementing together and

patching—was going into a state of mossy and picturesque ruin. Clifton Hall itself, the great house, had one sound wing, the Georgian one where the family lived. The rest was inhabited by bats and mice who got wet when it rained, and by slum children from London at the time of the great evacuation.

The cottages were in as bad a state as Clifton Hall itself. There was a great dearth of money; taxes were too high. There was only enough cash really to keep things glued and strung together. Some of the cottages leaked, some had water on their kitchen floors all winter, some had holes through which the wind blew so hard that you could not keep a candle alight until the new housing laws came into effect and the local authorities took a hand in things; and one and all, the houses shook in the winter gales.

Sir John Clifton, the "Young Squire," as he was called in deference to his father of respected memory, we saw only once or twice during our whole stay on the Sussex farm. He was a short, bottle-nosed, heavy-set man, supposed to be possessed of a sense of humor, and generally popular. Lady Clifton appeared only once on the horizon at a garden party at the Hall, a remarkable affair to which the whole village was invited, and where the various groups in the village hierarchy kept strictly to themselves, butcher with butcher, banker with banker, ironmonger with ironmonger, and so on right up to the "County" who surrounded Lady Clifton in the dominating group, an altogether weird and terrifying assortment, some of them in picture hats with feather boas right down to the ankles. Amid this group Lady Clifton stood, a rather awkward, tall, thin, frightened, elderly lady, looking as though she were not sure whether she had been invited or not. She had a reputation in the village for being mild and kind.

The farmers and laborers were one and all products of an older rural way of things that was rapidly fading out. They had an air about them that the

shabbiness of their clothes could never disguise, the air of free men doing the work they liked and did well. Roberts, the shepherd, a stout ball of a man with round cheeks, deep sly eyes, and a ragged mustache, was the best thatcher of hayricks in the county. Barker, the carter and plowman, was another fine man. He was lean and tall and often a little yellowish from overwork and days in the wet fields and nights in his small, damp cottage where he lived with his wife, son, son-in-law, daughter, and two children, all in five small dark rooms. His face was drawn thin, a fine face like a noble profile on a coin. There was old Evans, the field hand, who lived in a red-tiled cottage in a hollow of the hills behind us, who had survived three attacks of winter pneumonia and still did a full day's work, though feebly, at seventy-eight. There was John Graw, a man of lower-middle-class urban origin and of intellectual independence, whose face had been terribly smashed in the War and who had come to the Sussex farm and become a cattleman.

And there was Old Grimshaw, the foreman, a tall, slow, ruddy man whose devotions were purely and entirely reserved for his master. This feudal devotion in its singular purity gave him an awkward grace that seemed at times not quite human, but like the grace of an ancient and trustworthy dog.

It was through Grimshaw, as time went on, and from his large, placid wife, that we were enabled to look through the mist and ruin of the present to a livelier, more flourishing background at Clifton. To Mrs. Grimshaw the "good old days" were especially vivid, for had she not played as a child forty years ago with the Old Squire's daughters up and down the long, dark, echoing halls and corridors of Clifton? One could see her even now, as she recalled those days stooping over the mixing bowl in her low-ceilinged cottage kitchen, with the door open on the sun and the flowers outside—one could see in that stout, placid, elderly face the face of the child she had been; for the

memory of it burned like a candle behind thin parchment and she could remember how ashamed she had been because the Squire's daughters wore slippers that made them seem to fly along the corridors while she had only her thick, high, clumsy boots.

Once or twice each summer the "ladies," now grown gray as herself, still rode over to see her, and on these days Mrs. Grimshaw was a child again and the only pain was the memory of their slippers and her boots. These scattered visits were her lifeline, for out of them she received her sense of life—that is of the past. All her vindictiveness and her scorn were saved for the ways of people nowadays, and these memories nerved her for a greater scorn.

There were both strength and weakness in this attitude. It was the strength that we saw first; the weakness came to trouble us only later. For that kind of solidarity with the past, which was Mrs. Grimshaw's chief attribute, and Grimshaw's doglike upward glance toward master as the source and sun of everything, were typical of much we saw in England. It was the loyalty between master and man, an old feudal loyalty. It was a relationship like that between a good dog and a decent man. People who had lived side by side, under the same roof, in adjoining cottages, and hoed gardens separated by nothing but a low hedge for thirty years, still did not understand one another and kept their deeper communications to themselves, or if they were men, to favorite drinking chums from other parts of the farm or village at the pub. Loyalty to a class, a party, a principle was quite beyond them. What concerned them was loyalty to a man. It was hard not to respect this; at the same time it was impossible not to ask what it might mean for the future of an aging system.

The attributes of the Old Squire—his picture hung on Grimshaw's wall—that fell from the old foreman's lips were almost exactly the attributes of a great tribal deity—an Old Testament deity,

stern, strong, and terrible in his rages. These rages were directed chiefly against poachers and farmers who shot foxes, for he was a hunting deity and never off his horse during the winter. He would, so Grimshaw told us contentedly, "turn a farmer who shot a fox off his land before he ate his breakfast," even though that farmer had lost all his poultry and half his lambs the night before. He kept all the roads of the estate like billiard tables, and one famous drive that ran through woods and copses and circled the beech grove under the downs was so solidly carpeted with moss that the sound of a horse couldn't be heard. It "looked like a green carpet unrolled through the trees." And winter and summer, so Grimshaw said, men were kept at work sweeping it so that no dead leaves or twigs gathered to spoil the surface.

The Old Squire would have had apoplexy if he had lived to see how things were done now on the estate—gates rotting and hanging off their hinges, fences collapsing, roofs falling in. But he was gone and those who remained were only ghosts of him, slack ghosts, in a world that as we looked at it here at Clifton, or farther afield, seemed month after month, year after year, to be losing its grip.

III

The village, like the farm, framed a picture of many things that are true of contemporary England. It was not a typical village, or even an altogether rural one. Lying about forty miles south of London, near one of the main south-coast roads, it had the growing suburban flavor of most places within commuting distance of the city since the great building boom of the early thirties.

The village was proud, in a way, of its progressiveness, which was that of a prim, pleasant, middle-class woman out on a shopping tour. Its politics, like its small trimmed lawns and yew hedges, were conservative. It prided itself on its purse and its leisure, and a certain number of its inhabitants went in for "higher

things" and kept, along with a butler or a French cook, an atmosphere of the arts. This atmosphere, being purely artificial, was perhaps a little deadly with a look of wax flowers about it.

Dry rot lay close to the roots of the upper social life. A good place to watch it was in the village church on Sunday; and a good place to see it written was on the large flabby face of the Rector who occupied the post of rural dean. A sullen, determined, obstinate look hung about most faces in church on Sunday. It was the right thing to do and they were bound to do it. It made us feel that religion in England was a purely conventional affair, like five o'clock tea, and that the Church, as a whole, was a depressed area like some of the great, sprawling valleys in the Midlands and Wales.

Probably a good deal of this frigid conformity to convention resulted from the fact that so many of the better-class people in the neighborhood were retired doctors, colonels, and professional people who had lived side by side for only five or six years and were, therefore, strangers to one another. A strange awkwardness presided over most functions in the drawing-rooms of the better-class homes in our neighborhood. It might dissolve slightly with the sherry and cocktails, only to grow again during dinner. It seemed as though these people who had occupied the large houses in the neighborhood for years still had nothing in common and no ideas to give conversation anything but a feeble, icy flow. An observation not utterly commonplace at one of their dinner parties fell with all the shattering effects of a ten-pound weight on a glass counter. The best people here did not think. The things that were good form—attendance at the Glyndebourne Opera, the ballet, a kind of queasy excitement over music and the tame little comedies of the West End theater, golf, the Wimbledon tennis, the quaint peasant customs of the Tyrol, the Scottish moors were dragged out from their mental drawers and pocketbooks after coffee and given that kind of airing

that an infant in a pram gives a rattle. To say that the social life of our village was not brilliant is not enough; it burned like an eggshell at the bottom of a coffee pot.

But odd and amusing as it could be, it filled us with a sort of horror at times; for these were the substantial, solid people, not too highly placed or too lowly, the people who were supposed to be the backbone and sinew of England, the sort who "traveled" for amusement and culture, who left their imprint on everything including politics and government, to whom the queer mouthy editorials in the *Times* were addressed, who filled comfortable paunches with red sides of beef on Sunday, who occupied pews at church and came away with a look of vacant holiness, who arranged bazaars and fairs and, as far as they could or dared, ruled over the destinies of men like Grimshaw, Roberts, and Barker and told them how to cast their ballots on election days. They were not active sinners and they were not vicious; they were simply ciphers filled with a wind that other minds had pumped into them, and not wholly alive. Individually, and outside of the sterilizing influences of their group, caught off their guard, as it were, some of them showed an unexpected, warm-hearted side. But grown up in a system that had never had the curiosity or the desire or the foresight to compare itself with any other culture or system, they were badly ingrown. The certitude of superiority with which every English child is blessed at the christening font blinded them one and all to any one of a hundred things they did not want to see, things that were changing the face of Europe and the world around them and confronting them with an ever-growing menace.

IV

Most Americans, when they come to England, attach themselves to some remnant of England's past. That is what we had done. But it is an even stronger habit of English people themselves. The

rather wistful reaching backward into the past that has caused the New England countryside of America to spring to life again (not a very authentic life but still a life of sorts) has had for years its counterpart in England—with this difference, that America likes to step back into the rejuvenated shell of its past to bypass, avoid, or forget the soaring ascendancy of present and future, and in England one goes back because one does not know how to go ahead.

Scattered about us, the old farmhouses with any pretensions to architecture and many of the old mossy cottages were being picked over by real estate agents and sold at premiums to city dwellers, and architects were doing a thriving business modernizing them without spoiling the “atmosphere.” Side by side with any vigorous solution of the architectural problems of English living, urban or otherwise, this might have been an interesting development; independent of them, it was the simplest sort of admission, to our eyes, that the things done to the countryside in England had been done once for all, could never be better done, and that all that had been done in the industrial era was as useless as all that was being done in the present was vulgar. Contrasted with the efforts made in Denmark, Holland, Sweden, to build in the present so that future generations might not live to regret their ancestors, the English building boom of the nineteen-thirties that had picked England out of the slump was a planless, sprawling muddle, an often dishonest muddle of bogus building that ruined whole miles of countryside. No one seemed to have tackled the problem of building to-day in England so that the England of to-morrow should not look much worse than the England of its pre-Victorian yesterday. And those who did care, and there were many, about the attributes of a charming countryside were content to conceal themselves behind a façade of the centuries in ancient, restored ruins, amid reminders of an age when men had built suitably and beautifully.

The number of English people who were always wandering back into the past for support—spiritual support, moral support, even common architectural support—struck us as continually fantastic. The present, whether it was in the theater, in literature, in art, or the movies, or merely in us as representatives of the present, as Americans, made some people writhe and shudder. Their heads were full of curious ideas about England, most of them resembling the bric-a-brac on their own shelves. Thus they complained of the food in France, the commercial taint of Americans, the cruelty of Spaniards, their eyes forever riveted on their own fireside and the Sunday roast. The persuasion that all good things were to be found in the British Isles if only one looked far enough or scratched deep enough had its counterpart in the persuasion that, barring a few foibles (which Dickens and Thackeray had touched on in their books) nothing really bad was to be found there. What hadn't been invented or accomplished by the British was hardly worth admitting on the score of real achievement. It was a comfortable doctrine and one which filled us continually with real discomfort.

We could see some virtue in it, more especially that virtue of a perfect sense of security which an Englishman habitually derives from his familiar environment. But we could not see it without wondering what, in default of any standard of comparison, most Englishmen really know about England. In our own village among casual acquaintances if we mentioned the industrial era we were treated as though we had invented it or imported it from America. Refined people did not admit Leeds or Bradford and had never visited them, probably for the same reasons that refined Bostonians in the good old days could not bring themselves to admit Chicago or Detroit. To live in an Eighteenth Century place and admit the Welsh mining towns at the same time was to admit evil. You chose, if you were fortunate enough to be able to do so, the era most

suitable to you and identified yourself with it. Most people in our village chose the Victorian era. It went with more limited sorts of incomes; it also went with the things the ironmonger supplied—lamps, oil stoves, candlesticks. It went with the high cost of electricity and the prohibitive cost of gas for cooking. Wealthier people might do fantastic things, such as denying by implication that a Victorian era had even existed, and youngsters might flout it. But the life of our village, the architecture of our village, and the men of our village were Victorian, knew they were Victorian, and liked it.

The leisurely, complacent attitude of these people would deny an evil rather than face it. They might listen one day to political speeches reiterating the strength, unity, and vitality of England, and the next day avoid an account of the malnutrition of English children or an editorial on the decline of the colonial empire. It was better, it seemed, to believe that all the new conscript militiamen were very fit, fitter than ever, than to realize that the army had suddenly dropped its standards. Whom should one believe—the politicians, or those uncomfortable people who said things no one liked to hear, who went out to the big cities or to Jamaica and Trinidad and made official reports the government tried to scratch over as best it could? Neither in England nor in the Empire itself, leaving the self-governing Dominions aside, were the masses of people getting a living on anything like an adequate modern scale. Would anything be done about it? We thought not, and those thoughtful Englishmen most deeply concerned about England's future also thought not. You cannot have your cake and eat it, nor your complacency and the troubles of empire together, and it was trouble that England was now avoiding at all costs, at all times. No statesman in power in our time in England, until the new war, had ever risen to that plane of common sense where it becomes apparent that even peace and a

long life, to say nothing of health and progress, cannot be bought or preserved without struggle.

Was it simply the fatalism of the very old—of those to whom death is an ever present emergency blotting out the contours of vigorous life? Was it all a question of time, of the clock on the wall ticking away the rise, flourishing, decline of man, cattle, dog, nation, or empire?

The hand-picked men of the American democracy in diplomatic posts in England, and the hand-picked intelligences of the State Department in Washington and in the White House were seeing one sort of thing; we were seeing another. Who was right?

We saw in an effect of coming and going ambassadors, of well-managed and pleasant royal tours, in the vigorous determination of American diplomats "to get on" in the society to which they were accredited, a keying-up of American foreign relations to assumptions that no longer hold wholly true. If England needed support to-day, democratic support (and it certainly seemed to us that she did), she needed it at just the democratic level that diplomats never reached. English character alone, what it was, what it wanted, what it really believed, presented a first-rate problem to American diplomacy. England spent immense efforts in exploring the American political hinterland and picking key men for key positions, while American millionaires were trundled out of their offices, fitted into striped trousers, told to buy a glossy hat and dispatch case, and sent to England with a social directory and a guidebook in their hands, and a State Department thesis prepared for them.

What we would have liked to see was a long lean Yankee chosen for his brains, leaning over the back fence and exchanging comments with John Graw, who had also, by his brains, picked himself out as an intelligent spokesman for a great mass of silent, acquiescent people on whose shoulders the roof of England would crash, if it did crash. A man taking a walk, with a knapsack on his back,

stopping off at industrial towns, knocking at cottage doors, could learn much more about England in two months than if he did the proper thing in a triangle between Portland Square, Downing Street, and Buckingham Palace gate. He could learn where honest American support should be given in England; and he could learn that this support must be based upon complete knowledge and a sense of responsibility.

V

What always puzzled us was the curious insistence that there was still some peculiar magic in the English air that would see old England through, even without aid from the world outside.

One gathered that at a strolling gait and with the use of his left hand alone any Englishman could accomplish more than two Continentals at a run and using both hands. How truly effective this belief had actually been in the past could be measured by the enormous prestige that it had enjoyed. The habit of mind that goes with good, loose tweeds and a fishing rod or gun under the arm could never be dissociated from the traditional background of European diplomacy. Just as in the Eighteenth Century no petty princeling of Europe was complete or happy without a miniature backyard Versailles, so in the Victorian days when France had receded and England loomed large, nothing was quite perfect that did not have an English label and reference number. Whatever ambitious dreams the statesmen of the Continent went to bed with, they woke in the night with an awful apprehension of what English diplomats were doing with their fishing rods. The whole weight of their invincible Victorian progress lay back of this; no matter how a British statesman floundered or stumbled, the weight he carried was quite enough in itself to carry other things down with it. The idea slowly lodged itself in the mind of England that a British diplomat's stupidities were worth twice over the cleverness of an opponent.

A strong English dislike for anything "fancy" also stood back of this. The more plain and blunt a man was the more chance he stood in politics. Many English ministers had aimed to win the Derby, but not one had been known to fix his eyes on a Nobel prize. Englishmen in responsible places with brains or technical knowledge hid them. It was safer. Almost the worst charge that could be leveled at an English statesman was cleverness or complete capability in his own field. How deeply persistent this legend was in British politics could be seen by the treatment accorded to Winston Churchill by his own political party all through the dangerous days before the present war. Whenever he rose, as on the occasion of Munich, to predict the exact course of darkening events, he was slowly, quietly pushed down again. The profound distrust of a man who dared to think and utter what half the world already knew caused headshakings throughout the country and made the thin hand that wrote the editorials for the *Times* shake with official indignation. Mr. Churchill was fouling his own nest. With what? With the truth. But what a dreadful thing, and whoever believed in it? Confidence, in the English understanding, did not grow out of cleverness. Better, far better, a discreet old fumbler like Chamberlain, who when he muffed the ball did it in true British fashion, of whom it could always be said that if he slid to home-base on his nose, at least it was a plain English nose.

It was this habit of trusting important things to men who did not grasp them that the Nazis counted on in their rapid rise from the time of the Hitler revolution until the war. Great Nazi exploits, such as the invasions of the Rhineland and Austria, were always, at the beginning, timed to the English love of long, quiet week-ends in the country. By the time this habit had grown to be a joke in the eyes of the rest of the world English ministers in power were just beginning to grasp its implications.

No one who had enjoyed, as we had, the leisure, the amplitudes of English life could complain about this long lingering of an older spirit which alone and in itself made them possible. Yet in many ways this system, a relic of those greater Victorian leisures which many people to-day view in retrospect with nostalgia, works to its own great disadvantage. There is no way in England to-day of getting things done very quickly or efficiently. There is no way, not because the tools in many cases are not there, but because the spirit or perhaps only the time sense is lacking. What is done quickly, in the American sense efficiently, is consequently often done without the necessary bolts and rivets. The telephone system, the road and transport system, are in reality only shadows of really first-rate and up-to-date systems as American and Continental people understand them.

The habit of standing level with and meeting eye to eye a competition that turns out unfavorably to them is not an English habit. It is a Continental habit. The adaptations of the French to changing conditions are innumerable; the adaptations possible to the English seem almost nil. The sense of a way and manner of life and all its accompaniments, fixed and ordained for all time, hangs like a slow, dim fog over the island kingdom and in men's thoughts about it. In such vital manifestations as art, industry, health, or simply preparation for emergency, the English spirit, compared to the French, seems dead, or what is worse, completely turned in on itself.

Even in the field of sport the terrible pall that would follow the whacking defeats of the English players at Wimbledon seemed to us an unhealthy thing. Instead of looking deeply into the real causes of their losing sport event after sport event—the general health and vitality of their own people impaired by generations of unhealthy living and malnutrition—most ordinary Englishmen preferred to see some disagreeable qualities of their opponents. And where it

was an American victory there went up the old cry that the American professional attitude spoiled everything, or that other most unfortunate charge of unfair play. Never by so much as a word or a sign was the thought admitted that another nation might be coming to supplant them in their own field of excellence. Not until the English trans-Atlantic plane took off, with the aid of a refuelling plane, to carry mail across the ocean in the middle of the summer of 1939—when two American planes had been plying back and forth with full passenger and mail loads for weeks—was it generally conceded in our village that you might send a letter across the ocean by air.

VI

After a total of more than five years' residence in England there were two phases of life there which we could no longer view with that unprejudiced attitude we had tried to bring to bear in studying a country not our own. They were health and housing.

It is a fact (Ministry of Health Report, 1938) that the empire which owns one quarter of the earth's surface cannot feed one-half the population of England alone. Fifty per cent of the people have some form of malnutrition, first because they cannot afford essential foods and second, because they do not know what are the essential foods. (Among those appearing on the report of undernourishment are people with an income of five thousand dollars a year.) We set about learning the day-by-day meals of those about us, and since they were standard and selc'om varied, an adequate appraisal was possible. We found that the daily diet of the *employed, rural* family in the time of peace and plenty that was soon to end ran thus:

Breakfast—Tea, porridge, bread (with margarine)

Dinner—Meat, potatoes, a vegetable when one was up in the garden (this meant, except in July and August, cabbage or Brussels sprouts)

Tea—Tea, bread, jam, sometimes cheese.

One understood a good deal about English health when one realized that the children were having no milk (except that "dash" in their tea), no butter, no fruit, and no green vegetables except members of the cabbage family; and one no longer wondered about the appalling state of or lack of teeth in England.

After the Conscription Act went through during the summer of 1939 there was published in the papers a typical day's menu in the army camps. It was:

Breakfast—Porridge, liver and bacon, tea
Lunch—Steak and kidney pudding, canned peas, new potatoes, prunes and custard
Tea—Bread and butter, cake, strawberry jam
Supper—Cornish pasties (meat pie), tea.

This seemed to be considered rather a dietetic masterpiece, since it included meat three times a day and butter for tea; but we continued to feel uneasy about the preponderance of meat and dough for lads of twenty who have been underfed and misfed since birth. Nothing of course could give them back their teeth at that age or could counteract the inroads rheumatism had already made, but we thought perhaps something a little better could be devised to improve what health they possessed.

Going up the income scale a bit, we found welcome additions to the working-class diet in the form of lettuce and tomatoes and a sprinkling of fruit. But we were shocked by the fact that although the British are rated in Europe, and by their own experts, a third-rate or C nation physically, so far nothing effective has been done about it. It is true there was a fitness campaign in the winter of 1938-39, but that consisted of courses of group exercises, and as Lord Horder, the famous London doctor, pertinently asked, what is the use of giving physical jerks to people who haven't enough to eat or the vitality to get through their daily work? If England cannot raise an adequate diet for forty-five million people on her home soil, there remains one-quarter of the globe which belongs to her on which to

draw. There remains also the problem of either securing empire produce at prices within the reach of English wages or of fixing English wages to enable English working people to purchase empire produce. Finally, there is the no less difficult problem of teaching their own people what foods they require.

Housing became inseparable from this question of England's health. We made an inspection of one of the vast new blocks of flats in London built to house five thousand people removed from condemned slum dwellings. After noticing approvingly the great wide windows to bring light and air to people who had lived so dankly before, the well-proportioned rooms, the modern bath and the kitchen with gadgets, it was with something of a start that we saw a small iron grate in the living room, realized that what we had thought was a boot cupboard in the hall was a coal bin, saw that the floors of kitchen, hall, and bathroom were of uncovered concrete. We could see the new flat as it would appear tenanted in November: the state of those concrete floors when the children came in from school through the mud, after the mother had filled coal scuttles from the bin and carried them to kitchen and living room. We knew what it meant when working people had to heat their own flats and their own hot water. Four people, nine dollars a week income, coal fifteen dollars a ton—it meant they got along without heat and without hot water and they would sit in their new, high, wide rooms with the shining windows with a raw fog outside that cut damply to the marrow of their bones, and look ironically at the fine modern bath and the living-room grate and at the white gas range in the kitchen with the slot for pennies above it. We asked the proud young manager of the flats timidly about central heating and he laughingly said that all the Americans asked about that. The answer was that the tenants had never had it and didn't like it, which, non sequitur that it was, had the ring of finality. The young

manager concluded generously, "Perhaps we shouldn't have so much rheumatism though if we heated them."

What can you do about a people who have never had heat and don't like it, who will stand anything, who will shiver nine months of the year and stay cheerful, who will live on a diet everyone else in the world knows is unfit for human health and prefer it, who are so proud of their own shortcomings that they defeat their own superb qualities of courage and endurance and tolerance and remain doggedly third-rate physical specimens in the face of a war, whether of nerves or actual combat or economics, paying not the slightest attention to the warnings of their own fine doctors and scientists, with no thought for the future, no thought for the present, and saying flatly this is the British way of doing things?

In our first summer in Sussex we went to the village chemist to ask what they did about the excessively hard water of the district. "We put up with it," he said. We went elsewhere and bought a water softener, but then that was the American way.

The habit of pulling in the belt and grinning in the face of conditions that would drive a foreigner to the desperations of revolution is a very old English habit. It is admirable, in a sense, and England is a good place for Americans who would like to learn how to face life patiently, calmly, and courageously under hardship. Yet it was an open question to us whether the blind, follow-the-leader instinct of so great a part of the English population might not be a mark of devitalization. Often when watching crowds, as during the Coronation ceremonies when the parks and even the great thoroughfares of London were turned into camping grounds and people lay stretched out on newspapers on the paving stones, we had to ask ourselves whether there was really the spark of anything but a great mass conformity in this vast huddle of unkempt figures and

gray faces. People kept dropping down in dead faints all round us during the long procession, people who had stood for twelve hours with nibbles of chocolate for sustenance. These were abnormal conditions, but what we were witnessing was not abnormal—the patience, the orderliness, the lack of rowdiness, the good temper of a British crowd. To Americans the virtues of honesty, decency, of live and let live, the strains of courtesy and quiet patience that run through England are good things to see and live among. But Americans should know too how many English people look on things like this, born to-day not so much out of life as out of a great slackening and inertia, with a profound and answerless sadness.

VII

We could turn all this over in our minds on the Sussex farm. We did not want England to fail. Because upper-class England, public-school England, was tactless and impolite and insensitive with Colonials and Americans and foreigners, and sterile within itself, that was only a qualifying condition, not an absolute one. On the face of old Jarley when he rumbled into Southampton in his ancient taxi to meet us whenever we returned from America there was something beyond tact and courtesy and ignorance. It was the utter and peaceful recognition of men of good will toward good will in others.

Yet we could not help puzzling over the muddle that marked English political life in our time. Why, after the stupefying blunder of Munich, which threw into the hands of the Nazi hangmen the most respectable democratic country to the east of Hitler in Europe, with the third best army in Europe and fortifications second only to the Maginot line, and falling back months later on an alliance with Poland which had no meaning whatsoever without backing by Russia—why, after a procedure pointing like a steady signpost

back toward all the stupefying blunders of his own recklessness in the years of his office, was Mr. Chamberlain still in power, still holding the strings of the whole bag of tricks into which the fate of their country and Empire had fallen?

If there had ever been a time or an opportunity to drive the old money changers out of the temple of England it had come in the winter of 1938-39. But the money changers could sit back month by month and change "peace in our time" to preparations for a war that might destroy every vestige of our time, and quietly flourish and stay in the temple. No sooner was the Labor Party given the opportunity to oppose than it began opposing itself. A sudden spasm of heretic-hunting ran down the ranks. They were not going to hunt Mr. Chamberlain's head but witches in their midst. Did these men, brought up and trained in the old inferiority atmosphere of a class society, really want power? Would they know what to do with it, which way to turn, when they had it? Was not that old instinctive glance of England we had noted so strongly on field and farm, that glance up, that conviction that master knows best, back of a great deal of this? When we saw old Hopkins leaning on his hoe in the fields, his blue, rheumy eyes following the pink coats dashing about the fields after the hounds, were we not witnessing the ancient, immemorial strength and weakness of England?

If the men of the opposition were content with delivering thundering verbal blows and nothing else, who could take over the slack reins and restore England's prestige and power? Left to themselves, the upper classes could only wear themselves out as every upper class has done at one time or another in history. Clear as any flash, one could see through the mists and fogs after Munich in the fatal cloud that the Chamberlain group had raised, and through the swollen, formless, inchoate opposition fighting itself, the essential threat in English political life to-day, its fixity, paralysis, stagnation. If men below could not rise and men above could not look ahead but must concentrate on keeping the power still in their hands, then in all truth England faced a dangerous future, darker after the war even than during it.

For the enormous problem of England to-day was not whether she could win a war and survive it, but whether she could change, whether she had that within herself to meet and out-manuever the exigencies of time and of her own vast dead weight. She could build battle-ships, guns, and planes, hurl the whole huge force of her finances and rearmament against an enemy on land and sea and in the air; but could she do that without which no life form, plant, animal, individual, or nation, survives? Could she change, and how?



THE WAR AND THE BRITISH MIDDLE CLASS

BY IVOR BROWN

DURING the hopes and fears of modern war it is unusual and unnatural to look far ahead. A man does not spend money or thought on building or repairing a house when it is possible that his property may at once be commandeered for billeting by his own side or blown to pieces by the other. In wartime under modern conditions the civilian is content if he can keep unbombed, reasonably nourished and, if possible, solvent, just as the combatant regards himself as reasonably lucky to be alive.

When, in September, 1939, the British income tax was raised from 5s. 6d. in the pound (it stood at 1s. 3d. in 1914 and was then regarded as the last word in radical extortion!) to 7s. with the certainty of 7s. 6d. in a few months, there was no groaning.* The new financial order was determined while Poland was going down unaided and while the Western front and skies were wrapped in the profound and perplexing quiet of the early months of the war. For the elderly British civilian to have wept in public over his taxation while the young were risking life in all the elements would have been shameful. It was not done. The average business man shrugged his shoulders and reminded himself that his further troubles (5s. 6d. had been no light matter) would not start till the 1940 collection—in the New Year.

Nor did any British publicist attempt to discuss the future repercussions of this

financial explosion. The effects of colossal war expenditure, for the second time in a quarter of a century, on the social fabric of his country were left for the morrow's consideration. But those reactions are going to be enormous. Great Britain was living vastly beyond her means from 1914 to 1919. She was beginning to do so again by 1938, owing to the huge expense of rearmament forced on her by the menacing state of Europe, and now of course not even the gallantry of a 7s. 6d. income tax, plus a sharp surtax beginning at an annual income of £2,000, will balance the account without public borrowing.

The first casualty of any war is said to be Truth: the first victor is always Poverty. Of course that poverty is not always equitably shared. One method of coping with public poverty is inflation, which robs the owners of fixed-interest capital and the receivers of fixed salaries for the benefit of gamblers and traders. The first resolve of Great Britain in this war was to keep prices and wages steady, to avoid inflation, and to pay ready money as far as might be by accepting and enduring the highest bearable limit of taxation. The wealth of trades benefiting by war has been made liable to drastic excess profits duty, in addition to heavy income tax; profiteering is to be checked by strict Government controls; and the incomes of all except the poorest are to be drastically taxed by any amount up to 17 shillings in the pound. It is probably impossible to set up the

* A tax of 5s. 6d. in the pound is at 27½ per cent; 7s., at 35 per cent; 7s. 6d., at 37½ per cent.—*The Editors*

protective fences so securely under a capitalist system, with a certain amount of liberty remaining, that no single greedy person can get through and do a little plundering. But on the whole it is perfectly obvious that in Great Britain this is going to be a very bad war for the rich, which was not the case last time, when rates of interest ran high and profiteering in the prosperous trades was inefficiently checked.

One could fairly claim that never in the history of a free, self-governing society has there been such taxation as Great Britain is now facing. After the income tax, there is the surtax, which is levied in a graduated form on incomes beginning at £2,000 a year (in the case of a husband and wife both receiving funds their joint receipts are treated for taxation purposes as one income) and reaching the staggering figure of 9s. 6d. (*i.e.* 17s. in all) on the largest range of receipts. If a millionaire's income be regarded as £50,000 a year, he will in 1960 in Britain pay £38,000 direct to the State. (The Leader of the Labor Party in the House of Commons has just complained that by retaining his £12,000 he is getting away with far too much!) The millionaire then proceeds to pay heavy local taxation on his real estate, together with all the usual and always growing imposts on automobiles (25s. per year for each unit of horse-power), gasoline, liquors, tobacco, and so on. It is probable that any Briton whose gross income is £50,000 will, in effect and in the end, restore anything up to £45,000 to the community in one form or another. Then, should he die, his property is liable to death duties up to 60 per cent of his capital. To be a drinker or a smoker in Great Britain on however humble a scale is to contribute about 75 per cent of one's expenditure on those reliefs and stimulants to the State. Here is a concise statement of the new liquor duties:

When the last war started whisky paid a duty of 14s. 9d. per proof gallon; beer 7s. 9d. on the standard barrel; wines 1s. 3d. on a strength up

to 30 degrees and 3s. on a strength between 30 and 45 degrees. By the emergency Finance Act introduced in September of 1939 whisky now pays a duty of £4. 2s. 6d. per proof gallon; beer 104s. on the standard barrel; wines up to 25 degrees 6s. a gallon and between 25 and 42 degrees 12s. a gallon, with a preferential reduction on Empire wines. Whisky and beer, the two most popular beverages, pay approximately 6 and 13 times more duty respectively than they did when the last war started.

Moreover, the strength of beers and spirits has been reduced. From the point of view of the Chancellor of the Exchequer the smoker and drinker have become essential sources of supply.

It may be said that a man, even a millionaire, can do fairly well on £5,000 a year, but only if he manages to divest himself of the social obligations expected from people of his class—the race horses, the yacht, the large country house with sporting estate, and so on. But the market for these is naturally dead at the moment and can be revived only if there are new war fortunes, which the Government is doing its best to prevent.

Naturally the average Briton of the middle class and middle income is not fussing over the docking of plutocracy's last yacht, the empty castle in Scotland, or the unrented deer forest. He is not yet, to his credit, fussing very much about the future of his own rank of society. Yet the standards of middle-class life, which just, with difficulty, survived the last war, are now menaced to the uttermost. The American reader must not regard this article as the whine of a middle-class man who is groaning as though the war had been specially arranged to annoy him. The writer is not pleading for a poor, broken Britain. He is simply trying to state objectively and dispassionately the facts likely to be observed by any social student interested in the fabric of British society, in the national heritage of history and beauty, in the educational standards, in the legacy, often abused but none the less fascinating, of public schools and universities, in the maintenance and enjoyment of the arts, and in the whole code of conduct

which underlies, for good or evil, the British way of life.

II

British democracy (or pluto-democracy as both Fascists and Communists agree to call it) has, in the past, been more liberal than equalitarian. Despite the too familiar slogans of Gallic revolutionary fervor, liberty and equality are utterly inconsistent ideals. You can keep people equal only by violently curtailing the liberties of the stronger and the wealth of the more acquisitive. Britain, like the United States, has of old preferred liberty to equality, which, in a developing industrial community, means the emergence of a bourgeoisie not only of considerable wealth but of considerable numbers. (Concerning those numbers and the technical power behind them the British proletarians received a severe shock during the General Strike of 1926, when the British middle class emerged in their confident and fairly competent myriads to take over the public services abandoned by the strikers.) One might say that the typical household of this class receives in salaries, dividends, or both together, from £500 to £1,500 a year, out of which it endeavors to pay for the private education of its children instead of sending them to the national schools.

The status and solvency of this bourgeoisie, entry into which is free to all comers if they can make the social grade, is of considerable importance to the whole community. It is far easier to climb in than it used to be, and that is all to the good. Meanwhile it supplies the majority of the executive and administrative workers as well as the intellectuals and, though continually laughed at as stodgy and dull, is probably the liveliest, least conservative, and most creative element in the State. In so far as the arts have any sure prop in Great Britain, here, especially in the Jewish section, is both their public and their chief source of recruitment. This class,

moreover, while paying a heavy share of its income to the State, derives from the State very few of those benefits which the politicians, rivaling one another at the elections with promises of other people's money, so liberally shower on the proletariat as opposed to the salariat. Now, if the members of this class who try to save up for their own old age instead of relying on State pensions, who educate their own children and generally pay their own way, as well as assisting their poorer neighbors, are going to be knocked out financially, the social effect must be dramatic and intense.

Let us, therefore, consider how this kind of British citizen is to pay his share in 1940. The income tax has certain exemptions and mitigations on the lowest incomes within its scale (that scale begins at £125 a year on a single person) and also small allowances for wife and child which are too complicated to explain in brief. Here are three instances of the State income tax as applied to three middle-class incomes where there are husband and wife and one child.*

<i>Income</i>	<i>Income Tax, 1940</i>
£500 (\$2,000)	£42.16s.3d. (\$171.25)
£1,000 (\$4,000)	£199.1s.3d. (\$796.25)
£1,500 (\$6,000)	£355.6s.3d. (\$1,421.25)
£2,000 (\$8,000)	£542.16s.3d. (\$2,171.25)

Local taxation is based on the annual value of the house or premises occupied. Apartment dwellers have this charge put in with their rent: house owners or tenants pay it separately. But the effect is the same. Local taxation varies according to area and valuation. One might say that a middle-class man with a £1,000 salary and paying £100 a year for his accommodation would certainly not pay less than £50 and might pay up to £80 in local taxation. All these "rates," as they are called, are certain to go up, since the war has heaped new costs and responsibilities on the local authorities, such as Air Raid Precautions and similar defensive services.

* The dollar equivalents in italics are figured at the exchange rate of \$4 to the pound, which is not far from the actual rate as of December, 1939.—*The Editors.*

It has also to be remembered that the British Income Tax is a backward-looking animal. That is to say the citizen is assessed on his income in 1939 for his dues in 1940. Now if 1939 was a good year for him and 1940 turns out badly, as it certainly will for many professional people of the middle class owing to loss of work through wartime dislocation, he will have to pay out of a smaller income the heavily increased taxes on a larger one. That is to say, our £1,000 a year man, who has fallen to £600 in 1940, will still be liable for a payment of close upon £200. No doubt there will have to be special consideration of these cases, especially of the men who have left good incomes to join the fighting services, many of them in the ranks at 2s. a day. Meanwhile, as I have said, there is no lamentation. The middle class is "taking it." But it can "take it" only by serious reductions in the standard of living, reductions which must certainly alter the surface and perhaps the foundation of English life.

What does that involve? First of all, in the case of tenants, a contest with the owner of the house or apartment to get the rent reduced. Owners may try to get interest rates on their mortgages lessened, but it is difficult to see how that can be done at such a time. Food and clothes and doctors' bills can hardly be cut much. The possible sources of economy are the automobiles, if any; schooling, often a very large item; books, arts, hobbies, entertainments, and holidays.

III

The economic consequences of the war for Great Britain are certain to include a flattening process. That depends entirely on the ability of the Government to check profiteering and to do without inflation: if its hopes of living mainly on drastic taxation and of borrowing the rest at a low rate of interest are proved to be practical, the effect on the middle class and consequently on all those institutions considered to be

essentially British is bound to be severely destructive of existing habits and standards.

Take, for example, the so-called public schools. Their name is deceptive. These are not public in the sense of being free to all, but public only to those who can pay the fees which, for board and tuition, have recently run from £150 to £300 a year. To pay so much for only one child out of a middle-class income has often involved a great strain on the parents, who endure it because they believe that education in one of these establishments is worth the cost. There is a certain amount of snobbery in this view, but the cash value of a public-school education as an entry to the professions cannot be denied. Already, before the new war, with the income tax at 5s. 6d. in the pound, these schools and colleges were beginning to feel the pinch. Many had more vacancies than they liked. Large sections of some were being closed up. Even the august Harrow, Eton's fashionable rival, had announced a limitation of numbers to 500, which most people interpreted as making a virtue of necessity. It is more than likely that a great many of these schools, especially the younger ones which have to live on their earned income and have no endowments, will founder altogether. The boys and girls who would have gone to them (they are scarcely ever coeducational, the girls' boarding schools having been set up in imitation of the boys') will go to day schools instead. The parents will be forced to cut off boarding fees. One likely event of the future is the appointment of a State Commission to inquire into the prospects and finances of these schools and to formulate a policy of economic reform which would close some altogether and link up the rest with the national (State-financed) educational system. That will be a great blow to the pride of many, for the independence of the public schools has long been their boast. There will of course be certain advantages in breaking down the social

exclusiveness in education, but the lovers of tradition will grievously mourn the disappearance or radical alteration of places which have acquired long and affectionate loyalties.

What of the universities? They too are bound to face new problems. But the fact of the matter is that their independence of State aid scarcely survived the last war and it is an astonishing fact, when one thinks of the plutocratic traditions of Oxford and Cambridge during the last century, that about 70 per cent of men now entering do so with the aid of scholarships and grants of one size or another. In recent years the old universities of England have returned much more to their original medieval status as the resorts of poor scholars, assisted by the benevolence of patrons; there is this difference, that the patrons are now public bodies rather than private citizens. Oxford and Cambridge are already so heavily dependent on the taxpayer that, confronted with the new economic order of 1940, they will simply raise their hands and ask the Government for more. Whether they will get it remains to be seen. What is certain is that the non-endowed pupils, whose expenses, averaging £300 a year, were defrayed entirely by the parents, will become far scarcer. Accordingly, the Oxford and Cambridge Colleges, originally founded for poor, supported students, will approximate more closely than ever to their old selves and be less socially brilliant, less convivially gay, more thrifty, more industrious, and even perhaps rather drab.

Another British victim of the war is likely to be the country house. Travelers in Britain must have been struck by the enormous number of "places," varying from the stately nobleman's seat, with its huge house and parkland, to the smaller medieval manor-houses and their modern successors. The owners of these establishments, great and small, have added dignity and beauty to the scene, for they have preserved fine trees instead of selling them for lumber, have refused to sell off roadside sites for "develop-

ment," and have maintained exquisite lawns and gardens. The taxation of these estates and the cost of upkeep had already become so severe that many of the largest had been turned over as institutions, schools, convalescent homes, and the like. There was another interesting scheme recently arranged by a body known as the National Trust whereby the owner of a house "certified by the Office of Works to be of national, architectural, or historic interest" can obtain aid for its upkeep. He retains and inhabits part of the house, but he makes over the dwelling and lands to the Trust, which is acting on behalf of the public who now have the right of entry on stated conditions to the grounds and the unoccupied part of the house. The Trust then becomes responsible for maintaining the property. This ingenious compromise, which holds the balance between the traditions of private ownership and the demands for public entry to famous and beautiful places, is certain to be largely employed in the future. For if the owner of a country house could scarcely hold his own with a 5s. 6d. income tax, he is likely to be overwhelmed and evicted by one of 7s. 6d.

Fears of what might occur in case of war, as well as the desire for a week-end resort, have recently impelled the British middle class, who could not dream of owning country houses of any size and state, to look for rural cottages and small houses within reasonable distance of their work. These were naturally at a premium in 1939. After the war poverty will compel many of their new owners to withdraw and occupy only their town house or apartment. In the fall of 1939 accommodation could be had almost for nothing in London. When peace comes London property will recover value while country places will rapidly lose it. Reduced standards of living mean less travel and less motoring which will also discourage the maintenance of country houses and cottages.

What of the arts and professions? It is

obvious that curtailment of middle-class revenue is bad for architects, designers, and artists of all kinds who will be driven to live more and more on Public Works and less on private commissions. The theater, which in Britain depends almost entirely on the bourgeois, will certainly be a sufferer. Authors will depend increasingly on lending libraries as the purchase of new books, already at a low ebb, will be tragically diminished. The British artist and author will be tempted to look more and more to America, just as the owner of a deer forest or sporting estate will look more eagerly than ever for the arrival of rich American tenants. Can you blame them?

It has been the habit of war to create great private fortunes, and the war of 1914-18 was in Great Britain somewhat true to the rule. It increased social and economic disparity, created "new rich," and enabled old institutions to survive by favor of the new patrons. The "new rich" bought up some at least of the foundering country mansions and paid large fees to send their children to public school and university. There is a very strong feeling that the profiteering must be prevented this time. Naturally the war trades have largely increased their turnover, but a real effort is being made by the Government, under strong pres-

sure of public opinion, to prevent such extortion from reappearing. The British, knowing that you cannot have two major wars in a quarter of a century without bitter sacrifices, are ready to pay heavily and are determined to pay equitably as between one class and another.

If this can be maintained as a war in which nobody grows rich, the leveling influence of the taxation will be enormous. British democracy will become, what it has never been before, equalitarian; and that process, while it will impair much of the picturesqueness and smash many of the traditions of a leisurely, gracious way of living, will remove also much that has irritated Britain's visitors and critics, the exclusiveness, the fussy distinction between gentlemen and outsiders, the public-school snobbery, and so on. As was said, equality and liberty are incompatible ideas. War, by restricting and abolishing the kind of liberty which depends on private means, may at last enforce equality on British democracy. Only some force of this kind can flatten out social grades and the tax-gatherer who makes such demands as are now being made on the British citizen and can execute them impartially and to the end, is the most powerful of leveling potentates.





OFFICE WOMEN AND SEX ANTAGONISM

BY ELISABETH CUSHMAN

EVERY girl should have some business experience, even if she doesn't want it, but no girl should remain in business more than five years. There are few exceptions to be noted to this rule. The whole purpose of the relatively short business career should be to make the girl a better homemaker.

Business has much to contribute to a woman's life and, through her, to the home. When we emphasize what women have to give to business our emphasis is entirely misplaced, for it smacks of the totalitarian. In a democracy our interest must lie in the richest flowering of the individual, not in the deflowering of the individual for the sake of an impersonal concept such as "business." Our national emphasis must be upon what women can take from business to the home, not on what they can bring from the home into business. Business must be a means to an end—the living of the good life—and not an end in itself. We are, unfortunately, through our education and our consequent outlook, making it an end in itself.

Experience at working before marriage might possibly lessen the number of nagging wives in the country, for it gives the women a chance to learn, out in the world, what a man's responsibilities there often are. Business can also give the working girl a perspective on herself, possibly for the first time in her life. It can teach her what it is to be no longer the center of an adoring home circle, the important little something on whom the teachers concentrate and over whom

teachers and parents confer. In the great competitive world of business she's got to get along on her own and not because she is the daughter of somebody or other, lives on a certain street, or goes to a certain school. That perspective ought to help in marriage, for there surely every girl has to get along on her own; her father's title or her mother's social position won't help her one bit to find true happiness with her husband.

If a girl knows nothing of the value of money, she can learn it in business, particularly if she has to live on what she makes while working. It will not teach her a complete lesson of course if she can wire home for the rent any time she has squandered her salary, but at least she will find out more about the meaning of money than she ever knew previously. She will come in contact with workers who when they say, "I've only got a dollar until pay day," mean exactly that; the only people from whom they could borrow, their fellow-workers, usually have a dollar each also, if that much.

Before she becomes a wife the girl in business can acquire a decent regard for workers and a decent consideration for them. If she has ever been "snooted" by the wife of the boss, as most of us have at one time or another, she may remember her manners when she is brought up against her husband's employees.

But if she is looking for money and experience, she ought to know, at the end of five years, that she won't make the money and that she has had enough experience. Five years is the longest

stretch of time a girl can afford to take out of her life in order to learn how to live the rest of it. That applies to every girl but those who really must work (their number is more limited than is generally supposed) and those women with glandular deficiencies who find physical love abhorrent, who honestly do not desire children, who can never find warmth on a glowing hearthstone.

What is in it for us who stay on the job permanently?

Very little money and plenty of hard work. Millions of workers are needed in this modern mechanized world. The big question is: who will do the most for the least hire? The answer is: the women—because industry and commerce have sold the women a bill of goods. Be independent! Be self-reliant! Raise your living standards! Give your children more advantages than you had!

Look into any industry or for that matter any profession, and you will see how pitiful is the amount of money for which women have foresworn the intrinsic riches of their lives. Before the Seventh International Management Congress in Washington, D. C., in September, 1938, Mrs. Ralph Borsodi of the School of Living, Suffern, New York, stated: "The most frequent cash income for women at the peak of prosperity in 1929 was about \$800 a year. To-day the most frequent annual income of women is probably less than \$600." That means about \$13 a week in times of prosperity and \$11 a week now. Most women in business offices and in the professions do a good deal better than this; but compare their incomes with those of their male contemporaries of equivalent education and intelligence and you will see why it is a bargain to employ them.

The idea that women don't have to work as hard in "gainful occupations," that their tasks in business offices aren't as burdensome and dull as housework is supposed to be, is ridiculous. Working women's jobs are harder because they are

bound to be unsatisfactory in the long run; the work is empty and leads to no goal.

There are two reasons why business is a blind alley for the great majority of women. The first is that they aren't made for it. The second is that, even when they do good work they have to face an unacknowledged sex antagonism.

II

The business girl evidences her fundamental feminine preoccupations in everything she does and says, during as well as after business hours. The talk in the rest rooms, when it does happen to verge on business topics, is usually in the form of criticism or complaint about individuals or conditions; and as for the conditions, there's not much understanding of why they exist and very little idea as to whether they could be corrected. For women, in or out of business, are in the main intensely personal in their approach to whatever scene they find themselves part of; a job doesn't alter them in this respect.

"Butter, split peas, baking soda, graham crackers. . . ."

I found this list scrawled one day by an absentminded pencil on the bottom of the carbon copy of a letter I wanted to consult to refresh my mind on something fairly important. It did refresh my mind on something vastly important, on the fact that I had forgotten to check my own grocery list that morning.

While I had great sympathy for the married stenographer who had made the notes and filed the carbon without noticing what she had done, it made me wonder how many stenographers are taking dictation while their minds are trying to decide whether to buy meat or fish for that night's dinner.

The mind of a working woman is like a river. On the surface, in plain sight, sail the busy craft carrying the office thoughts; underneath runs the deep channel of her persistent and unavoidable concern with her feminine interests.

The man becomes successful—when he does—because he usually thinks about business even when he is not in the office; the woman does not become successful largely because she has her personal concerns on her mind even when she is in the office. She still thinks like a housewife; business has not changed her fundamental preoccupations.

If she's young and unmarried and if she's parked patiently beside the boss's desk, pencil in hand, waiting for him to puzzle out how to say what he means in the letter he is trying to dictate, she is probably turning over in her thoughts the problem of whether to wear the printed silk or the blue crêpe for her date that evening. If she is married and has children, she may not even be acutely aware that while she totals a column of figures on the adding machine her real problem is whether it might not be cheaper, in the long run, to buy new shoes for Junior instead of having the old ones resoled.

The mother in the office is up against a situation no man faces. When a wife calls on the 'phone, the man at the desk can say to her impatiently, "I can't talk to you now; I'm in conference."

It is different with the business mother. The well-trained maid doesn't interrupt the working mother during business hours. If she does call, and she is a well-trained maid, there's apt to be something pretty wrong at home. The mother's mind immediately flies to the children when the voice says, "This is Lena." She can't very well say to the maid, "Don't bother me; I'm in conference." The business mother loses her identity as such and becomes a plain frantic mother, however outwardly well-disciplined, the minute the voice on the 'phone says, "Junior's throwing another of those tantrums," or, "Sister just swallowed a safety pin."

Business girls know about business, but do they talk about it? They do not, excepting for those cracks and complaints already mentioned. If you go to lunch

with a bunch of working females and you listen to their discourse with a critical ear, what do you hear? Women in the executive class may talk about the tax rate, political corruption, or office problems—but just bring up the maid-question and watch the vestments of public concern slip from their very feminine shoulders! The girls below the executive class have a few inexhaustible topics. These include social functions (the shower for Jennie, the party Marge is having Saturday night, the boat ride the club is planning), the movies, their "boy friends," and, particularly, clothes and bargains.

The subjects are not only discussed orally but pursued physically during that all-too-short luncheon hour. We women gobble up our food to get to the stores; we wander, bemused, through the aisles leading past the counters filled with the ravishing objects we wish we could afford to buy. We penetrate to the little specialty shops to discuss those blouses in the window with the superior salesgirl who knows instinctively that we're not having any.

If you think women do not have their femininity constantly on their minds, have you ever noticed women's efforts to make more homelike the once barren wastes called offices? How about that little bunch of flowers on the stenographer's desk? Even the busy social editor, working in the highly unfeminine atmosphere of the newspaper office, will take time out to unpin the rosebud from her jacket and to stick it in a glass of water where, incidentally, it is apt to stay until the water has completely evaporated, the rosebud is a bit of crumbling black petals, and the janitor decides he ought to do something about it.

The movement to try to fix up our offices to look like living rooms is another pathetic indication that we do not like what we've found in business and that we're shying away from it as far as we can get. We're trying to take the home into the office, because we aren't made for office work.

III

The other reason why we don't get along better in business is sex antagonism.

For generations we were fed up on the men in our own families. One of the reasons why we fought so hard to free ourselves from the vacuums and vapors of Victorian living was our longing to escape from those same men, to enjoy the triumph of showing them how far we could go if we once got away from their dictatorial influence.

We didn't stop to reflect, and certainly nobody pointed out to us, that in getting out from under the thumbs of our own men we should be getting in under the thumbs of other men who wouldn't be any appreciable improvement over our own kin. They aren't.

For one thing, these strangers are not constrained, as Papa and the boys were, to show some consideration for us when we are not feeling so well. Every working woman has heard her boss evidence sympathy for his wife when she isn't so well. "I think if you stay in bed to-day, dear," he will say in the ten o'clock 'phone call, "it will do you a world of good." No doubt it will. It would do the business woman a world of good too when such days arrive in her life; yet few if any business or industrial organizations have adequate accommodations for everybody to relax properly and to rest thoroughly during the day. It's invariably the days when business backs are breaking and business heads are splitting that the men pick out, with unerring instinct, to act particularly hellish, to discover overtime work for us to do, to growl and snap and bellow round the office as though they were in training for a little putsch of their own. We working women just have to take it.

We women have gone into nearly every business and profession and wherever we go we are received with a surface courtesy that gives rise to the notion that sex antagonism has vanished from business. But it hasn't.

Being pent up and unexpressed vo-

cally, the antagonism is probably bitterer now than it ever was. Nor is there any reason why it should not be worse than previously. By following the men from the schoolroom and the home into his working fields and, for that matter, his playing fields, his clubs, his bars, his barber shops, we have stolen from him his last retreats. Now he never gets away from our sex. He is surrounded by women all day in his business life just as he has always been in his domestic and his social life. Our presence may have improved his manners slightly, though not in all cases. But it is questionable whether it has improved his morale.

The men have become either ashamed or afraid to say openly that they harbor resentment against women in their working life. Some of them probably don't resent it, for in the offices especially we women have carried on the agelong custom of making our men's lives easier and smoother. The man who says, "Wait till I ask my secretary about that," adding with a laugh, "She knows more about my business than I do," is speaking a truth wild horses couldn't drag from him unless he thought his remark were to be taken facetiously. Men don't resent women as long as we remain underlings, but I have yet to see a man who could take orders from a woman and like it. The boss will usually listen to a suggestion from a woman, remarking when she has finished that it isn't very practical and accompanying his remark with oratorical proof until she feels crushed at ever having imagined that such a thing could possibly benefit the business. Then a few months later he'll tell her what a smart new thing he has done, or she'll hear about it in some roundabout way. Thought it all up himself too, the bright little fellow! By that time he probably believes earnestly that he did think it up himself. But that's really all right. He pays her to have ideas; somebody's got to have them. The picture is entirely different if a woman happens to be the boss.

As for that, women themselves gen-

erally don't like women bosses. It's the eternal cat in them — both of them. The women workers have a very correct presentiment that another woman will understand what they mean no matter what they say; in fact, she'll understand what they mean whether or not they say it. That doesn't always work out to one's disadvantage. I have had a woman boss for ten years and I now find dealing with men pretty slow going. She's fairer, ninety-nine per cent of the time, than any man I ever knew, and I've worked for plenty of them. She gives you a boost if you deserve it and she smacks you down if that's what you rate. Moreover, if you're sick or sore or sorry you don't have to tell her about it. She tells you, usually after she's made arrangements for correcting your condition. She can get more work out of people than any man in the outfit ever could; she can do it not merely because she is a superior type of executive but because she is a superior type of human being. Men are quick to admit this last, probably because it's obvious even at a glance; but when she starts acting like an executive more than one of them will back up and begin to think of reasons why what she says doesn't make sense.

I remember chatting informally not long ago with a group of gentlemen who happened to be newspaper editors. After a bit of shilly-shallying, one of the men had the common sense to say flatly that he didn't give a damn what the women reporters wrote. "The minute I see women's copy come over the wire to our office," he said honestly, "I reach for my pencil and get ready to slash the hell out of it."

Another editor spoke up. "I don't," he said thoughtfully, "I don't even read it. I don't pretend to understand what it's all about." If his waistcoat hadn't been buttoned, he would have burst with pride as he enunciated this incontestable proof of his masculine superiority.

At this point a woman reporter in the room interrupted. "Well," she remarked humbly, "at least we know

where we stand. We women reporters are writing about State electrification, slum clearance, release of production—things like that. With our limited vision, we had considered these to be subjects of consummate interest to all intelligent citizens. We had failed to recognize them as having essentially sexual characteristics."

But the first gentleman stuck to his guns in a way that you couldn't help but admire. "Well, what of it?" he asked, just as Papa used to, the loudness of his utterance evidently meant to compensate for its lack of logic. "Even if you women are writing about such things, you haven't any right to! Women shouldn't be messing round with such things."

He turned to his magnificent male confrères. "I don't know about you fellows," he said, "but that's the way I feel about it and I'm glad to get it off my chest. I don't expect to be able to do anything about it either, but I guess it doesn't do any harm to face the fact." He relapsed into the huffy complacency of a small boy who has announced he isn't going to learn any new games just in case he might get licked if he played them.

I do not blame women for not getting farther than they have got in journalism. (At this point somebody will pipe up with, "Yes, but look at Dorothy Thompson and Anne O'Hare McCormick." But they're the exceptions, just what we're not talking about.) Women's slow progress in journalism is due, just as women's slow progress in every other field has been due, largely to the same old sex antagonism which makes editors relegate women to the social page and, if they can, keep them there.

This antagonism has a natural economic basis. Every new employee is a potential menace to the other workers, particularly in any line of work where originality or initiative counts. Why should not a man, who may have a family to support and who may be trying to support it, resent the appearance in

his office of some sprightly young thing just out of college who may have more ideas in her head or more skill in her fingers than he has? He would be inhuman if he didn't resent it; he would be stupid in the bargain.

He will fear and resent the young man too, but he knows the young man should get on in business, that it's a man's natural field. He knows it isn't a woman's natural field; that, even if she doesn't get on, she has a chance to get married and to work out her destiny that way. He knows too that the boss will judge the young man on his work alone—but supposing that witch gets around him? It's been done, you know. If, incidentally, you're ever anxious for a glimpse of black hatred you can find it in a bunch of girls who have to put up with the airs and graces of the girl who walks round the corner to step into the office manager's car. It's hard to tell whom they hate the most, the girl or the office manager.

It's absurd to pretend, as we do, that sex antagonism has vanished in business, as though we parked our glands in the cloakroom with our hats and as if life stopped automatically at the office door. Our ductless glands don't stop functioning merely because we're sitting behind a desk instead of on a divan, or before a typewriter instead of before a piano. Nor do a man's.

In one of my first jobs I worked for a man who boasted that his motto was "I buy brains." He had never been to college, but he "bought brains" from Yale and Princeton and Harvard and he got a particular kick out of commenting proudly that every man on his staff was a college man—"excepting myself," he'd always add modestly, leaving you to draw your own conclusions. He had the notion common enough to many who have not dawdled away four years on campus that there's something mysterious and elevating about a college education, so-called. It gave him, the unacademic, a feeling of particular pleasure and power to be able to shout orders at

somebody who had worn a bachelor's hood. He confused that feeling with "buying brains."

There was an opening for a salesman at one time, and one afternoon while the boss and I were brooding over the gap in the staff, I said, "I'll take the job."

Never shall I forget the look of amusement that crossed his face. "I only wish I could give it to you," he remarked kindly, without the remotest wish of the sort, "but we don't hire women to sell advertising for this magazine."

"How do you figure that one?" I asked very politely. "Look at this presentation one of your salesmen got up to show an automobile manufacturer how much appeal our publication has to prospective customers. Do you know where that salesman got his data? From me. I stayed here three nights to dig out that particular dope for him. He turned the statistics I gave him into paragraphs; that required the gigantic mental effort of dictating from my copy to a stenographer. I admit he supplied the conjunctions during the dictation. When it was over his woman stenographer typed it and bound it in that elegant form. Yet you've just put through a raise for him, a twenty-dollar-a-week raise.

"None of your salesmen, your 'college graduates' ever goes out on a big job without coming in here first and getting his material from me. Each of them specializes in selling to one type of advertiser. To keep your 'college men' up to date, I have to have the information on every type of advertiser. I know every phase of the magazine. I certainly can talk as much and as long as any of these men. I can't drink as much, but maybe I could learn. You seem to think them sacrosanct and apart because they're 'college men.' Well, I'm a 'college woman.' And you 'buy brains.' Why can't I have the job? Or have I been making a mistake all this time and is it just sex you buy?"

The boss wiped his forehead with his handkerchief and scrawled something on

the bottom of the memorandum I had just typed, the memorandum raising the salesman's salary. "Whew!" he said inelegantly, "you're certainly a hellcat when you get going."

P. S. I did not get the job. I got a raise of five dollars a week.

To this day no woman sells advertising for that national publication on the door of which the current boss hangs out the sign, "I buy brains."

Sex antagonism is not entirely to blame for this situation, to be sure. Stenography has quite a lot to do with it. The girl who admits she knows stenography and typewriting is as good as lost. An employer doesn't want to lose a competent secretary, used to his ways, any more than his wife wants to lose a competent domestic.

If the secretary gets a chance to do anything else she'll have to fight like a vixen for it. Too many college girls crowd business subjects into their courses and by so doing jeopardize their own chances to be anything but a "secretary," a polite name, in many instances, for a super-slave.

College men don't do that. The secretarial job is supposed to be a springboard from which one will dive gracefully into the deeper waters of salesmanship, management, or some other branch of business. Like as not, however, it will be the anchor holding your little boat firmly moored in the office-harbor, while some of the great big Vikings who were graduated the same year with you, or even years later, sail bravely forth to battle business storms you never will know. No boss I ever met, particularly one who hadn't been to college himself, would dream of asking the fine upstanding young man from Amherst or Dartmouth how fast he can take dictation, the kind that is to be transcribed later, I mean. (At that, the question itself is usually a piece of front. You find out shortly that you could knit a whole afghan during the time most of the questioners spend trying to figure out what word they need next.) But even when

a "college man" turns secretary, he usually draws down more pay than a girl in a similar job.

I think the chief reason why women as a sex take lower wages than men is our genetic consciences. We know we have no right to desert our homes and our families; so we take whatever we can get and say, smirking, "We haven't been in business long enough yet. . . ."

IV

We are not fooling anybody but ourselves. We are not fooling the men. That is particularly true in government. Did you ever know any women deputies? A woman deputy is the gal who knows all the answers. The bland gent who wears the good clothes, drinks with the boys, and makes a knockout toastmaster, knows just one answer: "Just a minute. I'll call Miss So-and-so. She's more familiar with the details of that than I am." She is, no doubt about that. Of course he has the great problems of government on his mind and he can't have that powerful vehicle cluttered up with picayune detail. What the taxpayer usually pays for in government is personality, and if we get a good personality, why complain? If the taxpayer doesn't complain why should the deputy? It would do her a lot of good, her salary being set by a group of males.

When the clerk of one New York State county board of supervisors died, his deputy got the job, after holding it unofficially for quite a while, while the honorable board of supervisors made up its composite mind about establishing the precedent of appointing a woman clerk.

The salary at which the woman was formally appointed was \$2,000 a year less than the man had got. No doubt her picture in the newspapers, the flowers and the candy she received were worth to her what the county saved. But why appoint an experienced person to a \$5,000 job and pay her only \$3,000? She was experienced; she'd been deputy for a good many years. Why jeopardize

the efficiency of that county by taking on cheap labor? Why was the higher salary ever paid if there were only \$3,000 worth of work to be done? The excuse given was that the "new" clerk had a lot to learn. She certainly started off with a bang; few of us get a lesson worth \$2,000 a year right smack with the job we land.

The worst part of this, from the feminists' point of view—the best part of it from mine—is that the woman herself thought it was perfectly lovely. Quite apart from the honor and the encomiums, she no doubt considered she had done a big thing for her sex in getting a job no other woman had held. Actually, she was merely holding back a sex, part of which is loudly insistent on "equal rights." Where could the county have found a man who knew as much about the job as she knew? And what do you suppose will happen in that county when another woman applies for an appointive job in which she has had no experience? That new clerk weakened the possibilities of having any other woman ever appointed to office in this county at a salary a man would receive.

We women are so mealy-mouthed because of our genetic consciences that we think it's just wonderful when we get a break at all. We're grateful to men for letting us do their dirty work. We think we're doing pretty well in getting one portion of the male population to let us work for them so that we can help support the other portion.

If we had any pride we should refuse to work for the support of a healthy man or for his children; if we had any pride, we should refuse to work at less than the price a man would be paid.

But we have no pride and no reason for pride, and the men know it, from the boss to the office boy. To be sure, we "saw through" our menfolk in other generations, but we gave them a personal

service and we received a personal return, just what our glands lead us to demand. Now we render impersonal service, we receive impersonal returns. The men know that our flouncings round the business world are just a pose. They know that we shouldn't be there and that we know it. If they have a scorn and contempt for us, we have earned it by our willingness to work so hard for so little.

They know also that we can't answer back in business, most of us, any more than we could answer back at home. We can do our answering back of course from platforms of one kind or the other, or as we speak at public functions. But though those words may be well chosen and bravely delivered, they're really a blend of despair and of that long-ago unuttered impudence we were never allowed to blow off at home because Papa was such an old tyrant. He was just that because he was a male. His sons have been made in his image and likeness. We have found that out, we women in "gainful occupations."

We should do better to realize that we shall never wipe this sex antagonism out of the world. It is one of the prices we pay for being women. It is just one of the inescapable and permanent conditions in the world. Yet, when it gets too tough to take we can cry it off in the ladies' room.

Later, years later, if we've been so unwise as to continue to be business women, we shall not be able to cry off our wasted lives. Nor will society be able to cry off its own stupidity in having failed to fit us for our real work, in having taught us that we cannot do two jobs at once, and that in preparing ourselves for the business careers we are now seeking and finding, we are headed for the wrong job in life and, to go a bit Biblical, as we sow so shall we reap—or weep.



SHADOW OVER WALL STREET

BY STUART CHASE

“WALL STREET” is a label which has hitherto covered two major functions in the American economy. The first is performed by the stock broker, the second by the investment banker. The broker, as agent for the public, buys and sells stocks and bonds which have already been issued. For this service he collects a commission. In 1929 brokers collected \$227 million; in 1938, \$43 million. The public is not placing orders for stocks and bonds as spiritedly as in 1929, and this fact naturally saddens the broker. But who can say when the public interest will revive? In September, 1939, it revived briskly—though not for long.

The investment banker does not trade on the floor of the stock exchange like the broker. His task is to collect the savings of the public and loan them to large corporate borrowers—railroads, steel companies, municipalities, and so on. To do this he usually underwrites an issue of bonds or stocks, handsomely engraved by the borrower. Suppose he takes an issue at, say, 98. He gives \$98 in cash to the railroad or the steel company in exchange for each \$100 of engraved securities. Then he places the issue with banks, insurance companies, trustees, the investing public. If he places it at 99 he makes a one-point spread on the transaction. Often he advises the borrower as to the best type of security to issue, whether bond, preferred or common stock.

When learned authorities say that “industrial capitalism” has been suc-

ceeded by “finance capitalism” they are referring to this process. Along about 1890 investment bankers began to occupy a pivotal place in the routing of savings into investment. They controlled, on the one hand, the great reservoirs of savings—insurance companies, trust companies and commercial banks—and controlled, on the other hand, the policies of big industrial companies who wanted money. If an insurance company displeased the investment bankers it was likely to find itself deprived of succulent issues for its portfolio. If an industrial company displeased these bankers it might not get the funds which it needed to expand operations.

This statement of the case is oversimplified, but it gives the general idea of finance capitalism. Investment bankers made the master decisions, rather than railroad presidents, manufacturers, or merchants. By their control of long-term credit they could make or break an industry and, indeed, could block out the whole industrial pattern of the nation. In comparison, the broker, at his post on the stock exchange, was as a valet to his lord.

To-day brokerage houses are painfully short of commissions, but no one is proposing to close the exchanges. The lords of creation, however, are in a more melancholy position. Not only are their commissions pitifully diminished compared with former years, but the sweep of economic forces is rendering their very function obsolete. It is not necessary to draw a moral lesson from this. Some

investment bankers have been unscrupulous. Many have made pots of money. Coincident with their transactions, American industry built up a plant for the mass production of useful goods which became the wonder of the world. Did the bankers help or did they hinder? Who knows?

"Wall Street," defined as investment banking, is to-day under pressure from three directions. In the last issue of HARPER's I described at some length the decline in the demand for loans to industry because industry has accumulated its own funds from depreciation and depletion reserves and from profits retained. The testimony of Owen D. Young, Edward Stettinius, Alfred P. Sloan, and other witnesses before the TNEC was cited on this score. The evidence, I believe, was conclusive. It was brought out that, even in the decade before the depression, industry was meeting 75 per cent of its capital requirements from internal sources, and that in recent years the ratio has jumped to 92 per cent. This includes all American business enterprises, corporate and non-corporate.

In the second place, when a large industrial company does need funds from external sources it obtains them increasingly through the process of "private placement," which by-passes the investment banker altogether. In the third place, the rate of growth of American business has been declining for many years, even before the depression. This again operates to cut down the need for capital and for savings, with severe repercussions on the investment banker.

We shall now examine evidence given in the TNEC hearings on idle money, in May of 1939, as it bears on the last two points—private placement, and the decline in the growth rate of industry. We shall consider the effects not only on the investment banker, but on the whole economy. Private placement is an important problem for the banker, but not for the rest of us. The industrial growth rate affects every single citizen.

II

Adolph A. Berle, Jr., in his testimony presented a chart which is reproduced on the next page.

It shows the shadow over Wall Street better than words can show it. The whole bar represents corporate securities issued in each year from 1921 through 1938. The black portion of the bar represents those issues which were spent for plant and equipment, the kind of investments which put men to work. The white (cross-hatched) portion represents those issues where no physical construction was involved, but rather a manipulation of paper-refunding operations, refinancing, split-ups, mergers, and the like. To say that this is a useless function is not true, but it is not a lordly function. No wealth is created by it; no jobs are created except for a few clerks.

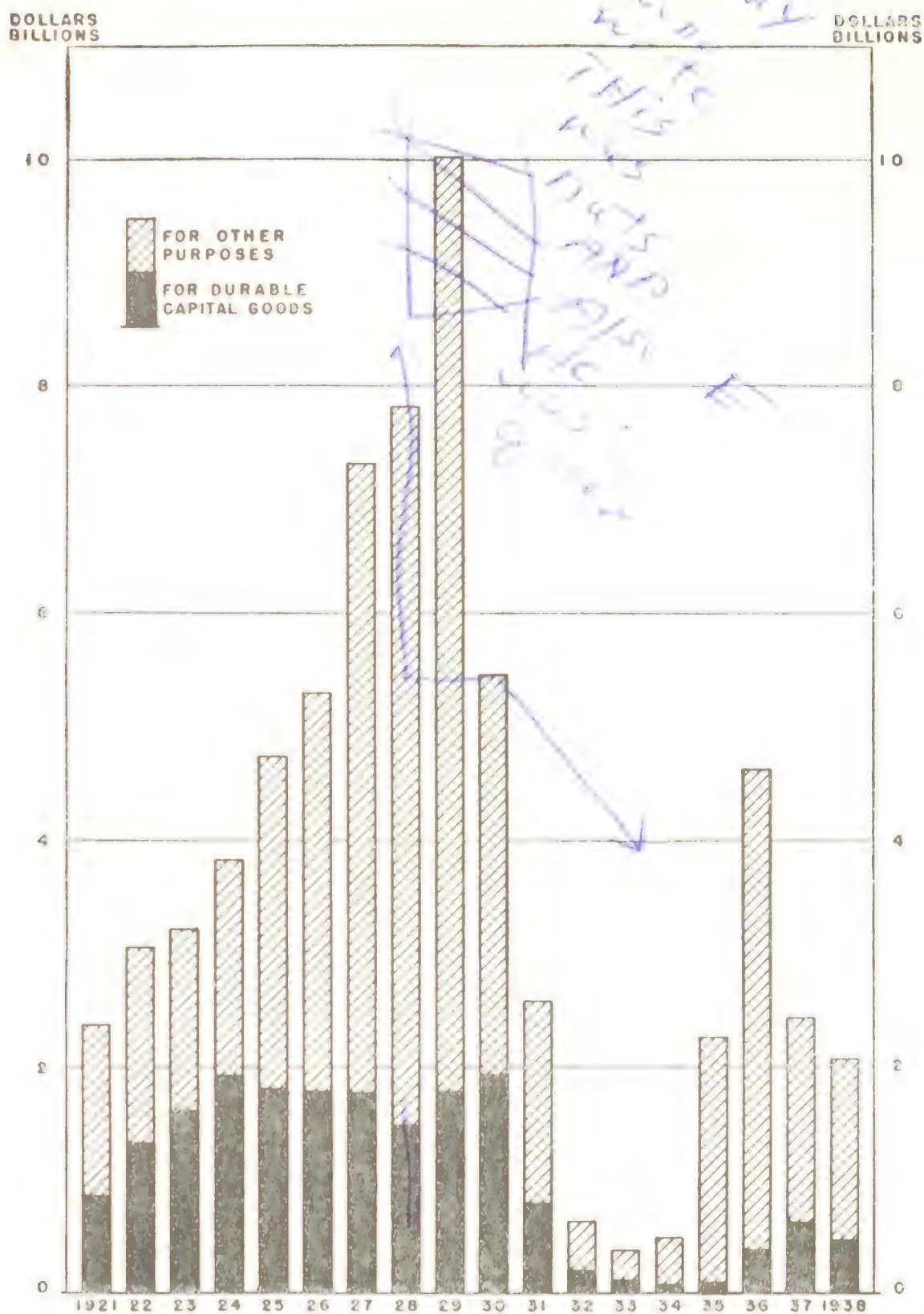
Look at the financial pages of the *New York Times* almost any day and you will probably find an item or two reading something like this:

Offering was made to the public yesterday by an underwriting group headed by X. Y. and Company, of 10,000 shares of 5% cumulative, convertible preferred stock of the A. B. Steel Company. Net proceeds will be used in part to redeem certificates of indebtedness due in 1947. The remainder of the proceeds will be used to repay part of a \$500,000 bank loan.

This is a "churning paper" issue and goes into the white section of the bar. Issues for the black section are harder to find in the *Times* or anywhere else. When you discover one, it will read somewhat as follows:

Offering was made of \$2 million 4½% first mortgage 15 year bonds of the Q. R. Steel Company to provide funds for the financing of an alloy steel plant at Warren, Indiana. X. Y. and Company will head the underwriting syndicate.

Money represented by the black bar built factories, hydro-electric systems, smelters, refineries, and skyscrapers. Observe that in no year did it amount to as much as \$2 billion. It almost



CORPORATE SECURITIES ISSUED, 1921-38

reached that mark in 1924 and again in 1930. But the *upward trend ended in 1924*. After 1930 there was a steep decline. With partial recovery following 1934, the black dollars have remained at a low level. In 1938 some \$2 billion of corporate securities were issued, but only \$438 million went into plant.

Meanwhile, you see from the chart that the white dollars rose like a profile of the Andes to a peak of more than \$8 billion (\$10 billion with the black dollars

included) in 1929. This reflects the culminating splendor of the era of Charles Mitchell and Samuel Insull. Then the white bar falls to less than half a billion in 1933. With recovery there is a rally to another peak of about \$4 billion in 1936. Mergers and pyramided holding companies were no longer the style, however, but rather refunding operations where six per cents were swapped for four per cents, or where debts were swapped for equities.

Total issues, white and black, averaged \$6 billion in the twenties, two-thirds of it and more in the white division. Less than a third did any useful work. Then both divisions went down into the depths, where the useful work category remains. "Here you have," said Mr. Berle, "the whole huge drama." One reason of course for the low estate of the useful work division is the mounting importance of internal financing. After 1934 huge sums were again invested in plant and equipment—no less than \$7.5 billion in 1937, according to the testimony of Dr. Laughlin Currie—but most of the money came from depreciation reserves rather than from the capital markets.

III

Mr. Berle then set forth the evidence on private placement. This is a procedure whereby a large corporate borrower, of either black or white money, goes directly to a large savings institution to negotiate a long-term loan, neglecting the investment banker. Suppose, instead of borrowing from your bank, you borrow from a man who is about to make a deposit in your bank. You stop him on the street and he takes the bills out of his pocket. The bank gets neither the deposit nor your promissory note for its portfolio. The bank is left out in the cold. Poor bank. Poor investment banker.

Here are the figures in recent years:

	<i>Total Corporate Bonds and Notes Issued</i>	<i>Amount Privately Placed</i>	<i>Per cent Privately Placed</i>
1934	\$ 455,000,000	\$100,000,000	22
1935	2,117,000,000	364,000,000	17
1936	4,026,000,000	443,000,000	11
1937	1,676,000,000	447,000,000	27
1938	1,980,000,000	733,000,000	37

In 1938 more than a third of all bonds and notes were placed without benefit of Wall Street. The big industrial company went directly to the big insurance company and got the money. Incidentally, the money was yours and mine. We had given it to the insurance company in that inevitable part of our premium payments which is not for

insurance protection, but for reserves—and so a kind of forced saving. One reason for the plethora of idle money is to be found right here. There are some 120 million individual life insurance policies outstanding, most of them carrying a provision for automatic saving. The insurance company has to find investment outlets. It is not easy.

"There seems to be no likelihood of the diminution of this situation," said Mr. Berle. "Your investment banker, who used to do substantially the whole job, is now out of a job so far as the major, or high-grade issue is concerned. They are prepared to do without him, except perhaps as a minor service agent." . . . Can you imagine J. P. Morgan, the elder, as a minor service agent?

The investment banker, Mr. Berle continued, handles long-term loans, in sharp contrast with the commercial banker who specializes in short-term loans. Many changes have taken place in the machinery of commercial banking in the past century—the use of checks, the creation of checkbook money, the Federal Reserve System, and so on. But the House of Morgan continued to sell bonds in about the same way as did the House of Rothschild in Napoleon's time. The Rothschilds themselves had not greatly improved the method devised by the British East India Company, generations earlier.

A new design for the machinery of long-term credit appears to be overdue.

IV

We come now to the evidence bearing on the decline in the growth rate of industry. Has the American economy matured or has it not? Few questions are more bitterly disputed; few are more important. If maturity is a fact, as reflected in a declining growth rate, then it is pretty well agreed that financial methods appropriate for a briskly expanding economy will have to be revised. If maturity is not a fact, it is unnecessary to experiment with new methods. Mr.

Thomas Dewey in his first speech as candidate for the presidential nomination planted his flag squarely on the proposition that maturity was defeatism and unthinkable. What are the facts?

Two kinds of facts are involved—records and causes. What actually has been the growth rate in recent years? What measurable reasons can be assigned for any diminution in the rate? The record, if it is a true one, is not subject to argument; the reasons are.

Dr. Laughlin Currie of the Federal Reserve Board placed an exhaustive statistical study of capital formation before the committee, probably the most complete ever made. It shows, for each year from 1921 through 1938, gross national income and gross expenditures for capital goods; things bought not for consumption but for plant, equipment, and the like. These expenditures he terms outlets for, or offsets to, savings. He then subdivided the total into the following outlets for each of the 18 years:

- Manufacturing plant.
- Mining plant.
- Commercial building.
- Railroad construction.
- Utility construction.
- Residential housing.
- Construction by non-profit institutions such as clubs and churches.
- Government outlays.
- Foreign loans.
- Consumer credit.
- Inventory accumulations.

These expenditures fall into two main groups—first, the plant of productive business enterprises, including manufacturing, mining, commercial, railroad, and utility outlays; second, all other outlays. Remember that both replacements and new construction are included.

In 1923 the productive business sector spent \$7.8 billion for plant and equipment; in 1928 it spent \$8.7 billion. In view of the fact that the automotive, radio, and motion picture industries were rapidly expanding during this period, the increase in all business out-

lays is not great. In 1929, however, an all-time high of \$10 billion was spent. Then came a dizzy decline to \$2.4 billion in 1933; and in 1937 a recovery to \$7.5 billion—almost as much as in 1923.

During the 1920's the ratio of total savings, both individual and corporate, to national income was running about 20 per cent. This meant that some \$15 billion of capital formation, on the average, was necessary to offset the savings and maintain prosperity. Outlays for productive business, averaging about \$8 billion, accounted for only about half of the necessary amount. What made up the difference? Five major items closed the investment circuit and kept the saved dollars rolling. They were:

1. Residential housing. A huge shortage in residential housing had developed during the World War for that limited group of Americans who can afford to buy or rent new living quarters. It was made good after 1920. Expenditures rose to some \$5 billion in 1925, held that peak in 1926, and then began to decline. By 1929 they were down to \$2.8 billion. In the depression, housing outlays dropped with a thud, and they are still far below the levels of the last decade.

2. Foreign loans. During the twenties exports exceeded imports by some \$10 billion, reflecting the fact that we loaned foreigners the money to buy the excess of our exports. This item began to shrink about 1928, as it became increasingly apparent that foreign borrowers were not going to pay what they owed. Many of them can't pay and will not pay. Perhaps most of them couldn't pay.

3. Consumer credit. A large volume of savings was absorbed during the twenties, as installment buying grew to ever greater proportions. Loans were made to financial companies which carried you and me while we paid off installments on our cars and radios. Unfortunately, this outlet has a ceiling. Indeed it has a boomerang. When a depression develops from other causes, consumer credit goes into reverse. In-

stallment payments exceed new purchases, thus reducing purchasing power when it is most needed. Remember what you did in 1932. You probably paid off the installments on your old car and did not buy a new one.

4. Inventory accumulations. Goods on the shelves tended as a whole to increase during the twenties, with ups and downs from year to year. The net rise offset a like amount of savings, and helped to close the investment circuit. This device, as every business man knows, has a ceiling and a boomerang too. It cannot be counted upon as a steady absorber of idle money.

5. Government construction. About a billion a year, according to Dr. Currie's figures, went into government plant during the 1920's. The principal outlays were for highways and school buildings. The borrowers were States and cities, not the Federal government. The Federal government, during the decade, was retiring the national debt, and so, in effect, *increasing* the fund of savings looking for investment. How? In 1925, let us say, you owned a \$1,000 Liberty Bond. The government called it in and gave you \$1,000 in cash. Now you had either to spend it or look round for a new investment. After 1929 States and cities retrenched drastically, and as a group stopped borrowing anybody's savings. As a group, they are still down in their bombproof shelters. As they went down the Federal government went up. It is interesting to see the two curves reverse their directions and presently cross.

Dr. Currie's figures make it clear that productive business enterprise was not absorbing the nation's savings in the 1920's by a very wide margin. In the 1930's the margin was even wider. The circuit was closed—when it was closed—by the five factors just listed. Over each hangs a question-mark as a permanent investment channel. Two of them—consumer credit and inventory accumulations—are worthless as permanent stabilizers. They go up and they go

down. One of them—foreign loans—is out, for all investors in their senses. One—residential housing—is still promising for the long swing. Unhappily it is still badly depressed. The fifth and last factor—government construction—has done more than the others to close the circuit since 1933. In 1936 it accounted for 26 per cent of the offsets to savings, dropped to 5 per cent in 1937, when expenditures were heavily cut (followed by swift depression), rose to 30 per cent in 1938. Government outlays, however, are beset with controversy. Many critics accept them under protest, as emergency measures only. For permanent aid, government investment is held to be both morally deplorable and economically ruinous. Ruinous it may be, but the record of the 1930's shows plainly the ruin it averted.

Where are the national savings to go? Business plant used only 53 per cent of them in the booming 1920's. Three props are useless for the future. Residential housing shows little sign of attracting investors on the scale required, at least without government subsidy. With some giant new industries in the 1920's, business plant did not expand very much. The outlay has seldom exceeded \$8 billion a year for twenty years. Meanwhile, when gross national income rises to the hoped-for goal of \$100 billion, Dr. Currie tells us that it must be associated with \$19 billion of capital formation, if swift collapse is not to follow. What shall we stuff in to hold the barricade? The larger the national income the larger the gap to be filled with new investment.

Of course if the ratio of savings to national income should decline, stuffing would not be so necessary. The figures which Dr. Donald H. Davenport presented at the hearings indicate no diminution in the ratio. Billions are accumulating every year in the great reservoirs of individual savings, in the insurance companies, savings banks, building and loan associations, in the time deposits of commercial banks.

There is as yet no decline in thrift, as measured by the assets of these institutions. In 1910 such assets stood at \$16 billion; in 1938 at more than \$60 billion. Another \$9 billion was in government savings institutions—baby bonds, pension funds, postal savings.

Dr. Alvin H. Hansen corroborated Dr. Currie's testimony. He pointed out that the chief factor which held industrial plant at the level it did attain through the twenties was the motor car, with its subsidiary enterprises—rubber, glass, steel. Toward the end of the decade the automotive industry was still growing but at a diminished rate. By that time everybody who could afford a car—and many who could not—had one. Since 1928 the industry has remained strong, but it has shown no tendency to exceed the output of that year.

Meanwhile no comparable absorber of savings has appeared to take the place of the motor car. "It is not enough," said Dr. Hansen, "that a mature industry continues its activity at a high level on a horizontal plane. . . . It is the cessation of growth which is disastrous, for when it has ceased to grow there is no further need for plant expansion." We remember that Mr. Sloan told the committee that plant facilities of the motor industry were ample for all expected demands, without recourse to outside savings. Dr. Hansen said that a new industry, comparable to the automobile, might appear at any time. He would be glad to see it. Where is it? One can't invest one's savings in lofty ideals about the inevitability of progress. He said that in the recovery year of 1936 more than \$4 billion of capital formation went into the flimsy outlet of inventory accumulations, while residential construction was only about a third of what it had averaged in the 1920's. He found little basis for permanent recovery in such figures.

V

Granting, as I think we must, that the facts as to savings and investment chan-

nels in recent years were accurately described by Dr. Hansen, Dr. Currie, Dr. Davenport, and others, the question arises why the demands of productive business—manufacturing, mining, commerce, railroads, utilities—for new plant reached a kind of plateau in the 1920's, and are even lower to-day. We have observed the record; what did the witnesses before the TNEC have to say about causes? Six points were brought out:

1. The increasing efficiency of capital equipment due to technological advance.

2. The condition of excess capacity in many industries, which has been more or less chronic since the last war. (It is also chronic in many agricultural crops.)

3. The long-term trend toward economic nationalism, which discourages foreign loans.

4. The closing of geographical frontiers for capital investment and expansion.

5. The decline in the growth rate of population.

6. The psychological effect of a lack of confidence on the part of enterprisers and investors.

Let us briefly examine each of these.

Mr. Sloan, we remember, testified that a dollar's worth of capital goods to-day will produce more output than a dollar's worth a few years ago. Dr. Oscar L. Altman called attention to the work of industrial research laboratories in reducing costs. When I went through the research laboratory of the A. O. Smith Corporation in Milwaukee, makers of automobile frames and pressure vessels, seven hundred technicians were employed there. American industry may not be expanding rapidly, but the techniques of more efficient production are growing like a green bay tree. Their initial effect is probably to increase capital outlays while reducing payroll costs. But when this hurdle is passed the long-term effect is to reduce the demand for capital. When Machine A wears out and is replaced by Machine B, at an identical cost, all the evidence indicates that capacity is normally increased.

Milo Perkins gave significant testimony about excess capacity. It consisted of case histories rather than figures. Mr. Perkins is a Texas manufacturer, now in charge of the famous Food Stamp Plan of the Federal Surplus Commodities Corporation. He has been keeping a record of conversations with business men who come to see him in Washington. Many come. He asks them about plant expansion in their business. "I find," he says, "that most business men are intimately aware of the lack of opportunity for capital investment in their own particular line, but they do a great deal of wishful thinking about the large number of jobs which could be created in the other fellow's back yard."

Recently he asked a group of flour millers how many mills their industry would build to help absorb the unemployed. (All presidential candidates should listen to this. It may save them some painful surprises if they should be so unfortunate as to be elected.) The millers replied that Mr. Perkins well knew they had twice the capacity the country needed, even on a \$100 billion national income basis—and besides, their business was different. They felt certain that other industries stood in great need of new factories, but the flour business, no. Emphatically not.

Mr. Perkins' record book is a succession of such stories. Each group affirms that its business is different; it needs no more capacity—heaven forbid; but billions are required elsewhere. "I haven't found any group of manufacturers in the country who recommend the building of additional plants, with the national income where it is now; who recommend them in the line of business with which they are intimately familiar—hosiery, cotton textiles, cottonseed oil, bagging, and so on down the line."

Plant expansion is a worthy goal to which all business men subscribe in the abstract. But when you categorically ask Mr. Smith, of Smith and Smith, how much more expansion—and competition—he wants in his own industry, the

abstraction melts before the superior fire of the concrete case. It would be interesting in this connection, says Mr. Perkins, to summon the secretaries of all the important trade associations and ask them to specify the shortages of capacity in the industry whose welfare they are hired to protect.

Both Dr. Hansen and Mr. Berle testified on the rise of autarchy and the virtual collapse of the world free market. Dr. Hansen said: "The outlet for foreign loans and investments has been totally absent during the past decade and the prospects are not bright for the years ahead." Are you loaning any of your savings in Europe or Asia to-day? (Some outlet in Latin America, with government guarantee, may be possible now that the war has come.)

Dr. Hansen outlined the geographical check to industrial expansion. The past century witnessed the development of the American West, of South America, Australia, Canada, as agricultural and mining areas were exploited, and giant cities built. This trend dominated economic life. It minimized the risk of new ventures. If optimism carried railroad construction too far, or overbuilt a city, the damage was temporary. Expansion and growth soon made good the error. Business men could look far into the future with gigantic plants, anticipating capital outlays. As all the world knows, this rhythm has been broken. The virgin lands filled up. What resources remain to be exploited by private capital in Asia and South America are likely to be developed slowly, if at all.

Dr. Hansen went on to describe the effects of the growth of population on the demand for capital. The enormous outlays of the 19th century were conditioned by technological advances, but also by an unprecedented increase in population throughout the western world—calling forth more housing, transport, municipal utilities, and the like. "It seems not unreasonable to suppose—and some rough estimates lead to this conclusion—that approximately *one-half*

of the capital outlays of the past century were due to the growth of population, and its expansion into new territory."

In the decade of the 1920's the population of the United States increased by 16 million persons. In the decade of the 1930's the increase has been cut in half, to 8 million. In the decade of the 1940's conservative estimates indicate that it will be still further cut, to 5 million. Dr. Hansen presented a chart which showed population increasing, but at a declining rate, to 1980. He was thus extremely cautious in his estimates. Many students of the trend expect the peak to be reached before 1960. Whether minimum or maximum estimates are taken, the restraining effect on construction activity, land values, the willingness to gamble on the future is sure to be profound.

Finally, it should be emphasized that no witness was disposed to deny that the psychological state called "confidence" was an important factor in the halting of new investment. Mr. Berle said flatly that recent government policies covering utilities, labor relations, taxation were in part responsible for the freezing of capital markets. But to say that they were responsible for the whole decline is to disregard many stubborn facts—depreciation policies, excess capacity, the secular trends in population, foreign loans, and so forth, just recited. A half-truth stated loudly enough, said Mr. Berle, often becomes the sincere and honest belief of the financial community.

VI

Assuming that the above factors have reduced the relative need for capital expansion in private enterprise, it does not follow that the American economy has reached a dead level. It does not follow at all. Evidence was produced by Dr. Will Alexander, Milo Perkins, John Ferris, and others to show that millions of people stand in dire need of a decent house to live in, enough good food to eat, adequate clothes to wear, better medical

care, and educational facilities. Mr. Perkins said that if everybody in the United States spent as much money for cotton goods as is now spent by families in the \$2500 income group, they would add half a billion dollars to the income of the South, and increase cotton consumption by two million bales. This demand could be paralleled for nearly every common article you can think of. If we could somehow finance it, the pull on both agriculture and industry would be terrific, passing capacity in many cases, and calling for new plant and equipment.

How are we going to finance it? This is an *intensive* rather than an *extensive* type of expansion. It lacks profit appeal. The financial mechanism has hitherto been geared to *extensive* expansion—new lands, new populations, new industries. Here profits are risky but often large. To balance the federal budget and practice economy only hammers down the already wretched purchasing ability of the lower-income groups. Observe what recently happened in Ohio when the State budget was balanced. City people began literally to starve. Yet to borrow and distribute enough purchasing power in the form of relief to enable people to buy two million bales of cotton goods, and other things they need, would run the federal debt out of sight in a very short time. Some critics claim they can't see the top of it now. We seem to be caught in the rigidities of a financial system designed for a different rate of growth. It is a waste of words to discuss the demonstrable possibilities of intensive expansion unless one is prepared to redesign the mechanism.

Another broad field for expansion is public investment in conservation, rural electrification, low-rental housing, power projects, irrigation, forestry, hospitals, schools, super-highways, research. Henry Dennison, Massachusetts manufacturer, introduced some very interesting testimony covering the possibilities of public investment, if, as, and when it

was accepted as a legitimate outlet. The need again is demonstrable. Idle men and idle money could find wide employment in this sector. But again we strike an institutional stone wall. Public investment, despite the fact that we have had it since the Republic began, despite the fact that it was an important factor of prosperity in the 1920's, that motor cars make no sense without public highways to run on, that airplanes make no sense without public airports to land on, that the lumber business makes no sense without trees to cut a few decades hence, that the whole country will make no sense if erosion by water and wind is allowed to compound its ravages unchecked—public investment is taboo in orthodox minds. Senator O'Mahoney was suspicious of it; Senator King would have none of it. When it was touched on the atmosphere of the committee room became tense.

Notwithstanding this, Dr. Hansen had the temerity to propose public investment as part of the solution of the idle-money problem. Mr. Berle had the temerity actually to draft a design for a battery of long-term capital banks to finance both public and private investment, at selective interest rates, so that the burden of debt could be kept at reasonable levels. This was the most dramatic session of all before the TNEC. The committee sat stunned, yet fascinated at the boldness and the logic of Mr. Berle's invention. The committee must have known that the facts were leading them—as they are leading our economy—into an impasse from which there is no escape by the road of orthodox finance. But to hear a cold, clear brain propose an unconventional way out was a little like listening to a naughty story in the church vestry.

VII

It has been impossible in the space of these two articles to give more than a sample of the testimony. Almost half a million words were taken, and scores of exhibits introduced into the record. In

addition to the factual analysis, a number of constructive proposals were contributed, of which Mr. Berle's was the most arresting. Dr. Hansen suggested a revision in the tax structure which would reduce the over-all ratio of savings to national income, and thus modify the problem of idle money at source. He outlined also the much discussed double budget for dividing government expenditures into current items—like the President's salary—and capital items—like Boulder Dam. Assorted proposals were advanced to help the small business man, and the enterpriser trying to crash the market with a better mousetrap. There were proposals for the conversion of long-term debts into equities.

But preliminary to remedies, it is important to know the extent and sequence of the situation which is to be remedied. In my brief space I have tried to concentrate on two related sets of data—the dominating place of internal financing in our economy to-day and the collateral obsolescence of the investment banker. Thrift has not declined, but opportunities for investment in private enterprise have. If, under pressure of brute circumstance or otherwise, the rate of savings does decline, the investment banker's function will be further circumscribed. If savings are routed into public investment via Mr. Berle's capital banks, the investment banker will not be cheered. Which way shall he turn?

The hearings make it clear that, while agreement is becoming widespread as to the facts, many Americans are not prepared to accept Mr. Berle's banks, or Dr. Hansen's tax reforms, or Mr. Dennison's program for public construction. They prefer to wait for some god from some machine to come and make everything click again as it did before the world turned upside down.

Perhaps the god will come. Perhaps it will be Mr. Dewey or Mr. Garner. Perhaps he can turn the world right side up again, and make things click. Perhaps he can even make the sun to shine in Wall Street. Here, in the careful

testimony of these hearings, are the facts he must overcome to do it.

It will be interesting to watch him battle with the facts; interesting to know where he will find \$19 billion, more or less, of productive investment, every year. If the facts defeat him, as I am afraid they will, it may *then* be psychologically possible to work out financial solutions

which fit the facts. Even the bitter-enders will realize that the rhythm of the 19th century cannot be recaptured. With agreement general, we can, as a people, set about achieving that intensive expansion in living standards for all Americans which our magnificent industrial plant stands ready to give us whenever we say the word.

MARY KENDIG

BY MARTHA KELLER

NEVER trust a chest cold. Never trust an Injun.
 Never trust a sunny, for a fishbone chokes.
 Never wed a Democrat, nor lose the true religion.
 Never wed a drunkard, nor a man that smokes.

*She was short. She was stout. She was homely as a henbird,
 But who shall see her like again, so beautiful was she?
 She was love. She was faith. Let it always be remembered!
 And kindlier than God's own kindness to me.*

*With her almanac by her, in the chilly third storey,
 She'd set her feet a-soaking in a tinny hot tub.
 She had tired them for me. But, O praise be to glory,
 O praise be to God, that I gave her back a rub.*

*She made me fringed leggings—O, how should I forget her—
 Of buckskin and beads, and a little fringed vest.
 And she got up at dawn, just to mix me the batter,
 She'd learned on the trail seeking gold in the West.*

*I was ten or about when I mourned her and missed her—
 Though mine to the bone, and mine only, before.
 But I lost her at last when I got a new sister.
 And she'd a new baby who needed her more.*

*She was squat as a bush. She was broad as a barrel,
 And her arm was about me whatever I'd done.
 She was pansies and pinks. She was white mountain laurel.
 She was pure as wild water. And warm as the sun.*

Never trust a chest cold. Never trust an Injun.
 Never trust a sunny, for a fishbone chokes.
 Never wed a Democrat, nor lose the true religion.
 Never wed a drunkard, nor a man that smokes.



STEFANSSON: TWENTY YEARS AFTER

BY EARL P. HANSON

ADMIRAL BYRD is now on his way to the Antarctic. The important aspect of the present expedition is that Byrd is going south this time as a government employee, under government orders, and on money furnished by Congress. The United States, we are told, is engaged in a kind of race with half a dozen other nations to claim large sections of Antarctica before somebody else beats us to them.

To those who have swallowed the press agents' romantic pap, according to which polar exploration is little more than the sport of heroes, such acknowledgment that the far South may be useful comes as a surprise. The hero legend allows the polar regions no utility except as terrifying backgrounds against which the publicly brave can make a show of their valor; at best, if they have any utility at all, it is as glorified sample rooms where explorers can demonstrate and endorse chocolate bars, breakfast foods, and airplanes. Even the importance of the once "useless" and now crowded arctic port of Murmansk seems in no way to lessen current bewilderment that Congress should spend the taxpayers' money on the study and acquisition of a large slab of ice-covered Antarctica.

It is difficult to explain our government's present action except from the long-range point of view and as one step in a worldwide expansion in a north and south direction. These movements have been ignored by press and public alike. How far even we, admittedly one of the

most provincial nations on earth, are going along in that expansion is shown by our past attitude toward Greenland, which is far richer than Antarctica in *known* resources and is certainly nearer to us and strategically more important.

Through the work of such Americans as Kane, Hall, Greely, and Peary we once had claims to northern Greenland that were every bit as strong as any we have to Antarctica "by virtue of discovery and exploration." Yet in 1916, and in spite of Admiral Peary's energetic protests, we practically gave away all our rights there, in the treaty that we signed with Denmark for the purchase of the Virgin Islands. We could see no earthly use in what was then considered a forbidding clump of arctic ice and snow and is now becoming increasingly desirable. To-day we are spending a third of a million dollars as the first step toward extending our sovereignty over an area that is many thousands of miles away, is more "desolate" and farther removed from the centers of civilization than any other on earth. After twenty-three years we have discovered at least potential utility in the polar regions, and have acknowledged the principle that *all* land is valuable in a world of constant, unpredictable change.

During those twenty-three years foresighted men, reading between the lines of the newspapers, and watching the northern expansions of Canada and Russia, ceased to regard the polar regions as the ends of the earth. They now think of them as parts of the "inhabited"

world, to be coveted, claimed, and controlled, to be used for whatever they may offer, now or in the future. Those faroff regions, land and sea, flowering lowlands and ice-covered highlands, comprise about one-seventh of the earth's surface. The "inhabited" world is now expanding itself by one-sixth of its former area. We can draw inspiration and hope from this expansion as something vital and stirring in the present age of almost universal deadlock, bewilderment, and fear.

Behind these moves is the story of one man's incessant labors. David Hunter Miller stated the case very clearly in 1928, in his paper on "Political Rights in the Polar Regions." "Untraveled air routes and undeveloped resources in the Arctic," said Mr. Miller, "are now being thought of as valuable for the future, even the near future. For this, Mr. Stefansson is perhaps more responsible than any other one individual."

The case of Stefansson is unique in the annals of polar exploration. To the dismay of many of his friends, he retired from active work in the field twenty years ago while he was still at the height of his powers. He settled down in New York, in Greenwich Village, where he feels as much at home as he ever did among his Eskimo friends. He did not attempt to cash in on his laurels—eight medals (by now), six honorary degrees, and innumerable honorary memberships in scientific societies—by accepting the security and respectability of a soft job as a college professor. Instead, working on his own, he undertook the difficult job of consolidating the gains he had made in the field and driving home their lessons.

To-day, at the age of sixty, he has his headquarters in three adjacent Village apartments that house his living space, his files, and his private collection of some fifteen thousand books on the polar regions, and serve as offices for his staff.

I recently asked Mrs. Olive Wilcox, the senior staff-member who has been with Stefansson for twenty years, what

they are now doing in the office. They are preparing a second report to the War Department, a combination Baedeker on the Arctic and handbook on how soldiers can take care of themselves in the north. They are working on the second volume of *Unsolved Mysteries of the Arctic*. The first appeared early in 1939 and is a milestone of critical evaluation of the history and significance of polar exploration. They are carrying on Stefansson's work as president of the Explorers Club and as adviser on northern operations for Pan American Airways. They are supervising the preparation of a bibliography on polar exploration as a WPA project. They are still kept busy with Stefansson's duties as assistant commissioner for Iceland to the New York World's Fair, and as a sort of godfather for most of Iceland's personal, cultural, and commercial relations in America—an unofficial position that has demanded everything from finding a job on the stage for a stranded Icelandic giant to selling Icelandic herring. They have the world's biggest private library on the polar regions to classify, index, and take care of. They carry on a staggering correspondence with scientific men all over the world and with hordes of people who ask for favors that are seldom denied and never ignored. People by the hundreds want Stefansson's help, advice, and information on exploration and everything else under the sun as he wants similar things from others. They want him to read and criticize their unpublished manuscripts, write introductions for them, and find publishers. Stefansson and his staff are also supervising research in dietetics that is being done by students at Columbia, Harvard, and Reed universities. While he is away on one of his numerous lecture tours his staff members keep the work going along a dozen different lines.

Such is the life of an explorer who takes his work seriously. Indeed, by now Stefansson's achievements as a *retired* explorer are looming as far greater and more significant than anything he ever

did in the Arctic. So far beyond the strict professional limits of exploration does his influence now extend that we are forced to reappraise him, not as the exploring ethnologist that he started out to be, but as a thinker and worker whose efforts have done much to shape the history of discovery, aviation, geography, dietetics, the distribution of peoples, and international politics.

II

Stefansson is a tall, powerfully built man, once blond and now iron-gray haired. In England he has been mistaken for Lord Beaverbrook. A number of painters and sculptors have used him for a subject. Some, impressed with the explorer legend, have made him look intrepid; "Klondike Stef," his friends shout in glee when they see the results. His deeply lined face exudes kindness and intelligence; his manner is always unassuming and often shy, which is one reason for his great popularity as a lecturer.

As an explorer he has never resembled the conventional hero glorified by such historical press agents as Sir Clements Markham and further dressed up by public-relations counsel. He never broke any records in the usual sporting sense. Peary was great because he was the first to reach the North Pole; Amundsen not only reached both Poles but sailed the Northwest and Northeast Passages as well; Byrd was the first to fly to both Poles.

Stefansson has never been anywhere near a Pole. He once refused to lead a polar air expedition that would have got him much publicity and some cash. He is not a flier and felt that he could go along only as a passenger. So much excess weight might better be taken up by gasoline. He recommended Wilkins instead, as a flier and an able arctic worker, then virtually unknown. With him he recommended Carl Ben Eielson on the ground that anybody who has been brought up in North Dakota is

thereby—through similarities in climate—well fitted for arctic work. It was so that Wilkins and Eielson first got their start in 1926.

Instead of intrepidly facing the perils of the unknown, as nearly all explorers have done since long before the time of Columbus, Stefansson considered the Arctic as "friendly," had a rich and wonderful time there for some eleven years, then returned to civilization and urged that a lot of us start using the north as a health resort, as a vast storehouse of valuable raw materials, and as a shortcut between many of the world's great centers of civilization and commerce.

Stefansson is annoyed when anybody considers him brave. He has been known to identify himself in all sincerity with Caspar Milquetoast of Timid Soul fame. When he made a convocation address at the University of Pittsburgh he told the graduating students that he couldn't talk on the announced subject of courage, knowing nothing whatever about it, but would instead talk about the vastly more important quality of *adaptability*.

Be that as it may, few feats in the entire history of arctic exploration are regarded as more courageous than that of Stefansson and two companions in going out on the floating ice in 1914, with thirty days' food supplies, to live for months by hunting. Virtually the entire world of polar experts had previously agreed with Nansen and the Eskimos that there is no life in the Polar Sea. Stefansson would not accept this theory. He said that the arguments against life in the Polar Sea were all very reasonable, but he didn't think that the fish and the seals and the polar bears and foxes had read them, and so he thought he'd go out there anyway and live by hunting for a spell just to prove that the Polar Sea had been much maligned. What he was doing was to stake his life on the conviction that everybody was wrong but he, and that men like Nansen and Peary, who had traveled on

the polar ice where he hadn't, had simply, and understandably, overlooked the vast amount of animal life that *must* be there, and on which an experienced hunter could live indefinitely. He was vindicated triumphantly, by his own safe emergence in excellent health, and also by events on the Arctic Sea subsequent to his expedition.

The effect on the world was varied. In Norway, where Nansen and Amundsen were world authorities for the concept of the lifeless Polar Sea, he was simply not believed. He didn't do it because he *couldn't* have done it—an idea that is still shared by some polar experts who pretend to chuckle over the fast one that Stefansson slipped over on his public. There are many people who have read his books and heard him lecture who feel that his exploit proves merely that a skillful hunter like Stefansson can live by hunting on the ice if he wants to, though heaven knows it is difficult to understand why he should. Then, finally, there are people—particularly the Russians who have a proprietary interest in the Arctic and have recently taken major steps toward adopting the Polar Sea as Stalin's personal pond—to whom that one feat did more than any other in history toward revolutionizing travel in the far North, changing the entire course of arctic exploration. To those people Stefansson's work compares with that of the Portuguese in the fifteenth century when Prince Henry the Navigator sent ships farther and farther south, finally to cross the equator, abolish once and for all the idea of the burning tropics, and open the world for conquest.

Stefansson's career as an explorer was shaped by an accident to the Leffingwell-Mikkelsen expedition, to which he was attached as a young ethnologist in 1906. As a result of that accident—a shipwreck—he found himself stranded in the Arctic, alone, penniless, inexperienced, and without any expedition anywhere near. Instead of throwing himself on the mercy of the Northwest Mounties and the

Hudson's Bay Company, he went to live with the Eskimos as a combination guest, student, and pauper. One result was undoubtedly that many white men in northern Canada regarded him with contempt, as people still look with contempt on the numerous men who have thrown aside the white man's burden and are found living, often in perfect happiness, with the aborigines in South America and elsewhere. Stefansson learned to speak Eskimo, to live like an Eskimo, to thrive on the Eskimo diet of meat alone, to hunt like an Eskimo when necessary and like a white man when that was better, to build snowhouses, take care of his clothing, in short, to be just as independent of "science," expeditions, and bases of white men's supplies as are the Eskimos themselves.

Since the Arctic is necessarily friendly to the Eskimos who make their homes there, Stefansson eventually threw away all his preconceived notions about the terrible North. With those notions went many ideas about diet and the belief that an explorer is a great man in proportion to his popular fame, regardless of skill, integrity, intelligence, and efficiency.

After retiring in 1918 he devoted himself to driving home his ideas by writing, lecturing, encouraging active interest in the North, and acting as consultant on arctic affairs. Of his thirteen books the two most influential have been *The Friendly Arctic* and *The Northward Course of Empire*.

The Friendly Arctic, the record of his last expedition, is the greatest handbook on polar travel ever written. No detail is omitted on how to take care of yourself in the polar regions, physically, mentally, hygienically, dietetically. His counsel to throw aside preconceived notions and find the courage to learn from books, natives, nature, and common sense, instead of merely from orthodox tradition, provides a great spiritual release. Indeed, the book has been used as a handbook by several African travelers as well, and I can testify to its usefulness to me in South America.

The Northward Course of Empire asks why we leave the Arctic empty just because we've always maligned it. It discusses the vast known and suspected wealth of the North and urges its sane exploitation by the crowded "civilized" world. It points out that the Polar Sea is not an ocean at all, but a kind of Mediterranean, centrally located between the world's greatest nations, and urges utilization of the shortcuts across it. It restates what many explorers had known before, that the Polar Sea, in spite of its fearful name in the books of the hero school of exploration, is really one of the calmest areas on earth and is far warmer than is commonly supposed. The book argues that there is plenty of life in the Polar Sea, on which men can live indefinitely, and that the floating ice provides a natural landing field for aircraft on an average of once every fifteen miles. These facts make transpolar commercial airlines possible. Moreover, because the ice is much thinner than most people suppose, and plentifully interspersed by open water, it urges the use of submarines in the far North, for exploration, for transporting freight, for establishing weather stations and ground organization for airlines. In other words, the book urges that we make practical use of the known fact that the earth is round, and add the Arctic to the "inhabited" world.

The Friendly Arctic, while looked upon with skepticism in many professional circles, was an immediate popular success as a romantic story and as a record of a great explorer's courage and adaptability. *The Northward Course of Empire* had a far different reception. Those professionals whose cherished ideas it attacked indignantly rejected nearly all of Stefansson's contentions. Lay readers regarded it as a Jules Verne effort; it was all right for a great man like Stefansson to like the North, but he had a lot of nerve if he thought that ordinary people could ever adjust themselves to so terrible a region. One or two more enlightened friends wrote Stefansson letters

of commiseration for being so far ahead of his time that he would never get credit for his important ideas.

But the boldest and most clearcut opinion on Stefansson's work and writings was voiced by Isaiah Bowman, former director of the American Geographical Society, and now President of Johns Hopkins University. "Stefansson," wrote Bowman, "will stand for all time as *the* great interpreter of the North."

How right he was is only now becoming apparent.

III

The years 1925-28 were stirring ones. Amundsen, Byrd, Wilkins, and Nobile flew over the Polar Sea for various reasons and with varying degrees of professional integrity. Apparently it was all one great show that demonstrated the marvels of our modern age; popular applause was as deafening as was the roar of abuse that went up after Nobile's tragic crash and downfall as a popular hero. The age of air exploration had arrived. The prevailing sentiment of laymen and many professionals was that "experts who know how to travel on the ice are no longer needed, and men who know how to navigate the air take their places."

In one sense it was a great, if unrecognized, triumph for Stefansson. Regardless of who had been the first (as Amundsen claimed to be) to advocate the use of airplanes for polar exploration, Stefansson had done a far sounder, stronger job than anybody else in urging air transport in the Arctic. In 1929 the Aeronautical Section of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers honored him for having been the one man primarily responsible "for all that Arctic flying." To most of the flying explorers and newspaper men, however, he was a mere "has-been" who had retired from active work without ever having used anything more modern than dogs.

In the midst of the excitement Stefansson was accused of professional jeal-

ousy when he rejected the notion that the "conquest" of the North by air had automatically outmoded slower means of arctic transport. Characteristically, he argued that the exploration of the Polar Sea is primarily a problem in oceanography, and that a man learns as much oceanography by flying over an ocean as he learns botany by flying over a botanical garden. Neither did he endear himself to the public, to Mussolini, or to the press and the publicists in general, by being the only world figure who openly defended Nobile against the wolves who were tearing him to pieces.

Things were coming to a head for Stefansson. For years his name had been anathema to many professional heroes. The very concept of the Friendly Arctic was a challenge to the fundamentals of their point of view. Amundsen and his companions made a dramatic show in 1925, spending a month on the arctic ice, risking starvation if they didn't get their one remaining plane into the air before food ran out. What was the use of this when Stefansson claimed that there was lots of life in the Arctic Sea and that an adaptable man who knew his business could live there indefinitely and even enjoy the experience?

His philosophy kept a number of well-known explorers in a state of constant rage against him. In a business that was financed largely through its showmanship values, his two famous working maxims jeopardized the livelihood of the professional heroes. "An adventure is a sign of incompetence" is one of the maxims. "Everything you add to an explorer's heroism you have to subtract from his intelligence" is the other.

For years the attacks on Stefansson took the form of a kind of organized whispering campaign. I have met men who had met men in Canada who knew the exact Eskimo settlement where Stefansson and his companions were said to have hid while they were supposed to be out on the floating ice, living by hunting.

In 1927 the storm broke in public. Roald Amundsen, the Jeremiah among

explorers who was forever proclaiming the lifelessness and desolation of the North, published an autobiography charged with enraged and virulent vituperation against half a dozen men, among whom Nobile was foremost and Stefansson not the least important. "I always characterize," wrote Amundsen, "the first of Stefansson's two famous 'discoveries' (the Blond Eskimos) as about the most palpable nonsense that has ever come from the North, and the second (the Friendly Arctic) not only as nonsense but even as harmful and dangerous nonsense."

Amundsen's inflated reputation lent weight to his attack, though students of arctic affairs still wonder how he, at his age and with his experience, could have laid himself so wide open. He quoted from books that neither Stefansson nor anybody else had written; elsewhere he quoted him so inaccurately as to show that he, Amundsen, was raging only against hearsay and had never studied or even read Stefansson's work at all. He made statements about the absence of life in the Polar Sea that were refuted by Amundsen's own observations on his expeditions of 1925 and 1926, the significance of which seemed to have escaped him entirely. The implication of his attack was that Stefansson was one of the worst frauds and liars ever to return from the North.

Shortly thereafter Amundsen died a hero's death in his effort to rescue his old enemy, Nobile. He flew north as a passenger in a French plane and drowned in the Gulf Stream between Norway and Spitsbergen.

If Stefansson had planned a counter attack, his voice was stilled. However, he had a literal translation made of the Norwegian version of Amundsen's book, since the official translation had been greatly toned down—perhaps because of its libelous nature—and did what he could to broadcast it. Lecturing in London in 1929, Stefansson read the most violent parts into the records of the Royal Geographical Society, almost

without comment. When the Explorers Club published a book in 1936 he sanctioned the inclusion of the entire Amundsen attack, with only a few footnotes that called attention to some of its inconsistencies. In Norway that last publication had a curious effect. At least one paper claimed that Stefansson had published a nasty attack on Amundsen, but that the latter's reputation was so great that it could withstand ill-considered onsets by lesser men.

While Stefansson enraged the showmen in the business his influence on polar exploration was nevertheless great. It is so great that it cannot be accurately appraised until the whole picture of recent exploration is assembled and the work of his many followers is assessed.

There is Sir Hubert Wilkins, who is working to establish polar observatories through which the weather in the inhabited regions can be predicted with greater accuracy and longer in advance than now. Gradually Wilkins is being recognized as the greatest technician active to-day in polar exploration.

Consider the importance of landing places for aircraft on the polar ice. Amundsen and a number of other "experts" of the past decade maintained that they simply don't exist. (They aren't needed for heroic dashes to the Pole.) But it is also obvious that much of the Stefansson-Wilkins thesis—that the Arctic Sea is potentially valuable for trans-polar airlines—collapses if airplanes cannot land on the ice in emergencies and for the purpose of establishing ground organization. Hence the importance of Wilkins's three landings on the ice in 1927, landings that were all the more "courageous" for having been made in the face of hostility and unbelief. Students of the Arctic know that Wilkins's flight from Point Barrow to Spitsbergen in 1928 resulted in the examination of approximately 170,000 square miles of previously unknown areas, at a unit cost of ten cents per square mile, while Byrd's flight to the North Pole added some 20,000 square miles to the "known"

parts of the world, *at a cost of some six dollars each.*

Again, consider Wilkins's search for Levanevsky in 1937-38. Instead of merely making one dash out and back when the weather was just right, he made *ten* long flights to a part of the Polar Sea that is much less accessible than the vicinity of the North Pole itself; he flew in fall, at the most dangerous time of year, and in winter when most orthodox explorers hibernate in winter quarters and put on minstrel shows. He proved that flying conditions are apt to be better in winter, with a full moon, than at the most favorable time in summer.

Nobody has ever come near Wilkins's record of achievement as an air explorer, and Stefansson is—by Wilkins's own heartfelt admission—more responsible for it than anyone except perhaps Sir Hubert himself. During his three years as a member of Stefansson's last expedition Wilkins became one of the very few modern air explorers to serve a thorough apprenticeship. He learned to adapt himself to the North, to take care of himself, to store a million dollars' worth of equipment in his own head in the form of knowledge and self-confidence. Working with Stefansson, he furthered his own plans for the eventual establishment of polar weather stations—the tremendous importance of which seems now to be demonstrated by the Russians, who claim to be predicting droughts and other weather phenomena a whole year in advance with the help of their seventy-odd arctic observatories.

Again, consider the "Gino Watkins" school of young English university students who in recent years have done such remarkable work in the Arctic as well as the Antarctic. Their work is nearly always marked by professional objectivity. They show also a skill and adaptability that are amazing since they operate on little money and often with no previous experience whatever. The famous Arctic Air Route Expedition to Greenland, in 1930-31, is a splendid illustration. There the ill-famed Green-

land ice-cap was not only crossed twice by a lot of youngsters who did a superbly competent job, but August Courtauld spent the better part of the winter alone in an Eskimo snowhouse with no light, no radio, and virtually no fuel for heat or cooking, on the very highest point of the ice-cap. He did it for the understandable and important purpose of studying weather with the needs of a future airline in mind.

Those young Englishmen, as students, took courses in polar exploration that are being given to-day in some of the English universities. In those courses the one absolutely required piece of reading is Stefansson's *The Friendly Arctic*. Moreover, most of the young Englishmen who go into the field after leaving the universities keep up a constant correspondence with Stefansson, get his advice, and acknowledge their indebtedness to him in their letters, even though they often fail to do so in their books.

The most important aerial work that has been done in the far North was done by the Russians in 1937, when they landed a scientific party at the Pole to spend months making detailed observations. They also made two nonstop transpolar flights from Moscow to our own West Coast. The fact that Levanevsky's plane was subsequently lost on a third flight meant no more to level-headed observers than the occasional loss of passenger planes on long-established airlines. The work was important, not as dramatic Communist propaganda, but because it had an idea behind it.

In trying out the idea of a transpolar airline between Moscow and San Francisco the Russians proved again what a number of men had proved before them, what Stefansson had claimed all along, and most of us could not believe: (1) that the Polar Sea is one of the calmest large areas on earth and is far warmer than is generally supposed; (2) that airplanes (in this case heavy freight planes) can land on the ice at the North Pole as well as almost anywhere else on the

Polar Sea; (3) that parties of men can live and work in relative comfort on the ice; (4) that there is more life in the Arctic Sea than even Stefansson had claimed.

This vindication of nearly all the major claims at which Stefansson had been hammering for years did more than any other one thing to make the world aware of the potential utility of the polar regions, and so to make Byrd's present antarctic expedition possible. The ironic side is that Stefansson's writings along those lines were published so long ago that their contents are largely forgotten. The Russians, who were reading Stefansson's books even while doing their work, now claim and get the credit for discovering all those nice things about the Polar Sea.

When the news of the Russian landing at the Pole was first announced Stefansson received a cable of congratulations from his friend Reginald Orcutt, vice president of the Mergenthaler Linotype Company, who was then in Rumania. In part, the cable was an acknowledgment of one of the most accurate prophecies ever made in the history of exploration. Writing in 1922, in *The Northward Course of Empire*, Stefansson had said that "It need not be more than a year or two, and in my opinion it will not be more than a decade or two, until somebody goes to the North Pole, stays there a year, and brings back to us a coherent account of how cold or warm it is there from day to day for the twelve months." That was exactly what the Russians were setting out to do, just fifteen years after Stefansson's estimate of "a decade or two." If they did not stay at the North Pole it was because they did not choose to follow Stefansson's printed advice to walk back to the Pole every once in so often, as the ice moved away.

Since Communist party lines have been tightened to the point where others may no longer receive public credit for the good things that are done by the Stalinists, we may never know just how far Stefansson's influence is responsible

for the remarkable arctic work done by the Russians. Yet several of his books have been extremely popular in Russia, where minimum first editions run to 20,000. One of the transpolar fliers made the statement in 1937 that they, as well as the Papanin party on the ice, had been required to take three books with them to enable them to do their work with maximum security and effectiveness, and that one of those three precious books was a Russian translation of *The Friendly Arctic*.

IV

In telling of his first discovery of Stefansson's work Edwin Balmer wrote some years ago: "A sense of splendid futility follows the closing of the ordinary book of arctic adventure. . . . It is the inescapable sense of tremendous significance in what *this* explorer was doing which made me sit up straighter and read avidly those surprising pages in a three-weeks old copy of HARPER'S. . . ."

There Balmer came as close as anybody ever has to putting his finger on Stefansson's importance as an explorer. As far as I am aware, no other explorer has had his feet so firmly rooted in reality, and had so clear an understanding of the human significance of his own and other men's work. Stefansson never forgot that exploration was, is, and always will be, the precursor to exploitation and the widening of horizons. He translated the lessons of his own and others' explorations into terms of human significance, and is the man who, by providing the necessary geographical philosophy, is as responsible as any other for starting the greatest migration in modern history.

Soviet Russia, surrounded by enemies, needed a short and controllable sea passage between East and West—as much as we needed the passage that we dug through Panama. Russia's only chance was via the North, through the fabled Northeast Passage that had been famous since the days when Tudor England needed to compete with Portu-

gal and Spain for the Far Eastern trade. With the aid of such modern tools as aircraft, icebreakers, and the radio, they opened the passage for surface ships along the north coast of Siberia. There was no reason, however, why the ships shouldn't refuel and revictual en route, and why they shouldn't carry payloads in and out to enhance the strength and self-sufficiency of the Soviet Union. Commercial and military objectives became merged. Coal, iron, and gold mines, timber and vast grazing lands were discovered in arctic Siberia. Human beings flocked in. Railroads were built, scientific experiment stations established. Industries and cultures sprang up. New cities were built, hundreds of miles north of the Arctic Circle. As far as we can tell from such books as Smolka's *Forty Thousand Against the Arctic* and Dr. Ruth Gruber's *I Went to the Soviet Arctic*, it seems to be working out very well.

All that is in accordance with what Stefansson urged and predicted in *The Northward Course of Empire*. Smolka quotes Professor Otto Schmidt from the days when party lines still permitted such acknowledgments: "We fully believe the word stamped by the American explorer Vilhjalmur Stefansson, 'The Friendly Arctic!' But we not only believe it, we are really making friends with the polar world, we are bringing it to life and life to it."

Stefansson was not directly responsible for Soviet Russia's northward expansion. What happened there was that Russian necessity met up with Stefansson's thinking and writing about the North. It doesn't matter whether or not we approve of Stalin's political thinking, or whether we consider the Russians' arctic work a blessing—as do many who learn things from it about the potential importance of Alaska. The fact is that any great migration affects the whole world. Russia's migration into the Arctic is doubly important because of the new light it throws on two climatic regions previously considered useless.

Canada has had its northward expansion, though on a much smaller scale. In the past fifteen years Canadians have been flying and otherwise penetrating all over their arctic "Barren Grounds." Stefansson's books, once discredited in Canada, came to be the bibles of the Canadian northward movement; his wide personal friendships with influential Canadians, his constant correspondence with men interested in the North, his lecture tours in Canada, all helped it immeasurably. "More than any other man," writes Stephen Leacock, "he has helped to dissipate the tradition of the 'few acres of snow' that hemmed our reputation and impeded our advance."

Greenland's present prominence is also in a large measure due to Stefansson's efforts. The fine reputation that that arctic island enjoyed during the four or five centuries when men of Icelandic descent inhabited it as "home" faded long ago. In 1916 the United States officially rejected all thought of ever wanting Greenland or any part of it. Stefansson insisted that Greenland was important as one of the stepping stones in a projected aviation route between Europe and America.

The route first came to the world's notice in 1924, when the Army round-the-world fliers flew an approximation of it, but touched Greenland only at its southernmost tip where conditions are *worst*. Beginning in 1928, when Hassell and Cramer made the first effort to fly to Europe over a more northerly, and more sensible, part of the route—an effort on which Stefansson acted as adviser—there has been intense international preoccupation with it. In 1932, as a result of the Greenland movement, he was appointed adviser on northern operations to Pan American Airways and directed the Company's intensive land and air research in Greenland, which included four land expeditions and Lindbergh's flight to Europe in 1933. Greenland was discovered to be much more pleasant, wealthy, and habitable than most of us had supposed. The projected airline

over Greenland and Iceland was found to be a practicable route. In 1937 Mr. Juan Trippe, president of Pan American Airways, told me that "it isn't because of anything found along the route that we aren't flying it to-day." International politics is to-day largely responsible for the fact that the Greenland-Iceland route is not being flown commercially, but it is a certainty in the future, and perhaps in the near future.

V

The men who center their work round an idea and are not afraid to branch out into all its many ramifications are comparatively rare. Having once discovered that the Arctic is friendly, it was inevitable that Stefansson should eventually turn historian. If he was right, for instance, then the accepted ideas about the fate of the "Lost Norsemen" of Greenland were probably wrong. According to the orthodox version those Norsemen, weakened when cut off from European supplies, were killed by Eskimos. Nansen and a few others questioned that interpretation. They preferred to believe that the old Greenlanders were sensible men, had learned from the Eskimos how to live without Europe, had come to respect the aborigines, to intermarry with them, and eventually to be absorbed by them—as many a regional white group is to-day being absorbed by Indians in the Amazon Basin.

Impressed by that interpretation, Stefansson threw himself into the controversy. His research took many years. He examined all the known historical records; he considered the teachings of modern dietetics—especially as influenced by himself; he recalled his own experiences and observations in the far North. His work on the fate of the Lost Greenlanders and on pre-Columbian voyages to America is so complete that historians have never challenged it. (Stefansson's writings have, however, never been published in Denmark. This

is partly because the Danish missionary Hans Egede long ago argued that the ancient Greenlanders were killed by Eskimos after severance from Europe, and Danish scholars have been bolstering that view ever since. In part too because the Danes do not like to think of their racial ancestors as having intermarried with an "inferior" people, is Stefansson unpopular in Denmark and is not even read there.)

He went on to apply his original methods of research to other historical fields. If his conception of the Friendly Arctic is right then the "hero" interpretation of exploration history must be wrong. How wrong it is for the present day is only now becoming apparent. Stefansson set himself the task of showing how wrong it was for the past.

His recent *Unsolved Mysteries of the Arctic* applied a scholar's and not a romantic's point of view to arctic history. It is enlightening and interesting to read the evidence which makes Sir John Franklin out to be one of the most incompetent men ever to lead a major expedition; it may be disturbing to discover between the lines of that account that some of the modern explorers may be every bit as incompetent. It is refreshing also to discover that the polar regions become increasingly useful to humanity through the new interpretation of exploration history.

In 1928 he began his historic experiments in diet, in which he himself was guinea pig as well as co-director. Under the painstaking supervision of doctors, he and Karsten Andersen went on a straight meat diet for a year, in New York and under conditions encountered by the average New York business man. Perhaps the origin of that work lay in the knowledge that if prevailing ideas about diet were right, then he could not possibly have done his exploratory work, which owed its success in a large measure to the fact that he and a number of others lived for years on end on meat alone, without salt, and in perfect health.

Most of the results are well known,

since Stefansson has in recent years received more publicity and recognition for his work in diet than he ever did for his work in geography. Despite the howls and the catcalls, Stefansson proved that you can live in perfect health on meat alone, as you can on vegetables alone, or on a mixed diet of meat and vegetables.

What the ultimate effects of that proof will be on the science of dietetics remains to be seen. In new points of view and consequent research, it has already started a number of ever-widening ripples. Dr. Eugene DuBois, head of the Russell Sage Institute of Pathology, and head physician of the New York Hospital, recently wrote Stefansson: "I have learned more about the conventionally accepted views on dietetics from such men as Graham Lusk, but I have learned more that is new about diets from you than from anyone else. The chief benefit that I have derived has been the breaking down of preconceived notions, the widening of my dietetic horizon. The meat experiment taught me to be more open-minded and directed my attention to the enormous amount that can be learned from a study of the diets of primitive people. I am still learning a great deal from our experiment and from a consideration of your book, *The Friendly Arctic*."

So Stefansson emerges less as an explorer fighting the elements than as an educator whose major battles have all been with tradition. He always worked through the observation of nature—Eskimos, animals, anything and everything that came into his view—and accepted what nature handed his common sense even when it was contradicted by the traditional verdicts of science. The idea is not new. Bacon, Bergson, Huxley, all the humanists who have been battling for the liberation of thought from dogma, have for centuries been preaching it and occasionally practicing it.

The battle against social and scientific dogma is with us constantly. When it becomes victorious on a wide front, and

succeeds in breaking down man's long-established knowledge in many fields at once, so he can start all over with fresh ideas, we call it a renaissance.

The late Constance Lindsay Skinner always compared Stefansson with such men of the English Renaissance as Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Humphrey Gilbert, not only because of his energy and versatility but also because his geographical imagination, like theirs, opened new fields for conquest. It is not an idle comparison. Through attacking such medieval and ancient ideas as the one

that men could not live in the polar regions at all, through proclaiming such novel and heretical doctrines as the one that "there is no land uninhabitable, nor sea unnavigable," men like Robert Thorne and Humphrey Gilbert opened the gates, intellectually, for three centuries of arctic exploration and expansion. Stefansson attacked our modern prejudices about a North that is penetrable only by heroes, and has so done more than any other man to tear down the barriers between us and a new frontier.

MEMO

BY GILBERT MAXWELL

BUT *when the hidden cave
Is scented out, why, still
For the bewildered, brave,
Light-leaping mind is left
The brush too dense for dogs,
The bogs,
The mountain cleft
By crags, by streams too chill
For any foot not born
To swamp and granite ledge,
To ice and hedge
Of thorn.
Take refuge then in scorn.
Exist on pride. Be lonely
And ask no odds. Ask only
That strength which turns to feed
Itself upon its need.*



SELLING TO THE ENEMY

BY FRANK C. HANIGHEN

BEHIND the Maginot and Siegfried lines a remarkable traffic has been going on since the outbreak of war. While French and German armies have been fighting, French and German industrialists have been doing business with each other. These industrialists have been selling each other the materials out of which shells and cannon are made. Within sound of the artillery duels, trainloads of these materials have met and passed each other, each bound for enemy territory. Here are the facts.

The slot for this traffic is naturally in neutral territory. It is the Belgian town of Athus, a railway junction situated strategically near the point where the frontiers of three countries—Belgium, Luxembourg, and France—meet. More than 2,000 freight cars of coke arrive here every day. Most of this coke comes from Germany. From the Ruhr mines in northern Germany, it descends the Rhine by barge and proceeds to the Belgian port of Antwerp. From there it travels by rail to Athus. At this point the black stream bifurcates. One part flows into neutral Luxembourg, the other into belligerent France.

In the opposite direction flows coke's metallurgical mate—iron ore. (To make iron, iron ore is smelted with coke.) Ore from the French iron mines of Lorraine comes to Athus. This is quite legitimate while Belgium remains neutral. But at Athus the iron is welcomed by a Belgian export-import firm of Antwerp. This concern forms at Athus trainloads of this French ore and sends

them across Luxembourg to Germany. According to one estimate I have received, at least 1,000 tons of French iron ore per day were taking this route to Germany in the middle of November. According to another estimate a month later, by the *Iron Age*, these shipments ran to more than twenty times this amount. The *Iron Age* also reported "a not unimportant trade (machinery, tools, implements, etc.) via Belgium between Germany and France."

Nor is that all. A no less curious process has been going on in Luxembourg—where one can sit on a hill and watch the Germans and French battle in the Moselle valley. Luxembourg is far more than an opéra-bouffe Duchy. It is one of the largest steel producers in Europe, turning out, on the average, about two million tons of steel annually in the past three years. Luxembourg possesses also rich iron mines from which were extracted about five million tons in 1938. Here is what the astonishing chemurgy of war does to these materials.

Peter Rhodes, United Press correspondent, early in October cabled his agency from Remich, Luxembourg, as follows:

October 1. I saw a trainload of iron ore pass into Germany. The European Steel Cartel has authorized mineral shipments to Germany on the basis of the exchange of the necessary coke to run the Luxembourg iron industry.

October 2. This afternoon I visited the Luxembourg mining region, which I found working full blast. I found French and Belgian railway cars lining sidings and receiving

full loads of minerals. The supply is limited only by the number of cars which each country is able to supply out of its rolling stock. Blast furnaces are running a normal 24-hour shift as German coke deliveries continue normal in exchange for ore. Smelting mills here as well as on the Belgian side of the frontier are as active as mills I saw a few days ago in northern France. The steel industry is one of the few which have not been hurt by wartime conditions, but on the contrary has doubled its output.

October 3. Intimates in the European Steel Cartel headquarters in Luxembourg report that the British are furious at the present *modus vivendi* whereby German coke continues to supply the Luxembourg steel industry in exchange for iron ore, while normal peacetime shipments of steel and ore continue to Germany, despite British insistence these are on the contraband list and should not be exported.

Luxembourg, true, is a neutral. But the firms which run these blast furnaces on German coke and send Germany iron ore and steel are not owned by neutrals. Luxembourg's industry is dominated by two big companies—ARBED and HADIR.¹ Both these firms are controlled by French interests: ARBED by the famous French "Cannon King," Eugène Schneider; and HADIR by a group of French interests headed by the French Théodore Laurent, steel and munitions magnate. In short, French munitions merchants, through branch establishments in a neutral country, have been helping Germany to arm.

But this Franco-German fraternization goes even farther than buying and selling: ARBED, in fact, is the anteroom to an even more interesting organization. On ARBED's board of directors,² we find the following: Gaston Barbanson, president of the board; Eugène Schneider, vice-president; other members of Belgian, Luxembourger, and French nationality (among the latter, two representatives of Schneider interests); and Léon Kaufman, president of the Banque Internationale de Luxembourg.

¹ ARBED (Acéries Réunies de Burbach, Fisch-Dudelange); HADIR (Hauts Fourneaux et Acieries de Ditteldange-Saint Ingbert-Rummelange).

² *Index Financier*, June 11, 1939. Up to November 1, 1939, no change in the personnel of these boards had been announced in German and French financial publications.

Now mark how sensationally this Banque Internationale lives up to its name. On its board, besides Kaufman, president, we find Gaston Barbanson, of ARBED, vice-president; two French directors, Michel de Saint-Blanquat, assistant director of the Union Parisienne bank of Paris (Schneider's bank) and André Bahuet, director of the same Paris bank; and *three Germans*: Carl Goetz of the Dresdener Bank of Berlin, Baron Waldemar Von Oppenheim of the Cologne bank of Pferdmenches and Company, and Adelbert Delbrück of the Berlin bank of Delbrück, Schickler and Company. One cannot do less than describe this set-up as an international combine of munitions merchants and bankers.

Finally, another interesting situation suggests additional Franco-German collaboration. Journalists in France have noted that along the Franco-German frontier in the Saar region neither French nor German factories (some of them capable of producing munitions) have been bombarded, although many lie within range of guns. These factories, it is true, have been reported shut down. But if the "total war" really existed, guns of both sides would have reduced them to wreckage long before this. Have French and Germans an agreement not to bombard these properties?

To sum up, the following phenomena have appeared since France and Germany went to war in September:

German coke has been shipped to France via neutral Belgium. German coke has been shipped to French industrialists in neutral Luxembourg.

French iron ore has been shipped to Germany via neutral Belgium and Luxembourg.

French industrialists in Luxembourg have been shipping Germany iron ore from their Luxembourg mines and steel from their Luxembourg mills.

French and German directors three months before the war (and to-day too so far as it is known) were sitting on the same banking board in Luxembourg.

Tools, machinery, and implements have also been exchanged between Germany and France via Belgium.

A Franco-German agreement, tacit or otherwise, to refrain from shelling each other's factories, seems to be in force.

II

Now this is a war waged for moral objectives, say both sides. The Allies say that it is a war *par tous les moyens* to end Hitlerism, aggression, tyranny. Germany claims that it is a war against western pluto-democracy, against encirclement, for the freedom of Europe from British and French interests. Moreover, the economic general staffs of both sides have declared "total war" on each other, a war to prevent the shipments of materials to the enemy, directly by land or sea, or indirectly by neutrals. Yet this situation exists. What is the explanation?

The history of the arms traffic in the last war certainly provides precedents for this sort of thing. The French army authorities, to explain the famous Briey iron-basin scandal, said that they had not bombarded Briey (owned by French interests) because the Germans would have retaliated against the Dombasle iron basin behind the French lines. The Lonza Company in Switzerland, controlled by German, French, and other interests, acted as a transshipment agency to Germany for French chemicals. Other Swiss firms sent to France German steel and iron. And so forth. Certainly the history of the last war proved that the business and properties of those who deal in munitions remain unscathed above the battle.

But it was the rich soil of the Rhineland-Lorraine area, replowed by the Treaty of Versailles, which nourished the roots of the present situation. After 1919 French big business staged an invasion in the wake of their armies. They ousted, for instance, the Germans from control of Luxembourg industry. In the internationalized Saar they took

advantage of German financial troubles to obtain participation, majority and minority, in many German firms. In one rather lurid case a French industrialist actually got control of a German firm as a reward for effecting the release of one of its owners from a French prison. French industrialists even brought—*noblesse oblige*—some of their German friends back across the frontier, as in the case of the curious hybrid Lorsar (Lorraine-Saar) iron company.

The upshot of this was the creation of a network of firms straddling the Franco-German border so vast and intricate and thick that even the improved shells of 1940 cannot penetrate it. Take ARBED and HADIR as examples: ARBED has steel mill subsidiaries at Burbach (in the Saar, to-day under the range of French guns), at Audun-le-Tiche in France, at Aachen in Germany near the Belgian frontier. It owns 10,000 hectares of iron mines in both France and Luxembourg and 28,000 hectares of coal concessions in Germany. HADIR has steel mill subsidiaries at Saint-Ingbert (Saar) and Ottange in France, as well as 2,000 hectares of iron mines in both France and Luxembourg.

The whole region, in fact, where the Maginot and Siegfried lines face each other presents an extraordinary picture. On windy days smoke from German factory chimneys in the Saar mingles with smoke from French chimneys across the border. French coal mines and German coal mines actually have run their galleries right under the frontier. (Geology also knits this region together, with the German Saar coal basin running into France and the Lorraine iron basin extending under the border into Belgium and Luxembourg.) There is one factory, the Thomas Scories, which makes steel and iron products in Germany, runs the slag on conveyors across to France, where a subsidiary of the company converts the slag into chemical products for the French market. Textile mills operate on one side and their dye-stuffs come from the other side.

This certainly demonstrates the economic interdependence of this region. But also it suggests why, while Frenchmen and Germans are killing one another in the shadow of these factories, the shells never hit the factories themselves.

But this picture serves as merely a backdrop for an economic drama which reveals more strikingly than anything else the strength of the ties which bind together French and German industry. The big basic factor is really the exchange of French iron ore for German coke. Before the Treaty of Versailles, Germany, with the Lorraine iron deposits in her possession and her own coking coal in the Ruhr, had something which approached self-sufficiency in iron. But the Treaty deprived her of most of her iron ore. The French, for their part, received more than their share of iron ore, but got no coke. Poincaré, when he invaded the Ruhr in 1923, tried to get this coke, but failed because of British opposition. So thereafter French and German mining and iron interests settled down to a friendly commercial arrangement by which they filled each other's needs. Again, an illustration of how indivisible the international economic system can be.

Then Hitler came and lifted the matter to a more dramatic level. French exports of iron ore to Germany, which had slumped during the world depression, dropped to 95,000 tons in the month of January, 1933. A month later Hitler took power and started his colossal rearmament. The figures of French iron ore exports to Germany began to climb and by January, 1936, they reached the enormous figure of 547,000 tons.

They attained the enormity of a scandal. A Deputy in the Chamber exclaimed, "Every hour of the day and night, a full train of 70 cars leaves the Lorraine mines to supply Germany." Another spoke bitterly of "the millions of tons of French iron ore transformed into cannon, tanks, shells, and other war materials." The French began to wonder why France was sending Germany

material which one day might be projected back across the border in the form of shells and tanks. An embargo on this ore became an irresistible demand of the great Left movement which was sweeping France. Was politics finally to master this hitherto uncontrollable business?

Politics wasn't. When the Leftists did sweep into office, when the Marxist Premier Léon Blum began passing social laws far more drastic than the embargo, when he even sought to control that citadel of finance, the Bank of France, the cars of ore still continued to leave for Germany. Blum, in fact, did pass a law placing an embargo on this ore. But it contained an exceptions clause. Under this clause the ore exports maintained their usual rate. The reason for this complex subterfuge never has been made clear. Possibly Blum thought that he could wring from Germany peace concessions—return to the League, or promise of disarmament—by threatening to close this loophole. But, quite as likely, even a Socialist premier realized the magnitude of the task of enforcing a measure which would affect adversely the profits of the most formidable of industries.

Then the unexpected happened. French ore had been flowing, even increasing, through the legal opening for eighteen months when suddenly it stopped. Germany herself stopped it. In March, 1938, German imports of the ore dropped almost 90 per cent. What had occurred? March was the Ides of Anschluss, Hitler's seizure of Austria. This found France disorganized in the midst of a political and economic crisis. Germany, in short, chose this opportunity to blackmail France into withdrawing the threat of the embargo. Mining firms facing a shutdown petitioned the Government to get back this business. So did the miners' unions, facing unemployment—poor Leftists who shortly before had thought it so easy a task to conquer the munitions interests. So French and German negotiators sat down across a

table. When they arose Germany had won; France had agreed to guarantee shipments of iron ore.

But it wasn't all one-sided. France won a point. Germany agreed to supply France with machine tools necessary to the equipment of France's new aircraft factories. Long ere this, in fact, pretenses of stopping this traffic had been dropped. France sent Germany in 1937 enough bauxite, according to some estimates, to make duralumin sufficient for 5,000 planes. Germany, meanwhile, in 1937 sent France 2,351,000 tons of coke. But the final touch came in the spring of 1939. France then extended for six months her guarantee to supply Germany with iron ore. In short, while reservists in horizon-blue were streaming eastward to the Maginot line to take the positions, which they still occupy, for the war which was soon to start, the cars of *minette* were also moving eastward bound for the great retort of Hitler's rearmament.

III

If the munitions merchants were thus able to help both countries to prepare for the conflict it is not surprising that they should be strong enough to keep this traffic going in wartime. Of course the considerations which have inspired the GHQ's of the Allies and Germany to allow this to go on have not leaked out. After all, there's a censorship; and besides, the maneuvers of economic warfare must necessarily remain shrouded in much secrecy. One can only speculate.

One can well imagine, for instance, the problems which would arise if MM. Schneider and Laurent, under orders from the Government of which they are such curious citizens, were to shut down their plants and mines in Luxembourg. They would thus close a great gap in the blockade and hamper Germany. But this might provoke German military action against the Duchy, with resultant destruction or capture of the iron properties, not to mention the military prob-

lem involved. Again, if the French and Germans bombarded the mills between the lines they would be destroying some of their own properties. Finally, if France cut off shipments of iron ore to Germany, Germany would cut off German coke from France with serious results, not the least of which would be loss of markets and profits for the iron ore and coke companies.

Whatever may be the influence of German big business within the Reich, French big business does wield great influence in France, particularly in wartime. A recent decree of the French Government serves to illustrate this. In 1936 the Blum Government, in a great effort to remove the evils of the arms traffic, nationalized many arms factories. They even nationalized the cannon section of the Creusot steel and arms plant belonging to M. Eugène Schneider. But after war started, on October 14th, the *Journal Officiel* announced that the Government had given back this cannon plant to Schneider under a mixed government and private stock plan. To prosecute effectively a war, apparently, those who wage it must obtain the good will of those who make the weapons.

In justice to the German and French GHQ's, they have a case. Eight years ago Francis Delaisi, distinguished French economist, stated this case in his contribution to the book, *What Will Be the Character of the Next War?* In this article he foreshadowed the present situation. He foresaw the position of neutrals:

The small neutral countries, sandwiched between the Great Powers are natural centers of more or less authorized contraband and it may be that their neutrality is only respected by reason of this very function.

Is this the reason why Hitler has held off his attack on Belgium and Holland? Delaisi went on to point out that governments do not regard this trade from the moral point of view of the horrified public. They are aiming primarily at a "decision."

If, owing to technical deficiencies, the two sides are thus obliged to continue

ously to lay down their arms before there is either victor or vanquished, there would be no decision. From this point of view, a war without victory would be a useless war which would have to be resumed later. It is therefore in the common interest that the enemy headquarters should give one another the means to fight "to a finish," that is to say till one of the adversaries admits defeat.

The peoples who are shedding their blood because such a war is prolonged

are willing—it may be—to countenance this trade. Perhaps they can be reconciled to such a strategy lest the war should have to be "resumed later" at further sacrifice. Perhaps they even perceive, in a flash of tragic cynicism, that the "fight to a finish" may, in liquidating civilization and capitalism, liquidate as well the oldest and bloodiest of concessions. It may—and again it may not.

TRAVELER

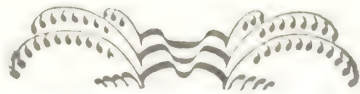
BY EDWARD WEISMILLER

*HE DOES not know what land he seeks
Nor what gray mountains he must climb.
He stands to watch the closing peaks
From some divided point in time:*

*Behind him lie the level years;
Before him legends, dark and great.
He hears the whirling stars. He hears
The beggar by the frozen gate.*

*And if gold cities made for sleep
Lie shadowed on those forward lands,
Yet he has heard how dragons keep
The ruined passage through the sands;*

*He pauses. Now the Asias drown—
He hears with terror and delight
The streams of Eden, foaming down
Across the dim plateaus of night.*



SHADOW OF A GIRL

A STORY

BY E. B. ASHTON

“JILL,” I said, “let’s get married.”
“Remember Dunya?” Jill asked in her lightest voice. “Poor kid. Wonder what happened to her.”

“I don’t care,” I said. “I don’t know who you’re talking about.”

“Why, Tommy,” she laughed. “You won’t forget her if you live to be a hundred.”

“No,” I said. Jill was shaking her hair and I wanted to run the pale flood through my fingers. Remember Dunya? Every day, every night.

We were at Angelo’s on Forty-sixth Street, with me freshly shaven and Jill looking lovelier than ever, and with us, between us, was Dunya—from Przadniedz, or some other unspeakable place which the papers said was now “in flames from aerial bombardment.” Maybe Dunya was dead. We both thought it and felt guilty. If she wasn’t dead she was thousands of miles away, but when I was with Jill I never felt we were alone. Whither we went went Dunya.

“I don’t even know what she looked like any more,” I said casually.

Jill snapped at me. “Need a description?” and when I did not answer she went on, “Popeyed. Skin like leather. Going to lose her figure pretty soon—but perhaps you like that.”

“Don’t, honey. Please don’t.”

Angelo came himself to bring us *zuppa Inglese*, and to ask me what I thought of the war. I said to hell with the war.

Angelo showed his teeth; he thought so too. Jill smiled and we ate and talked fast and looked away from each other. I thought grimly of everyone spreading the news of how much in love we were and how utterly happy. But the real story was not of Jill and me. It was Dunya’s, all of it.

Dunya was a girl I kept company with in Poland. I met her in Zoppot. If you don’t know Zoppot you have missed something. It is next door to Danzig, in what was once Free City territory, two jumps away from Gdynia where I was checking shipments of U. S. oil. I used to make the jumps about twice a week. After hours Gdynia—“the up-and-coming gateway to Poland”—was a sorry dump, but Zoppot was fast and loose.

One night I hit the casino for a few Danziger gulden and went down the boulevard to spend them in one of the bars, and stopped at the sight of a team of horses wedged in between the cars that were lining the curbs. They stood before one of the shoddier joints, harnessed to what is known as a *panje* cart—the Polish version of a station wagon. On the cart, slack rein in hand, sat a girl. I looked at her curiously—it was an odd time and place for a girl to be sitting alone on a horse cart—and she brushed a glance over me as if I were trespassing on posted property and she out of kindness was not calling the police.

I went into the bar and had drinks

with a blonde who said she was Hungarian. After a while the customers began cutting up and I felt an international riot brewing and left. I had been inside for an hour, but the girl on the cart was still there. She was looking ahead, seeming unconscious of the rising noise inside. I passed her, and suddenly she spoke, in a careful English: I was an American, was I not? Had I seen a tall, bald gentleman in the bar, in riding clothes, probably not quite sober? I knew which one she meant—a huge, burly fellow with a red face and iron-gray hair, roaring drunk, who had played the leader of the Polish faction. I said I had seen him and waited for her to say more, but she just sat and scowled.

Behind the door the noise grew. When it swung open a couple of men came out swearing. The big one was last. He shook his fists at the place and turned, and in stepping back sat abruptly down on the pavement. His friends sought to help him up, and then the girl was out of the cart and ran over and took him away from them. They grinned, and when she saw that she blew up. Dragging the big one along, she blazed away in a stream of rapid Polish, too fast for me to follow, but her meaning was plain and the men stood round like sheep. When she had the drunk in the cart he slumped back and went to sleep. She got in beside him and seized the reins without looking at the others, and then I heard her talking English again: "I am Dunya Barowska. This," pointing her chin at the snoring hulk at her side, "is my father, Stanislas Barowski." She nodded to me, clicked her tongue, and the horses pulled away.

I went back to the bar the next day to make inquiries. They laughed at the story and told me what I had seen was a routine performance. Pan Barowski was an important Pole; one of the farmers who had been settled by Warsaw on former German estates in the Corridor. He was a smart, powerful man when he was sober. His wife was dead; Dunya was his only child. Everytime he went on

a spree she tagged along, waiting outside to drive him home when he was no longer able to hold the reins. In the bar they thought he'd be back soon.

I went there night after night; it was a week until the big man came in. I rushed out and, sure enough, there was the girl on the cart. She laughed aloud when I greeted her. I asked her to go to some other place with me, her father wouldn't come out yet for a while; but she shook her head. I climbed on the seat beside her and we talked while old Stanislas got plastered. It seemed to me we had only been talking for minutes when he stumbled out on the street.

I saw a lot of Dunya from then on. She drove up on the pier with her ponies and came to my office and made me explain shipping charts to her and bills of lading. She wanted to know everything; Poland had to be trained to new methods so the Germans would no longer sneer at "*polnische Wirtschaft*." Her English was clear and precise; she had gone to the Danzig Lyceum, she said sadly; it was too bad that so many things could be learned well only in the German schools. But Poland was young, she said; soon Polish schools would be even better than German ones. She wanted me to quit my job and teach Poles to ship oil. I laughed at her and said there were plenty of Poles who knew the business as well as I did, but she said no matter, Poland couldn't have too many good men. When she talked of Poland her eyes widened and her voice caught in her throat. As if she were talking of a lover, I thought. I found it amusing, then.

I had heard of the patriotism of Polish women. I was playing a game with myself now over Dunya: who would win, Poland or I? I thought it was in the bag until the Germans took up the cry for Danzig. I had a lovely time before then anyway. We drove in the *panje* cart up along the river to Barowski's farm, and she told me the Polish names of the villages, laughing when I tried to guess how they were spelled and never

was right. She took me out on the fields to meet her father, and was proud when the hands on seeing her did not pull their caps as most Polish peasants do. "I broke them of it," she explained. "We all work for Poland; why should they salute me?" I could have told her a reason but she would not have understood. She said, "Out here I'm no lady." We found Pan Barowski directing the digging of a ditch. Dunya told him who I was. He asked her, "You like him?" and when she nodded he shook hands with me. "If she likes you you're all right. She's a fine girl," he said with a proud grin, "too fine for an old soak like me." The girl gazed at him with a starry-eyed affection. He was Poland for her; to me he looked as old farmers do anywhere. But Dunya had little of the farmer's daughter.

When she came to see me we always wound up in Zoppot. She looked a lot better than the imitation French cocottes there or the German girls from Danzig. I used to take her dancing—five-o'clock tea at the Promenade. She loved it but she would not go out with me at night. I thought that was funny too, that a girl who would sit at all hours alone before any dive, waiting for her old man to get tight enough to be thrown out, should be unwilling to step out with me in the evening. She never gave in either. But in other ways she soon showed me it was not for patriotic reasons alone that she wanted me to stay—until the Germans took up the cry for Danzig.

I never talked politics with her because I thought all those squabbles could be settled easily with some good will on both sides, and when I once said that to her it was days before she spoke to me again. But I hated to watch her getting more and more troubled. Crazy rumors were flying through the town, and people slowly began to believe in war. Dunya's mind was on it all the time, frightened one minute and full of heroics the next. One day I saw her father with his head bandaged, and when I asked her if he'd been stewed again, she said

no, he had been quite sober. Later I heard in the bar that old Stan had been on the wrong end of a Nazi-Pole argument. I felt sorry for Dunya. I told her that if war broke out I'd stay. She gave me a grateful look but said no, I mustn't. And then, out of a clear sky, she was talking about Jill.

It seemed she knew a lovely American girl who just then was traveling in Poland. She had known her for a long time. They wrote to each other. She never told me the girl's name, only talked about "her American." But the girl appeared to be tall, blonde, and beautiful; she had been everywhere and was incredibly smart. When the war came she would go home by way of Gdynia. I must see that I'd be leaving on the same boat, Dunya said. She was quite sure her friend and I would hit it off well.

In fact, she seemed to be sure her friend and I were really made for each other. She did not say so in so many words, but that was the idea and I was quick to resent it. It is an odd thing about men's reactions. I had always thought of Dunya as a pastime, something to chase the boredom of the place; but when she tried to talk me into another girl I saw right off how much more she had come to mean. She did arouse my curiosity about the other and I was looking forward to meeting her, but I wasn't going to be inveigled into any blind date while I still had Dunya. Only, by then, she was drawing away from me. We were together as often, and as intensely, but it was she now who didn't much seem to mind that we should come to the parting of our ways. She was sorry; she was fond of me, but I was an American; if war came to Poland I should have to go. And war, it was becoming more clear every day, would come to Poland.

It was a blazing summer afternoon when Dunya came to my office and I had a cable to show her, from New York, ordering me home. "Good," she said. "Now you have to."

"Like hell," I said. "Now I can do what you said I ought to do—quit and show your boys here how to ship oil."

She shook her head. "No need to know that now. All we must know now is how to fight. About that you can teach us nothing."

We sat in the *panje* cart and she drove through town at a walk toward the Hela dunes. We did not go to Zoppot any more. The Nazis were running Zoppot and they knew Stan Barowski's girl.

"The *Sobieski* is sailing on Saturday," Dunya said. "I think my American will be on it."

I said I wasn't sailing Saturday.

"But you must. Your company has cabled you to come back."

"They can whistle for me," I said.

She asked, "What would you do here? This will not be your war. You're American—as she is."

I said, "You'll find out what Americans can show you about fighting." I was talking rot and I knew it. I suddenly wondered if she might have been goading me into it on purpose. I was no soldier. Moreover, she no longer wanted me there. She had grown far away from me. I was a useless object that could only be in the way.

We sat on a high dune and she looked at the waters with a fierce pride. "They want to take it from us." It sounded as if she herself owned the Baltic Sea. She said, "You must take the *Sobieski*. It may be the last boat, and the captain is an old friend; I like you to sail on his ship. When you see my American you'll know where you belong."

All right, I thought, have it your way. Her precious Poland didn't mean marbles to me. She was all that held me, and she didn't want me there.

She did not even come on the boat with me. Her friend was on it—she had written Dunya from Warsaw and in her letter had made remarks about Poland; Dunya did not want to see her again. She asked me not to talk of her to the girl; I should act as if I had never

seen Dunya Barowska. She wanted my word on it. I couldn't see why, but I promised.

She had been with me the night before—crying and clinging to me with the passion of a lost soul, and then taking leave with a disinterested chill that made me furious. In the afternoon she brought the *panje* cart to drive me down. She drove sitting erect, with the reins held up to her chin, in the don't-touch-me manner she had had when we first met. I wanted to kiss her before going up the gangplank but she averted her face. And on the boat the first thing I saw was Jill.

It hit me so hard that I couldn't help staring at her—and she looked back, first puzzled and then smiling, before turning away toward the rail. I went to the rail too to look down at the pier for Dunya, who stood with her eyes wandering until she saw me above. I noticed Jill watching Dunya, but the Polish girl gave her no glance. She kept waving to me until the ship moved from the pier. The last I saw of her was a head held high on squared shoulders to keep the *Sobieski's* deck in sight as she pulled out.

I went at once to pay my respects to the captain. He greeted me warmly: any friend of Miss Barowska's was a friend of his. When I asked who was the blonde girl I had seen on deck, the old sailor chuckled. "Miss McLeish, I suppose. Miss Gillian McLeish. From your country." Gillian. It would be a blow if she wasn't Dunya's American. For the first time I wondered how Dunya had ever thought I'd find the girl, not knowing her name and not being supposed to use Dunya's. The description checked though. No other woman I had seen on board came close. It had to be Gillian.

The captain introduced us on the first night out. She came from Warsaw, after a trip through the Balkans, and she was worried about her Polish friends if war came. She never mentioned Dunya, although I tried to lead up to it many

times, and I kept my promise and did not ask her straight out. I told her there was no use getting all upset by the war scare; I thought the Poles could take care of themselves all right. In any case, there was nothing we could do. It was a mess that should make us appreciate the old U. S. A. Jill laughed reproachfully. "I wish I could see it that way. I can't get the poor people out of my mind."

War came on our second day on the Atlantic. We woke up to the news that Poland was being invaded. The ship became a madhouse. People cluttering round the wireless room, and swarming over the officers with questions, and others just sitting dumbly, horror in their gaze. The crew went about their business with grim faces. I did not see Jill until noon; she was calmer than she had been when everything was still uncertain. I sat up on deck with her the rest of the day, trying to cheer her up, and once in a while she would laugh at a joke and then check herself as if she had done wrong. But she said she was glad I was there and that night she kissed me.

The next day we were both at the captain's table for dinner, and I looked him up first and told him of Dunya's wish. He assured me gravely that he wouldn't mention her. He kept watching Jill throughout the meal and I was afraid every time she looked at me that he might take offense in Dunya's behalf; some of those old Poles have queer ideas. But it was evident that he approved of Jill. He told pointless stories to her in the most courtly manner, and when she asked something about setting a ship's course he invited her to come up on the bridge later to see how it was done. I did not see her any more that night.

In the morning she came to my deck chair with excitement in her eyes. She sat down next to me and, without looking at me, said, "You knew Dunya."

I said nothing and she asked, "Why did you leave her?"

"She asked me to," I said.

"That's no reason," said Jill. "She

is the most wonderful person in the world." She rose, and her handbag opened and out fell a letter. I picked it up for her; it was Dunya's writing.

When we came to New York the war was a week old and the Poles were beaten. The Corridor was cut and overrun by the Germans. Gdynia was holding out and apparently being bombed and shelled day and night, but the land around it was in the hands of the Germans. I tried not to think of Dunya. It might have worked if it hadn't been for Jill; she brought the subject up again and again, asking about the other, how long I'd known her, how she had been, what she had said about her, Jill. Soon I was cursing the captain for telling her—not so much because Dunya had not wanted it but because Jill now talked of nothing else. Her interest in the Polish girl was insatiable and, I thought, morbid. It gave me pleasure to tell her that Dunya had been hurt by something she, Jill, had written from Warsaw—but she only smiled.

By then I had fallen for her like a ton of bricks. I had to laugh at my doubts of Dunya's premonition; it certainly did look as though we were made for each other. We knew a lot of the same people in New York; they gave us a fine time. We were the first of the war refugees; it was new and exciting to make a fuss over us; the ones who came later, who really had been in trouble, were going to find it harder to get any sympathy. Jill ate it up. She laughed at what attentions were heaped upon her, shaking them off like a puppy that has got wet. She lived by herself—her family was in California—and since I had received a vacation from the firm we were together all the time. I was crazy about her. I had been around; but she was the loveliest thing that had ever happened to me, and I only wished she wouldn't talk so much about Dunya.

I wanted to be done with Dunya. I had liked her, sure, but after all she had given me the gate. I had even said I'd

stay there and fight for Poland. If a girl was too wrapped up in Poland to have a thought left for me, I couldn't be blamed for putting her out of my mind. I wanted to think of nobody but Jill. But Jill wouldn't have it—"What do you think happened to her?" "Have you seen the papers? Gdynia is holding out; do you think she's there?" "What would she think of us, having a good time while they're being bombed?" When I asked her to stop worrying about Dunya she had an answer ready: "You haven't read her letter."

The blasted letter was preying on her mind. She was always carrying it round with her, making cryptic remarks about it, using it to tantalize me instead of getting rid of it for good and all. I asked her to let me read it and she refused curtly, and once I made a grab at it over a table, planning to tear it up or throw it away, and she almost broke my wrist with a spoon and said icily, "I would thank you not to do that again."

"Honey," I said, "I won't read it but will you please get that paper out of our lives?"

"That would be unfair to her," she said.

I said, "Never mind. She kicked me out."

"Yes," Jill said unhappily, "right into my lap." She laughed. "Ungrateful wretch. Don't you even think it was nice of her?"

"Damned nice," I said, and for the moment everything was all right. Not for long though. I knew Jill talked of Dunya only to see what I'd say. I would upbraid her for imagining things; when she looked at me once I would know it was no good. Instead of forgetting Dunya, I had forgotten my frustration at her hands. I caught myself in comparisons; Jill usually came out on top but there was no getting rid of the Polish girl. She always seemed to be waiting round the corner, tense, intent, way above mere romance; I began to see how old Stanislas must have felt, when he tried to have some fun in the

bars of Zoppot and always knew that outside his daughter was waiting to lead him back to his better self.

"One hundred thousand dead," screamed the headlines.

Poor old Stan, she probably had made him get himself killed already. Wild-eyed idealists always got people killed. But then I saw the Zoppot Promenade again, and a pretty young thing who was dancing with me with her eyes closed, the way to-day pretty young things dance the world over. Her eyes were closed but they weren't wild under the white lids. They had not even been wild when the change had come, the inquisitive child turned a bright flame in a cool shell. Once I brought myself to tell Jill that Dunya was nothing to me, but I couldn't meet her eyes.

I implored Jill to marry me. She said, "I'd love to, darling—if you could keep your vow."

"What vow?"

"The one you make when you marry. About forsaking all others."

The worst part was that neither of us was thinking of the real Dunya any more. Poland was through; Warsaw fell and then Gdynia, and it would have been quite possible to make inquiries for people in the seized areas but we never thought of that. Jill was often talking now as if she hated Dunya, and at those times I had to force myself to keep quiet. She would sit there reviling Dunya, with her eyes fixed on mine to watch me give myself away. Jill always looked angelic even when she was spewing billingsgate. Once when she was through I asked her what I could do to prove how wrong she was about everything. She shrugged her shoulders and said she wouldn't know. I should ask my Polish wench for another letter.

We kept going about together, doing the town. We usually were the center of a gay crowd, and there was a hellish irony in the fact that just when our friends were all talking about our bliss we were growing apart fast. We both knew it. Jill also seemed to know why,

but I didn't. It struck me that when we were talking of Dunya we often seemed to have two different people in mind. Dunya, I thought, must have changed much between the times Jill and I knew her, but Jill would not give me any details of their friendship. To her Dunya was a rival. She refused to see that the girl had never cared for me or she wouldn't have dropped me as she did, for an illusion. Jill said Dunya was after me even now. I called her crazy. We were growing apart, but the thought of Dunya was like a chain snapping us back, never letting us get loose completely.

One evening Jill came to me in a tender mood. She could be soft and sweet as a kitten when she wanted to, talking in a small voice that made you want to sweep her off the ground and take care of her, even though you knew she was in no need of protection. She put her hand in mine and it was hours until I remembered Dunya. The thought of her came as a shock just when Jill was leaving, and then I kissed Jill and ran my hands through her hair and in my mind was Dunya.

Jill was hardly gone when I saw her bag on a chair. I grabbed it and started

to run after her, and then stopped and thought, fingering the smooth leather. Dunya's letter would be in there. It was at the bottom of what stood between Jill and me. If I took the letter and burned it I might lose Jill, but if we went on like this I'd lose her anyway. We couldn't go on like this. I could stand it no longer. Stealing letters was not a nice thing to do but I was past caring about nicety. If the letter was gone, perhaps Jill and I should be free.

I locked the door before I opened the bag. The letter was the only thing in it. No powder, no money, no lipstick—nothing but the letter. That was why Jill didn't come back for it. The letter was short, in huge script on blue paper. It was not addressed.

"I do not know you and I never shall, but I give you my lover to keep him from our fate which will be terrible. I pretended to grow cold to him, to make him go away, and to help him forget me I invented you. If you, a girl like the friend I made up for him, are on his ship you will be given this letter. Thomas is waiting to fall in love with you. I pray to God and His Holy Mother that you may love him as I do.

Dunya Barowska."





ANABASIS IN BUCKSKIN

AN EXPLOIT OF OUR WAR WITH MEXICO

BY BERNARD DeVOTO

DURING the campaign of 1844 it was good politics for the Whigs to inquire derisively, concerning the Democratic nominee, "Who is James K. Polk?" Two years later it was good politics to describe him as the man who had led us into war. Since for many years American history was written mainly in the Whig tradition, the war of 1846-1848 came to figure in the texts as Mr. Polk's war, which does an injustice to the only effective President between Jackson and Lincoln. Polk was no more responsible for the Mexican War than Lincoln was for the Civil War.

He looks in retrospect something like an odd effort of nature's to anticipate Calvin Coolidge and Herbert Hoover in one personality. He had Coolidge's training and faith in machine politics, his rural shrewdness, and his suspicion of intelligence superior to his own. He had Mr. Hoover's unshakable integrity, his gift for antagonizing his supporters, his instinct for putting his worst foot forward, and something of his prose style. But he put into effect most of the platform he had campaigned on, which was not usual even in those more innocent days. He understood better than his opponents, better especially than the most famous of them, the strongest energy which was operating on the nation. He saw quite clearly, as few did, just how important the unoccupied West was to the United States. And he knew what he wanted. What he wanted

was, as it concerns us here, California.

The war was a legacy from his predecessor, a corollary of the annexation of Texas. That annexation would have occurred years before except that the implied war could not be financed in the depression years following the panic of 1837. The Americans had taken Texas with the same patriotic ruthlessness that had given them the Indian lands. After colonies had been founded in a friendly neighboring country it was discovered that they were being intolerably oppressed, denied civil and religious rights, and exploited by a cruel and despotic government. Satisfactory incidents were precipitated (a model for them had been set by the acquisition of Florida), and the Texans revolted and established their independence, assured of speedy union with the United States. Depression and free-soil opposition delaying it, they had to carry on a guerrilla war with Mexico which the United States could assist only indirectly with munitions, money, and volunteers. In order to overcome the opposition in the mother-country they had at last to use the most powerful threat at their disposal: they got action by seeming to invite alliance with—even a protectorate under—Great Britain or France. The threat of European influence sufficed. Annexation followed, the Mexican War became inevitable, and a way was opened straight to Fort Sumter and on to Appomattox.

That, however, is by no means the whole framework of the war. If the threat of European influence in Texas was a mere feint, it was a reality elsewhere. Mr. Polk rightly regarded the Oregon question as little more than a formal exercise in diplomacy, but there were two detached portions of the late Spanish Empire which were only theoretically included in the feverish paradox that called itself, inaccurately, the Republic of Mexico. One of them, New Mexico, had been so closely bound to the American economy by the Santa Fe trade that it need only be reached for. California, however, was another matter. It had never really been Spain, it was not really Mexico, it had hardly been affected by American penetration; it was a languorous anarchy floating in space. It was the one remaining place where Europe could set a limit to the continental development of the United States. Time was working hard for the Americans, but the Californians occasionally invited the French, the English, or the Prussians to interfere, and as time shortened there was a real danger that they might act. Mr. Polk thought of that danger as both pressing and unnecessary, and he accepted the war with Mexico enthusiastically because it made the acquisition of California certain. What he did not see was that it would add leverage to Texas and force the United States to face at last its most important issue, the restriction or expansion of slavery.

The war was, therefore, primarily a phenomenon of the American frontier, a military phase of western expansion—of, if you like, American imperialism. Like all wartime Presidents, Polk believed that he could fight it without bloodshed. He was wrong, but the bloodshed was inconsiderable in comparison with the heightening and implementation of typical frontier developments that accompanied it.

To the military historian the war is about equal parts paradox, farce, scandal, and demonstration that Providence does take care of the Americans. Scott's

campaign for Mexico City was a planned and brilliant operation, but the rest of the war was improvised, usually very badly. Zachary Taylor won his battles and became President only because the Mexicans disliked fighting on the second morning of an engagement: they usually defeated Old Rough and Ready on the open field but became discouraged and ran away when they found that his stolidity had kept him in position overnight. Both the organization and the employment of the American troops were the awful flowering of the volunteer militia system. The high command—Polk and his advisers—was inconceivably hesitant, inconsistent, and ignorant, and the war was fought mostly out of touch with it. The service of supply was always bad and frequently in collapse. Any troops except those which the Americans faced must infallibly have defeated them, and those might well have defeated them if there had been any true government in Mexico, if large parts of the invaded country had not been in revolt against what government there was.

But the American armies made one decisive campaign and several demonstrations that were just as effective. They served as excellent training cadres for the men who were to be general officers in the Civil War, especially the Southerners. (Robert E. Lee, for instance, learned from Scott's management of converging columns the tactics that were to win his most brilliant victories, and to lose him Gettysburg.) And if there had been such a thing as a general staff, to learn from the mistakes made in such quantities, at least two, and conceivably three, years could have been lopped off the Civil War.

The war, however, produced many picturesque and even astonishing exploits. The most memorable of them was the achievement of a thousand young Missourians, mostly farm boys, who made a year-long march through hostile territory that is unsurpassed in the history of warfare.



The Missouri Mounted Volunteers

II

Though the American migration had now reached the edge of the desert, and though the phase of exploration was beginning to yield to that of settlement, there was little general knowledge of the West which Polk proposed to seize. The idea of sending military expeditions into that big wilderness confounds the imagination now, but the ignorance in which it was conceived protected it then. Failure would have made it an international joke.

Military operations began of course on the Rio Grande, but Polk's eye was on the western wilderness. He organized the Army of the West to take it over, under Colonel, promoted Brigadier-General, Stephen Watts Kearny, an

excellent regular officer trained to frontier campaigning by years in the Indian country. Kearny was to occupy New Mexico, organize it under the American government, and then go on and take California. It sounds simple and, notwithstanding the map and all the probabilities, it proved to be almost as simple as it sounds.

Kearny, already commanding the United States First Dragoons, a regiment of regulars, was directed to take command of volunteer forces raised for his expedition by the State of Missouri, the principal unit of which was the First Regiment of Missouri Mounted Volunteers. There were about eight hundred and fifty of them when they were mustered in, and they, with certain smaller, related organizations which brought

their strength to between nine hundred and a thousand men, made the great march. Their commander was a Missouri lawyer named Alexander William Doniphan.

An extraordinary man, he was, nevertheless, a typical product of the frontier. He had been born in Kentucky, had had the Latin and rhetoric of a frontier seminary, and had become the principal criminal lawyer in Missouri. That implied a practice largely devoted to defending the survivors of knife fights and shooting scrapes, and a mastery of the period's symphonic oratory. He was the most eloquent orator in a State where eloquence assured a public career, but he had many other qualifications for one and could serve as a type-specimen of the community builder and leading citizen. His military experience consisted of a generalship in the Missouri militia, purely honorary except for a brief period when his organization—itsself little better than the mob it had to deal with—was despatched to cope with the riots that ended in the expulsion of the Mormon Church from its Garden of Eden. At that time he had had the character and the courage to refuse to carry out an order to execute Joseph Smith, the Mormon prophet, for treason. Because of that and because he successfully defended one of the Danites against a charge of attempted murder, he has always been a figure of light in Mormon tradition. Coming back from Mexico, he resumed his career where the great adventure had interrupted it, and lived to labor vainly as a compromiser when his State had to make its choice in 1861. He was a large man: in the White House Lincoln stood back to back with him and proved to be the shorter by half an inch.

Doniphan enlisted in the First Missouri as a private but was at once elected Colonel of the regiment. The men who elected him were his neighbors, a fairly homogeneous breed. The venture attracted a sprinkling from other sections of the country, and the rendition of

“jornada” as “hornarther” in one of the journals shows that even an occasional Yankee could reject the current admonitions of Hosea Biglow. But mainly they were Missourians, some from the towns and cities, the majority from the farms, and very few more than a single generation away from the pioneering way of life. That fact defines them and explains their achievement.

Military discipline was not even a theory to them. Seeing a company in their shirtsleeves one steamy prairie noon shortly after the beginning of the march, Kearny ordered the captain to have his men put on their coats. The captain answered that his men had come to fight, not to dress, and would have lost his job if he had answered otherwise or acted on Kearny's order. To the end Bill resented and was apt to disregard commands, possibly reasonable but curtly phrased and, therefore, offensive, from Joe whom he could lick in a fair fight and who must not be allowed to put on airs just because he was called sergeant or lieutenant. Francis Parkman, who saw some of them, appreciated their qualities but said that if discipline and subordination were the criterion of merit they were worthless, and added that they went through New Mexico more like a band of free companions than like the paid soldiers of a modern government. An officer of the British army traveling in Mexico who met them near El Paso was aghast: the volunteer system was palpably bad, they would never be soldiers, they had no idea of drill or maneuver, they were quite unlike Her Majesty's troops; but, he admitted in bewilderment, they did the job assigned them.

All marching troops straggle, but few that were good for fighting have ever straggled as badly as these. The thousand of them, one observer said, might be strung out over five miles, or four-fifths of them might be jammed with the advance guard to look at the country. They loved looking at the country and wandered off to climb hills or peaks,

investigate Indian relics, carve their names on pueblos or churches or sandstone cliffs, or gape at the strange behavior of the New Mexicans. Seasoned in frontier crafts, they nevertheless frequently ignored their learning and, especially in the early months, made camp badly, ate and drank injudiciously, and committed flagrant imprudences on the march, suffering intensely as a result. So, though only a few were killed by gunfire, many died of disease and exposure who need not have died. They knew better than anyone could tell them—and their obstreperous individualism killed them almost automatically in the deserts and mountains, the country to which the American pioneer culture had not yet been adapted.

On the other side were their ingenuity, their boundless high spirits, their endurance, and their courage. At El Brazito the first enemy cannon opened on them: it was something new and an interested handful of them ran out to take a look at it and brought it back with them. At Sacramento a drunken officer ordered them to halt in the midst of a charge: they guessed he didn't know what he was talking about and they went ahead. Kearny drove them hard and Doniphan drove them harder, and that was all right with them. They stood it, in fact, better than their horses; an artillery battalion entered Santa Fe with only ten of the one hundred mounts it had had at Fort Leavenworth. The small battalion of infantry was ahead of the cavalry most of the time. And they were all ahead of the commissary and of the trains that were supposed to keep them supplied. They had full rations for only one month of twelve, they were on half rations or less most of the time, and ended by practically living off the country. Little ammunition and no uniforms ever caught up with them, and though one paymaster did reach some of them, six months out from Fort Leavenworth, with their forty-two dollar commutation for equipment, they got no pay at all till they landed at New Or-

leans, exactly a year after they started.

The officers were wise enough to treat them in kind and too ignorant to treat them in any other way. A few West Pointers supplied an occasional orthodox touch: the right word for a report, the textbook dispositions for a camp or an order of march, a thin continuity of military practice. The volunteer officers argued, cajoled, electioneered, quarreled with one another or fought with the men indiscriminately—and reassuringly. When a couple of them set up a guard round their tent to keep enlisted men away there was a riot, and some of the rioting democrats were bent on murder. Doniphan, usually without uniform or arms, lounged among them, calling everybody by his first name, giving few orders and those in the vernacular, occasionally haranguing his command with a thundering Fourth of July oration. The appearance of the Mexicans at El Brazito interrupted him in a card game whose stake was a magnificent horse which had been captured—and which ran away during the battle. At Sacramento he did the sensible things quietly and sat on his horse whittling and watching his individualists destroy an army extempore, remarked "they're giving us hell, boys" at the height of the bombardment, and gave the order for the decisive charge at the moment which he recognized to be the right one. At a council of war he spoke of his preference for "going home to Sarah and the children" and so doubled the affection of his troops. He was not called upon to be much of a strategist or tactician, but it required magnificent leadership to preserve an army deep in hostile territory, hundreds of miles from any base, thousands of miles from the War Department. Doniphan did that and made them victorious as well. The right man was in command of the right kind of troops. The frontier had produced on demand the best instruments for enormously enlarging the territory of the United States, and when William Cullen Bryant compared Doniphan and his troops to

Xenophon and the ten thousand, there was as much history as there was rhetoric in the allusion.

III

Kearny got his command moving westward from Fort Leavenworth in several divisions, the last week in June, 1846. Its route was the historic, or prehistoric, pathway of trade and war called the Sante Fe Trail. Ahead of it a wagon train was straining to get ammunition to the Mexicans—and there were more enemy supplies behind it and to come. Ahead of it also went an emissary whom Polk had sent to assist his hope that New Mexico might be taken without the firing of a shot. This was James Magoffin, a wealthy merchant of the Santa Fe trade, and exactly what he did and how he did it remain mysterious. But the commandant of New Mexico abandoned impregnable positions when the troops approached them, and Mr. Magoffin later made claim against the United States for fifty thousand dollars. Something like that was the expense in bribes or benevolences of Mr. Polk's bloodless occupation.

The whole length of the Trail was crowded with legend and romance, with memories of Spanish explorers and Indian raiders, with stories of massacre and death from thirst and unimaginable suffering and courage. It was one of the great roads of the Western world. The first stage of the expedition, the less important and less difficult one, was the one that hardened the Missourians. The strangeness of the new country settled round them at once. At first it was a beautiful country, the high grass sown with summer flowers and bending in the mile-long troughs of the wind. For a while soldiering was like picnicking, and the "Doniphasias" skylarked along the trail, at nooning, round the campfire. But the ferocious prairie weather began to buffet them with cloudbursts, hail storms, northers, and then settled down to a prolonged drought. A frayed, minute ribbon in vastness, they

came out into the short-grass country and on toward the barrens. They learned to use buffalo chips for fuel, they learned what thirst was, alkali tortured their cheeks and eyes, they got lousy, their boots wore out and they left their breeches on the cactus. They met the buffalo herds they had dreamed of since childhood, and left ranks to break down their tired horses chasing them. They had put the vast swarms of mosquitoes behind but they encountered almost as many rattlesnakes, which were almost as deadly. And now the country was collecting its stern tax on ignorance and carelessness. Typhoid, measles, jaundice, "bilious fever," and the arch-enemy of men in crowds, dysentery, assailed them; bad food and worse water sapped their strength. So many a boy who had joined up for a summer's outing on the plains was left in a shallow grave scratched beside the trail and filled with stones to keep the wolves out. Kearny drove them on. Fifteen miles would have been an excellent day's march for any army in this country, but the logs frequently show nineteen, twenty-three, thirty, even more, and sometimes the diaries read "8 A.M. to 2 A.M."

They halted at Bent's Fort for such reconditioning as was possible, then moved on into the mountains, which all of them were seeing for the first time, and crossing the boundary, they became an army of invasion. At once the campfires heard the immemorial war rumors of enormous forces gathering to destroy them, and the precarious situation of this small band unsupported in enemy country was highlighted with a vividness it had not had before. They realized that there might be more drawbacks to soldiering than dysentery and West Pointers. But the enemy was always beyond the second turn in the trail, never the first, and they kept on, though jittery sentinels roused the camps at night firing at wolves, soapweeds, or just the wind. Ahead of them the purchased commandant withdrew his army and then took flight; they came down safely to the

foothills and the settlements, bringing the measles with them to kill many children. Now began a fascinating, inexhaustible study of the outlandish manners, costumes, and diversions of the New Mexicans, a humble folk broken by two centuries of oppression, who didn't care much whom they were ruled by and who met their conquerors with a touching courtesy. The Americans scorched their palates with chili (they believed that wolves would not touch the highly seasoned corpses of the greasers), soothed them with the emollience of native wines, and began appeasement among the señoritas, who capitulated by the hundred. Their uniforms were in tatters now and would be henceforth; later Doniphan remarked that they had a superiority over Taylor of one *r*, they were rough, ready, and ragged. But there were barter and various kinds of pressure and, other currency failing, their brass buttons had a face value of twelve and a half cents.

On August 18th they occupied Santa Fe without firing a shot, as they had been told to. Kearny organized the province as a Territory of the United States, with a civil code drawn up by legal specialists from the ranks, and prepared to go on to his second objective. It was a wretched, poverty-stricken, adobe town but seemed heavenly after the trail, and the army had a glorious time. The señoritas, some of whom they even married, helped them find better food than they had been having; there was good wine and *aguardiente*; there were cockfights and *fandangos*; they organized a dramatic company and played "Pizarro" and "Bombastes Furioso" within these ancient walls. It was all fairly innocent and peaceful. Sterling Price's troops, who were following them down the trail to become the army of occupation, grew bored and turned Santa Fe into the first roaring boom town of the American West, a wild pageant of gambling, murder, pillage, arson, rape, and general hell. (Something similar happened along the Rio Grande, where Taylor had more

troops and a much more hostile native population but didn't care to endanger his political future by enforcing martial law.) But the Doniphas were neighborly—and besides had work to do.

Kearny, learning that California had come under the flag, took only a hundred dragoons with him when he went on to assume command of it. (An insurrection and sharp fighting awaited him there, and a series of wholly fantastic events produced by Captain Fremont's paranoid ego.) Price was to command New Mexico and Doniphan was to march south and join General Wool, who was supposed by this time to have captured Chihuahua. But the Indian tribes, who had always regarded the New Mexicans as their shepherders and horse breeders, had begun to raid even more arrogantly with the coming of the Americans, and it would be a useful work of appeasement to subdue them. So, leaving for California, Kearny ordered Doniphan to find the Utes and the Navajo and to make treaties with them.

The exact routes of all the little detachments that promptly marched into the mountains cannot be determined now, and the entire episode is almost unbelievable. They were farm boys who had plenty of courage and had learned how to march, but they knew nothing of either Indian-fighting or mountain craft. Ignorance did not dismay them and they took the incredible in their stride. It was October when they started and November was over when they got back. They were on half-rations of shorts and skinny beef; they had no pork or bacon, no rice, coffee, sugar, or molasses. The wilderness they invaded was among the most difficult in North America; it was the home of the most savage tribes, and winter was coming on. Mountain gales blew their few tents down, rainstorms soaked them, ice formed in the water barrels, they woke under the unaccustomed warmth of ten or twelve inches of snow. A lot of them died; the rest kept going, leaving their horses behind when

the country got vertical. They covered the Navajo country, the Zuni country, part of the Ute country—northwestern New Mexico, northeastern Arizona, the southwestern corner of Colorado. Even to-day an invasion of the Cañon de Chelly would be a tremendous feat of arms: two companies under Major Gilpin got there. Some thirty Americans rounded up eight hundred Navajo; a hundred and fifty others brought in five hundred more; other detachments did likewise till the total reached several thousand. The Indians could have sneezed them out of existence but forbore—the first invasion of their ancient stronghold had dazzled them. The treaties they made with the Navajo and Zuni had exactly the same value as had all Indian treaties, but they had been told to make them and, that done, they traded for buckskin suits and fresh horses and came out, tentless, icicles forming in their beards, to go on with the conquest. There was no doubt that they were soldiers now.

IV

Just how much of Mexico might advantageously be acquired had never been clear in Mr. Polk's mind, but the northeastern States were in chronic revolt and showed some signs of wanting to be annexed. Chihuahua and Durango and Coahuila should certainly be occupied and might very likely be kept. So the original plan of operations had started a force under General Wool to take the capital city of Chihuahua, where Doniphan was to join him from Santa Fe. (James Magoffin was hopeful of buying this victory too but found these Mexicans more obdurate, was captured and sentenced to death, and had to negotiate his freedom with convivial officers at an expense of 3,392 quarts of champagne.) But Taylor's indecision and stupidity, which were not modified by Polk's aversion to letting a Whig general build up a reputation, jeopardized his more important campaign, and Wool had to be

kept within supporting distance. Wool did not get to Chihuahua at all, though the paralysis of communications kept Doniphan from learning what had happened.

Doniphan had eight hundred and fifty effectives at Valverde on December 12th, when he began his invasion of Mexico. Ahead of them was not only a more severe march than they had made so far but also, at last, an organized enemy who might number a good many thousand. The parallel with Xenophon suddenly sharpens: they were taking the long way home, a microscopic band of fighting men deep in hostile country who were prepared to cut their way through whatever armies might oppose their crossing.

They did the marching handily, though long stretches were terrible going and though Doniphan, on his own now, pressed them more relentlessly than Kearny had. They were now guarding the massed caravans of the year's entire Chihuahua trade—a million dollars' worth of business with the enemy was done under their protection. They made the waterless *jornadas*, marching all night sometimes; some of them tried to do it on whiskey and failed; they encountered blizzards, salt springs, innumerable rumors and false alarms. And now they had to do some fighting.

Early in the afternoon of Christmas Day they made camp at El Brazito, thirty miles north of El Paso. Three-quarters of the command were gathering wood and looking for water, the ammunition wagons were miles back on the road, and Doniphan was playing cards for the captured stallion, when a Mexican army of about fifteen hundred appeared out of the blue and formed a battle line. It was a beautiful army in "bright scarlet coats with bell buttons and snow-white belts, carrying polished sabers and carbines and long lances with red and green pennons, while their heads were protected by brass helmets with large black plumes." And it conveniently gave two-thirds of the wood-gatherers time to come in,

bringing their fuel, while it sent a gaudy officer forward under a black flag with skull and crossbones to demand their surrender. He received the conventional answer and Doniphan, lamenting a hand that would have won the horse, got up, buckled on his sword, and gave his first battle order. It was, "Prepare to squat!" They squatted, the Mexicans fired their cannon and charged, the Americans let them have two volleys, and the battle was over—twenty-two minutes after it had begun. Seven Doniphasias had received scratches; their two volleys had killed 63 Mexicans, wounded 172 more, scared 300 out of rejoining their command, and sent the whole caparisoned army flying back to El Paso to report that the war was lost.

The Americans followed them there at their leisure. El Paso, with fresh fruit and flowing fountains, with an agreeable gentry and comfortable quarters, was a small paradise. But the troops had not been paid and their negotiable buttons had been used up; they got too little of the celebrated *vin du pays*; the señoritas were mercenary. Their tempers shortened, there were violent episodes, unrest grew on them. It was now known that Wool was not in Chihuahua, rumors kept coming in that Taylor's army had been destroyed, behind them Taos flared into revolt and a general insurrection of New Mexico threatened, large armies were reported gathering to the south. Doniphan had been ordered to join Wool at Chihuahua, not to capture it himself—what should he do? He resorted to an election and all but a few votes were for doing Wool's job. He waited till Price, after suppressing the Taos revolt, could send him Major Meriwether Lewis Clark's battalion of artillery; and then, on February 8, 1847, he moved on Chihuahua. He had 924 effectives and he swore the 300 traders whose wagons he was guarding into the service of the United States. The government later refused to pay or pension them, on the ground that he had no authority to increase his command,

but they gave him a reinforcement which the government had neglected to supply. Their commander was Samuel C. Owens, a Kentucky merchant whose half-sister Mary had been courted—and thrown over—by Abraham Lincoln.

Some of the hardest marching of the expedition followed, including another sixty-five mile *jornada* without water and a number of violent storms. This was an old story now, however, and less serious than the fact that the latest government in Chihuahua was resolute and aggressive. Well informed of Doniphan's movements, the Mexicans organized a force between three and four times as large as his, equipped it magnificently, and fortified the crossing of the Sacramento River, some fifteen miles from the city, by which he would have to approach. They were enthusiastic and confident; this time they would destroy the gringos and pillage the traders' caravan; they were so sure of themselves that they provided over a thousand sets of ropes in which to lead the captured to Mexico City. About a thousand spectators went out from the city to watch the battle of February 28th.

All battles are difficult to follow in the accounts of participants, but this small one is extraordinarily confused. Like all the engagements of the war not directed by Scott, it was pure rule of thumb and emergency improvisation. The enemy field works had been skillfully prepared—all through the war the Mexican engineers were superb—but they were planned on the unsafe assumption that the Americans would fight by the rule book. Doniphan largely neutralized them by abandoning the route he clearly should have taken, marched his men toward the flank under cover of the wagon train, formed them on favorable ground, and then loosed them to individual inspiration. Once this surprise had unsettled the Mexicans, it became the kind of fighting at which the Americans were invincible. The Mexican fire was hot and loud but ineffective, the Americans learned how to dodge rico-

cheting cannon balls, the field boiled with uncompleted maneuvers. Clark's and Weightman's artillery was decisive; the rest was a series of unco-ordinated but magnificent assaults on the field works and rallying points, and the destruction of the Mexican army piecemeal. It was plainscraft overcoming military science, the frontier individualist out-thinking and outfighting maneuvered masses; and in three and a half hours it was all over, and one body of Mexican lancers fled so fast and so far that they got into the foothills, where the alert Navajo wiped them out.

In early moonrise the Doniphasias sorted out their formations on the deserted field. One of them had been killed: Samuel Owens, the trader, who had joined a little group that rode the full length of the fortifications to draw the Mexican fire, and had then charged alone into the guns. Legend says that he had dressed in white and ridden a white horse—that he had reasons for wanting to die. Eight other Americans had been wounded, and seven of these recovered. Two fatalities, seven minor wounds—and the Mexicans paid for them with three hundred killed, something like five hundred wounded, a hundred-odd prisoners, and the complete dispersion of the army. The Americans gathered in thousands of sheep and hundreds of cattle that had accompanied the commissary, ten cannons, two score wagons and carts, thousands of rounds of badly needed ammunition, great stores of food and wine, the ropes and handcuffs in which they were to have walked to the capital, and the black flag they had seen at El Brazito. And the failure of their government to pay them was partially repaired, for they found a sum variously reported at between five and fifty thousand dollars in a paymaster's wagon. It should of course have been turned in to responsible officers, but it would help a lot in Chihuahua.

Chihuahua, though not the halls of Montezuma, was a city large and rich enough for pride, and they swaggered

into it the next day, their frowzy band tootling "Washington's March" and "Yankee Doodle." The natives hurried to propitiate them with wine, *mescal*, and fruit, praising them as heroes. But resident Americans, coming out of their barricaded houses at last to take a look at their deliverers, saw loose files of dirty savages in ragged buckskins and hurried back indoors, wondering what tribe had been sent as an advance party.

V

That was their highest moment. The rest was anticlimax: guard and barracks duty, the routine of military occupation; marching and counter-marching as the communications services still failed to counteract the endless rumors. Doniphan was afraid that the metropolitan facilities for vice would destroy his men. Their enlisted time was running out, they objected to the routine which they considered fit only for regulars, and they objected more violently to acting as guards for the traders. They had always made friends with the natives easily; there was too much friendliness now and sometimes it boiled up in rioting. They drank and gambled as much as they could, wasted their small substance on bullfights and cock fights, harried religious ceremonies, made life hard for the hairless dogs they hated. The War Department could not decide what to do with them, but at last Doniphan's passionate messages brought orders for them to join Taylor and prepare to go home.

The battle of Sacramento was small but had been decisive. Doniphan's approach had prevented reinforcement of the Mexican army that lost Buena Vista by the narrowest of margins, and his victory had made it certain that the revolt at Taos would have no successor. The Missourians had saved Taylor from defeat. They had taken New Mexico, as Mr. Polk had designed, and they had given him a claim to a lot more territory if he wanted to exercise it. As curious a fighting force as was ever brought to-

gether, they had done the most important work in the seizure of the West. And they had learned their worth: when a force estimated at four thousand Mexican soldiers was reported descending on the now despised wagon train, Doniphan detached two hundred and fifty of them to take care of it.

More marching, to Saltillo, to Buena Vista, to Monterey, to the Rio Grande, some of their women coming along with them in uniform. Doniphan tried to curry their fetlocks and straighten their ranks a little when he reported them to Wool, but it was no use and they scandalized the general who, next to Scott, was the best dressed officer in the American army. Wool tried to re-enlist them for another year but they laughed at him; a number of them, however, pointed out to him the mistakes he had made at Buena Vista. They had a few brushes with guerrillas, inflicted a few reprisals (though shocked by sight of the towns Taylor had burned), chased some Indians on behalf of the Mexicans, made some friction with the despised regulars, and once were so appalled by the cruelty of some Texas Rangers that their officers had hard work preventing civil war. They reached navigable water at last. They had marched almost exactly thirty-five hundred miles, conquering an empire on the way.

After dozens of *jornadas*, they now found that the drinking water on the transports had to be rationed. Some of them were wearing only drawers when they got to New Orleans and were paid at last, a year late. They found that their commutation for forage had been cut down, and for some reason their pay was a dollar a month less than they had been promised. Next time it would be sensible to go as a trader.

They got home to Missouri, to banquets and barbecues, to endless newspaper and interminable oratory. They

were heroes, and then they were just farmers again. Their great year would be a splash of carmine in the memory hereafter—of prairie grass in the wind, night guard at the wagons, the high breasts of the Spanish Peaks, fandangos in Santa Fe, the hot ecstasy of the battle line, the grizzly who wandered through camp that night, the ammonia stench of the buffalo wallows, the line of campfires all the way up the pass, the senorita who looked in the wagon that day when I was sick and “oh, the beauty of the exquisite Spanish word *pobrecito* when heard from such lips, the sweetest of all sounds.” The campfires most of all, more than three hundred nights of them, across more than three thousand miles of prairie, mountain, and desert, the faces of one’s squad ruddy in the light, and some of them not to be seen again, and such stories never to be heard in peace, firelight and ease after marching and fat cow to eat or just some charred cakes of maggoty cornmeal, and the pad of hooves, the heat mirage on the horizon, and the blue day ahead. A great year, one who survived it had been a soldier and was clearly a man—and the campfires not to be forgotten. The campfires explain something. They had gone soldiering to take the West, frontiersmen easily changing phase, and they had taken it. But they had “seen the elephant” and seen more than that. So we turn them up by the hundred in the rolls of emigrant trains in the next few years—trains going to the New Mexico they had captured, to California where Americans found the gold the Spanish had missed, and to the land between and beyond, to Oregon. Doniphan’s thousand had taken the West, and the West had taken them. It was a good land, as they had seen, and the way to it was long and rapturous; they could sit by a campfire again, under the desert stars.



FOOTNOTE ON ARTHURDALE

BY MILLARD MILBURN RICE

IN THE autumn of 1933 the first of the New Deal's subsistence-homestead projects was begun at Arthurdale, sixteen miles southeast of Morgantown, West Virginia. It was started with high hopes, wide publicity, and considerable haste; for it was to point the way to a New American Way of Life, and was to be the immediate pattern for forty-nine other subsistence-homestead projects. It was to point the way to the solution of the problem presented by stranded populations; to show something of what could be done toward industrial decentralization; to demonstrate what social and economic planning might accomplish if really given a chance. Whether it is because of too much hope, too much haste, too much publicity—or a combination of all three—Arthurdale after six years is at a stage where one of its staunchest defenders, while still vigorously defending the idea and the ideal behind it, could say of it reluctantly that "it is chiefly valuable as showing what not to do."

Because of the great expectations which from its beginning surrounded Arthurdale, and because so much special attention and such extensive publicity have been given it, it is not only of interest to examine Arthurdale in detail at this stage but also eminently fair to do so and to treat Arthurdale as properly typical of all similar projects. No one can say that Arthurdale has suffered from lack of either talent or funds, or that its development has been adversely affected by lack of any necessary resource.

The immediate project which became Arthurdale began twenty miles from its present location. The great bituminous-coal district of northern West Virginia, whose two principal cities are Fairmont and Morgantown, is cut by numerous small streams. One of these is Scott's Run, which flows into the Monongahela River several miles from Morgantown. Numerous veins of coal outcrop along Scott's Run. Under the impetus of the rapacious demand for coal resulting from the World War, the Scott's Run section became one of the busiest soft-coal mining regions in America. Here, at the height of the coal boom, a miner might earn as much as twenty-five dollars a day. Lured by wages like that, hundreds flocked to Scott's Run. For a distance of several miles the banks of this stream were lined with houses, most of them "company houses" belonging to the mining companies. It had long been a turbulent community, but violence and homicide increased under the impact of this crowding together of diverse racial strains and heterogeneous elements.

A few of those who came to Scott's Run were West Virginia farmers and sons of farmers, some of whom abandoned their small subsistence-homesteads to the tax collector. Farming in West Virginia is largely of a subsistence type. This fact is of considerable importance because of its influence upon the efforts which preceded Arthurdale and even perhaps upon Arthurdale itself.

Wages of twenty-five dollars a day—

or even of twelve or fifteen dollars a day, which were quite common—were a new experience for most of those who came to Scott's Run. It was more than they had ever earned before, and they reacted accordingly. Few seem to have realized that the very unusualness of the wage was a guarantee of its impermanence. Of the majority that peculiarly American observation may be made: "They couldn't stand prosperity."

As was inevitable, the demand for coal fell off rapidly after the end of the War, and the mines began closing down. Soon there was widespread unemployment in Scott's Run, and when pay envelopes stopped there were few families with resources sufficient either to maintain themselves or to use in moving to other employment. Those families which had merely floated in on the tide of high wages had never actually belonged anywhere. And some of those who had left their small farms had burned their economic bridges. A few of the more resourceful got out while they still were able to do so. Most of them merely stayed on from day to day, hoping the mines might reopen and re-employ them. It was a vain hope and soon faded. They merely stayed on. Little imagination is needed to understand the poverty, the destitution, and the bitterness which gripped the entire section.

Welfare groups of Morgantown and Monongalia County went into the section with a program whose central idea was one of self-help. They drew heavily upon the talent and resources of the University of West Virginia which is located at Morgantown. Public relief had been forthcoming for some time, but its effect had chiefly been to increase the inertia of its recipients. With the aid of the Extension Division of the College of Agriculture of the University and of the American Friends Service League which had become interested in the Scott's Run situation, community garden clubs were established for the idle miners. As many as forty clubs were organ-

ized, including representatives of nearly a thousand families, and working twenty-seven community gardens of from five to forty acres. Home canning clubs preserved the food thus produced, and in the last year of this effort nearly sixty thousand dollars' worth of food was canned in addition to that consumed fresh.

Cash income was secured by making rag rugs, quilts, candy, and by holding sociables and square dances. Under welfare guidance, the Mountaineer Craftsmen's Co-operative Association was formed and incorporated. This centered round the Godlove chair, a chair of West Virginia mountain lineage, the secrets of whose all-wood construction had been handed down through several generations of mountaineers to Isaac Samuel Godlove, who was enlisted to teach those with sufficient skill to make these chairs. Using native woods, chiefly hickory and walnut, other furniture of simple design was added to the products of the Mountaineer Craftsmen's Association.

While this program of self-help was raising morale in Scott's Run, living conditions were not improving and economic security had by no means been achieved. It was decided to try to move the idle miners back to the soil. When men think primarily of security, whether for themselves or others, their minds seem to turn more or less instinctively to the soil. With that idea in mind, a survey of the State of West Virginia was made under the direction of the University's College of Agriculture to discover all available idle land, preferably abandoned farms with house and outbuildings intact, which might be used for the purpose. A prospectus was prepared for a project to be known as the Co-operative Self-Help Association, with a budget of \$50,000 for a three-year period. This was to be the guiding organization which would co-ordinate the work of the homesteaders once they were scattered on land available throughout the State, where it was believed that,

with the supervision the University people could give, they could become self-supporting in the same manner in which such a high percentage of West Virginia farmers had been for generations.

Money was to be raised as nearly as possible in each community in which the homesteaders might be located. Local public-spirited citizens who would contribute either land or money were to do so with the understanding that it was an investment which might never be returned to them—but an investment, nevertheless, in social rehabilitation which seemed worth the attempt. The Richard M. Arthur farm of one thousand two hundred acres, near Reedsville, was much in the minds of the promoters of this scheme, for it had been used as an experimental farm by the University.

The matter stood at this point early in 1933. It might be said that what had been done thus far was a sort of prelude to Arthurdale—a prelude in *largo* tempo, which had always in mind the avoidance of paternalism and the holding of costs within the probable ability of the prospective homesteaders to repay.

II

Meanwhile other forces had been at work which were to focus the attention of the nation upon the Arthur farm which was to become Arthurdale. The genesis of the subsistence-homestead idea within the New Deal is not very clear, but it is generally attributed to Dr. Rexford Guy Tugwell. Whatever its origin, Section 208 of the National Industrial Recovery Act, passed in June, 1933, read:

To provide for aiding the redistribution of the overbalance of population in industrial centres \$25,000,000 is hereby made available to the President, to be used by him through such agencies as he may establish and under such regulations as he may make, for making loans for and otherwise aiding in the purchase of Subsistence Homesteads. The money collected as repayment of said loans shall constitute a revolving fund to be administered as directed by the President for the purpose of this section.

In the summer of 1933 Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt was invited by the Friends Society to visit Scott's Run and see for herself the conditions under which the idle miners were then living and the results of the welfare work being done there. She returned to Washington after her tour of Scott's Run deeply impressed by what she had seen and anxious to help in rehabilitating the idle Scott's Run miners. Doubtless she talked the matter over with the President, and perhaps with others close to him. It was decided to begin the Subsistence Homestead movement with the Scott's Run miners.

There is no clear picture of just what happened, but we catch glimpses of the late Colonel Louis McHenry Howe dickering by long-distance telephone through one of the Morgantown welfare workers with Richard M. Arthur for the purchase of his farm and holding firmly to a price of not more than \$35,000 for the mansion house and the 1,200 acres of land in the farm. We see him pointing a long bony finger during a White House conference and saying, "I'll buy the houses. Ickes, you'll buy the land. And Eleanor [Mrs. Roosevelt], you'll put the families in the houses." We see him ordering, again by long-distance telephone, fifty prefabricated summer cottages from a New England factory, to be rushed to the Arthur farm at once at a cost to be held under \$50,000.

The virtue of making haste slowly was forgotten in a Washington atmosphere surcharged with haste, excitement, experiments, and money. The tempo now became *prestissimo*. Here was planned economy in action, but there was no plan. There was only an idea. Architects, engineers, draftsmen, accountants, and other personnel appeared at Arthurdale, sent out from that mysterious and indefinite place called "Washington." In line with the best thought of some of the local welfare people who were familiar with the terrain, the soil, and the climate of the two-thousand-foot plateau on which the Arthur farm lies, a

plan was drawn which grouped the proposed houses on the higher ground and reserved the more fertile lower ground for one large community garden which could be farmed with machinery.

That plan went to Washington and was rejected because it did not fit in with the idea in someone's mind that communities such as this should be composed of separate small tracts of land containing house, barn, corn-crib, and other outbuildings. Each homesteader was foreseen as raising his own crops on his own tract, and keeping his own domestic animals—especially a cow—in his own outbuildings. A cow for every homesteader seemed somehow to be a necessity. Plans were redrawn over a weekend to conform to this idea, and thus Arthurdale became what it is because someone in Washington, who perhaps had never seen the tract, had an idea and the authority to cause its adoption.

Hundreds of men, mostly relief workers, were put to work clearing underbrush, making roads, digging foundations, building bridges, laying drainage tile. Although the Arthur farm was not purchased until October 3, 1933, the first fifty families of homesteaders were to be in their new homes by Thanksgiving. But when the prefabricated houses arrived they did not fit the foundations prepared for them. Planned economy had not extended that far. By extensive and sometimes painful alterations the houses were made to conform to the foundations. These cottages were plumbed and guttered with copper. Individual wells were drilled for each house, and each well was fitted with an automatic electric-pressure pump. Two years later many of the wells in the lower part of the project were contaminated and the project manager was advising all homesteaders to boil their drinking water.

Whether it was initiated or merely inevitable, Arthurdale was given national publicity. Perhaps it was that publicity which created the desire to make a showing. At any rate, the desire was very evident. Announcements were contin-

ually forthcoming that at receding dates the homesteaders would move into their houses. When it was evident that they could not be in their new homes by Thanksgiving, it was announced that they would eat Christmas dinner there. Then March, 1934, was named as the date for a community housewarming for them. March gave way to April, and April to May. It was midsummer, 1934, before any considerable number of homesteaders moved in.

A model house was rushed to completion, undergoing several changes of plans in an effort to attain near-perfection. Wild grapevines were brought in from the mountains and trained over the trellis beside the house, so that the photographs for the rotogravure sections might have a finished look. An abandoned Presbyterian church, beside the road several miles from Arthurdale, was purchased, torn down in sections, and rebuilt as the Arthurdale community center. A pillared portico was added, changing its ecclesiastical lines to colonial. Wings built to it now house respectively a barber shop and a sales room for Mountaineer Craftsmen's Association products. Near it a one-storey native stone building was erected for a power plant. Later this was converted for use as a library, chiefly by the addition of a huge stone double fireplace. It is now the administration building.

There is nothing to be gained by reciting further evidences of haste and confusion and lack of a definite plan for this example of planned economy in action. It would be easy to multiply such illustrations. But to continue to do so would merely be to pillory many who still occupy high places in the national government and whose intentions were certainly excellent. It is not unfair to note, however, that in the period of prelude to Arthurdale the planning was carried on with the idea of helping the homesteaders to help themselves on a scale in line with their possibilities and their earlier way of life. When government stepped in with relatively unlimited

resources of both planners and funds a new note was struck. Planning was done for, rather than with, prospective homesteaders. Perfection rather than reality became the goal. There is much testimony and ample evidence that as the perfectionist idea grew the zeal of the homesteaders diminished until it became an attitude of grateful resignation.

III

To-day Arthurdale consists of one hundred and sixty-five homesteads of from two and a half to five acres, containing houses of from four to six rooms—of varying architectural styles and constructed of different types of materials—and outbuildings. All homesteads are occupied. Near the center of the project are the community buildings, grouped principally on three sides of a landscaped quadrangle perhaps a hundred and fifty feet square. These include the meeting hall which was once the Presbyterian church, a general store run as a co-operative on capital furnished by the government, a barber shop, a weaving room, a display room; a building known as The Forge which is used for metal working, the administration building, and a filling station. On a hill overlooking the community center, near the site of the old mansion house, is The Inn, constructed of native stone, which is open to the public.

As it spreads out before the observer from the hill on which The Inn stands, Arthurdale is difficult to describe for lack of anything comparable. It is not sufficiently close-built to be a village, and is too thickly settled for a typical farm community. Roads curve through the tract, and the white-painted houses stand close beside these. The general impression is that of a large tract of land dotted with white houses and outbuildings.

While a stake in the land was perhaps the principal part of the idea behind Arthurdale (the homesteaders were carefully selected upon the basis of elaborate questionnaires and other tests designed to show their fitness for tending their

tracts), the idea definitely included establishment of some sort of industry which should provide at least part-time employment and hence cash income for the homesteaders. This was to be a sort of marriage of convenience between industry and agriculture—a demonstration of decentralized industry which should be an integral part of a small community. In line with the idea, plans were made at the very outset for the Post Office Department to establish at Arthurdale a factory for the manufacture of certain post office equipment. This proposal was viewed as government competition with private industry, and pressure was brought to bear upon Congress to such a degree that use of Post Office Department funds for that purpose was definitely prohibited. This was a serious blow to the whole scheme.

However, in 1935, there was constructed a brick and steel factory building with more than ten thousand square feet of floor space. On the ground that no authority was given in the law for construction of factory buildings, the Comptroller General withheld approval of vouchers covering cost of the factory, and thus the situation was further complicated. For many months the building remained empty and unused. At one time it narrowly escaped being used for large-scale poultry raising. It was later leased to the Electric Vacuum Cleaner Company for the assembly of vacuum cleaners, and furnished employment for some of the homesteaders while so used. When this enterprise moved out the building was leased to the Phillips-Jones Corporation, manufacturers of men's shirts. This enterprise also has suspended operations, reputedly because of labor troubles at its main plant located elsewhere, and the building is unused as this is written. Employment of homesteaders by these two enterprises was relatively limited.

Two other brick and steel factory buildings, each containing about thirty thousand square feet of floor space, have been built. The three factory buildings

are located on the northern edge of the Arthurdale tract on a spur of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad running to Morgantown. The second factory is used as a woodworking plant, wherein the Mountaineer Craftsmen have applied mass-production methods to their craft and now are engaged principally in the manufacture of bedroom suites. Furniture is marketed through sales outlets in New York and Philadelphia, although demand by no means equals potential production. The third factory is used for assembly of power-farming machinery, chiefly tractors. As this is written six of the new Rust Brothers cotton pickers are being assembled at the plant—a fact which lends a touch of the ironic to the industry, since if these machines come into general use their effect will be to create new unemployment and stranded-population problems in the Cotton Belt—the sort of situation out of which Arthurdale itself grew and which it was designed to relieve. In 1939, 147 tractors are reported to have been assembled, most of which are understood to have been sold in Canada. The tractor is a synthetic, or assembled, job—sometimes termed an “orphan” in the trade. This plant gave employment to an average of about twenty-five persons, mostly homesteaders.

Evidence of the pyramidal type of organization involved in the entire Arthurdale project is furnished by the following quotation from a four-page mimeographed pamphlet on Arthurdale prepared by the Farm Security Administration which now manages Arthurdale. (Arthurdale has passed through three hands in its brief career. It was first established under the Subsistence Homesteads Division of the Department of the Interior. Later it was transferred to the Resettlement Administration, and when that was abolished it was given to the Farm Security Administration.) The quotation follows:

This plant (the third factory) has been built and equipped with funds provided by the Arthurdale Association. It has been leased by

the Arthurdale Farm Equipment Corporation which has been organized by the homesteaders and whose capital stock has been purchased by the Arthurdale Association. It is managed by the American Cooperatives, Inc., an organization formed by a group of farmer wholesale cooperatives. This factory started operations May, 1939.

To this might be added the fact that the funds provided by the Arthurdale Association are supplied by the Federal Government.

In 1936 a large-scale poultry farm was established. For nearly three years this was run co-operatively, but at a loss. It has recently been leased to a homesteader at a nominal rental, to be run as a private enterprise. Local observers cite as one of the principal reasons for the unprofitable results of the poultry venture the fact that it paid industrial rather than agricultural wages to those it employed.

In spite of the fact that most homesteaders were supplied with cows, a co-operative dairy farm was started on the project in 1934. Although it had 33 head of purebred Jersey cattle and every modern dairy facility, it too was unprofitable and has recently been leased to two homesteaders at a nominal rental

reported to be \$400 per year—to be operated as private industry. It markets most of its products in neighboring towns and in Morgantown. Local observers express considerable doubt concerning its success even under present very lenient conditions of rental.

Because Arthurdale is in Preston County, West Virginia, but, as government property, is not of it, a separate school system was established by the sponsors of Arthurdale. Six separate buildings, each with separate heating plant and separate janitor service, house the plant which is complete from nursery school through high school. From the outset the Arthurdale school plant has been used as a demonstration project in Progressive Education, which is an attempt to fit the school to the pupil rather than the pupil to the school. This was done, in part at least, at the suggestion of a local advisory committee on education

which included in its membership a representative of the Department of Education of the University of West Virginia. The school plant was for a time under the direction of a ten-thousand-dollar-a-year principal employed by the sponsors of Arthurdale. It is now under the supervision of the County Superintendent of Schools of Preston County. Funds for construction of the elaborate Arthurdale school plant and for employment of its first teachers were derived from outside sources and are not included in the reported cost of Arthurdale itself.

In the gymnasium, which has a seating capacity of 500, motion-picture shows and other entertainments are held weekly. Church services and socials take place in another of the school buildings. A well-equipped library is part of the school system and is open to all residents of Arthurdale. There is a health center with two beds, and with an operating room in which major operations may be performed. Two doctors are in attendance, and through a co-operative health association into which the homesteaders pay nominal monthly dues, they receive medical care and use of the health center.

What has Arthurdale cost? I do not know. I doubt if anybody knows. The Farm Security Administration doesn't seem to know. In support of that statement I quote from two editions of the four-page mimeographed pamphlet on Arthurdale, dated respectively September 15, 1938 and August 15, 1939. In the earlier pamphlet is this statement: "The total cost of the project was estimated on July 31, 1938, to be approximately \$2,027,000." The later edition of the pamphlet declares: "A preliminary estimation of the construction cost of the community totals \$1,807,869." Both carry the additional statement: "This includes the cost of the homes, barns, land, community buildings, and roads," which would suggest that both figures are based on the same items. There is nothing observable in the situation to justify a reduction of the cost by \$219,131 in the eleven-month period between the

two dates, for a certain amount of construction took place during that period.

Either of these figures is too low. Neither includes the cost of factories or schools, and whatever the source of these funds, they represent a cost properly chargeable to the cost of the community as a whole. No details of the figures are given in either edition of the pamphlet, but it is almost certain they do not include the cost of the labor of hundreds of men—at one time upwards of a thousand—who have been paid through various alphabetical relief agencies. Nor is it likely that they include the wages paid the homesteaders themselves, most of whom were employed in construction on the project for several years and many of whom are still employed on the project. They also are paid from relief funds chiefly, it is understood, through WPA. In connection with this relief work cost it is argued that this relief would have been paid in any event. But it is certainly true that without that labor other labor would have been necessary, and rates of payment for that would have been higher than relief rates. Hence an undeterminable figure for labor is properly chargeable against the project.

There is good basis for placing an estimate of the total cost of Arthurdale at between two and a half and three million dollars. Using, however, the Farm Security Administration's own figure of \$2,027,000—and allocating this to the 165 homesteads composing Arthurdale, we get \$12,284.84 as the average cost of the project chargeable against each homestead. There is no basis for any hope that any homesteader can ever repay any considerable part of this cost. Their present income does not permit them to do so nor, barring an economic miracle, is there any probability of their income increasing sufficiently to permit them to do so.

No official figure is available showing the present average income of homesteaders, but local observers place it at somewhere between seventy and eighty dollars per month. If, by some eco-

conomic legerdemain, average income should rise at some time to \$150 per month, and each homesteader should apply one-fourth, or \$37.50, of his monthly income to amortization—which is an average for rental or housing costs the careful householder tries hard not to exceed—these payments would not cover interest at four per cent on each homesteader's pro rata share of the cost—a rate of interest lower than the average mortgage bears. The federal funds spent at Arthurdale will never revolve as was provided in the National Industrial Recovery Act appropriating them.

IV

That Arthurdale is not altogether an economic success is by this time rather obvious. Every interested person will immediately want to know why. Some of the reasons are fairly obvious; some are not easy to state. One of the obvious reasons already mentioned is that this was planned economy without a clear-cut plan. Because of anxiety to achieve the ideal, only confusion of ideas resulted.

Arthurdale has suffered from absentee management. It has had a long succession of managers and architects and officials of all kinds, of varying ability, whose first duty was to obey instructions from their superiors in Washington.

A less obvious reason is the fact that Arthurdale was created an economic and social island. That is not the American Way, in spite of the fact that as late as 1937 the Resettled Communities Committee of the Committee for Economic Recovery, Incorporated, was terming Arthurdale "A Partial Pattern for the New American Way of Life." Most Americans look askance at individuals or communities whose way of life departs from the normal. No better illustration of that fact is needed than the attitude toward the many special communities—nudist colonies, closed religious colonies, special economic colonies—which have flourished and died in America. Any-

one who has ever visited any such community except for a specific purpose realizes quite well that his approach to it was one of critical curiosity. He observed the colonists much as he observes goldfish in a bowl or animals at the zoo. The thousands of visitors to Arthurdale from all parts of America and even from abroad testify to this attitude toward Arthurdale in particular. The typical visitor is on a sort of sociological souvenir hunt. He peers into nooks and corners of the place; looks wonderingly at the homesteaders; and, if he is sufficiently bold, asks them the most intimate and personal questions as though they were a species apart from himself.

The homesteaders at Arthurdale are in Preston County but not of it. They are set apart by the way of life at Arthurdale. No one can measure or interpret accurately the effect of such an attitude on the homesteaders themselves, but that it has had a definite effect there is no doubt. It is evident outside of Arthurdale if not within it. One has only to talk with Preston County residents to realize it.

It is somewhat easier to see the effect of superimposed planning at Arthurdale. Obviously, the immediate effect upon the fortunes and the morale of homesteaders who have been lifted from want to comfort and present security is quite evident—so evident that to anyone who understands human nature it is unnecessary to detail it. But the co-operative spirit so evident at the beginning of Arthurdale is fading. I can illustrate that by a remark made in my presence by the wife of a homesteader. We were looking at a photograph taken early in the life of Arthurdale showing several of the homesteaders seated on the steps of the old mansion house. Their faces were wreathed in smiles. The wife, whose husband was in the photograph, said, "You couldn't get them to smile like that now." I asked why not. She replied, "I'm afraid we are too jealous of one another now." Further discussion brought out that there is a feeling on the

part of many homesteaders that perhaps the other fellow is getting more than they—perhaps more pay or perhaps he gets some improvement to his homestead others do not receive. For everything comes from the government.

A major function of the homesteaders' association, which once was so interested in the affairs of the community, is now to bring pressure to bear for something they want. Some time ago they asked the project manager for vegetable storage cellars on each homestead—the planners built most of the houses without storage basements. He said it was impossible to provide them. The homesteaders' association wrote to Washington, and in due time the cellars were built. More recently the association asked for a reduction in the monthly payments one of their number was making. The manager could not make the reduction. Again they wrote to Washington, and the reduction was granted.

One senses an attitude of resignation to things-as-they-are at Arthurdale. The future is not in the hands of the homesteaders but of the federal government. The homesteaders can do little to change what has been done or to affect what may be done. They occupy their homesteads under a "temporary licensing agreement," and pay for the privilege at the rate of \$8.60 per month for the four-room houses up to \$14 per month for the six-room houses. The contract is terminable on thirty days' notice by either the government or the homesteader. It is not clear whether the monthly payments now being made are rental or payments on the homesteads. Title to the homesteads still rests elsewhere than in the homesteaders. Life under paternalism like that has its effect, and it is not altogether salutary. It is perhaps an understatement to say that it saps initiative.

Arthurdale has directly benefited 165 families, averaging six members, or approximately 1,000 persons. It has raised the standard of living comfort for most of them above anything they have

previously enjoyed. It has given them a present economic security which is undoubtedly most welcome. Count that as its positive achievement.

It has again illustrated that the creation of social and economic islands is not the American Way. It has made clear the fact that a fully rounded community does not spring full-blown from a combination of building materials with good intentions and liberal expenditures; that something else is needed—something strangely like the intense will-to-succeed and freedom-to-act of the pioneers of an earlier day. It has perhaps demonstrated that economically self-sustaining communities are more soundly based upon slow and natural growth than upon swift planning. It furnishes evidence that the establishment of successful industry needs a basis which includes something more than factory buildings, working capital, and labor supply; that it must supply a definite need or demand.

It has shown the extreme difficulty of economic and social planning, in detail, by absentee planners. Whatever virtues may be inherent in the broader reaches of planning seem, in the light of the experiences at Arthurdale, not to extend downward to detailed planning which remakes the lives of those for whom it plans. Its experiences seem to indicate that families cannot be set down in a ready-made community by social planners and be expected to adapt themselves efficiently to an environment in the development of which they have had little part.

In short, Arthurdale seems to reaffirm a belief still strong that men must find their own places in life; must work out the solution of their own problems; must do this by a process of adjustment and readjustment rather than suddenly—with sympathetic help, if necessary, from those more fortunate, but without their dictation. It seems to reaffirm the belief that revolutionary change is not normal for the human animal. If it has actually demonstrated these things—or any two or three of them—perhaps it is worth what it has cost.



AFTER MANY A SUMMER

A NOVEL IN FIVE PARTS—PART FIVE

BY ALDOUS HUXLEY

TO-DAY even the Children's Hospital brought Mr. Stoyte no consolations. He drove back to the castle, feeling as unhappy as he had felt when he left it in the morning. He went up with the Vermeer to the fourteenth floor; Virginia was not in her boudoir. He went down to the tenth; but she was not in the billiard room. He dropped to the second; but she was being neither manicured nor massaged. In a sudden access of suspicion, he descended to the sub-sub-basement and almost ran to see if she were in the laboratory with Pete; the laboratory was empty. A mouse squeaked in its cage and behind the glass of the aquarium one of the aged carp glided slowly from shadow into light and from light once more into green shadow. Mr. Stoyte hurried back to the elevator, shut himself in and pressed the topmost of the twenty-three buttons.

Arrived at his destination, Mr. Stoyte slid back the gate of the elevator and looked out through the glass panel in the second door.

The water of the swimming pool was perfectly still. Between the battlements the mountains had taken on their evening richness of golden light and indigo shadow. The sky was cloudless and transparently blue. A tray with bottles and glasses had been set on the iron table at the farther side of the pool, and behind the table stood one of the low couches on which Mr. Stoyte was accustomed to take his sun baths. Vir-

ginia was lying on this couch, as though anaesthetized, her lips parted, her eyes closed, one arm dropped limply and its palm lying upward on the floor, like a flower carelessly thrown aside and forgotten. Half concealed by the table, Dr. Obispo, the Claude Bernard of his subject, was looking down into her face with an expression of slightly amused scientific curiosity.

In its first irrepressible uprush, Mr. Stoyte's fury came near to defeating its own homicidal object. With a great effort he checked the impulse to shout, to charge headlong out of the elevator, waving his fists and foaming at the mouth. Trembling under the internal pressure of pent-up rage and hatred, he groped in the pocket of his jacket. It was empty. For the first time in months he had forgotten his automatic.

For a few seconds Mr. Stoyte stood hesitating, undecided what to do. Should he rush out, as he had first been moved to do, and kill the man with his bare hands? Or should he go down and fetch his gun? In the end he decided to get the gun. He pressed the button, and the lift dropped silently down its shaft.

Mr. Stoyte ran to his bedroom, opened the drawer in which his handkerchiefs were kept, rummaged furiously among the silks and cambrics, and found nothing. Then he remembered. Yesterday morning he had worn no jacket. The gun had been in his hip pocket. Then

Pedersen had come to give him his Swedish exercises. But a gun in the hip pocket was uncomfortable if you did things on your back, on the floor. He had taken it out and put it away in the writing desk in his study.

Mr. Stoyte ran back to the elevator, went down four floors and ran to the study. The gun was in the top lefthand drawer of the writing table; he remembered exactly.

The top lefthand drawer of the writing table was locked. So were all the other drawers.

"God damn that old bitch!" Mr. Stoyte shouted, as he tugged at the handles.

Thoughtful and conscientious in every detail, Miss Grogram, his secretary, always locked up everything before she went home.

Still cursing Miss Grogram, whom he hated at the moment almost as bitterly as he hated that swine there on the roof, Mr. Stoyte hurried back to the elevator. The gate was locked. During his absence in the study somebody must have pressed the recall button on some other floor. Through the closed door he could hear the faint hum of the machinery. The elevator was in use. God only knew how long he would have to wait.

Mr. Stoyte let out an inarticulate bellow, rushed along the corridor, turned to the right, opened a swing door, turned to the right again and was at the gate of the service lift. He seized the handle and pulled. It was locked. He pressed the recall button. Nothing happened. The service elevator was also in use.

Mr. Stoyte ran back along the corridor, through the swing door, then through another swing door. Spiralled round a central well that went down two hundred feet into the depth of the cellars, the staircase mounted and descended. Mr. Stoyte started to climb. Breathless after only two floors, he ran back to the elevators. The service elevator was still in use; but the other responded to

the call of the button. Dropping from somewhere overhead, it came to a halt in front of him. The locked door unlocked itself. He pulled it open and stepped in.

"The old bitch," Mr. Stoyte kept growling to himself and then, turning in memory from his secretary to Dr. Obispo, "The swine!"

The elevator came to a stop. Mr. Stoyte darted out and hurried along the corridor to Miss Grogram's empty office. He thought he knew where she kept the keys; but it turned out that he was wrong. They were somewhere else. But where? Where? Frustration churned up his rage into a foam of frenzy. He opened drawers and flung their contents on the floor, he scattered the neatly filed papers about the room, he overturned the dictaphone, he even went to the trouble of emptying the bookshelves and upsetting the potted cyclamen and the bowl of Japanese goldfish which Miss Grogram kept on the window sill. Red scales flashed among the broken glass and the reference books. One gauzy tail was black with spilled ink. Mr. Stoyte picked up a bottle of glue and, with all his might, threw it down among the dying fish.

"Bitch!" he shouted. "Bitch!"

Then suddenly he saw the keys, hanging in a neat little bunch on a hook near the mantelpiece, where, he suddenly remembered, he had seen them a thousand times before.

"Bitch!" he shouted with redoubled fury as he seized them. He hurried to the door, pausing only to push the typewriter off its table. It fell with a crash into the chaos of torn paper and glue and goldfish. That would serve the old bitch right, Mr. Stoyte reflected with a kind of maniacal glee as he ran toward the elevator.

Walking at sunset up the castle hill, Pete kept thinking with a kind of tranquil exultation of all the things Mr. Propter had said to him. Barcelona had fallen. Spain, England, France, Germany, America—all were falling; falling even at

such times as they seemed to be rising; destroying what they built in the very act of building. But any individual has it in his power to refrain from falling, to stop destroying himself. The solidarity with evil is optional, not compulsory.

On their way out of the carpenter's shop Pete had brought himself to ask Mr. Propter if he would tell him what he ought to do.

Mr. Propter had looked at him intently. "If you want it," he had said, "I mean, if you *really* want it . . ."

Pete had nodded without speaking.

The sun had set; and now the twilight was like the embodiment of peace—the peace of God, Pete said to himself, as he looked across the plain to the distant mountains, the peace that passes all understanding. To part with such loveliness was unbearable. Entering the castle, he went straight to the elevator, recalled the cage from somewhere up aloft, shut himself up with the Vermeer and pressed the highest of the buttons. Up there at the top of the keep he would be at the very heart of this celestial peace.

The elevator came to a halt. He opened the gates and stepped out. The swimming pool reflected a luminous tranquillity. He turned his eyes from the water to the sky and from the sky to the mountains; then walked round the pool in order to look down over the battlements on the farther side.

"Go away!" a muffled voice suddenly said.

Pete started violently, turned and saw Virginia lying in the shadow almost at his feet.

"Go away," the voice repeated. "I hate you."

"I'm sorry," he stammered, "I didn't know . . ."

"Oh, it's you." She opened her eyes, and in the dim light he was able to see that she had been crying. "I thought it was Sig. He went to get a comb for my hair." She was silent for a little; then she burst out, "I'm so unhappy, Pete."

"Unhappy?" The word and her tone

had utterly shattered the peace of God. In an anguish of love and anxiety he sat down beside her on the couch. (Under her bathrobe, he couldn't help noticing, she didn't seem to be wearing anything at all.) "Unhappy?"

Virginia covered her face with her hands and began to sob. "I feel so mean . . ."

"Darling!" he said in a voice of entreaty, as though imploring her to be happy. He began to stroke her hair. "My darling!"

Suddenly there was a violent commotion on the farther side of the pool. A crash as the elevator gates were flung back; a rush of feet; an inarticulate yell of rage. Pete turned his head and was in time to see Mr. Stoyte rushing toward them, holding something in his hand, something that might almost have been an automatic pistol.

He had half risen to his feet, when Mr. Stoyte fired.

Arriving two or three minutes later with the comb for Virginia's hair, Dr. Obispo found the old man on his knees, trying with a pocket handkerchief to staunch the blood that was still pouring out of the two wounds, one clean and small, the other cavernous, which the bullet had made as it passed through Pete's head.

Crouching in the shadow of the battlements, the Baby was praying. "Holy-Mary-Mother-of-God-pray-for-us-sinners-now-and-in-the-hour-of-our-death-Amen," she repeated again and again as fast as her sobs would permit her. Every now and then she would be seized and shaken by an access of nausea, and the praying would be interrupted for a moment. Then it began again where she had left off.

Dr. Obispo opened his mouth to make an exclamation, then closed it again, whispered, "Christ!" and walked quickly and silently round the pool. Before making his presence known he took the precaution of picking up the pistol and slipping it into his pocket. One never knew. Then he called Mr. Stoyte's

name. The old man started and a hideous expression of terror appeared on his face. Fear gave place to relief as he turned round and saw who it was that had spoken to him.

"Thank God, it's you," he said; then suddenly remembered that this was the man he had meant to kill. But all that had been a million years ago, a million miles away. The near, immediate, urgent fact was not the Baby, not love or anger; it was fear and this thing that lay here on the ground.

"You got to save him," he said in a hoarse whisper. "We can say it was an accident. I'll pay him anything he likes. Anything in reason," an old reflex impelled him to add. "But you got to save him." Laboriously he heaved himself to his feet and motioned Dr. Obispo to his vacated place.

The only movement Dr. Obispo made was one of withdrawal. The old man was covered with blood, and he had no wish to spoil a ninety-five dollar suit. "Save *him*," he repeated. "You're mad. Look at all the brain lying there on the floor."

From the shadows behind him, Virginia interrupted the sobbing mutter of her prayers to scream. "On the floor," she kept wailing. "On the floor."

Dr. Obispo turned on her savagely. "Shut up, do you hear?"

The screams abruptly ceased; but a few seconds later there was a sound of violent retching; then "Holy-Mary-Mother-of-God-pray-for-us-sinners-now-and-in-the-hour-of-our-death.-Amen."

"If we're going to try and save anybody," Dr. Obispo went on, "it had better be you. And believe me," he added emphatically, throwing all his weight on his left leg and using the toe of his right shoe to point at the body, "you need some saving. It's either the gas chamber or San Quentin for life."

"But it was an accident," Mr. Stoyte began to protest with a breathless eagerness. "I mean, it was all a mistake. I never wanted to shoot him. I meant to . . ." He broke off and stood in

silence, his mouth working as though he were trying to swallow some unspoken words.

"You meant to kill me," said Dr. Obispo completing the sentence for him and smiling as he did so with the expression of wolfish good humor which was characteristic of him in any situation where the joke was at all embarrassing or painful. Secure in the knowledge that the old buzzard was much too scared to be angry and that anyhow the gun was in his own pocket, he prolonged the joke by saying sententiously, "Well, that's what comes of snooping."

"I never meant it," Mr. Stoyte reiterated. "I just got mad. Guess I didn't really figure out what I was doing . . ."

"Tell that to the jury," said Dr. Obispo sarcastically.

"But I swear it: I didn't really know," Mr. Stoyte protested. His harsh voice broke grotesquely into a squeak. His face was white with fear.

The doctor shrugged his shoulders. "Maybe," he said. "But not knowing doesn't make any difference to that." He stood on one leg again to point an elegantly shod foot in the direction of the body.

"But what shall I *do*?" Mr. Stoyte almost screamed in the anguish of his terror.

"Don't ask me."

Mr. Stoyte initiated the gesture of laying his hand imploringly on the other's sleeve; but Dr. Obispo quickly drew back; "No, don't touch me," he said. "Just look at your hands."

Mr. Stoyte looked. The thick, carrotlike fingers were red; under the horny nails the blood was already caked and dry, like clay. "God!" he whispered. "Oh, my God!"

". . . and-at-the-hour-of-our-death-Amen-Holy-Mary . . ."

At the word "death," the old man started as though he had been struck with a whip. "Obispo," he began again, breathless with apprehension, "Obispo! Listen here—you got to help

me out of this. You got to help me," he entreated.

"After you did your best to do *that* to me?" The white-and-tan shoe shot out again.

"You wouldn't let them get me?" Mr. Stoyte wheedled, abject in his terror.

"Why wouldn't I?"

"But you can't," he almost shouted. "You can't."

Dr. Obispo bent down to make quite sure, in the fading light, that there was no blood on the couch; then, pulling up his fawn-colored trousers, sat down. "One gets tired of standing," he said in a pleasant conversational tone.

Mr. Stoyte went on pleading. "I'll make it worth your while," he said. "You can have anything you care to ask for. Anything," he repeated without any qualifying reference, this time, to reason.

"Ah," said Dr. Obispo, "now you're talking turkey."

X

There was a tap at the door of Jeremy's work room; it was Mr. Propter who entered. He was wearing, Jeremy noticed, the same dark-gray suit and black tie as he had worn at Pete's funeral.

"You've not forgotten?" he said, when they had shaken hands.

For all reply, Jeremy pointed to his own black jacket and sponge-bag trousers. They were expected at Tarzana for the ceremonial opening of the new Stoyte Auditorium.

Mr. Propter looked at his watch. "We've got another few minutes before we need think of starting." He sat down. "What's the news?"

"Couldn't be better," Jeremy answered.

Mr. Propter nodded. "Now that poor Jo and the others have gone it must be quite agreeable here."

"All alone with twelve million dollars' worth of bric-a-brac," said Jeremy. "I have the most enormous fun."

"How little fun you'd be having," said Mr. Propter meditatively, "if you'd been left in company with the people

who actually made the bric-a-brac. With Greco and Rubens and Turner and Fra Angelico."

"God preserve us!" said Jeremy, throwing up his hands.

"That's the charm of art," Mr. Propter went on. "It represents only the most amiable aspects of the most talented human beings. That's why I've never been able to believe that the art of any period threw much light on the life of that period. Take a Martian; show him a representative collection of Botticellis, Peruginos, and Raphaels. Could he infer from them the conditions described by Machiavelli?"

"No, he couldn't," Jeremy agreed. "But meanwhile here's another question. The conditions described by Machiavelli—were they the real conditions? Not that Machiavelli didn't tell the truth. The things he described really happened. But did contemporaries think them as awful as they seem to us when we read about them now? *We* think they ought to have been miserable about what was happening. But were they?"

"Were they?" Mr. Propter repeated. "We ask the historians; and of course they can't answer—because obviously there's no way of compiling statistics about the sum of happiness, nor any way of comparing the feelings of people living under one set of conditions with the feelings of people living under another and quite different set. The real conditions at any given moment are the subjective conditions of the people then alive. And the historian has no way of finding out what those conditions were."

He took Jeremy's arm, and they walked together toward the elevator. Mr. Propter's car was standing outside the front door. He took the wheel; Jeremy got in beside him. They drove off down the curving road, past the baboons, past Giambologna's nymph, past the Grotto, under the portcullis and across the drawbridge.

"I so often think of that poor boy," said Mr. Propter, breaking a long silence. "Dying so suddenly."

"I'd no idea his heart was as bad as that," said Jeremy.

"In a certain sense," Mr. Propter went on, "I feel responsible for what happened. I asked him to help me in the carpenter's shop. Made him work too hard, I guess—though he insisted it was all right for him. I ought to have realized that he had his pride—that he was young enough to feel ashamed of admitting he couldn't take it. One's punished for being insensitive and unaware. And so are the people one's insensitive about."

They drove past the hospital and through the orange groves in silence. "There's a kind of pointlessness about sudden and premature death," said Jeremy at last. "A kind of specially acute irrelevance . . ."

"Specially acute?" Mr. Propter questioned. "No, I shouldn't say so. It's no more irrelevant than any other human event. If it seems more irrelevant, that's only because, of all possible events, premature death is the most glaringly out of harmony with what we imagine ourselves to be."

"What do you mean?" Jeremy asked.

Mr. Propter smiled. "I mean what I presume *you* mean," he answered. "If a thing seems irrelevant there must be something it's irrelevant to. In this case that something is our conception of what we are. We think of ourselves as free, purposive beings. But every now and then things happen to us that are incompatible with this conception. We speak of them as accidents; we call them pointless and irrelevant. But what's the criterion by which we judge? The criterion is the picture we paint of ourselves in our own fancy—the highly flattering portrait of the free soul making creative choices and being the master of its fate. Unfortunately the picture bears no resemblance to ordinary human reality. It's the picture of what we'd like to be, of what, indeed, we might become if we took the trouble. To a being who is in fact the slave of circumstance there's nothing specially irrelevant about pre-

mature death. It's the sort of event that's characteristic of the universe in which he actually lives—though not of course of the universe he foolishly imagines he lives in. An accident is the collision of a train of events on the level of determinism with another train of events on the level of freedom. We imagine that our life is full of accidents because we imagine that our human existence is passed on the level of freedom. In fact, it isn't. Most of us live on the mechanical level, where events happen in accordance with the laws of large numbers. The things we call accidental and irrelevant belong to the very essence of the world in which we elect to live.

Annoyed at having, by an inconsidered word, landed himself in a position which Mr. Propter could show to be unwarrantably "idealistic," Jeremy was silent. They drove on for a time without speaking.

"That funeral!" Jeremy said at last; for his chronically anecdotal mind had wandered back to what was concrete, particular, and odd in the situation under discussion. "Like something out of Ronald Firbank!" He giggled. "I told Mr. Habakkuk he ought to put steam heat into the statues. They're dreadfully unlikelike to the *touch*." He moved his cupped hand over an imaginary marble protuberance.

Mr. Propter, who had been thinking about liberation, nodded and politely smiled.

"And Dr. Mulge's reading of the service!" Jeremy went on. "Talk of unction! It couldn't have been oilier even in an English cathedral. Like vaseline with a flavor of port wine. And the way he said, 'I am the resurrection and the life'—as though he really meant it, as though he, Mulge, could personally guarantee it, in writing, on a money-back basis: the entire cost of the funeral refunded if the next world fails to give complete satisfaction."

"He probably even believes it," said Mr. Propter meditatively. "In some curious Pickwickian way of course. You

know: it's true, but you consistently act as though it weren't; it's the most important fact in the universe, but you never think about it if you can possibly avoid it."

"And how do *you* believe in it?" Jeremy asked. "Pickwickianly or un-Pickwickianly?" And when Mr. Propter answered that he didn't believe in that sort of resurrection and life, "Oho!" he went on in the tone of an indulgent father who has caught his son kissing the housemaid. "Oho! So there's also a Pickwickian resurrection?"

Mr. Propter laughed. "I think there may be," he said.

"In which case what has become of poor Pete?"

"Well, to start with," said Mr. Propter slowly, "I should say that Pete, *qua* Pete, doesn't exist any longer."

"Super-Pickwickian!" Jeremy interjected.

"But Pete's ignorance," Mr. Propter went on, "Pete's fears and cravings—well, I think it's quite possible that they're still somehow making trouble in the world. Making trouble for everything and everyone, especially for themselves. Themselves in whatever form they happen to be taking."

"And if by any chance Pete hadn't been ignorant and concupiscent, what then?"

"Well, obviously," said Mr. Propter, "there wouldn't be anything to make further trouble." After a moment's silence, he quoted Tauler's definition of God. "'God is a being withdrawn from creatures, a free power, a pure working.'"

He turned the car off the main road, into the avenue of pepper trees that wound across the green lawns of the Tarzana campus. The new Auditorium loomed up, austere, romanesque. Mr. Propter parked his old Ford among the lustrous Cadillacs and Chryslers and Packards already lined up in front of it, and they entered. The press photographers at the entrance looked them over, saw at a glance that they were neither bankers, nor movie stars, nor corporation lawyers, nor dignitaries of any church, nor Sena-

tors, and turned away contemptuously.

The students were already in their places. Under their stares Jeremy and Mr. Propter were ushered down the aisle to the rows of seats reserved for distinguished guests. And what distinction! There, in the front row, was Sol R. Katzenblum, the President of Abraham Lincoln Pictures; there, beside him, was the Bishop of Santa Monica; there too was Mr. Pescecagnuolo, of the Bank of the Far West. The Grand Duchess Eulalie was sitting next to Senator Bardolph; and in the next row were two of the Engels Brothers and Gloria Bossom, who was chatting with Rear Admiral Shotover. The orange robe and permanently waved beard belonged to Swami Yogalinga, founder of the School of Personality. Beside him sat the Vice-President of Consol Oil and Mrs. Wagner. . . .

Suddenly the organ burst out, full blast, into the Tarzana Anthem. The academic procession filed in. Two by two, in their gowns and hoods and tasseled mortar boards, the Doctors of Divinity, of Philosophy, of Science, of Law, of Letters, of Music shuffled down the aisle and up the steps on to the platform, where their seats had been prepared for them in a wide arc close to the backdrop. At the center of the stage stood a reading desk and at the reading desk stood Dr. Mulge. Not that he did any reading of course; for Dr. Mulge prided himself on being able to speak almost indefinitely without a note. The reading desk was there to be intimately leaned over, to be caught hold of and passionately leaned back from, to be struck emphatically with the palm of the hand, to be dramatically walked away from and returned to.

The organ was silent. Dr. Mulge began his address—began it with a reference of course, to Mr. Stoyte. Mr. Stoyte whose generosity . . . The realization of a Dream . . . This embodiment of an ideal in Stone . . . The Man of Vision. Without Vision the people perish . . . But this Man had had Vision . . . The

Vision of what Tarzana was destined to become . . . The center, the focus, the torch bearer . . . California . . . New Culture, richer science, higher spirituality . . . (Dr. Mulge's voice modulated from bassoon to trumpet. From vaseline with a mere flavor of port wine to undiluted fatty alcohol.) But, alas (and here the voice subsided pathetically into saxophone and lanoline), alas . . . unable to be with us to-day. . . . A sudden distressing event . . . Carried off on the threshold of life. . . . A young collaborator in those scientific fields which he ventured to say were as close to Mr. Stoyte's heart as the fields of social service and culture . . . The shock . . . The exquisitely sensitive heart under the sometimes rough exterior . . . His physician had ordered a complete and immediate change of scene . . . But in spite of physical absence, his spirit . . . We feel it among us to-day . . . An inspiration to all, young and old alike . . . The torch of Culture . . . The Future . . . The Ideal . . . The spirit of man . . . Great things already accomplished . . . Strengthened and guided . . . Forward . . . Onward . . . Upward . . . Faith and Hope . . . Democracy . . . Freedom . . . The imperishable heritage of Washington and Lincoln . . . The glory that was Greece reborn beside the waters of the Pacific . . . The flag . . . The mission . . . The manifest destiny . . . The will of God . . . Tarzana . . .

It was over at last. The organ played. The academic procession filed back up the aisle. The distinguished guests straggled after it.

Outside in the sunshine Mr. Propter was buttonholed by Mrs. Pescecagnuolo.

"I thought that was a wonderfully inspirational address," she said with enthusiasm.

Mr. Propter nodded.

XI

Even in London there was a little diluted sunshine—sunshine that brightened and

grew stronger as they drove through the diminishing smoke of the outer suburbs until at last, somewhere near Esher, they had traveled into the most brilliant of early spring mornings.

Under a fur rug Mr. Stoyte sprawled diagonally across the rear seat of the car. More for his own good, this time, than for his physician's, he was back again on sedatives, and found it hard, before lunch, to keep awake. With a fitful stertorousness he had dozed almost from the moment they drove away from the Ritz.

Pale and with sad eyes, silently ruminating an unhappiness which five days of rain on the Atlantic and three more of London gloom had done nothing to alleviate, Virginia sat aloof in the front seat.

At the wheel (for he had thought it best to take no chauffeur on this expedition) Dr. Obispo whistled to himself and, occasionally, even sang aloud. They were on their way to see the two old Hauberk ladies—on their way perhaps to finding something interesting about the Fifth Earl, something significant about the relationship between senility and sterols and the intestinal flora of the carp.

With mock-operatic emphasis he burst again into song. "I drea-heatmt I dwe-helt in mar-harble halls," he proclaimed, "with vas-s-als and serfs at my si-hi-hide. And of all who assembled with-hin those walls, that I was the hope and the pri-hi-hide."

Virginia, who had been sitting beside him, stony with misery, turned round in sudden exasperation. "Oh, for heaven's sake!" she almost screamed, breaking a silence that had lasted all the way from Kingston-on-Thames. "Can't you be quiet?"

Dr. Obispo ignored her protests. "I had riches," he sang on (and reflected, with an inward chuckle of satisfaction as he did so, that the statement now happened to be true); "I had riches too grea-heat to cou-hount." No; that was an exaggeration. Not at all too great to count. Just a nice little competence.

Enough to give him security and the means to continue his researches without having to waste his time on a lot of sick people who ought to be dead. Two hundred thousand dollars in cash and forty-five hundred acres of land in the San Felipe Valley—land that Uncle Jo had positively sworn was just on the point of getting its irrigation water. (And if it didn't get it, God! how he'd twist the old buzzard's tail for him!) "Heart failure due to myocarditis of rheumatic origin." He could have asked a lot more than two hundred thousand for that death certificate. Particularly as it hadn't been his only service. No, sir! There had been all the mess to clear up. (The ninety-five dollar fawn-colored suit was ruined after all.) There had been the servants to keep away; the Baby to put to bed with a big shot of morphia; the permission to cremate the body to be obtained from the next of kin, who was a sister, living, thank God, in straitened circumstances and at Pensacola, Florida, so that she fortunately couldn't afford to come out to California for the funeral. And then (most ticklish of all) there had been the search for a dishonest undertaker; the discovery of a possible crook; the interview, with its veiled hints of an unfortunate accident to be hushed up, of money that was, practically speaking, no object; then, when the fellow had fired off his sanctimonious little speech about its being a duty to help a leading citizen to avoid unpleasant publicity, the abrupt change of manner, the businesslike statement of the unavoidable facts and the necessary fictions, the negotiations as to price. In the end Mr. Pengo had agreed not to notice the holes in Pete's skull for as little as twenty-five thousand dollars.

"I had riches too gre-heat to cou-hout, could boast of a hi-yish ancestral name." Yes, decidedly, Dr. Obispo reflected, as he sang, decidedly he could have asked for a great deal more. But what would have been the point? He was a reasonable man; almost, you might say, a philosopher; modest in his

ambitions, uninterested in worldly success and with tastes so simple that the most besetting of them, outside the sphere of scientific research, could be satisfied in the great majority of cases at practically no expense whatsoever.

"But I a-halso drea-heatmt which pleached me most," he sang, raising his voice for this final affirmation and putting in a passionate tremolo, "that you lo-hoved me sti-hill the same, that you lo-hoved me sti-hill the same, that you loved me," he repeated, turning away for a moment from the Portsmouth road to peer with raised eyebrows and a look of amused, ironical inquiry into Virginia's averted face. She was staring straight in front of her, holding her lower lip between her teeth, as though she were in pain, but determined not to cry out.

"Did I dream correctly?" His smile was wolfish.

The Baby did not answer. From the back seat Mr. Stoyte snored like a bulldog.

"Do you lo-ho-hove me sti-hi-hill the same?" he insisted, making the car swerve to the right as he spoke, and putting on speed to pass a row of Army lorries.

The Baby released her lip and said, "I could kill you."

"Of course you could," Dr. Obispo agreed. "But you won't. Because you lo-ho-ho-hove me too much. Or rather," he added, "let's say it in a more poetical way—because one can never have too much poetry, don't you agree?—you're in lo-ho-hove with Lo-ho-ho-hove, so much in lo-ho-ho-hove that, when it came to the point, you simply couldn't bring yourself to bump me off. Because whatever you may feel about me, I'm the boy that produces the lo-ho-ho-hove." He began to sing again.

Virginia covered her ears with her hands in an effort to shut out the sound of his voice—the hideous sound of the truth. Because of course it was true. Even after Pete's death, even after she had promised Our Lady that it would

never, never happen again—well, it had happened again.

Dr. Obispo continued his improvisation.

"Stop!" Virginia shouted at the top of her voice.

Uncle Jo woke up with a start. "What's the matter?" he asked.

"She objects to my singing," Dr. Obispo called back to him. He laughed with whole-hearted merriment. Along with the fine weather, the primroses in the copse, and the prospect of learning something decisive about sterols and senility, they accounted for the ebullience of his good humor.

It was about half-past eleven when they reached their destination. The lodge was untenanted; Dr. Obispo had to get out and open the gates himself.

Within, grass was growing over the drive and the park had sunk back toward the squalor of unmodified nature. Up-rooted by past storms, dead trees lay rotting where they had fallen. On the boles of the living, great funguses grew like pale buns. The ornamental plantations had turned into little jungles, impenetrable with brambles. Perched on its knoll above the drive, the Grecian gazebo was in ruins. They rounded a curve and there was the house, Jacobean at one end, with strange accretions of nineteenth-century Gothic at the other. The yew hedges had grown up into high walls of shaggy greenery. The position of what had once been formal flower beds was marked by rich green circles of docks, oblongs and crescents of sow thistles and nettles. From the tufted grass of a long untended lawn emerged the tops of rusty croquet hoops.

Dr. Obispo stopped the car at the foot of the front steps and got out. As he did so a little girl, perhaps eight or nine years old, darted out of a tunnel in the yew hedge. At the sight of the car and its occupants the child halted, made a movement of retreat, then, reassured by a second glance, came forward.

"Look what I got," she said in sub-standard southern English, and held out,

snout downward, a gas mask half filled with primroses and dog's mercury.

Gleefully Dr. Obispo laughed. "The copse!" he cried. "You picked them in the copse!" He patted the child's tow-colored head. "What's your name?"

"Millie," the little girl answered; and then added, with a note of pride in her voice: "I 'aven't been somewhere for five days now."

"Five days?"

Millie nodded triumphantly. "Granny says she'll 'ave to take me to the doctor." She nodded again and smiled up at him with the expression of one who has just announced his forthcoming trip to Bali.

"Well, I think your Granny's entirely right," said Dr. Obispo. "Does your Granny live here?"

The child nodded affirmatively. "She's in the kitchen," she answered; and added irrelevantly, "She's deaf."

"And what about Lady Jane Hauberk?" Dr. Obispo went on. "Does *she* live here? And the other one—Lady Anne, isn't that it?"

Again the child nodded.

Dr. Obispo patted the tow-colored head again and said, "We'd like to see Lady Anne and Lady Jane."

"See them?" the little girl repeated in a tone almost of alarm.

"Do you think you could go and ask your Granny to show us in?"

Millie shook her head. "She wouldn't do it. Granny won't let nobody come in. Some people came about these things." She held up the gas mask. "Lady Jane, she got so angry I was frightened. But then she broke one of the lamps with her stick—you know, by mistake: bang! and the glass was all in bits all over the floor. That made me laugh."

"Good for you," said Dr. Obispo. "Why shouldn't we make you laugh again?"

The child looked at him suspiciously. "What do you mean?" Dr. Obispo assumed a conspiratorial expression and dropped his voice to a whisper. "I mean, you might let us in by one of the

side doors, and we'd all walk on tiptoes, like this"—he gave a demonstration across the gravel. "And then we'd pop into the room where they're sitting and give them a surprise. And then maybe Lady Jane will smash another lamp, and we'll all laugh and laugh and laugh. What do you say to that?"

"Granny'd be awfully cross," the child said dubiously.

"We won't tell her you did it."

"She'd find out."

"No, she wouldn't," said Dr. Obispo confidently. Then, changing his tone, "Do you like candies?" he added.

The child looked at him blankly.

"Lovely candies?" he repeated voluptuously, then suddenly remembered that in this damned country candies weren't called candies. What the hell did they call them? He remembered. "Lovely sweets!" He darted back to the car and returned with the expensive-looking box of chocolates that had been brought in case Virginia should feel hungry by the way. He opened the lid, let the child take one sniff, then closed it again. "Let us in," he said, "and you can have them all."

Five minutes later they were squeezing their way through an ogival French window at the nineteenth-century end of the house. Within, there was a twilight that smelt of dust and dry-rot and moth balls. Gradually, as the eyes became accustomed to the gloom, a draped billiard table emerged into view, a mantelpiece with a gilt clock, a bookshelf containing the *Waverley* novels in crimson leather, and the eighth edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, a large brown painting representing the baptism of the future Edward VII, the heads of five or six stags. Hanging on the wall near the door was a map of the Crimea; little flags on pins marked the position of Sebastopol and the Alma.

Still carrying the flower-filled gas mask in one hand and with the forefinger of the other pressed to her lips, Millic led the way on tiptoes along a corridor, across a darkened drawing-room, through

a lobby, down another passage. Then she halted and, waiting for Dr. Obispo to come up with her, pointed.

"That's the door," she whispered. "They're in there."

Without a word, Dr. Obispo handed her the box of chocolates; the child snatched it and, like an animal with a stolen titbit, slipped past Virginia and Mr. Stoyte, and hurried away down the dark passage to enjoy her prize in safety. Dr. Obispo watched her go then turned to his companions.

There was a whispered consultation, and in the end, it was agreed that Dr. Obispo should go on alone.

He walked forward, quietly opened the door, slipped through, and closed it behind him.

Outside in the corridor the Baby and Uncle Jo waited for what seemed to them hours. Then, all at once, there was a crescendo of confused noise which culminated in the sudden emergence of Dr. Obispo. He slammed the door, pushed a key into the lock and turned it.

An instant later, from within, the door handle was violently rattled, a shrill old voice cried, "How dare you?" Then an ebony cane delivered a series of peremptory raps and the voice almost screamed, "Give me back those keys. Give them back at once."

Dr. Obispo put the key of the door in his pocket and came down the corridor beaming with satisfaction.

"The two god-damnedest looking old hags you ever saw," he said. "One on each side of the fire, like Queen Victoria and Queen Victoria."

A second voice joined the first; the rattling and the rapping were redoubled.

"Bang away!" Dr. Obispo shouted derisively; then, pushing Mr. Stoyte with one hand and with the other giving the Baby a familiar little slap on the buttocks, "Come on," he said. "Come on."

"Come on where?" Mr. Stoyte asked in a tone of resentful bewilderment. He'd never been able to figure out what this damn fool expedition across the At-

lantic was for—except of course to get away from the castle.

But, then, why go to England? At this season? Why not Florida or Hawaii? But no; Obispo had insisted it must be England. Because of his work, because there might be something important to be found out there. Well, he couldn't say no to Obispo—not now, not yet. And besides he couldn't do without the man. His nerves, his digestion—all shot to pieces. And he couldn't sleep without dope; he couldn't pass a cop on the street without his heart missing a beat or two. And you could say "God is love, there is no death" till you were blue in the face; but it didn't make any difference. He was old, he was sick; death was coming closer and closer, and unless Obispo did something quick, unless he found out something soon . . .

In the dim corridor Mr. Stoyte suddenly halted. "Obispo," he said anxiously, while the Hauberk ladies hammered with ebony on the door of the prison, "Obispo, are you absolutely certain there's no such thing as hell? Can you prove it?"

Dr. Obispo laughed. "Can you prove that the back side of the moon isn't inhabited by green elephants?" he asked.

"No, but seriously . . ." Mr. Stoyte insisted, in anguish.

"Seriously," Dr. Obispo gaily answered. "I can't prove anything about any assertion that can't be verified." Mr. Stoyte and he had had this sort of conversation before. There was something to his mind exquisitely comic about chopping logic with the old man's unreasoning terror.

"But do you think hell's possible?" Mr. Stoyte began again.

"Everything is possible," said Dr. Obispo cheerfully. He cocked an ear to listen to what the old hags were yelling back there behind the door.

"Do you think there's one chance in a thousand it may be true? Or one in a million?"

Grinning, Dr. Obispo shrugged his shoulders. "Ask Pascal," he suggested.

"Who's Pascal?" Mr. Stoyte inquired, clutching despairingly at any and every straw.

"He's dead," Dr. Obispo positively shouted in his glee. "Dead as a door nail. And now, for God's sake!" He seized Uncle Jo by the arm and fairly dragged him along the passage.

The terrible word reverberated through Mr. Stoyte's imagination. "But I want to be certain," he protested.

"Certain about what you can't know!"

"There *must* be a way."

"There isn't. No way except dying and then seeing what happens. Where the hell is that child?" he added in another tone, and called, "Millie!"

Her face smeared with chocolate, the little girl popped up from behind an umbrella stand in the lobby. "Did you see 'em?" she asked with her mouth full.

Dr. Obispo nodded. "They thought I was the Air Raid Precautions."

"That's it!" the child cried excitedly. "They was the men that made her break the lamp."

"Come here, Millie," Dr. Obispo commanded. The child came. "Where's the door to the cellar?"

An expression of fear passed over Millie's face. "It's locked," she answered.

Dr. Obispo nodded. "I know it," he said. "But Lady Jane gave me the keys." He pulled out of his pocket a ring on which were suspended three large keys.

"There's bogies down there," the child whispered.

"We don't worry about bogies."

"Grandma says they're a-oll," Millie went on. "She says they're something chronic." Her voice broke into a whisper. "She says if I don't go somewhere more regular-like, the bogies will come after me. But I can't 'elp it." The tears began to flow. "It isn't my fault."

"Of course it isn't," said Dr. Obispo impatiently. "Nothing is ever anybody's fault. Even constipation. But

now I want you to show us the door of the cellar."

Still in tears, Millie shook her head. "I'm frightened."

"But you won't have to go down into the cellar. Just show us where the door is, that's all."

"I don't want to."

"Won't you be a nice little girl," Dr. Obispo wheedled, "and take us to the door?"

Stubborn with fear, Millie continued to shake her head.

Dr. Obispo's hand shot out and snatched the box of chocolates out of the child's grasp. "If you don't tell me you won't have any candies," he said, and added, irritably, "sweets, I mean."

Millie let out a scream of anguish and tried to get back at the box; but he held it high up, beyond her reach. "Only when you show us the door of the cellar," he said; and to show that he was in earnest, he opened the box, took a handful of chocolates and popped them one after another into his mouth. "Aren't they good!" he said, as he munched. "Aren't they just wonderful! Do you know, I'm glad you won't show us the door, because then I can eat them all." He took another bite, made a grimace of ecstasy. "Ooh, goody, goody!" He smacked his lips. "Poor little Millie! She isn't going to get any more of them." He helped himself again.

"Oh, don't, don't!" the child entreated. "I'll show you where it is."

The effect was magical. Dr. Obispo replaced in the box the three chocolates he was still holding and closed the lid. "Come on," he said, and held out his hand for the child to take.

"Give me the box," she demanded.

Dr. Obispo, who understood the principles of diplomacy, shook his head. "Not till you've taken us to the door," he said.

Millie hesitated for a moment; then, resigned to the hard necessity of keeping to her side of the bargain, took his hand.

Followed by Uncle Jo and the Baby, they made their way out of the lobby,

back through the drawing-room, along the passage, past the map of the Crimea and across the billiard room, along another passage and into a large library. The red plush curtains were drawn; but a little light filtered between them. All round the room the brown and blue and crimson strata of classic literature ran up to within three feet of the high ceiling.

"Where's the door?" Dr. Obispo asked.

The child pointed.

"What do you mean?" he started angrily to shout. Then he saw that what he had taken for just another section of the book-filled shelves was in fact a mere false front of wood and leather. A keyhole revealed itself to a closer scrutiny.

"Give me my sweets," the child demanded.

But Dr. Obispo was taking no risks. "Not till we see if the key fits."

He tried and, at the second attempt, succeeded. "There you are." He handed Millie her chocolates and at the same time opened the door. The child uttered a scream of terror and rushed away.

"What's the big idea?" Mr. Stoyte repeated uneasily.

"The big idea," said Dr. Obispo, as he looked down the flight of steps that descended, after a few feet, into an impenetrable darkness, "the big idea is that you may not have to find out whether there's such a place as hell. Not yet awhile, that's to say; not for a very long time maybe. Ah, thank God," he added, "we shall have some light."

Two old-fashioned bull's-eye lanterns were standing on a shelf just inside the door. Dr. Obispo picked one of them up, shook it, held it to his nose. There was oil in it. He lit them both, handed one to Mr. Stoyte and, taking the other himself, led the way cautiously down the stairs.

A long descent; then a circular chamber cut out of the yellow sandstone. There were four doorways. They chose one of them and passed along a narrow

corridor into a second chamber with two more doorways. A flight of descending steps; a succession of small rooms. One of these had been plastered and upon its walls early eighteenth-century hands had scratched obscene *graffiti*. They hurried on, down another short flight of steps into a large square room with an air shaft leading at an angle through the rock to a tiny, faraway ellipse of white light. That was all. They turned back again. Mr. Stoyte began to swear; but the doctor insisted on going on. They tried the third doorway. A passage, a suite of three rooms. Two outlets from the last, one mounting, but walled up with masonry after a little way; the other descending to a corridor on a lower level. Thirty or forty feet brought them to an opening on the left. Dr. Obispo turned his lantern into it, and the light revealed a vaulted recess, at the end of which, on a stuccoed pedestal, stood a replica in marble of the Medici Venus.

"Well, I'm damned!" said Mr. Stoyte.

They emerged from the tunnel into a fair-sized room. At the center of the room was a circular drum of masonry, with two iron uprights rising from either side of it, and a cross-piece, from which hung a pulley.

"The well!" said Dr. Obispo, remembering a passage in the Fifth Earl's notebook.

He almost ran toward the tunnel on the farther side of the room. Ten feet from the entrance his progress was barred by a heavy, nail-studded oak door. Dr. Obispo took out his bunch of keys, chose at random and opened the door at the first trial. They were on the threshold of a small oblong chamber. His bull's-eye revealed a second door on the opposite wall. He started at once toward it.

"Canned beef!" said Mr. Stoyte in astonishment, as he ran the beam of his lantern over the rows of tins and jars on the shelves of a tall dresser that occupied almost the whole of one of the sides of the room.

Dr. Obispo, meanwhile, was trying

his keys on the lock of the other door. It opened at last. A draught of warm air flowed in, and at once the little room was filled with an intolerable stench.

Dr. Obispo made a grimace and advanced along the stream of foul air. At the end of a short corridor was a third door, of iron bars, this time, like the door (Dr. Obispo reflected) of a death cell in a prison. He flashed his lantern between the bars, into the foetid darkness beyond.

From the little room Mr. Stoyte and the Baby suddenly heard an astonished exclamation and then, after a moment's silence, a violent, explosive guffaw, succeeded by peal after peal of Dr. Obispo's ferocious metallic laughter.

Followed by Virginia, Mr. Stoyte crossed the room and hastened through the open door into the narrow tunnel beyond. Dr. Obispo's laughter was getting on his nerves. "What the hell . . ." he shouted angrily as he advanced; then broke off in the middle of the sentence. "What's that?" he whispered.

"A foetal ape."

Beyond the bars, the light of the lanterns had scooped out of the darkness a narrow world of forms and colors. On the edge of a low bed, at the center of this world, a man was sitting, staring, as though fascinated, into the light. His legs, thickly covered with coarse reddish hair, were bare. The shirt, which was his only garment, was torn and filthy. Knotted diagonally across the powerful chest was a broad silk ribbon that had evidently once been blue. From a piece of string tied round his neck was suspended a little image of St. George and the Dragon in gold and enamel.

"A foetal ape that's had time to grow up," Dr. Obispo managed at last to say. "It's *too* good!" Laughter overtook him again. "Just look at his face!" he gasped, and pointed through the bars. Above the matted hair that concealed the jaws and cheeks, blue eyes stared out of cavernous sockets. There were no eyebrows; but under the dirty, wrinkled skin of the forehead, a great ridge of bone projected like a shelf.

Suddenly, out of the black darkness, another simian face emerged into the beam of the lantern—a face only slightly hairy. Clothed in an old check ulster and some glass beads, a body followed the face into the light.

"It's a woman," said Virginia, almost sick with horrified disgust.

The doctor exploded into even noisier merriment.

Mr. Stoyte seized him by the shoulder and violently shook him. "Who are they?" he demanded.

Dr. Obispo wiped his eyes and drew a deep breath; the storm of his laughter was flattened to a heaving calm. As he opened his mouth to answer Mr. Stoyte's question, the creature in the shirt suddenly turned upon the creature in the ulster and hit out at her head. The palm of the enormous hand struck the side of the face. The creature in the ulster uttered a scream of pain and rage, and shrank back out of the light.

"The one with the Order of the Garter," said Dr. Obispo, raising his voice against the tumult, "he's the Fifth Earl of Gonister. The other's his housekeeper."

"But what's happened to them?"

"Just time," said Dr. Obispo airily.

"Time?"

"I don't know how old the female is," Dr. Obispo went on. "But the Earl there—let me see, he was two hundred and one last January."

From the shadows the shrill voice continued to scream its all but articulate abuse. Impassably the Fifth Earl scratched his leg and stared at the light.

Dr. Obispo went on talking. Slowing up of development rates . . . one of the mechanisms of evolution . . . the older an anthropoid, the stupider . . . senility and sterol poisoning . . . the intestinal flora of the carp . . . the Fifth Earl had anticipated his own discovery . . . no sterol poisoning, no se-

nility . . . no death perhaps except through an accident . . . but meanwhile the foetal anthropoid was able to come to maturity. . . . It was the finest joke he had ever known.

"No need of any further experiment," Dr. Obispo was saying. "We know it works. You can start taking the stuff at once. At once," he repeated with sarcastic emphasis.

Mr. Stoyte said nothing.

On the other side of the bars the Fifth Earl rose to his feet, stretched, scratched, yawned, then turned and took a couple of steps toward the boundary that separated the light from the darkness. His housekeeper's chattering became more agitated and rapid. Affecting to pay no attention, the Earl halted, smoothed the broad ribbon of his order with the palm of his hand, then fingered the jewel at his neck, making as he did so a curious humming noise that was like a simian memory of the serenade in "Don Giovanni." The creature in the ulster whimpered apprehensively, and her voice seemed to retreat farther into the shadows. Suddenly, with a ferocious yell, the Fifth Earl sprang forward, out of the narrow universe of lantern light into the darkness beyond. There was a rush of footsteps, a succession of yelps; then a scream and the sound of blows and more screams; then no more screams, but only a stertorous growling in the dark and little cries.

Mr. Stoyte broke his silence. "How long do you figure it would take before a person went like that?" he said in a slow hesitating voice. "I mean, it wouldn't happen at once . . . there'd be a long time while a person . . . well, you know—while he wouldn't change any. Don't you think so, Obispo?" he insisted.

Dr. Obispo went on looking at him in silence; then threw back his head and started to laugh again.

(THE END)



PUT UP OR SHUT UP

SOME QUESTIONS CONCERNING AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY

BY CLYDE EAGLETON

WE ARE indebted to Tyler Dennett, I believe, for the best description in a few words of American foreign policy. "When the American people are asked to put up or shut up, they do neither." It would be hard to find a few words which describe more perfectly the behavior of the American people for the past few decades; and they suggest some questions which need to be kept at hand as the American people now prepare themselves for their next great enterprise in telling the rest of the world how to make itself—*i.e.*, the rest of the world—better. There are at least three organizations now being set up in the United States to study the bases of a proper settlement of the present unpleasantness; and widespread discussion is beginning among churchmen, students, and others, even including statesmen.

Before we get too far along with this emotional and perhaps intellectual spree suppose we ask a few questions. That is the purpose of this essay—just to ask questions. They are questions which should be answered before Americans even begin to tackle the problem of establishing a just and ordered world—now that the existence of war makes it proper to discuss such matters; and they are questions which appear not to have occurred to the average citizen, who assumes that he has a God-given right to express his opinions on any subject with no responsibility or worry as to the consequences. This American citizen,

of whom we are speaking, is a strange combination of materialist and idealist. For the purposes of this paper, let us omit the idealistic part, and confine ourselves to national selfishness—not because of any distrust of idealism, either in purpose or in propaganda value, but rather because it is sufficiently covered elsewhere. The ability to answer these questions is the qualification prerequisite to discussion of a proper peace settlement.

Have we a national interest in this settlement? Without intending to infringe upon the jurisdiction of Dr. Charles A. Beard, one might assume from listening to the radio or reading the newspapers that we have many such interests—according to the dictionary definition, if not according to that of Dr. Beard. We seem to be interested in our trade, in democracy and peace and justice and security and such, if one may judge by current discussions. Do we want communism to prevail in China or Nazism in Europe? Do we care what happens to a small state attacked by a larger one, or do we have any feelings about the use of violence in international relations? Apparently we do; but is it an interest sufficiently strong to cause us to work for it, or to fight for it? Please note, at this point, that there is a difference between working for something and fighting for it. The adoption of the neutrality legislation indicated a belief that if we in the United States should dare to look out for our own interests we should automatically put

ourselves into war. It is, nevertheless, quite possible for us to go to the extent of expressing an opinion, or even of offering some degree of support, without being at war. Mr. Hoover seems to have discovered this of late. When Finland was attacked by Russia Mr. Hoover wanted things done which, one might infer from his previous statements, would put us into war at once. Senator Nye made a similar discovery with regard to Spain; Senator Pittman seems to feel the same way about China. If all these people should happen to get together behind the same thing—say a principle underlying all these causes—it might amount to a national interest. At any rate, it would be an excellent idea to find out whether we as a nation have an interest sufficient to justify our study of the bases of a durable peace settlement. The answer to this will doubtless depend upon the answer to some of the questions below.

Should the United States participate in the conference which makes peace? Several questions arise here. First, shall we be invited? Of course if we were one of the belligerents we should automatically have a seat; if we are not, it may be that those states which have taken the risks and paid the costs will claim the right to make the settlement all by themselves. But, even assuming a generous attitude on their part, why should we be invited? Is there anything in our record of the past decade or so which would indicate to them that we would be willing to co-operate and would like to have an invitation extended to us? At the last peace conference which we attended we led the world into creating the League of Nations, and then walked out of it, claiming all its benefits and rejecting any of its responsibilities. For years thereafter other states suggested various diluted methods of co-operation, but we were frightened at even such a word as "consult"; indeed, we would not even answer their questions. When, for example, England asked if application by her navy of the economic sanctions of the League of Nations would be regarded by

us as a violation of our neutral rights which might rouse us to war, she got no answer whatever. We failed to follow up the World Economic Conference of 1927, and we wrecked the one of 1933. For twenty years we have left the rest of the world out on a limb; would not those who will call this conference anticipate being rebuffed again, and therefore hesitate to send an invitation for us to attend?

Second, if we are not invited, should we ask or demand a place? Considering the importance of the United States in the world, there is little doubt that we should be admitted, and perhaps even welcomed if we expressed a sincere interest in the work and were able to persuade them that we did not intend to saw the limb off from under them again. Of course, depending on how the war runs, the victors might prefer, having taken all the costs themselves, to take all the profits for themselves, and exclude us. The French, for example, are a practical people, and having once been fooled by the United States (in 1919), they might think that they could get more security without our promises than with them. If they should decide to exclude us should we demand participation? On what grounds? We have long been telling the rest of the world what to do; was it just talk or do we want to step in and really do something? How could we convince them that this time we really mean business? Are we prepared to accept some obligations and duties, and take the lead in making the arrangements? Unless we do take the lead it is much to be doubted whether anyone else would have the nerve to propose something for us to do. Why should we want to get in unless we are ready to do something?

Third, what kind of a conference are we talking about? Do we want the usual sort of a peace settlement imposed by vindictive conquerors, or do we want one which will aim toward permanent peace? We can get the former simply by staying out; we can't get the latter unless we jump in and help. And in the latter case many other neutrals would have to

be included along with us (if there are any neutrals by that time); shall we try to get them into the conference along with us? Why not just call our own conference of neutrals, and invite the belligerents to lay down their arms and join us? They might be well disposed to such an idea; so far, they do not seem very anxious to fight, and they might display even less bellicosity if they found neutral supply bases being taken away from them. The trouble about this bright idea is that we should have to take the lead; and for some years now it has been the policy of the United States to stay at the tail rather than at the front of any international action.

And in the fourth place, if we don't want to participate in the peace settlement, can we keep out? We have been making a lot of talk about whether we could keep out of war; must we not equally ask whether we can stay out of the peace, or out of peace? Whether we share or not in the making of that peace we shall share heavily in the results of it. It is bound to affect the world even more than did the Treaty of Versailles—and this with the best of intentions on the part of its makers. They might not, however, proceed on the basis of best intentions; they might decide that, since the United States consistently refuses to co-operate, and since the League policy of being nice to us did not work, they had better depend upon themselves and combine into a strength capable of measuring up against ours. It does not require a very vivid imagination to see national selfishness moving along such lines, particularly when we set so shining an example. The proper answer to this of course is: "Don't bother; we can always take care of ourselves."

Assuming that we do, in one way or another, get into this peace conference, what are we going to do when we get there? Shall our delegates sit as "observers" in the good old style? Assuming (dubiously, for we do love to be in things, but not of them) that we have advanced beyond this stage, and that we

really intend to work hard and sign a treaty, of what use would it be unless we had the Senate tamed in advance? Why spend hard months of work in making the treaty and then have one-third of the Senate, planning a political coup and careless of the fate of the world so long as the grand old party wins out, wreck all that effort? This is not just recrimination and bitterness over the past; it is more than ever a practical question, for the Senate is more than ever aggressive in such matters. If we are sincere and serious, as some of us think the American people were twenty-five years ago, how are we to avoid such disaster to our hopes and to our national reputation as that of 1919? The Senate has a proper constitutional function to serve; if it is inclined to abuse this power to increase its own prerogatives it would be necessary to show them, in advance of our participation, that the desire of the American people for a proper peace settlement with the United States playing a proper part therein is so strong that not even a Senator dare stand in its way.

In this connection, and while everyone is being warned against the dangers of war propaganda, a little red flag (of warning, not of Bolshevism) might be raised against the kind of propaganda that Henry Cabot Lodge used in 1919, and which some Congressmen are putting out to-day. Are you who advocate co-operation with other nations tough enough to stand up against the charge that the co-operation which you advocate means shedding the blood of our mothers' sons in foreign lands? How can you persuade Citizen Milquetoast that more mothers' sons' blood will be shed if we follow the path we are now pursuing? This matter of popular control of foreign policy is a tough bit of mastication; if we hope to participate successfully in this peace conference we shall need quite a lot of popular agreement as to the settlement desired before we send any delegates over. And how, under our machinery of government, can we get or ascertain this agreement?

II

We continue with the same question, which is the purpose for which we should be participating in this conference. In a recent sermon the Reverend Harry Emerson Fosdick asserted that "we are not only justified, but are under the most solemn obligation to stay out of this conflict until we can use our power constructively for peace." And in recent Congressional debates, highminded representatives of the people have raised a similar standard, pleading that the United States stay out of war and build up its physical and moral strength for the great task of reconstruction which lies ahead. This is truly noble; but does it mean anything? I do not demean Dr. Fosdick, who goes on in the same sermon to say that we do have a responsibility to build a federated world, and that if ever the nations are to be saved they must be saved together. He accepts the consequences and the responsibility of his logic; I am not so sure about some of the Congressmen, or about citizens in general. It must be cheerful to those peoples now exhausting themselves in war to be able to look forward with assurance to being reconstructed by the United States, which is now eating heavily and engaging in isolated meditation so as to be ready for the task. It might be a little difficult for them to believe, since there is nothing whatever in our record to justify such a belief. What would we be willing to sacrifice, or give without sacrifice, to this cause? If one thinks of national rebuilding, we might have some money to lend at good interest, though in view of our feeling concerning war debts, it is not even sure that we should do this. If one is thinking of international reconstruction, he would be able to show no effort on the part of the United States to maintain law and order or economic justice in the community of nations—except words. We are generous enough with our words.

This point is rather important and needs to have a few more questions asked about it. After all, one does not go to a

conference and work hard to achieve a treaty which represents an agreement of wills, if one is not prepared to make some concessions or contributions; unless of course one goes as a conqueror. A settlement imposed by the conqueror, if we may judge by the last one, is not conducive to everlasting peace. Assuming that we want a settlement based on agreement, and affording enough satisfaction and opportunity to those nations which accept it to give some hope that they would not throw it overboard at the first opportunity, what concessions or contributions are the American people prepared to offer? Would we reduce the tariff by one penny? Even now the mighty forces of the Republican army are being mobilized to smash the skinny little trade agreements which Secretary Hull has been able to keep alive only by assiduous and loving care. Would we give up some territory? The British of course should be obliged to disgorge some of their ill-gotten gains; but what territory are we prepared to turn over to the "have-nots"? Would we open our doors to immigrants, even a tiny crack? Would we bind ourselves to submit our disputes to impartial adjudication? This is something we have never done yet; for the Senate is convinced that only the Senate knows enough, or is trustworthy enough, to be allowed to determine what disputes should be adjudicated. Or would we contribute toward international economic or military sanctions to restrain the aggressions which excite so much of our vocal indignation? Some, if not all, of these things will be asked of us, and there is not much use in our going to the conference unless we are prepared to do some of it. The rest of the world may be inclined, when they see us again mounting our pedestal to tell them what they ought to do, to say to us "put up or shut up." If we mean to get into the game we shall have to put something into the pot.

Again, on this same point, it is now fashionable to say, in despairing and self-excusing terms, that national sovereignty

is an insuperable obstacle in the path of international co-operation, and that foreign states must get rid of it before there can be any hope of achieving this wonderful ideal toward which we so ardently aspire. That sounds good too; we must wait for the rest of the world to reform itself. Of course the fundamental principle of our foreign policy has long been "no commitments; we reserve complete freedom of action." No state in the world has so jealously guarded its national sovereignty as the United States of America; are we prepared to give it up? As a matter of fact, national sovereignty is not a quality, a unit, which one either has or does not have. Like individual liberty, it is not an absolute, but a relative quantity; how much one may have of either depends upon where the line is to be drawn between government and liberty. This is the age-old problem of government, which will doubtless arise to plague international government as it develops; but it is a matter of how much sovereignty a state must give up, rather than of surrendering it all. Still, are we prepared to accept any limitation whatever upon our national freedom of action? And if not, why bother to attend the conference?

There is one more question to ask about our part in this job. Supposing that the American people could get over the hurdles above suggested and agree upon some principles upon which peace and international justice are to be based, would it be possible to work them out without machinery, some sort of an international government? And if this is correct, what sort of an international government do we want? Would we be willing to enter a system in which communists and fascists are to participate, or would we require that all members be democratic? Should the system be limited to non-political co-operation only, and if so, how much authority should we permit it to control our tariff rates? To go a little farther, would it be possible to get even economic co-operation without political control as well? Eugene Staley

tells us that raw materials and colonies are not the cause of war, but that the converse is true: the reason that a state wants to have colonies or raw materials in its physical possession is because of the fear that war might make it impossible for them to secure their own needs. Certainly the prospect of war is a monkey wrench in any machinery. Is there any opportunity to reduce the staggering cost of armament and use that money for better purposes so long as states must be prepared for war? Is there any chance to secure stability and justice and opportunity for uninterrupted human progress so long as one state—or one man, aided by astrologers and a champagne salesman—may plunge the whole world into the profitless disorder of war? Must the proposed machinery, then, be strong enough to prevent war from occurring? Is there any use talking about a durable peace unless the settlement effectively outlaws war? If we start into this must we be prepared to go the whole way?

This list of questions is not intended to be discouraging, except in the sense of discouraging those who think that we, sitting up on Olympus, or on a throne above the conference on Olympus, should tell everyone else what to do. All these questions, and many others which will arise, can be answered by human intelligence; I do not regard myself as super-patriotic when I assert that they can be solved by American intelligence. Doubtless we should have to require, in addition to intelligence, a bit of generosity and co-operativeness on our part. And if the answers found are not perfect, they could not help being better than the utterly unintelligent conduct of affairs which has prevailed in the community of nations. My imagination, at any rate, cannot think up anything worse than the past eight years. But, and this is the point of all these queries, it is no easy job, to be settled in an easy chair talking about Chamberlain at Munich. One reason for what Chamberlain did at Munich was the failure of the United States to do anything to ease

a desperate international situation. It sounds very witty to say that England expects every American to do his duty; and it is a nice comeback to reply that Americans will defend Czechoslovakia to the last drop of British blood; but it will require much more than smart repartee to achieve the settlement we talk about. I suspect that Europe is a little fed up with our habit of telling others what they ought to do and refusing to do anything ourselves; some Americans are ashamed of it. Unless these valiant studies of a proper peace settlement produce something backed by our willingness to support it we should do better to keep our mouths closed. And if we get into the settlement it would be a good idea to consider what we are willing to do, and order only what we are ready to pay for.

For the benefit of those who have been frightened by the above, let us add one more question to round out the discussion. Suppose we decide not to go to

the conference? Of course we could not complain at the way the world is run if we take no part in running it; our policy, then, would be to withdraw as completely as possible from it. Could we get along then? It might take a good deal of regimentation to keep the national economy going; even now, with foreign trade and profits, it creaks badly. To keep a Great Wall round us would require considerable expense and naval effort; even that did not suffice to keep China from being opened up to international intercourse; and to-day we have the radio and propaganda to stir up internal dissension. Would the rest of the world permit us to stay behind our Great Wall? More, would the American people be content to stay there? Can we, in this interdependent world, maintain internal order unless international order is secured? We are pretty big, but is anyone big enough to go his way alone in this world?





One Man's Meat

By E. B. WHITE



THEY keep the radio going low at the village garage. You can sit on a bench by the stove and listen while the mechanic tinkers with your car. The car is brought in and the doors are rolled shut behind it to keep out the cold, and everything is sort of cozy and quiet in there, with the music faintly in your ears and the re-treads suspended above your head from the rafters and the inner tubes arranged in boxes on the shelf. The radio singer (a baritone) is singing "Pale Hands I Loved Beside the Shalimar." Love oozes in a ribbon from the cabinet—genuine, passionate, romantic love, yet quiet and restful because it is turned down low. I don't know where the Shalimar is. Perhaps Persia. Love, riding the waves of warmth from the stove, takes possession of me. I see a girl of breathtaking loveliness; her hands are Persian and pale. The mechanic, adjusting the points on my distributor, has hands which are not pale. They are almost black and they know what they're doing. The mechanic has never seen the Shalimar, never seen the inside of a radio studio where love originates, but he knows everything there is to know about a motor. The stove and the music create a moment of total contentment of mind and body as the singer ends with the haunting question: "Where are you now? Where are you now?" In twenty minutes they give me back my car and I pass through the doorway into the crisp world, away from the oasis of love and dreams of fair women—a man with a smooth-running engine, beside the Shalimar.



SOME day I mean to have a fireside chat with my government, that we may come to know each other a little better,

for it is by a better understanding of the other's traits that a country and its citizens must fulfill their mutual destinies. In my chat I want particularly to take up the first sentence under Section G of Form 1040, which is called "Items exempt from tax" and which starts this way:

The following items are *partially* exempt from tax: (a) Amounts received (other than amounts paid by reason of the death of the insured and interest payments on such amounts and other than amounts received as annuities) under a life insurance or endowment contract, but if such amounts (when added to amounts received before the taxable year under such contract) exceed the aggregate premiums or consideration paid (whether or not paid during the taxable year) then the excess shall be included in gross income. . . .

I want to ask my government what it thinks would become of me and my family if I were to write like that. Three sets of parentheses in one sentence! I'd be on relief inside of a month.

That sentence, above, was obviously written by a lawyer in one of his flights of rhetorical secrecy. There is, as everyone knows, a conspiracy on the part of lawyers in this country to express things badly. I do not think my government should have any part in this crime. I can understand why lawyers find it to their advantage to keep the whole matter of taxation a mystery which only they can elucidate; but I can't understand why my government encourages them. There isn't any thought or idea which can't be expressed in a fairly simple declarative sentence, or in a series of fairly simple declarative sentences. The contents of Section G of Form 1040, I am perfectly sure, could be stated so that the average person could grasp it without suffering dizzy spells. I could state it

plainly myself if I could get some lawyer to disentangle it for me first. I'll make my government a proposition: for a five-dollar bill (and costs) I will state it plainly.



I WAS thinking as I prepared to pay my tax how lucky I am about figures. Figures mean little to me, and on that account use up very little of my time. To some people figures are the most vivid signs there are. Some people can look at the notation 5/23/29 and it means something to them, calls up some sort of image. I can't do that. I can see lust in a pig's eye, but I can't see a day in a number. I remember days, if at all, by the dent they made on me, not by the dent they made on the calendar.

When figures refer to sums of money it all depends on what scale they're in whether they register with me or not.

To me all sums under a dollar seem vital and important. Sums under a dollar seem to me to have an enormous quantitative variation. I think of fifty cents as the devil of a lot more than a quarter.

The sum of ninety cents seems a lot to spend for anything, no matter what. But when I get up into *gustier* amounts, among sums like fifty dollars, or a hundred and thirty-two dollars, or three hundred and seven dollars, they all sound pretty much alike. If I have the money at all I can spend two hundred and thirty dollars with the same painless ease with which I might spend one hundred and fifteen. They seem virtually the same thing. Probably the importance which I attach to sums less than a dollar is a hangover from the days when practically every transaction in life was for something under a dollar, and was breathtaking.

One reason I bother to set down these remarks is because I think department stores should be informed that, to at least one customer, a dollar seems less money than ninety-eight cents. Stores are frittering away their time when they mark down something in the hope of luring me

to buy. Another reason is that I think my government should be told that a vast amount of fuss could be avoided if, in taxing my income, it would explain clearly what is expected of me in the way of a payment and then, if it feared this might not supply enough revenue, simply wind up its instructions for computing the tax with the brisk remark: "Double it." I could double my tax and not bat an eye. It's only when I double the time spent translating Form 1040, or when I pay a lawyer to do it for me, that I feel the pinch. I doubt that there is any such complexity in the financial aspects of my life as is implied by the Treasury Department's searching inquiry. In many ways my life *is* complex. I keep sheep, and there is nothing simple about being a part-time shepherd. But neither the profit nor the loss from my association with ruminants need bother my country overmuch. There is nothing in it, one way or another, for the United States. I have my own little system for making and spending money. I am honest and I am willing. It shouldn't require a lawyer to set me at peace with my country.



WHEN a person gives up his accustomed way of life and moves to a strange land and a new existence he can't possibly foresee all the exigencies. Something is bound to be overlooked. The one thing we overlooked in coming here to live was my wife's hair. We don't know how to get it washed. Everything else has worked out nicely. Only her hair remains to be solved. It is unusually long hair (about three feet two inches) and she is under the impression that the only persons capable of washing it are those who have been trained by the Frances Fox Institute. The nearest person of this sort is fifty miles away. This means a hundred-mile trip, there and back, every couple of weeks—a palpable absurdity. Absurd or not, she has kept her schedule, neither snow, nor hail, nor sleet can stay her from

her appointed rinse. Last week, however, it occurred to me that if I was capable of drenching sixteen sheep with a solution of copper sulphate (which I had just done), I could probably wash a woman's hair. It turned out to be pretty good fun and I managed to get most of the soap out; but I suspect the novelty will soon wear off and I do not intend to do much of that sort of work. That is why I regard the problem as still unsolved. Nor do I like to see the citizens of this county squandering their substance to keep the roads broken out in winter so that a woman can travel a hundred miles to and from a hairdresser. Yet they do, without a whimper.



ON THE first morning after this latest fall of snow, we went out early, my wife and I, to hunt for a sleigh and a horse. The plow had been along the road and left a perfect surface for sleighing. At the crack of day, in a six-cylinder sedan, we sallied forth to look for all our yesterdays. I knew of several barns where I thought the past might lie.

This quest will long remain in my mind—the great beauty of the morning, with the trees loaded with quiet snow, the special luster of earliness and the purity and expectancy of new day, the sharp air, and the low cold sun promising the continuance of wintry pleasures, and in our memory the jingle of bells. We went from farm to farm (the ones we knew had horses), rapping on kitchen doors, stirring up the wives who would tell us where the men were. Everywhere the same answer: either there was no sleigh or there was a sleigh but it was buried under six tons of hay or the horse was unshod. But what surprised us was the enthusiasm which our request aroused—the wives standing in the doorway with the cold in-draught of air chilling them, saying they too would like to take a sleighride on a morning like this. Into the faces of some of them a queer look of wistfulness came. It wasn't just the sleighs that were buried; it was the sense

of the past, something of merriment gone, a sound of bells over snow. In the faces of one or two a look of exquisite longing, a memory of love somehow associated with sleighriding.

Nothing ever came of this quest. We got on to the back roads finally, but the day grew older and the morning began to get shoddy the way it does about eleven. A man can go round just so long holler-ing for the past, then he quits and gets on with the present. We did come across a sleigh on the way back, but the owner had arrived at his destination, taken the horse out, and was paying a call. We didn't have the crust to intrude.



I HAVE often wondered whether it is just a lot of sentimental rot—this idea that people had more fun in a horse-drawn society. The automobile has won out in fair competition, but it has much to answer for, it seems to me, quite aside from its reputation as a killer. It has taken us apart and put us together again, and changed the backdrop. A generation ago this town had a thriving steamboat service. There was something doing here. There were fish factories and there was a dollar to be made. To-day the motor roads to the north of us carry the freight; the steamboat has been laid off, the wharf is in ruins, the factories are gone, and the population has dwindled. High-school boys, with a diploma under their arms, must either look to the clam flats for a living or to the world beyond the horizon. High-school girls go up to the cities, and learn shorthand—a briefer way to express what might well be said briefer anyway.

To-day this town hasn't even a doctor. It doesn't have to have a doctor. If you chop off your toe with an ax you get into somebody's car and he drives you ten miles to the next town where there is a doctor. For movies you drive twenty-five miles. For a railroad junction, fifty. For a mixed drink, twenty-five. For a veterinary, twenty-five. For a football game, fifty, or one hundred, or

two hundred, depending on where your allegiance lies. For a bush scythe, ten. For a trotting race or a bingo game, ten. Everything in life is somewhere else, and you get there in a car.

This has certainly done things to our culture. If we are not satisfied with the merchandise which we find in the general store we drive till we find something that does satisfy us. This is tough on the local storekeeper, who has his troubles anyway. Sliced bread arrives in town, going sixty miles an hour in a bakery truck which is the gravest menace to every child on the road. Bread, in my town, is the staff of death. Ice cream arrives going fifty, and there is a little nameplate tacked to the door of the cab, giving the driver's name and explaining that he is pledged to safety and courtesy and has driven 209,587 miles without an accident—(eight times round the world carrying Fro-Joy in an unfrojoyous decade).

Very few housewives bake their own bread. They fry doughnuts a couple of times a week, but there is almost no breadmaking. One of our greatest extravagances is homemade bread, which we buy for twenty-five cents a loaf from a lady ten miles away and which often means a special journey to town—twenty miles round trip. It is wonderful bread and worth the effort probably. The whole car smells of it on the way home. But it is a strange way for us to live. I have half a notion to learn to make bread myself: I imagine it's no harder than mixing a good Martini, and I might come to enjoy the work.

The automobile is at the bottom of every plot. In the next town to ours the grade schools have recently been consolidated. The motor car was responsible. One large school building in the center of town now serves the whole community—which covers many square miles. The children ride to school in buses, some of them a distance of four or five miles. The small one-room schoolhouses are abandoned, and education marches on.

The advantages of the consolidated school, I am told, are many. The scholars have a fireproof building and a basketball court with an electric scoreboard. They hang their things in cloak-rooms which are ventilated with a flue which has a rotary windwheel carrying the smell of warm clothing up into the sky, instead of out into the classroom. They come in contact with a larger group and come under the influence of more teachers, some of whom are specialists in their subject. There is even a color scheme: the building is yellow and the buses are yellow. I think there can be no doubt that education, in its academic sense, is improved by the centralization of scholars.

Whether the improvement is general nobody knows. Certainly there is something lost. One thing that is lost is the mere business of walking to school, which is something in itself. In my community scholars still get round on the hoof. They pass our house at seven in the morning, clicking along in a ground-eating stride. Some of them make a four-mile trip to school—eight miles in all. And if there is a basketball game that night they will turn right round after supper and do the whole course over again without batting an eyelash. Sometimes a passing motorist gives them a ride, but they never ask for it and never expect it. There is no such thing as hitch hiking in this town, no thumb is ever raised in entreaty. In all the time I've been driving these roads I've never been asked for a ride, which is almost unbelievable considering the distances that must be covered, often in zero weather or in storm. Walking is natural for these children, just as motoring is for most others. As for me, although I am motorized to a degree, I enjoy living among pedestrians who have an instinctive and habitual realization that there is more to a journey than the mere fact of arrival. If the consolidated school served by buses destroys that in our children I don't know that we are ahead of the game after all.



The Easy Chair



THE ENGULFED CATHEDRAL

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

I WAITED in a hotel lobby for a friend with whom I was to have dinner, and a Western Union boy brought me a telegram saying he would be an hour late. I was a little relieved to delay a meeting that was going to have its moments of embarrassment. For, if he was a friend of mine, also he had spent some years thinking himself an enemy, if not of me at least of what he had convinced himself I stood for, and had repeatedly attacked me in print. There would be some contrition for that harmless rhetoric now, I supposed, but the awkwardness was that I should have to say something about his public recantation of his religion. Till lately he had been the fragile thing called a literary Communist, but now he had bowed his head and beaten his breast, desiring all to witness his repentance. . . . I kept remembering another telegram I had had from him. Finding ourselves in New York in the winter of 1934, we had arranged to have dinner together, but he didn't show up. A telegram came to the restaurant telling me that he felt he had to get back to his little country town before the train service should be disrupted. It was going to be disrupted, I made out, by the outbreak of the Revolution. That was a dismay he would be spared to-night.

I stopped at the bar for a Martini, then went out. 1939 had three days to go, snow had fallen the day before, beyond the night-glow of Boston the sky crackled with cold stars. In a shouted headline

the Germans claimed to have torpedoed a British battleship. At a newspaper office the Finns claimed to have slaughtered three thousand Russians. A debris of Christmas lingered in shop windows, and throwaways celebrating the grandeurs of Clark Gable as a blockade runner for the Lost Cause littered the sidewalk. . . . What, I wondered, do you say to a man who has seen the City of Ys sink forever beneath the sea? Where, I wondered, does this leave me, whom for a good many years he damned as an enemy of mankind for saying exactly what he is saying now? Where does it leave all of us who declined to love Russia as Jerusalem's golden shore for exactly the reasons the twice-converted convertites are giving now? Were we nevertheless wrong through all those years? When did we begin to be right, and when did their first rightness become wrong? Was it the alliance with Germany that made us right? Or were we still wrong in August and did we stay wrong till the righteous people began to crowd nearer Marx's gilt heaven by killing Finns? Or are we still wrong? That could be; the true truth, the right truth, the truth the true disciples know, is a mystical thing and it could be vitiated by some mortal error, some malicious animal magnetism, that we generate within ourselves. It could be that we stay wrong somehow while the convertites stay right, now that they find their mustached Jehovah just pewter after all and the Fortunate Isles just

mapped as Russia all along and the Hyperboreans just another variety of the human race.

It was the gentle fellow-travelers' misfortune, I thought, never to look very good, whether struck down on the way to Atlantis or waking when the spell of the lotos faded. Scripture admonished us not to think of Gadara, now that so many of them were stampeding again, but rather to rejoice over one of them more than over the ninety and nine. One respects the man who has felt the edge of class warfare, the disinherited who has resolved to take his own, and the convert who moves from hard fact to hard action. It has been less easy to respect those who, like my friend, have supported a brave and wholly literary rebellion on inherited incomes. Class warfare was only a word to him, he had never experienced so much as the struggle for existence, contemptible forbears having provided for him by exploiting the workers. He has never felt a moment's anxiety for the support of his children, and has had only derision and contempt for men like me, men who exploit the workers by working to support our families. Strolling down Tremont Street, I wondered if it mattered, to themselves or anyone or in the eyes of God, what happened to his kind or how they felt about anything.

But the Martini began to assert its kindness. Whether or not their soul's agony mattered, it was genuine, now that the rainbow above the never-never shore turned to cloud and what had been Lyonesse became the Region of Darkness. Belief had been killed—and what could you say to them? When you have reached my age you have learned words to show, however futilely, that a friend's sorrow touches your heart too. You can say something, if uselessly, to a friend whose child has died, whose wife has left him, whose ambition has been wrecked. But what can you say to a friend whose god has died?

I knew it was the third god he had lost, and there must be many whose

biographies are just like his. He was a very young man when suddenly there was catastrophe in that little country town. My friend had read a book, it may be, or had found that no lightning fell when he ventured into carnal sin—and so Jehovah died. They had lied to my friend; Jehovah was a myth; there was no God. The world grew desolate and his wound bled, something was gone from the sunlight, there was no one to take his little hand. The smoke of his sacrifice had been blown away, but he grew older and presently there slipped into Jehovah's empty shrine a new idol who could not die. It was called Art and, worshiping, my friend would live for Beauty, and Beauty would heal all wounds and bring all true things to flowering. What had been lost would be found now, the bruised heart would lift again, the trembling lip would be kissed, the forlorn hand held in darkness, personal insufficiencies gently forgiven him. Art would complete what had been incomplete, and Jehovah now wore Beauty's less stern face, walking in the cool of the day through scents of cinnamon and cassia beyond Ophir, toward sunken Lyonesse.

Never the hills and wood lots of his home town, never the villagers he was born among. His lines must fall among a folk more heroic, nearer Jehovah's stature, the people of Solomon's Islands and the Gran Quivera, where there is no sickness nor disease, no toil nor battles, nor ever wind blows loudly, but Nemesis cannot enter and men of tranquil hearts sing to pipes played at evenfall, never with skins that smell vilely, never wreaking injuries on one another, for there is no evil nor ancient cruelty in their hearts. Jehovah would now live in the Fortunate Isles.

Do not smile at my friend and his friends, though this new vision from the high place transformed the Café du Dôme into a tabernacle of the Host, though they scourged from the temple, as unfit to enter it, the vile bodies smelling of sweat and strife which they were

soon to clothe in golden raiment and love dearly because Lenin told them to. Do not smile, for bells tinkling under the sea are always sorrowful. And all too soon Beauty perished, another god was dead, and my friend had now twice suffered that primal sorrow. Read his book and you will see that this new grief was more benignant; he had grown older still and the world had come in upon him a little way. Beauty's death let the chill air strike him and in the kindest way he would love the people, who, he found, suffered. At last for a terrible moment he was aware of hunger, want, agony, despair; for that moment he stood, with his kind, in rising floods that bore actual bodies of drowned men, and cries of human agony struck his undefended ears.

He had of course to escape somehow from that midnight agony and he fled to the great red dawn above Russia's golden shore. Never the hills and wood lots of his home town or the sweaty, stinking bodies of his townsfolk. Safety from pain is found in never-never land, and there must always be Jehovah to make all true. If you read his book you may think that the third Jehovah is far sillier than the other two, and maybe you will not respect his anguish when the silly god crumbles into any dictator working at his trade. But who shall say it is cowardly to avert reality's knife-thrust by any means one can? At least the third Jehovah was more generously worshiped, and there was a tinge of other suffering than my friend's in the haze he saw above his third Lyonesse.

I thought, sometimes God must grow weary of men's using Him as a mist in which to wrap themselves from what they dare not face.

A tune had been nudging me and now I perceived that it was a hymn tune. Light shone on posters and plaster models in windows; the hymn ending, a succulent voice began what was clearly a sermon; and all this was from a familiar past. I carried my alcoholic breath and soothed thoughts into a meeting de-

signed to teach us that alcohol is sin. Here it was again as it had been for many decades—the horrid drawings of what happens to the body's temple, the arithmetic proving how much in cash and ambition we drunkards forfeit, the prophecies of early death, the wasted future, and the betrayed family. The same slightly crazed man saying the same crazed things, pleading with us sinners not to let the brewer's big horses in Scollay Square run over us.

At my age one has learned about alcohol and I stood listening with a mild assent. What this Scollay Square St. Paul would take from us again, unable to face the ugliness of the last deprivation, was a lesser Jehovah and a briefer golden shore. Why yes, liquor is our smaller Lenin which we invoke to comfort us a little in tired moments, to fulfill in us what we ourselves cannot fulfill, to complete our incompleteness for half an hour—to make the crazed orator funny rather than sad, to make our friends wittier than they are, to make ourselves gayer and braver and more resolute than we know we ever have been or can be. To have something for half an hour between us and the truth about us, between us and the agonies of others, between us, if you will, and the winds that blow and the waters that rise; to believe for half an hour that there is mirth, there is gayety, there is dignity, and we and the world are not so bad. To avert reality's knife-thrust. But more peacefully, more intelligently, with less idiocy in ourselves and less danger to the world.

As I listened to the crazed son of hope whom a Martini had made not a fool or an enemy of free men but just a grotesque, I wondered if I had not found an answer I could give my friend. Some of us call it liquor, I might say, and others call it Marx. Marx, I might say, is the opium of the romantic. The worst this Paul can tell you is that when you put liquor in your mouth it steals away your brain, and there will be neither news nor shock in that teaching for a man who has spent some years

putting the Communist Lyonnaise in his heart. He can tell you that it creates a brief, all too transitory delusion of a never-never country in bright light, a golden shore where never wind blows loudly and men are noble—a delusion, sinful in itself, which will leave you worse off when the walls come tumbling down. But your tin-plated Trinity has done that more savagely and left you already with a bitterer and more hopeless hangover than Paul's vile liquor will ever give you. Marx-Lenin-Stalin, world without end, bright world of dawning justice and true democracy and eternal peace, and you've been saying in the newspapers that it troubles you to find that hope crumbling as if it were no more than a boy's Jehovah or an esthete's Art.

So maybe, I might say, maybe for your next devotion you had better take to drink. It may steal away your brain for half an hour but it won't permanently paralyze your power to think. It may lie to you but it won't make you lie in the stupid ways your tinny Trinity made you lie. Paul here may think you look silly but you won't look as silly as you looked surrendering your intelligence to a party line, giving up a grown man's freedom to think and say and see what he pleases in order to help out what someone told you was the coming day, reversing your ideas and gutting your good sense and corrupting your integrity at the convenience of an ingenious man thousands of miles away who had persuaded you that he was Jesus. And if Paul's worst warnings come true and drink proves no safer for you than Beauty was and you kill someone in a drunken rage, that will be just one more murder in the world; it won't be your assistance in

mass murder which is glossed over with the gratuitous and insulting delusion that you are helping democracy to free itself for the great dawn. Drink may make you an involuntary drunkard but it won't make you a voluntary damned fool. And there are homes for drunkards, where you can happily live your days out in the strength of really adequate drugs that will keep you thinking well of yourself. As it is, you aren't going to think well of yourself for quite a while. You are going to remember your book and all the bright delusions above that golden shore—you are going to remember them in the light you see shining on them now, a new light and no doubt a fleeting one, but one that has no healing for the eyes. The man who has been born thrice is certainly going to be born again, another time, but it's going to take some time to forget this feeling. Maybe it will take the rest of your life.

But I perceived that the Martini was abating its geniality. I had better go back and have another one before greeting my friend as one more Gable in a celluloid lost cause. He would not, besides, decline into liquor. He needed stronger dreams. It seemed likely that the true omen in this virtue-show was not the wine cup that Paul was praying us to flee but Paul himself. The pathway of the bruised heart is downward, not upward, and in nightmare land the steps are short from dream to dream. The true truth is far more consoling than the little truths, the golden lads far lovelier than the sweaty bodies of the villagers, and the omen we must all fear was that the panderers to the ideal might all too readily become the ideal's *agents provocateurs*.

**For information concerning the contributors in this issue,
see PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE on the following pages**



Harper's *Magazine*

THE WAR AND AMERICA

BY ELMER DAVIS

There is a vast difference between keeping out of war, and pretending that this war is none of our business.—*President Roosevelt to Congress, January 3rd.*

WITH the foregoing statement a considerable section of American opinion disagrees. Persistently during the debate on the Neutrality Bill, and sporadically since, some of our most respected and/or most vocal citizens have insisted that nothing about this war concerns us at all; that it is only a struggle between rival imperialisms, equally alien and obnoxious.

This point of view was ably expounded by the late Senator Borah on October 2nd, in his speech opening the neutrality debate. Denouncing "the hideous doctrines of the dominating power of Germany," he nevertheless contended that they were not an issue and seemed to see no ethical difference between the belligerents. "I look upon the present war as nothing more than another chapter in the bloody volume of European power politics." So said Lindbergh in his radio talks of September

15th and October 13th; "I do not believe this is a war for democracy; it is a war over the balance of power in Europe." So Phil LaFollette was saying too; and the newspaper column of General Ironpants Johnson kept pounding away at the argument, and still comes back to it now and then, with a wealth of illustrative detail not always hampered by a quibbling regard for accuracy.

The effect of all this is to praise Hitler by faint damns, to imply that he is no worse than the rest of them. These men cited above are not pro-Nazi; most of them have denounced Nazi doctrine and practice as vigorously as anybody. But they are all convinced that it is imperatively necessary for us to keep out of the war; and since there is no danger of our going in on Hitler's side, they all concentrate on the faults and misdoings of the other side, with the zeal of lawyers arguing a case—contending, whether they really believe it or not, that this is only a war between the pot and the kettle.

Well, it is a war between rival imperialisms—in one of its aspects. But it has other aspects too. Lindbergh may not believe that it is a war for democracy, but the torrents of German (and Russian) propaganda make it clear that it is a war against democracy. Molotoff said on October 31st that an ideology cannot be destroyed by force, but he meant Hitler's ideology; a month later his government began trying to destroy democracy in Finland by force, and it is hard to see why democracy should be damned for fighting back. Consider what happened to the Czechoslovak democracy, which decided in the interest of the peace of Europe not to fight back; consider also what happened to the peace of Europe despite this sacrifice.

"Modern war with all its consequences," said Lindbergh on September 15th, "is too tragic and devastating to be approached from any but a purely American standpoint." I agree; these following remarks will have no taint of altruism. But surely it is not yet an un-American standpoint to look at the facts—all the facts, not merely those that favor one side—and to make up our minds on national policy on the basis of the evidence. On the present evidence it seems to me that the interest of the American people requires us to keep out of the war (provided the war keeps out of us) for two sound reasons. In the first place we have unfinished business of our own—vitally important domestic problems that have not been solved, and may never be solved if we get entangled in a first-class war; and furthermore, past experience makes it doubtful if we could do Europe much good. Much positive good, that is; in 1918 we did some negative good; we kept the situation of Europe, and of the world, from being as bad as it would have been if the Germans had won; but a victory which only means that the game has to be replayed twenty years later no longer seems worth the cost.

But from a purely American standpoint we are fools if we shut our eyes

to facts and refuse to recognize the nature of the world we live in; if we let the enthusiasm of lawyers arguing a case persuade us to overlook most of the evidence; if we try to base our national policy on illusions.

II

As to the pot and the kettle. There are plenty of black spots on the past record of England, and France, and the United States; Nazi propagandists gleefully emphasize them, following the well-known tactics of "unmasking" the pretensions to virtue of those who criticize Nazi practices, and many of our isolationists give all their time to reiterating the sins of the Allies (and our own) as if no other nation had ever sinned comparably. You would have to go very far back indeed in British or French history to find anything comparable to the horrors of the German concentration camps; this country has never had anything like them (though we should have if our local Nazis had their way). In any case these things in our record, or England's, or France's, are in the past; and the overwhelming majority of Americans and Englishmen and Frenchmen are ashamed of them. What is the logical implication of the doctrine that we mustn't worry about what the Germans do because other people did something like it forty, or a hundred, or four hundred years ago? It is that there is no use in anybody's ever trying to reform; if the ex-criminal who is now behaving himself decently is still morally as reprehensible as the man who is doing the same things and even worse, then it is pointless to try to improve either the world or the individual. No doubt I shall be set down by some readers as a hireling of perfidious Albion if I dare cite any British opinion at all; but an editorial in *Time and Tide* of October 14th is worth quoting:

Nobody pretends that our record is blameless. We have done things that we ought not to have done, but compared with the hands of

the Nazis our hands are so clean that they positively blaze. Are we to allow men who know neither mercy nor decency to stop us from halting their disintegration of every standard we have slowly built up, just by pointing out that we ourselves have sometimes fallen short of these standards?

That is true, even though a resident of London wrote it. The process of unmasking, writes Hermann Rauschning (*The Revolution of Nihilism*, pp. 278-9) "is destroying the elements of every spiritual order, and preventing the creation of any new one." Its logic leads us straight back to the cannibal's cave.

If these displays of exceptional cruelty are, in the democracies, matters of the past, they have, to be sure, plenty of other sins on their consciences; the worst recent sin, so far as England and France are concerned, being the sell-out of Czechoslovakia. Mr. Borah devoted some blistering (and thoroughly justified) remarks to that on October 2nd. This certainly did more to discredit England and France in this country than anything else in recent years; it became clear that if they fought, after that, they would be fighting not for democracy but for themselves. And so they are; but it happens that if they win their victory will incidentally be likely to preserve democracy and its possibilities of development not only in France and England but in all of Europe. (Yes, I know; the British and French Parliaments have given their governments extensive powers to rule by decree. But the British press and members of Parliament criticize their government as vigorously as ever; and in view of the history of France and England in recent decades, it seems highly probable that those powers will be resumed by the people at the end of the war.)

Does anybody doubt what will happen to democracy in Scandinavia, in Switzerland, in the Low Countries if Hitler wins a smashing victory?

It seems to be forgotten that even at Munich, England and France were not the only criminals. There was a man named Adolf Hitler, who had said that if he got his Sudeten Germans, the Czech

state would no longer interest him; he did not want any Czechs. From the course of subsequent history it looks as if Chamberlain and Daladier had believed him, believed that the rest of the Czech state would now be let alone. They were fools to believe him, no doubt, in view of his long record of broken promises; but it is hard to see that the deceived were more criminal than the deceiver.

You can find other sins of the democracies in fairly recent times, things we ought not to have done. Our Spanish War seems to have been unnecessary; yet when we had liberated Cuba from Spain, which the Cubans wanted, we did get out. The suppression of the Philippine insurrection in 1899 and thereafter is an episode of which most Americans are now ashamed; yet we are getting ready to get out of the Philippines, if the Filipinos will let us in the present state of world affairs. Molotoff, discussing American criticism of Russian demands on Finland on October 31st, said that "one might think matters are in better shape between the United States and the Philippines and Cuba, which have long been demanding freedom and independence from the United States and can't get them." This flat contradiction of known facts came just a month before Russia found it necessary to take measures of self-defense against the bloody and unprovoked aggression of Finland.

The least creditable page in American history is our dealings with the Indian tribes; yet it can be argued that a few thousand nomad hunters had a somewhat dubious right to occupy vast territories which now support many millions of people at a much higher stage of culture. Most of the Indian cultures were rubbed out in the course of the white occupation—inadvertently for the most part; but for some decades the Indian Bureau made a deliberate effort (since deliberately reversed) to get the Indians *gleichgeschaltet*, turn them into white men. In some ways this looks like what the Germans are trying to do to the

Czechs and the Poles; but the Indian Bureau did not enforce its policies by torture and execution. Moreover, the Indian cultures were Stone-Age cultures, mostly of a relatively low type. The Czech and Polish cultures are of high quality and centuries old; yet the Nazis are now systematically trying to stamp them out—closing universities, jailing professors, imprisoning or killing leaders, destroying so far as they can every focus of national life. They have no respect for any culture but their own, and not, indeed, for much of that; a good deal of the best of German culture is now proscribed in Germany.

Foreign correspondents cannot find out much about what is happening in Poland and Bohemia. But the Czechs manage to smuggle out information of mass executions of workmen in reprisal for a single workman's sabotage, or alleged sabotage; of the arrest of more than twelve hundred students after riots on the national independence day—riots started by Germans who tried to tear the national colors off the coats of peaceful Czechs—twelve hundred arrested and one-tenth of them, picked at random, promptly shot; of political and intellectual leaders sent to concentration camps and drugged, tortured, slowly murdered. Still worse things have been going on in Poland. Allow for considerable exaggeration if you like in the story of the Polish refugee government that eighteen thousand had been executed, in the reports made in the name of Cardinal Hlond of atrocities on the clergy and their parishioners. There possibly was exaggeration, but no foreign reporters were allowed to go in and find out; they had to get their news from the Germans. And one of the best of them, Otto Tolischus of the *New York Times*, wrote from Berlin on January 30th: "Reports about the severity of German measures in Poland and the Czech protectorate have been far more alarming in Germany than anything heard in the outside world." Some of the Germans returning from the con-

quered provinces, he said, were proud of what was being done there, some were deeply ashamed of it; but their stories agreed that "what is going on in Poland especially is little better than a process of national racial extermination." No mere purposeless sadism, it is clear from many pieces of evidence; but a calculated liquidation of all leaders, political or cultural, who would not grovel before the new masters; after which the stunned and leaderless mass would submit to enslavement, like the "lower human beings" whose slave labor, as Hitler argued in a famous passage of *Mein Kampf*, was essential to the prosperity of the early Aryans. And don't forget that the liquidation of political leaders, editors, professors does not by any means always imply quick and merciful execution; often it entails medieval tortures.

(Yes, yes—American troops in the Philippines occasionally used the "water cure"; and American sentiment was outraged, there was a great uproar. Where is the uproar in Germany over the tortures of the concentration camps? Beyond question great numbers of decent Germans are ashamed of them, as they are ashamed of the treatment of the Jews; but they are afraid to open their mouths in a country where free speech has been abolished as a Jewish-democratic heresy.)

England has done bad things—in Ireland, in India. But the Amritsar massacre of 1919 brought an outcry of protest in England. Where are the German outcries of protest against the continual killings in Bohemia and Poland? The Nazi system does not let most Germans hear about them, and would not let them criticize if they did. The Black-and-Tans did some rough work twenty years ago, fighting an Irish rebellion which England had the man power to stamp out if it had wanted to; the issue was settled by a treaty instead because the conscience of England—expressed in that case by King George V, among many others—was affronted by the things that were being done in Ireland

in England's name. We still hear much of the wrongs of Ireland, and they were many and grievous—in the past. But now Ireland is free—free enough to declare itself neutral in this war, with no question from England of its right to exercise that sovereign power. That freedom is due partly to Irish resistance, but partly also to the fact that the English attitude toward Ireland has undergone a moral reform. Why pretend, in the face of the facts, that it is as bad as ever?

British policy has been stupid in India this year; admittedly the problem is terribly complex, but that does not excuse the repetition of the very mistake made in Ireland twenty-five years ago—declaring India in on a war for democracy by executive order, while full self-government was refused to the Indians themselves. Yet India has gained a considerable measure of self-government in recent years; England had the power to repress the agitation, to hold India down by force; but that power was not exercised because British opinion would no longer support that policy. There have been blunders and delays in India; but the drift is toward complete self-government—partly because the Indians want it, partly because considerable British opinion feels they ought to have it.

Mr. Gandhi, last fall, was asked for his views by the London *News-Chronicle*, and expressed those views—sharply critical of British policy—in a news story printed in England; that England where liberty vanished at the outbreak of war, if you believe our unmaskers. He represents a fairly conservative section of Indian opinion; nevertheless his views, if expressed in Germany about German administration, would have got him sent to a concentration camp to be educated by daily beatings. More radical Indian leaders have expressed sharper criticism; to date none of them has been arrested, and the supposedly so muzzled British press tells the British people what they think.

On the very day Gandhi's statement was published the Germans announced that fifty-three Jews had been shot in Warsaw because of their "reprehensible attitude" during the investigation of the killing of a policeman. Even if their attitude had been less reprehensible they might not have been a great deal better off; for now all Polish Jews between the ages of fourteen and sixty are to be compelled to spend two years at hard labor—"or more," says the German announcement, "if the educational purpose intended is not attained in that time." This would look like what used to be called slavery, but for the educational purpose. If an Englishman used such language it would be called hypocrisy. The practice has since been extended to Polish Gentiles; dismiss if you like the refugee stories of nocturnal slave raids by the Gestapo, picking out able-bodied men (and attractive girls) for service in Germany; but the Germans themselves admitted in midwinter that they had taken two hundred thousand Polish civilians, besides military prisoners of war, to work for the masters. Nor have they ever claimed that this was a voluntary servitude.

This evidence suggests some difference between present British and German imperialist practice; and there seems some difference in principle as well. British statesmen have often professed high principles, and failed to live up to them; the Germans are usually more candid. Dr. Hans Frank, Governor-General of Poland, is also head of the Academy for German Law. He told his fellow-jurists on December 3rd that the beginning of their legal work was "the maxim, Right is whatever profits a nation, wrong is whatever harms it." To underline the point Dr. Frank added: "Pale phantoms of objective justice do not exist for us any more." The Poles under his rule would agree. Robert Ley, head of the German Labor Front, put it even more candidly two weeks later, in a speech to the conquered Poles: "We have the divine right to rule

and we shall assure ourselves of that right. . . . We want to be hard in this war. We are going to forget the arch-evil, our good nature, and be hard and relentless in battling for our demands."

However the war comes out, the drive to repress their good nature seems to have bright hopes of success.

These rival imperialisms are of course hard on their smaller neighbors as well as on their subjects. The smaller maritime powers of Europe have been put to great inconvenience and expense by the British blockade; contrary to what has sometimes been recognized as international law (when neutrals were powerful enough to get it written on the record), neutral ships have been stopped, detained, examined; and some of their cargoes confiscated. A bad business. However, a neutral ship which is detained is almost always released; shippers may lose some of their cargo but the ship is still there; the officers and the crew go on living, in such comfort as their quarters provide. When a neutral ship is torpedoed by a German submarine or sunk by a mine strewn at random by the Germans in the shipping lanes all the cargo is lost and the ship too; often the men as well. The death roll of Dutch and Scandinavian seamen killed by the Germans while on their lawful occasions already runs into the hundreds. There is some difference.

The smaller European neutrals have protested vigorously against the British blockade, though not so vigorously as the Germans wanted them to; they have protested more vigorously against the British detention of ships and confiscation of cargoes than against German sinking of ships and killing of men. Why? Because they know it is safe. They know the British will pay no attention to their protests; they will go on detaining ships, to the inconvenience and expense of owners and shippers; but they will not reply to a protest with a *Blitzkrieg*; they will not move in on the protesting neutral, engulf it in the field of *Grossraums-wirtschaft*, "educate" its people as the

Germans are educating the Czechs and the Poles.

The British won't do that no matter how hard you protest, and the small neutrals know it. But the Germans might, if you annoy them (or even if you don't); and the small neutrals know that too.

(After the foregoing paragraphs were written their substance was repeated, on January 31st, by Mr. Neville Chamberlain; so perhaps our Anglophobes, and the sincere pot-and-kettlers too, will say that this is British propaganda. But if it was true before Chamberlain said it—and anybody who reads or hears the news knows that it was—the fact that he said it does not seem sufficient to take the veracity out of it.)

III

So much for the world we live in; how about the world we shall be living in ten years from now? Would there be no difference between the sort of peace that would follow a German and the sort that would follow an Allied victory? The Treaty of Versailles has often been cited as evidence that there would not. Consider some remarks of Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes in his newspaper column on January 15th. In view of Dr. Barnes's vigorous writings not only against the Versailles Treaty but about Allied war guilt in 1914, it should be made clear that he does not like Nazi doctrine or Nazi practice any better than do other men of good will; but he thinks it is only a case of the pot and the kettle.

What we want [he writes] is no victory for either side. For Hitler to win would mean more Munichs. For Britain and France to win would mean another Versailles and worse. The only way out for civilization is a quick "peace without victory" and the creation of a world organization potent to deal with the tough realities of our day.

Even if you accept both of Dr. Barnes's premises the conclusion does not follow. The toughest reality of our day is a man named Adolf Hitler, who is supported

by a couple of other tolerably tough realities, the Nazi party and the German army. A peace without victory would leave them intact; a world organization potent to deal with them (Dr. Barnes does not say how) would have to be very potent indeed, entailing American involvement on a scale that few Americans, and still fewer Europeans, would enjoy. Lindbergh argued on September 15th that "we must either keep out of European wars entirely or stay in European affairs permanently," and there is a good deal of plausibility in that contention. A peace without victory now would restore the kind of peace Europe has had in the past three or four years, the peace that is a somewhat milder form of war; the Barnes formula for a world organization would merely ensure that we would be dealt into the next European war before it began.

Well, suppose the Germans win. Hitler's speech of October 6th in the Reichstag remains the principal evidence as to his peace terms; and it is far from clear. Nevertheless, a few points are unmistakable. The affairs of Eastern Europe are to be settled by Germany and Russia; nobody else is concerned. The Jewish problem must be settled—by herding them into a tiny reservation, as we have since observed, and subjecting them to educational hard labor. The small nations of Eastern Europe can take what they get and like it. On the western powers Hitler appears to make no demands except "the restoration of those colonial possessions which were formerly our property." But his economic program for the future has some far-reaching implications. There must be "a real revolution in international economic life, which presupposes reorganization of the system of production in individual states. . . . Markets must be organized." That is to say, the Nazi economic system must become general, international trade must be "organized" presumably on the German system of exchanges between states, in which the weaker must take whatever the stronger

wants to get rid of. Only then, apparently, will the "leading nations of this continent one day come together to draw up a statute that will insure them all a sense of security." The small nations will presumably have to depend for their sense of security on the tolerance of their stronger neighbors.

This was stiffer in tone than the Danzig speech of September 17th; stiffer yet was Hitler's speech in Munich on November 8th: "There will be war so long as the riches of the world are not fully divided." To be sure he added that this division must be made "of free will and for the sake of justice"; and there is a considerable body of English left-wing opinion which argues that the colonies of the world should be thrown into a pool to be internationally administered. Whether this was what Hitler meant may be doubted; there has been no free will and justice about the "division" of such riches as there were in Czechoslovakia; still less for the wealth of Poland. And the German New Year's pronouncements went on to declare that the British Empire must be destroyed, after which presumably other nations would be invited to divide up their riches of free will and for the sake of justice. (Don't forget that Germany before 1914 was a prosperous country, though its colonies were few and costly; it prospered by exactly that kind of international trade that Nazi doctrine rejects.)

Nor can we afford to forget that one passage in *Mein Kampf* (p. 438) paints a picture of "peace established by the victorious sword of a master nation, that takes the world into the service of a higher Kultur." Nor, when Hitler says he has no grievances (except a few little matters of colonies) against France and England, can we afford to overlook that other observation (p. 759) that "a shrewd victor will, if possible, keep imposing his demands on the conquered by degrees." So he did with the Czechs; so, if his past record means anything, he would do with any other nation in his power.

But, say mild and kindly persons, the Nazis don't really mean all this. So the appeasers were saying a few years ago about parts of the program of *Mein Kampf* which have now been realized. Hermann Rauschning was a good German imperialist of the old school, and he dealt with the Nazis long enough and intimately enough to know how their minds work. He writes (*op. cit.*, p. 233):

The listener abroad finds it inconceivable that anyone really entertaining such plans should have the innocence to avow them. But it is not innocence—it is the subtlest cunning. It is just as effective as the practice of the famous maxim of *Mein Kampf* that any lie will be believed, if it is big enough. Any truth will be disbelieved, if it is big enough.

More Munichs is the least we could expect from a decisive German victory. Many people disapprove of the Versailles Treaty on ethical grounds, but not Adolf Hitler—except when he finds it necessary to justify something he has done as a correction of its “injustices.” He did not like that treaty because his nation was the victim; but he wrote in *Mein Kampf* (p. 766): “If I were a Frenchman, and if France's greatness were as dear to me as that of Germany is holy, I would have done nothing else than what Clemenceau did.” That too is worth remembering.

As to Allied peace aims, there is apparent a certain disparity between the British and the French. On purely practical grounds the Versailles Treaty was a bad document; it was neither generous enough to conciliate the Germans nor hard enough to crush them; it would never have suited Machiavelli, who said that the only blows it is safe to deal a man or a nation are those which are too heavy to be avenged. There is evidently considerable feeling in France, and no doubt some in England too, that if the Allies win this time they must deal the Germans that kind of blow. When Allied leaders speak, as King George did on November 12th, of the need “to rescue Europe from the perpetually re-

curring fear of German aggression,” some people in France and England—but not all and not so far as we can tell the men in authority—think that is the way to do it.

Quite aside from ethical considerations, it can't be done. As Bernard Shaw said in the last war, the only way you can really crush Germany is to kill all the women so there will be no more Germans. The French seem to hope that something can be done by a division of Germany. All statements of Allied war aims have emphasized some sort of restoration of Poland and Czechoslovakia—which is essential if the rights of small nations are to mean anything at all; but President Lebrun's statement of November 12th added “reparation of the injustice imposed by force on Austria.” There is reason to believe that this was due to the influence of the Austrian Prince Starhemberg, now an exile in Paris; and that the Austria which an element in the French government would like to restore is not the civilized and progressive Austria of the Viennese Socialists who were massacred in February, 1934, but the reactionary clerical Austria of Starhemberg who helped in the massacre—perhaps as a focus for a South German state, or a restored Danubian Empire under the Hapsburgs.

We have no reason to suppose that such a separation would last, that it would conduce to the peace of Europe any more than it would consider the rights of nationalities for which the Allies profess to be fighting. If that is the kind of peace the Allies would make, Harry Elmer Barnes is right, and all the other people who say this is a war of the pot against the kettle.

But on the English side the picture is brighter. The most recent (at this date) and most authoritative statement of British war aims and peace aims is Prime Minister Chamberlain's broadcast to the Empire on November 26th. The war aim, he said, was the defeat of Hitlerism, “that aggressive bullying mentality which seeks continually to dominate other peo-

ples by force, which finds a brutal satisfaction in the persecution and torture of inoffensive citizens, and in the name of the interests of the state justifies repudiation of its own pledged word." But then when the house is swept and garnished, to make sure that seven other devils would not move in as they did last time, Mr. Chamberlain set forth the British peace aims. A new Europe "not in the sense of redrawing the map according to the ideas of the victors" (right there is an official repudiation of a new Versailles) but a Europe in which the nations will approach their difficulties "with good will and mutual tolerance," will make necessary boundary adjustments in a conference between equals (there is your repudiation of another Paris peace conference); in which any nation's form of government is its own business "so long as that government did not pursue an external policy injurious to its neighbors."

This would be, Mr. Chamberlain admitted, a "Utopian Europe," it would take years to work it out. So there would have to be "some sort of machinery of conducting and guiding its development"—a new and better League of Nations, or of European nations—in which he hoped that "a Germany animated by a new spirit would take part."

Many people when they heard these words from Neville Chamberlain must have asked themselves, Is Saul also among the prophets? For this is the peace program of the British Left Wing—the moderate Left Wing, the Liberals and the Laborites. To hear it from Neville Chamberlain who sold out Czechoslovakia for the sake of peace—the head of the continuing organization which had earlier sold out Spain and China for the sake of peace—was perhaps the most stupendous surprise this war has yet produced. And it is a very natural reaction to suppose that he did not mean it; that it is only propaganda to secure neutral support, which would be forgotten after victory as were the Allied promises on the Fourteen Points.

Maybe so; I yield to none in my distrust of Mr. Chamberlain, and of the Hoares and Simons. But there is this about Chamberlain—he can be pushed; pushed not only by Hitler but by his own people. It appears from the present evidence that when he gave his pledge to Poland in the spring of 1939 he never expected to have to make good on it; he thought the mere threat would be enough to stop Hitler. Why, then, did he fight when Hitler invaded Poland? Chiefly, I believe, because he—and Daladier too—was pushed by public opinion, by the convictions of millions of people that anything was better than these annual crises, and payments of blackmail that never rented peace for more than a one-year lease.

Public opinion is pushing him still. He proclaimed those peace terms of November 26th because he knew that a large, active, and vocal section of British opinion wanted them, and would fight with only tepid enthusiasm for anything else. That section of British opinion is the hope of Europe.

For its peace aims accord, in broad outline, with what most neutrals want. The most influential of neutral leaders, the Pope, set forth on the day before Christmas his view as to the fundamentals of a just and honorable peace. The very first one was "the right to life and independence of all nations, large or small, strong or weak." There followed an examination of the just demands of nations and national minorities, and the establishment of an improved League of Nations and World Court, which would take account of past mistakes. Almost any neutral, certainly almost any American, could say amen to all of that; these are substantially the principles which have been set forth by the President, by Secretary Hull, and by plenty of eminent Americans in private life. As the fundamentals of a purely European settlement, almost all even of our isolationist leaders would approve them.

Adjustment of the British peace aims as proclaimed on November 26th to

these fundamentals would be merely a matter of detail; but with the peace aims as proclaimed by Hitler, or any other prominent Nazi leader, they are utterly irreconcilable.

Which means that there is hope—some hope—of a decent peace if the Allies win; if the Germans win there is no evidence on which to base any hope at all. Nor for that matter if there were a peace without victory which left Hitler (or Goering, or any of that lot) as powerful as he is at present, at home and abroad. The hope may be thin on one side of the picture; on the other, it is nonexistent.

If the Allies win, to be sure, they may betray these professions as they betrayed some of their promises at Versailles; the likelihood is the greater if the English government continues to be dominated by men who have shown themselves willing to make almost any reversal for the sake of their continuance in office. Under a Liberal or Labor government there would be good reason to hope that the promises would be kept—or under Winston Churchill, a conservative and imperialist, but a man who keeps his eyes and ears open and knows what kind of world he lives in.

The chance of the promise being kept will grow less of course the longer the war goes on and the more bitterly it is contested; a man who has seen his wife and children blown to pieces by an air bomb is going to find it hard to love his enemies. So far the British, perhaps overestimating the effective strength of opposition to Hitler among the German people, have had the wisdom not to try to bomb German cities; but when air raids on England begin in earnest we are likely to see reprisals; and every air raid on either side means that much less hope of a decent peace.

IV

But it was premised that this discussion would stick to the solid ground of selfish American interest; and it may be argued

that we have no interest in the future of Europe. Aren't we safe no matter what happens?

For the present we probably are; the Atlantic Ocean is still pretty broad for the fleets and air forces of nations which have no bases on this side; and in case of Allied disaster it is probable that Bermuda and the British and French West Indies would prefer voluntarily to attach themselves to us—or perhaps to Canada—rather than to fall into the hands of the Germans. But the South Atlantic is not so broad as the North Atlantic; and there are British and French possessions in western Africa (some of them taken from the Germans) from which, if they fell into the hands of a more aggressive power, it would be about as easy to organize an attack on South America as it would be for us to organize its defense.

Most isolationists (even Lindbergh) believe in hemisphere defense; men who insist that the fate of Europe is no concern of ours stand firm as a rock for the Monroe Doctrine. But the reason that doctrine became effective in the first place was that it had the backing of the British navy. The one intervention of the Concert of Europe in American affairs—the attempt to head off our war with Spain in April, 1898—came to nothing because everybody knew that British participation in the *démarche* was purely perfunctory, that the British navy would not back it up. The unexpressed major premise of American foreign policy for a hundred and twenty years past (with only one or two brief exceptions) has been the confidence that in case of a threat to Latin America by any other European power the British navy would be, at the very least, benevolently neutral.

This was recognized in January by Admiral Stark, Chief of Naval Operations, in asking a Congressional committee for more warships. He said frankly that the Navy had to consider all possibilities—including that of the capture or destruction of the British fleet.

So the people who say we have no interest in this war are mistaken. Whether Europe of the future is poor or prosperous, civilized or barbarous, democratic or totalitarian, may be no concern of ours (though I doubt it); but if the British navy were destroyed or fell into other hands we might have to spend billions of dollars on warships to do for us what it has done by its mere existence. Or if the war dragged on, ruinous and inconclusive; if the spirit of Munich came to prevail again, and England, France, and Germany got together—against Russia? Well, maybe; but Hitler would have to do most of the fighting against Russia, and it is hard to see why he should turn against such a useful partner in the business of world revolution. Such a getting together might tacitly release German energies for expansion elsewhere; and you could hardly blame the English for refusing to do for us what we refuse to do for them. England and France, at present, are a fence between us and Hitler. Maybe we could get along without it; but we can more comfortably take our ease in Zion so long as that fence is there.

Many of our isolationists get up a fine heat of anger about the iniquity of so many millions of colored people being ruled by the British and French. They may be right; but it was promised that this discussion, following Lindbergh's advice, would approach war issues from a purely American standpoint. It may be a matter of no concern to us who rules India, or French Equatorial Africa; but quite aside from the American colonies of England and France (and of the Netherlands, which would fall if they fell), it makes some difference to us who rules Morocco, and the British and French South Sea Islands, and perhaps even the Netherland Indies.

The British, French, and Dutch empires are static; whatever the equity of their rule over colored races (and there is no evidence that the colored races would be any better off under German rule—at least no white race ever has

been) they could go right on ruling those empires with no menace to us. The worst we could expect from a sweeping Allied victory would be intensified British competition for foreign trade—inconvenient, but no serious peril to either our peace or our prosperity. If the Germans won— Well, we know they have ambitions of undefined extent in South America, and they seem to be doing their best to foment discontent in our own country. "The actual plan of National Socialism in foreign policy," says Rauschning (*op. cit.*, p. 252) "is universal political unsettlement." And more specifically (pp. 230–231) "in the National Socialist view the political situation in America is unstable and can be developed into an outright revolution." Dismiss Rauschning as a sorehead if you like, but try not to shut your eyes to other evidence. Nazi agitation against our internal stability is not, in my opinion, a serious menace; but I may have been too much influenced by the more ludicrous side of some of our local bush-league Fascists whom I heard testifying before the Dies committee last spring. Their intentions were certainly as bad as possible; and they got plenty of propaganda literature, if nothing more, from Germany.

The French and English are conducting no such intrigues in this country, and will not if they win the war. But Nazi "dynamism," which knows no stopping place—or at least has found none yet, has used each new conquest as a springboard to jump off to something else—means a world in perpetual uproar. From the purely selfish standpoint of American interest, would we prefer a Europe (if it can be got) which seems likely to be able to run itself and let us alone or a Europe whose resources are all under the control of a "dynamic" group of world revolutionaries?

"The future world," said President Roosevelt in his message to Congress on January 3rd, "will be a shabby and dangerous place to live in—yes, even for Americans to live in—if it is ruled by

force in the hands of a few." Few Americans would deny that as a general principle. But you know what he meant as well as I do; and if you say he is wrong you must shut your eyes to most of the evidence, must say that black is white because to recognize it as black would mean giving up some soft and comfortable illusions.

V

So what? This is not an argument for American participation in the war, now or later; it is merely a suggestion that we ought to deduce our national policies from the available evidence. I have cited two reasons why we ought to keep out of the war if at all possible—the urgency of our domestic problems, and the unlikelihood that we could do Europe much good. A third reason is often mentioned—that if we went into the war we should have to abandon democracy, become a totalitarian state for the duration; I mentioned it myself two years ago, when it seemed a serious menace, but I believe it is so no longer. Too many people have seen the menace and pointed it out. The army's Industrial Mobilization Plan is certainly a blueprint for dictatorship (not a Fascist dictatorship, however, for the ruling class would be a heterogeneous collection of army officers, plutocrats, and friends of the President); and a few years ago people were saying that this must be enacted if we went to war, that you could not win a war without it. I doubt that, and suspect that the argument was overemphasized by pacifists who wanted to make war even more terrible than it really is.

The British, fighting a war in their own front yard, retain far more freedom than this plan would leave us; I do not see why we could not retain most of our freedom if we fought a war three thousand miles away. The laws which embody that plan would have to be passed by Congress, and with a vigorous public uproar Congress would be afraid to

pass them. If we lose our freedom that way it will mean that we were too lazy to deserve to keep it.

Nevertheless, there are those other two reasons for staying out. The urgency of our domestic problems need not be emphasized; as to what we might do for Europe there may be more debate. But we didn't do much for Europe the last time, and there is no point in intervening again if the job has to be done over every twenty years. Many people believe that if we had joined the League of Nations all this would not have happened; I used to believe that myself, but now I am not so sure. We did not get very much of what we wanted into the Treaty of Versailles, and everything we did get in was bitterly resented by some European nation. If we had joined the League it would not have been merely a matter of sending delegates to Geneva, to give Europe high moral advice; it would have meant a continuous and active participation in European politics—onerous, expensive, and sometimes dangerous. So it would again. If Europe cannot save itself we cannot save it, and we had better not try. One of the healthiest signs at present is that the talk in England of a new and stronger League is of a purely European League. With such a league we could get along very well—at a distance.

There are high-minded and influential Americans who see us keeping out of war and then going in when it is over to bestow a just peace on Europe—peace sent down like a dove from on high. Europe would not like that—probably not the peace terms, certainly not the air of moral superiority to those who had done the fighting which they would imply. We can impose a peace according to our own notions only if Europe is prostrate and starving, and had to promise anything to get fed; as soon as the European nations could feed themselves again those promises would go into the waste basket.

We had better stop thinking that we can enjoy both the material benefits of

isolation and the complacency of moral superiority. We are keeping out of the war for the same reason that England and France are in it—in our own interest. If we want to resettle Europe we shall have to pay for it, one way or another; we might pay for it and then discover that we had settled nothing after all. Better let Europe settle itself, if it can.

But suppose it can't; or suppose, which is more probable and more serious, that it settles itself the wrong way; that the Germans win the war, or begin to win it. I don't know what we should do in that case or if it would be advisable to do anything; but our policy, whatever it might be, would have to be based on the recognition that the world situation had completely changed, that some of the comfortable buttresses of our security had been pulled out from under us. The major premise of this commentary was that the situation would be regarded from a purely American standpoint, the minor premise was that we ought to look at all the available facts; a conclusion which amounts to nothing but "wait and see" may be disappointing. To say that this is a war between the pot and the kettle, that nothing about it concerns us and we ought to keep out of it, is logical enough; and so it is to say that this is a struggle to preserve civilization and we ought to be in there helping out. But to say, as I have tried to say, that Europe has some hope for a decent future if the Allies win and none at all if Nazism and Communism triumph, that it makes a considerable difference to selfish American interests which side comes out on top—to say all that and still to argue that we ought to keep out if we can may seem to make no sense at all.

Well, it may be poor logic but it is sound politics. Nobody else goes crusading for another nation; England and France are fighting for themselves after refusing to fight for Czechoslovakia (at which time they would have fought for themselves too, with far better chances of success); even the extensive help the Swedes are giving the Finns is dictated

by the realization that if Finland falls Sweden falls next. But we need not expect that our national interests will be defended (except indirectly and accidentally) by anybody but ourselves. The best way to keep out of the war is to keep the war out of us, by every means we can. The three-hundred-mile safety zone would have been a good idea if it had been limited to the area that could be effectively patrolled—the waters off the eastern coast of the United States and the Caribbean—and had been ruthlessly enforced in that area; we may come back to it.

And we might find it necessary to go farther; I don't know. If the British navy is defeated or seriously threatened with defeat we had better think hard about what that will mean to purely American interests; and take whatever action might seem advisable to defend those interests. That certainly would not require complete participation in the war—whatever "complete" participation may mean in a war like this; we could look out for ourselves by action limited in scope, and probably limited in time as well—assuming that we had to do anything at all. We fought a limited undeclared war with France in 1798 to protect our own interests, as a sideshow to a world war in which we had no part; we could do that again if we had to. That any American interest would be served by again sending an army to Europe seems to me inconceivable; the Europeans do not seem to know what to do with the armies they have in the field now. Thanks to the accidents of economics and sea power, we are giving considerable material help to the Allies; and the long Congressional debate produced no evidence that the majority of the American people object to that. To say it is "unneutral" in an age when the gradations between war and peace, between neutrality and belligerency are infinite is nonsense. We are a good deal more neutral toward Germany than is Germany toward Finland. Our cash-and-carry law suspends wisely, I be-

lieve—certain neutral rights, because we do not think it is worth while fighting the Germans to enforce them; but in theory those rights are not abandoned. It has been argued that we ought to refrain from diplomatic contention with the British about other neutral rights abridged by the British censorship and blockade, but that argument is hard to follow. Certainly we shall do nothing but protest, and the British know it; even if, as seems unlikely, our protests were heeded, the British conduct of the war would not be seriously hampered. But to let them get away with everything without protest would encourage a conviction of superior right that would make the English hard to live with after the war. It is another stupidity of British policy to rub American feeling the wrong way when the present sympathy of the majority of Americans is one of their more considerable assets.

To sit tight, to keep the record clear, to keep out of this war so long as it—and its clear and immediate implications—keeps out of us; to do any fighting that we may be forced to do for the protection of American interests, but only to the extent that those interests may require—that seems to me a sane national policy. A selfish policy, but it was premised that there would be no altruism in this discussion, that it would stick to national interest.

Unfortunately there is not only national interest but national emotion. An expert on foreign affairs remarked to me early in the neutrality debate in Congress, "Right now the sentiment of this country is dominated by fear; at any moment it may be dominated by anger. Either one is an unsound basis for national policy."

He was right. The Finnish issue brought a conflict between two emotions which at this writing is not resolved. We love Finland, our hearts bleed for Finland; but when the Finns naïvely expected us to do something about it, our sympathy ran into head-on collision

with fear of "involvement"—a quite rational apprehension reinforced by irrational panic. We are going to get more of that conflict, and more intensively, when or if German bombers begin to abolish London and Paris; still more perhaps when or if the German army overflows the Netherlands. Mr. Walter Lippmann approached the Finnish question from the standpoint of national interest, arguing that effective help to Finland now corks a bottle, keeps the war from overflowing Scandinavia; that makes sense. Whenever the next and more serious question arises, for God's sake, approach that too from the standpoint of national interest—taking into account the immense national interests that would be injured by any step toward participation in the war, as well as interests that might be served by a limited intervention; but don't decide on the basis of either rage or panic.

Meanwhile, as Freda Kirchwey wrote in *The Nation* on January 13th, "American involvement is less likely if continued large-scale material help is sent to the Allied countries. The best chance for preserving American neutrality lies in a quick victory for the Western powers. . . . A long war will increase the demand for a vindictive peace. Only the early collapse of Hitler's power offers promise of the kind of settlement the world needs." I believe every word of that. To those who say that we ought to be in there now helping to bring about that collapse of Hitler's power, which will not fall without a lot of pushing, I can only reply that it seems to me that the material supplies which we are now sending to the Allies are what they need now; that anything else, at present, would accomplish no good at all commensurate with its cost. To those who say that we must shun involvement no matter what happens it might be said that whenever we judge that direct American interests are threatened we are damned fools if we leave defense of those interests to Providence.



NEWS-LETTERS: A REVOLUTION IN JOURNALISM

BY FERDINAND LUNDBERG

A REVOLUTION has been quietly undermining the foundations of world journalism. This revolution is the work of the news-letters, which some day may be regarded as the greatest new departure in the newspaper business since the invention of the telegraph, the linotype, and the rotary press.

At the start of the nineteenth century newspapers were relatively high in price and were read by few people. Later, mechanical invention, the growth of population, and the spread of literacy made the cheap newspaper and enormous circulations possible. In time, as international news services and huge chains were put together, newspapers became great business institutions. But once full growth was attained the number of papers shrank, competition dwindled, news patterns became frozen. The sulphurous and often informed editorials of an earlier day gradually shaded off into the tiresome rehearsal of safe commonplaces or simply drivel. Then, at the very time when the newspapers were congealing in this phase, the dynamic news-letter appeared.

News-letters have since multiplied like rabbits. To-day anybody who has something to say or who has genuine news may with a typewriter, a mimeograph machine, and a mailing list reach a fairly extensive audience. Great capital resources are not needed. Not only have the news-letters built up their own audiences on a financial shoestring but they have placed the press magnates in

an awkward position. For if the press ignores vital material that the news-letters print then the newspapers are in danger of being regarded as unreliable by the informed public. And if the newspaper takes tips from news-letters—as most of them do to avoid being outflanked—then they no longer have exclusive judgment on what shall enter the news-stream.

So the newspapers are caught between two fires. The radio stations are competing briskly with them for the advertisers' dollars and the news-letters are disputing with them over what constitutes news. One line in a major news-letter—swiftly relayed round the world—can change public opinion. It was a news-letter that broke the story of the English abdication crisis. A news-letter can penetrate a censorship and has done so in England and Germany. A news-letter can force newspapers to save face by picking up and transmitting to the wider public what has been previously withheld, overlooked, or ignored. In a word, the news-letters have become a real power.

The news-letter is a mimeographed, multigraphed, or printed publication of from two to ten pages, issued weekly, bi-weekly, or monthly. Its circulation varies from a few hundred to between thirty and forty thousand. The most profitable news-letters are produced by a specialized staff of about thirty people, including journalists, economists, law-

yers, political analysts, typists, and stenographers. A news-letter may deal with affairs of world or national interest, or it may specialize in foreign affairs, labor problems, advertising, finance, or agriculture. In format, but not in content, the news-letters resemble the periodic bank and brokerage house market reports which multiplied in the United States and Western Europe from 1850 onward. The chief purpose of most of these letters was the stimulation of market trade.

Published in the great cities, close to circles in which important decisions are made in politics and finance, the news-letters have this outstanding mark of difference from a newspaper: they publish only what their editors, after careful analysis, believe true, highly probable, or worth knowing. Newspapers, on the other hand, publish much that their editors know to be untrue—assertions in speeches by public figures, for example—even though it is true that such assertions have been made. A newspaper cannot ignore a full-dress presidential address, but a news-letter may say, "The President's talk is discounted here as political window-dressing in an election year. Pay no attention to it." This saves argument, much space, and may give a more accurate perspective.

The news-letter ignores the mass of crimes, divorces, accidents, deaths, routine scandals, sports events, public spectacles, and the like. It omits all advertising and cartoons, photographs, comic strips, market reports, and similar standardized newspaper stuff. The best examples of the news-letter try to reach behind personalities and events in order to feel out public policy in the making. In doing this they may even have an effect upon the final form of that policy.

Only a small part of the daily newspaper is given over to the news, however valuable the non-news content may be; and a good deal of what is news by current standards is news of only limited significance. Much of the voluminous

report in the best daily metropolitan papers is of course useful; it makes possible a constant check on the daily course of events before trends have been established and supplies factual details that could be obtained in no other way. The newspapers are in no danger of being supplanted by the news-letters. But they are being supplemented and their power to influence public opinion is being affected.

II

The father of the modern news-letter is Percival Huntington Whaley, lawyer-journalist, who with another lawyer-journalist, Henry M. Eaton, launched the Whaley-Eaton Service in Washington, D. C., September, 1918. Born in Hartford, Connecticut, in 1880, Whaley was graduated from Kenyon College, Ohio, in 1901, then studied law at Tulane University. From 1909 to 1913 he wrote editorials for the *Charleston News and Courier* and from 1914 to 1918 was editor-in-chief of Cyrus H. K. Curtis's *Philadelphia Evening Ledger*. Eaton, whose son Harry has assumed some of his active duties, was born in Titusville, Pennsylvania, in 1869, was graduated from Cornell University in 1890, practiced law and did newspaper work in Erie, Pennsylvania, and became managing editor first of the *Philadelphia Press*, then of the *Public Ledger*, and finally of the *Evening Ledger*.

As related by Mr. Whaley—a slight, low-voiced, slow-spoken man, with carefully appraising brown eyes and dark gnomelike features—the idea of the news-letter grew out of dissatisfaction with the newspaper editorial page, which had become increasingly timorous, unprecise, and unenlightening in the interpretation of news. The wartime censorship did not, according to Mr. Whaley, lead to the creation of the present-day news-letter; for plans for such a project had been made before the United States entered the World War. But after the war business men as well as others came to believe that there was much indirect

censorship, governmental and private, of the news. There was a growing skepticism of commercial and political propaganda. This feeling, encouraged by all the talk of censorship and propaganda during the War, was bolstered by the experience of business men themselves, with newspaper publishers only too eager to please by beating the drum when it served private interest. Business men came to rely increasingly upon news-letters.

Business people still feel, as they report to the news-letter services, that all Washington Administrations exercise an indirect censorship through officials who discriminate socially and professionally against independent-minded journalists. Business people also believe that through advertising much private censorship is exercised over news, even though editorial policy is not dictated by advertisers. They think that the consciousness of a unity of interest with advertisers must affect the vision of a newspaper publisher. They feel that a newspaper with a large capital investment is not likely to take a pessimistic view of the business or political trend even when such a view is warranted by the facts.

It is difficult for newspapers to take a level view of a political Administration that has gained the hostility of large-scale advertisers. Newspapers find it hard to be critical of public policies advocated by economic blocs that have heavy advertising appropriations, even when such policies are not helpful to the business community as a whole.

But advertising cannot be held uniquely to blame for newspaper shortcomings. Politically subsidized Communist newspapers, for example, do not depend on advertising, and yet they "edit" and distort news as it serves their purpose. Whatever unity exists between a newspaper and a non-journalistic agency, political or commercial, is bound to have a modifying effect upon editorial attitudes. And as far as American conditions are concerned, many business people think that the consciousness of a

unity of interest with advertisers must affect the vision of a newspaper publisher.

The news-letters escape whatever influence large advertisers bring. They escape the "censorship by maneuver" of Washington officials. The news-letters assume that public officials sometimes "make news" on behalf of their own projects, and that they abuse their news-making privileges. News-letters feel free to ignore or play down such utterances; whereas newspapers can't, or at least do not feel so free to do so. Washington press conferences are often so arranged as to force the correspondents to give the public a certain impression of affairs. News-letter reporters in Washington do not attend these conferences.

How the news-letters do obtain their material will be explained. How they will continue to obtain and distribute relatively unvarnished news in the event that the United States enters another war and installs general censorship is a problem their editors now refuse to contemplate, although some of them fear the worst. Outsiders believe they will be secretly brought under the wing of the government, their prestige among key people capitalized for war purposes, their reports doctored under the threat of being refused the mails. The editor of one widely read news-letter says that he will suspend publication rather than submit to any dictation.

Within two years of the launching of the Whaley-Eaton Letter (which is subdivided into separately sold "American Letters," "Foreign Letters," "Far Eastern Supplements" to the Foreign Letters, "Trade Reports," and special reports on specific situations for which subscribers request coverage) there were scores of imitations started in Washington. All of them failed. Since 1921 many other imitations have failed. The only really successful Washington rival to Whaley-Eaton (its clientele and style are different) is the Kiplinger Washington Letter, founded in 1921 by Willard Monroe Kiplinger. Kiplinger was born in Ohio

in 1891, was graduated from Ohio State in 1912, and from then until 1924 was a newspaper man and magazine writer. For a time he was Associated Press reporter covering the United States Treasury. Like Whaley-Eaton, the Kiplinger service now provides a number of special letters. It has the largest news-letter circulation, estimated at between 30,000 and 40,000 copies a week—the subscription is \$18 a year. Whaley-Eaton's circulation is probably between 6,000 and 7,000 copies and the subscription runs from \$25 to \$30. None of the letter agencies furnishes actual circulation figures.

A more recently launched news-letter, the "Business and Legislation Report," is issued by the Research Institute (formerly The Tax Research Institute), from New York but with Washington as the source of news. This ten-page letter is one of the enterprises of a large business that compiles encyclopedic loose-leaf legislation "co-ordinators" to enable business men to keep track of the flood of conflicting laws and regulations let loose by the New Deal. Consequently it has the services of an extremely large supplementary staff.

This Institute service represents a new twist in news-letters. A little more than five years old, grown from a two-man staff in a single office to occupy now huge offices, it not only covers the Washington scene but also systematically adapts itself to the requirements of more than 20,000 member-clients. It sends out every three months complicated membership questionnaires in order to determine what coverage the member-subscribers require. Another wrinkle introduced by the "Business and Legislation Report" is that it not only systematically obtains answers for its clients but makes flat recommendations about what the clients must do in the way of adjusting themselves to public policies. These two innovations are believed by the Research Institute to be largely responsible for its phenomenal growth to a leading position among news-letters.

These three letter agencies—Whaley-Eaton, Kiplinger, and Research Institute and their subdivisions—probably have 90 per cent of the total circulation of the commercial news-letters. Others include "Congressional Intelligence," "Manufacturers News Letter," Chester Wright's "Labor Letter," a new weekly letter by David Lawrence, a Babson Letter included with the Babson financial service, and Franklin Roudybush's "Week by Week," staffed by diplomatic, army, and naval experts, containing as a rule devastatingly shrewd forecasts in foreign affairs. Lawrence Dennis, former investment banker and dabbler in fascist theories, sells for \$24 a year the "Weekly Foreign Letter," which, like these others, contains much information and many views not found—until later—in the newspapers. Less well-established is "The Insider," published by Johannes Steel and Charles Hedges.

Published for profit (which becomes substantial in the case of Whaley-Eaton and Kiplinger services), the most successful of these letters without apology examine all events from the point of view of intensely class-conscious business men, because, as one editor explains, business men are the only ones willing and able as a group to pay the relatively high price for the "lowdown." But even so the leading services find among their clients professors, lawyers, labor leaders, diplomats, radical theorists, historians, economists, and plain students of public policy as well as newspaper editors and commentators. Some corporations, forbidden to reproduce the letters in quantity as they once tried to do, have scores of subscriptions for all their department heads.

III

The news-letter technic has been seized upon by a number of groups and individuals concerned neither with making a profit nor guiding business men, but rather with spreading information or views of certain kinds as a public service. Although such letters would be labeled

by some observers as "propaganda," they are no more propaganda than the commercial news-letters, whose proprietors frankly admit to bias or "slant." In admitting bias the newsletter editors are much franker than most newspaper editors.

These non-commercial news-letters have found that when they have genuine news to present they are well received by newspapers, columnists, and radio commentators, who freely take whatever they feel will interest a wider public. Because of this journalistic acceptance of news from unorthodox sources, newspapers to-day are giving broader and sharper coverage of public affairs than formerly.

One such non-commercial letter, published in New York by a group of non-Communist liberals and radicals, is the "Inside Germany Reports," which devotes itself to breaking down the Nazi censorship for the outside world through publication of authentic smuggled reports about conditions in Germany. A similar publication is "Uncensored," edited by a former *New York Times* and *Time* writer, Sidney Hertzberg. This letter, recently established and already widely used as a news source, devotes itself to disseminating information calculated to create an informed public opinion that will operate to keep the United States from involving itself in another war, the editorial theory being that participation in large-scale war as advocated by interventionists will mean internal social disaster to the country. Another letter of the same general character is "The Hour," which concerns itself with bringing to light fascist movements in the United States. Influential work in this field has also been done by "News Research Service" of Hollywood. Then there is the "Economic Council Letter," published by the New York State Economic Council, Inc., under Merwin K. Hart, creator of a new work of militant rightwing organizations adapted to nearly every issue of the day. Hart's letter specializes in ultra-patriotic, anti-liberal, and anti-radical points of view, with emphasis upon

greater economies in public educational budgets.

The news-letter technique has been boldly adopted also by a band of quite obvious racketeers, who employ it under high-sounding names to distribute from hole-in-the-wall addresses anti-Semitic, anti-Catholic, anti-New Deal, and Ku Klux Klan scoundrelism, and it has even been taken up by foreign governments in an effort to reach American citizens behind the backs of the newspapers. Several circular letters from Germany have been dumped by Italian ships at American ports, the addresses apparently obtained from polling lists or telephone books. One Robert de Vigan, of Le Havre, France, is sending out a regular "Letter to an American," which represents the Allies as conducting a wholly altruistic struggle for the eternal verities. A number of minor letters in circulation are rumored to be inspired by the German Intelligence Service, but there is no need to buy them as they reach a very limited audience and their intent is obvious. All in all, there appear to be hundreds of news-letters of all types in Europe and the United States.

The news-letter technique lends itself also to individual use. Recently the true reader of one of New York's professional liberal weeklies circularized the New York subscribers with a detailed homographical reply to an offending article, much to the chagrin of the editors. Forster Targent, Boston educator and publisher of a series of handbooks for private schools, has since May, 1939, taken to issuing in mimeographed form a circular letter to several thousand persons on his mailing list. Anti-war, anti-Brown, anti-Hoover in tone, the "Targent Bulletin" quotes widely from the periodical and newspaper press, does not pretend to have original sources of information, seeks only to collate all the evidence into a readable and one-sided argument. It occupies a niche of its own among circular newsletters and is guaranteed to leave the lay reader either profoundly satisfied or apoplectic.

IV

The most thorough job of aping the American news-letters has been done in Great Britain. Outstanding British news-letters, among many, are "The King-Hall Letter," "The Whitehall Letter," "The Week," and "Memorandum of Information," the latter edited by Kenneth de Courcy for the Imperial Policy Group of London. De Courcy's letter has been an unacknowledged source of material for a number of the strongest pro-Ally American newspaper columnists, has consequently reached a large audience beyond its circle of British subscribers. A sample of its message from the October 27, 1939, issue is: "We are fighting against forces which are out for the destruction of Christianity and the complete material domination of mankind."

"The Week" is the best known among Americans although its British circulation is considerably smaller than that of "The King-Hall Letter." For special reasons "The Week" is probably the most fascinating of all the news-letters. Published in London by Claud Cockburn since March, 1933, "The Week" is the outpost and most strategic section of the special Soviet propaganda network set up after Hitler came to power, although for long it passed as merely "liberal" and anti-fascist in its political coloration. It was able until recently to do this with some success because it published news and views in support of the "Popular Front."

From the beginning "The Week" was strongly pro-Soviet, but ostensibly only because the Soviet Union stood for world peace and was believed to be opposed to fascism and "aggression." Since the Hitler-Stalin treaty, however, "The Week" has boldly justified the Polish and Finnish invasions, has seriously contended that Finland planned to invade Russia with English help, and has soft-pedalled its earlier anti-fascism. Written in a persuasive essay style, avoiding Communist clichés, "The Week" contrasts sharply with the matter-of-factness of Kiplinger,

Whaley-Eaton, The Research Institute, "Week by Week," and "Uncensored." Cockburn was originally with the *Times* of London and served about a year and a half in its Washington bureau, which he left in July, 1932. In the late summer of 1932 he attended at Amsterdam the first Congress Against War and Fascism, organized by the Communist International, and at the Congress was introduced to Willi Muzenberg, German Communist member of the Reichstag, the so-called unofficial Soviet Ambassador to Berlin, and publisher of the once popular "A.I.Z." (*Arbeiter Illustrierte Zeitung*).

Former associates say that Cockburn, upon his return to England, joined the Communist Party, became the foreign editor of the London *Daily Worker*, Communist organ, and traveled in Spain for this newspaper under the name of Pitcairn. While reporting the Spanish war he turned over "The Week" to subordinates. Whether Cockburn is or was a member of the Communist Party is not, however, as important as the indisputable fact that "The Week," still accepted by many as an "independent" publication, accurately reflects the changes of the Communist "line."

"The Week" was originally backed in England by numerous "Friends of the Soviet Union," some of whom are Labor peers that now support the government. Through pro-Soviet members of the Labor Opposition and disgruntled Tories Cockburn was able from the beginning to get much authentic information not published by the newspapers. Other sources have been the diplomatic correspondents of London and Paris newspapers and foreign correspondents in London who all, as an authoritative informant says, "become vexed at having dope their own papers won't print and give it to Claud rather than have it go to waste." But the most important source of information and guidance for "The Week" has probably been the London agents of the Soviet Foreign Office and "The Week" has been used to send up many Soviet trial balloons.

Although the English circulation of "The Week" is not more than 6,000 copies (estimated) and the American circulation probably not more than 2,000 (since the Hitler-Stalin treaty an American edition is published in New York, its contents cabled from London, thus making impossible any complete suppression by the British authorities), its views have been dispersed, usually without credit as to source, through hundreds of newspapers. Throughout the Popular Front period of Soviet policy "The Week" inspired many of the rationalizations of Soviet policy that appeared in various professional liberal publications, notably in the United States. At a loss for explanations of such phenomena as the Moscow trials, editors had only to turn to "The Week" to find the "true" explanation set forth. The Communist editors of the New York *Daily Worker* have also when stumped faithfully turned to "The Week," frequently quoting it verbatim. The *Daily Worker* quotes "The Week" as though it were an outside, non-Communist authority that miraculously comes to independent conclusions that square with Soviet policy.

If "The Week," as in predicting the Munich Agreement, anticipates, it also suppresses. Rumors of the possibility of a Nazi-Soviet treaty preceded the signing of the treaty by several months in non-Stalinist publications, for example, but "The Week" failed to prepare its readers for the event, diligent though it was in ferreting out advance hints of other news developments.

"The Week" has put over two big journalistic coups in its brief career. The first coup was limited to England alone and consisted of publishing the news of the pre-abdication crisis while all English newspapers were silent. As foreign newspapers also published this information, Cockburn cannot be credited with unique enterprise, but because of what he printed "The Week" achieved wide prestige as a source of unusual news in England and was generally quoted by

the non-English press. Cockburn's masterpiece from a propaganda standpoint, however, was the creation of "The Cliveden Set," about which dispatches and editorials inundated the world press.

That English foreign policy was being made by a small aristocratic group in some one of the great country houses was not news except to the hopelessly uninformed. English foreign policy has always been made by a small aristocratic group. But when Cockburn served up this old fact in the fancy new sauce of "The Cliveden Set" he disturbed the English public to the bottom of its patriotic soul. A small group should not, it was popularly felt, thus commit the whole English people without so much as a public declaration of intentions. The story unquestionably did the anti-Soviet Chamberlain government much harm and stirred popular suspicions to the depths, and these suspicions were not dispelled by the vehement denials. "The Week" again was a source of embarrassment to the British government when after the declaration of war against Germany it took up in matter-of-fact tones the possibility of general, government-inspired wage reductions throughout all British industry.

V

Editors Whaley, Kiplinger, and Leo M. Cherne (of The Research Institute) admit that they do not publish everything that comes to hand, that they make an effort to be "constructive" and pro-business. Their letters, for example, are reticent about the activities of business lobbies and the corporation lawyers in Washington—a field for an entirely new type of letter. But whatever their policy, they say more than is relished in high political places. The President at his press conferences has of late taken to speaking disparagingly about "tipster sheets." Since the racketeer type of news-letters have been pretty well discredited, some observers think that the President must have in mind the regular

Washington letters that tend to cramp him by focussing unwelcome attention on obscure government maneuvers.

Some officials and the general run of Washington newspaper men are more hostile than friendly to the news-letters. They deride the alleged claim to sources of "inside information" even though the news-letters are careful to state repeatedly that they do not have such sources. Sources of inside information, the news-letter proprietors explain, would be both dangerous and unreliable—dangerous because of the possibility of exposure and scandal, unreliable because policy is always shifting.

How, then, do the news-letters obtain their information?

The Whaley-Eaton Service gets a large part of its information by knowing what questions to ask before the newspapers are even aware that such questions exist. These questions are supplied as they come to mind by the Whaley-Eaton clients, who are in the main diplomats, bankers, corporation lawyers, and important political leaders and industrialists. Primed with such "inside" questions, and with additional questions forwarded by its London office, its Tokyo office, its twelve American offices, and its correspondents in leading cities throughout the world, members of the Whaley-Eaton Washington staff put the inquiries directly before the highest available governmental authority and ask his opinion. This opinion is a valuable guide to a conclusion, but taken into consideration also are (1) general background, (2) forces that are controlling in the Washington scene, (3) the general credibility of the official, and (4) important supporting or counter opinions of officials or political leaders. By a process of inference and discussion at staff conferences the answer to the question is then sought and the findings are published, sometimes as positive, sometimes as conjectural but with probabilities indicated.

Members of the Whaley-Eaton staff do not attend any press conferences. The staff members—but not the editors,

who hold aloof—maintain a series of wide social contacts throughout Washington officialdom, and what they learn through such contacts has weight in making judgments at editorial conferences although all reports are critically evaluated.

Members of the Kiplinger staff are also instructed to avoid all press conferences as likely to distort their judgment. They are discouraged from cultivating social contacts with high officials on the theory—dismissed by Whaley-Eaton—that social friendships sometimes make it impossible to present the full news picture. The Kiplinger office, however, pays great attention to sub-officials, technicians, and obscure "thinkers" in the government and makes a practice of sedulously cultivating the various lobbies and pressure groups on the theory that these latter give a preview of what Congress and the Administrative officials will or will not do. With the information in hand, pros are balanced against cons, and inference and background knowledge are brought into play.

The Kiplinger clients consist largely of business men, great and small, as well as the usual percentage of non-business subscribers. There is hardly a small town in the country that has not a few Kiplinger subscribers, and in the big cities such as Chicago and New York they run into the thousands. This clientele, probably somewhat less international-minded than the Whaley-Eaton clientele, enables the Kiplinger office to obtain many valuable "grass-roots" questions in its daily mail. Until a client writes in about some matter, all the news-letter agencies may know as little about it as anyone else. But sometimes a question, originally propounded by one or two unconnected persons, may lead to the early discovery either of a public policy in the making or of the necessity for such a public policy. The secret lies in knowing what questions to ask.

Both the Kiplinger and Whaley-Eaton offices receive much information directly and gratuitously, information that

the outside public may assume to have been obtained in devious ways. Government officials sometimes "tell on themselves" by giving information they know would be presented with too much noise by the newspapers; they feel the story will be more quietly received if first issued through a news-letter. Sometimes such information appears to be personally embarrassing, and often it would be if it were withheld until uncovered with a flourish by a prowling newspaper man. By making the information public through a news-letter the official sometimes forestalls any later outcry that it was being kept secret.

Again, officials in disagreement about some line of policy being hammered out within the government, and knowing that in a straight fight with their chiefs they would lose, pass the fight to the outside world by making disclosures, confidentially, to the news-letters. If the disclosure was made to a newspaper man, it is felt, its source might more easily be traced through political connections of the newspaper publisher, although some newspaper men do not even disclose their sources of information to their employers, and would flatly decline to disclose them even on peremptory demand. Officials are inclined to feel more at ease in such cases with the news-letters, knowing them to be free of advertising or political commitments.

The story is told about an assistant in one government division during the recent New Deal who told a news-letter of a policy being secretly pursued by his chief. The chief was enraged by the disclosure. Soon afterward, while making a public speech, the chief vehemently denied there was any truth in the story, which had been picked up and commented upon by the general press, and called upon his assistant, who was with him on the platform, to corroborate him. This the assistant gravely did, but further inquiry by the newspapers disclosed that the news-letter had been correct and in the ensuing hullabaloo the secret policy was reversed.

VI

Sometimes the news-letters are so far ahead in their predictions that they are embarrassed, and sometimes face a crisis in the esteem of their subscribers. The Whaley-Eaton Service for March 27, 1928, anticipated much of the New Deal by four years in the following paragraph on "Unemployment":

European opinion is that, whether or not unemployment has already developed on a large scale in the United States, the machine age is certain to produce it. The United States, it is argued, will inevitably be forced into development of social policies, heretofore ignored, such as unemployment insurance, old-age insurance, incapacity insurance, etc., all to be conducted by the Government but with employer and employee contributions. Europe expects these forms of social aid to become an American political issue, if not in this election then certainly in the 1932 campaign.

Wrong in indicating that these might be issues in the 1932 campaign, the prognosis was, nevertheless, in substance correct. Whaley-Eaton very often, by obtaining European estimates of American trends and American estimates of European trends, is strikingly forehanded. Kiplinger, working in another way, is similarly successful, and foretold much of the New Deal.

The Research Institute by announcing two weeks ahead of time that General Motors would sign a contract with the C.I.O. and that the C.I.O. would substantially win the General Motors strike brought down on its head the irate denunciations of many of its members. Had the settlement been delayed by several months, says Mr. Cherne, the editor, this news-letter might have been wrecked. In pursuing its policy of telling clients what is so rather than what the clients think they want to hear, the Research Institute early in the Spanish civil war said that the Loyalist government was not Communist but was a coalition including Communists and that the Franco government was not Nationalist but Fascist. This brought demands for "retraction," which the Institute re-

fused to make, and events themselves brought corroboration. The newspapers in the main, wary of pressure groups, represented the struggle, until the final stages of the war, as one between international Communism and Spanish Nationalism.

The Research Institute is proudest of its accomplishment in accurately forecasting every Supreme Court decision of major significance during the New Deal, both the decisions prior to the President's "reform" of the Court and those following. It came close to predicting the actual division of the Court in many instances, hit the division right on the head in one instance. But this accuracy in scientific inference was itself a source of embarrassment, because it gave rise to the unjustified rumor that the Institute had a pipeline into the Court.

The many individual anticipations of the news by the news-letters are probably less noteworthy than the fact that over a period the news-letters give a much different over-all impression of public affairs than the newspapers do. Although the papers may in time carry the same material, they also print much contradictory matter that clouds and confuses the true situation.

At the close of the special session of Congress in 1939, that saw the amendment of the Neutrality Act, the newspapers were full of assertions and counter-assertions about what the action would accomplish. In general the public impression, encouraged by the White House, was that peace for the United States had been safeguarded.

The Kiplinger letter of November 4, 1939, however, summarized the session as follows:

Embargo repeal now clears the way for a lot of new developments, many of which have angles of applied business interest. Emphasis will be on domestic issues, internal politics. But at the elbow, influencing everything will be the war. Will U. S. be dragged in? There's no flat-Yes, and no flat-No.

During neutrality debate our officials have shown a tendency to play up all facts which support the theory that the answer is flat-No, and

to play down all facts which raised a doubt. The motive in this was partly to calm the fears which might impede the repeal of embargo. Now there will be a new style of talk . . . prepare for POSSIBILITY of war. Not to frighten, not to alarm, but with the claim of being realistic.

Thus big new push for army-&-navy funds, promoted by the talk of the POSSIBILITY of U. S. involvement. And army-navy funds mean more spending, which the government desires, partly because it is considered desirable business-boosting influence. Watch the evolution of governmental styles of talk. But stripping off the changing poses, weighing all information, and piecing together many of the intangibles, our opinion is . . .

That U. S. certainly will not be involved within 6 months. That U. S. probably will not be involved within the next year. (By "probably" we mean perhaps 3-to-1.) That as for 1941, no one is qualified to see so far ahead, and no opinion is more than a guess.

Public opinion is the key. In the interior it is more anti-war than along the Atlantic seaboard. This difference is shown by many signs, including our own incoming correspondence from business men in all parts. Seems that public opinion will not swing to war within next 6 months, and probably will not within a year. (It's a year to elections.)

Government is responsive to public opinion, notably in election year, but government also has ways of CREATING opinion which it wishes to "follow." This is why we urge (again) a constructive skepticism of government actions.

During the depths of the "Hoover Depression" the newspapers were all insistently optimistic and the news-letters were very sober. At the present time, in presenting conflicting opinions about the possibility of American involvement in the war, the newspapers give no basis for a clear-cut conclusion, and the strongest impression that emerges is that which is inspired by the White House: all Administration actions are taken with the thought of keeping the United States out of war. The impression that emerges after a reading of the major Washington news-letters for recent months, however, is that the United States is being consciously groomed by the Administration for participation in the war if it lasts long enough and if no determined political opposition to such participation arises within the country.

This view is very forcefully presented, for example, in the Research Institute's "Business and Legislation Report" of January 20, 1940, which says, "The important question now, therefore, is whether the United States will be brought into that emergency to an extent which will result in the utilization of the far-reaching controls just summarized. In his opening address to Congress the President scoffed at the danger of *military* participation in *Europe's* war. He didn't, however, say anything about *Asia* or *economic* participation. If there is any doubt about the ease with which this nation could be brought to participate *economically*, keep your eyes on the efforts which are being made in Congress and by Administrative lending agencies to extend financial aid to Finland and the Scandinavian countries . . . it is probable, in an increasing degree, that the United States WILL become an economic participant in Europe's war, if the war continues. . . . The American danger point is, however, essentially not in Europe, *but in Asia*. The greater England's involvement on the European continent becomes, the more probable will be America's participation in policing the Pacific."

In the newspapers the economic aid being given the Allies appears to be

purely platonic, predicated mainly on the fact that they are "democracies." In the news-letters such aid is seen to indicate that the United States has already taken sides in the struggle for world politico-economic stakes, will see that England and France win even if it means armed American participation.

By conveying such an impression, by urging skepticism of the Administration's utterances, the news-letters enable their influential audience to make up its collective mind and to make its opinion felt through Congressmen in Washington. If the fears of the business community about the carefully thought out and remorselessly logical Mobilization Plan prove stronger than the Administration's wish to preserve the world supremacy of the Allies, it is clear on the basis of what the news-letters are sending out that there will be a knock-down-and-drag-out political fight against armed intervention by the United States.

The news-letters have, in brief, made two important new discoveries. Significant news is not what is happening all over the world but what is happening within a few square city blocks of the world's surface. Vital news is not what has happened; such news is water over the dam, beyond control. Vital news is *what is going to happen*.





THAT WOMAN

A STORY

BY NANCY HALE

MEN outnumber women by a considerable percentage in the United States, it is reported, and this sounds splendid except that in actual practice in many places there just aren't enough extra men, and a girl has the very devil of a time getting a beau for her exclusive use. This is particularly so in the small proud towns of the South, like Bremen, where the fact of being a woman implies a long battle to get escorted to entertainments, and getting married represents a victory over practically insuperable odds.

When I lived in Bremen there were only three unattached males you could consider having in your house, no matter how pressing the necessity to make an even number, and of these one was sixty, one was twenty-four, and the third had fits; all three were insufferably conceited. Before moving to the South I had heard that Southern women were brave, capable characters while Southern men were often boors; I soon found that there was truth in this allegation. The men of Bremen were a pretty infuriating lot principally because since the cradle they had known themselves to be in crying demand.

It is a beautiful, oak-shaded, graceful, honeysuckle-scented little town, Bremen. Old country houses with beautiful names—Lutesville, De Courcy, Music Hall—mark at intervals the romantic, rolling countryside. In town the houses are set back from velvet lawns; magnolias and crape myrtles shade the porches where

friends from families that have visited each other since Queen Anne's day gossip and sip juleps. The hours are gently passed in pleasant ways, as though these Southerners had long ago given up thoughts of effort or strife and were making lovely each hour on the way to the grave.

If there were plenty of men, surely all would be peace in Bremen. But in Bremen an old maid is an object of pity and shudders of self-congratulation; a girl with a date is one with a considerable triumph to her credit; an engaged girl is one on tenterhooks, who will not be able to relax until the words of the marriage service have mercifully been spoken; a married woman is a successful woman; but a woman like Alida Norris, who has been married four times, is a serpent and a menace and a slur on Southern womanhood and worse than that. I said a woman like Alida; there are no other women like Alida in Bremen. To find another husband after one's husband dies is a definite *coup*, and hardly to be expected. But to have the gall to divorce a perfectly good husband, and another, and another, and end up with a fourth, even if he is the town drunk, is cosmic impertinence due for punishment from the gods.

I heard about Alida soon after I moved to Bremen. Her name was not long off people's tongues. I was sitting in Sally Davis's living room, drinking a highball in the late afternoon; there were four or

five women sitting about having a drink, smoking lazily, unhurriedly, as if there were an eternity for seeing one's friends. The minute Alida's name came up there was a sudden edge in the air. Sally explained for my benefit.

"She was Alida Maupin—as good blood as any in Bremen. First she married Dick Wells, back up country at Perryville, owns a racing stable. We didn't know what to think when she divorced him. Thought he must have tried to kill her, the way Maizie Hankins' husband is always acting up; couldn't think of any other reason; thought she was a fool for throwing away a husband like that when Heaven knew where she'd get another. She was always a right pretty girl, went to dances at the University and all when she was young and had plenty of attention; but sort of vague; used to say the craziest things, still does. Well! If she didn't marry Duke Enters, who is, I reckon, the most famous Bremenite we've got; you know, consul or something at Paris, real distinguished man. She married him and went abroad to live, and first thing you knew she was back here in Bremen at her mother's, divorced again. She got Duke while he was young and not famous yet, but he was getting famous by the time she left him, and would you think . . . Well! We naturally thought that finished Alida for good and all. We thought she must be just naturally crazy, throwing away husbands. And what should she do but marry again. Armistead Butts, the head of the school board and principal of the high school and a most scholarly man, really old family, never looked at a girl before, although of course every girl had been after him for years. We had to hand it to Alida," Sally said grudgingly. "She certainly fooled us. But when she divorced Armistead too we really had had enough of Alida. Didn't have any use for her. Didn't know a good thing when she had it, just flighty and unprincipled and *common*, throwing husbands around like pea-pods. And so then she married again, Billy Norris,

the most good-for-nothing wastrel Bremen ever had, drinks, sits around all day, not worth the powder and shot to blow him to Kingdom Come. Serves her right. What does she think she is anyway? Cleopatra?—I suppose we're just jealous," Sally added to me in a tone designed to make it clear that she was not any such thing. The one thing sure was that she was good and mad just from talking about Alida.

"What has she got that we haven't got?" The question was unconscious and heartfelt; it was put by Miss Betty Coxe, who had never got married and, you could see it in her face, knew now that she never would.

"If she had gone away from here, picked herself up husbands somewhere else, it would be one thing," Virginia Staige said. "But every—single—one—of those husbands of Alida's was a Bremen boy. Now how did she do that, Sally? How do you reckon?"

"Well, she is pretty, you have to give Alida that. She's still just as pretty as she can be, though she must be forty-three if she's a day. Maybe forty-four. She's got a right pretty figure, and she's funny to listen to sometimes, if you don't go stark staring crazy trying to follow what she's talking about. I don't know how she got them, Virginia. What is it that men want anyway?" There was real, stark tragedy in that question, I thought. There was all the long, frenzied, anxious asking of all the women of Bremen.

"Well, she can have her four husbands but she can't come into my house," Helen Randolph said, and all the women nodded. "I'm through with Alida. I don't care if her grandfather was my grandfather's colonel; she has gone too far and behaved disgracefully and I can't receive her in my house where my children are, just growing up. She's a bad woman," Helen said viciously and took a big drink of highball. I suddenly saw fear in her eyes, in her voice. They were all afraid, all these women. They were terrified of this woman, Alida Norris.

She had done the impossible; she had married four separate and distinct times; surely it was not inconceivable that she might at random pluck a husband from some other woman. Terror was in their hearts and distrust in their minds, and deep down inside of all of them they hated her. They were all nice women too; but they knew what trouble was and the frantic search for a husband, and to them Alida Norris could only spell danger.

"I'd like to meet her," I said.

They all looked at me and I could see the same look in all their eyes. You haven't got a husband, they were thinking, you don't have to be afraid of her.

"You won't meet her here," Sally said firmly. "I don't know where you would meet her these days; I don't know a person that doesn't feel about Alida as I do. She just isn't received, she or Billy either, although I may say I feel sorry for him, even if he does get falling-down drunk, which my father always said no gentleman could do no matter how much whisky he had inside him. Bad blood somewhere, that's what it is. Of course Billy, his grandmother was in Staunton and his great-grandfather went over to the Yankees." Sally looked at me sideways. "But I don't know where it got in with the Maupins. But it's there. Bad blood. You can always tell."

"I'll point her out to you some day on Jefferson Street while we're marketing," Virginia Staige said. "Or you'll probably meet her, sooner or later, at one of the Club dances. You can't keep her out of the Club after all; she is a Maupin, whatever. But I can't invite you to meet her at my house because I just won't have her in it, and that's all there is."

"Of course I understand," I said. But I was obsessed with a desire to meet Alida Norris. The potentialities were enormous. In this quiet town of conventional women, hag-ridden only by the difficulty and necessity of getting married, I had discovered the existence of what sounded like a guaranteed *femme fatale*. She must be something to see in-

deed, a sort of super Southern belle, all beauty and lure, or else brilliant and witty, or—something. Bremen was no place to be a *femme fatale* in; there wasn't anything to work with. But here was a woman who had done it anyway.

Quite a lot of time went by after I first heard of Alida Norris, and I didn't meet her. There was a real blockade against her in Bremen society. I thought of her as so fascinating that she kept her husband contented with her sole company; but I wondered, in view of her record, if she wasn't perhaps wearying of him, approaching toward the time when she would divorce him too and accomplish another impossibility, marry a fifth husband. I could not imagine what she would be like. She was my mystery woman. Someone pointed her house out to me, a perfectly ordinary house in need of paint. The house told me nothing.

One day in October I went to a cocktail party a little way out in the country. Sally Davis drove me out in her car. It was a characteristic Bremen party, lots of whisky and soda, or water, to drink, more women than men, and the men behaving the regular Bremen way. At a Bremen party all the men go off and talk among themselves, leaving the women to drink and gossip. The women don't seem to mind a bit; only the unmarried women, looking a little like anxious loose horses, keep drifting in among the men who receive them without enthusiasm. The doctors flock together and talk medicine; the lawyers form groups; the horsemen likewise. It all seemed so uncivilized and boorish of the men, and so meek and resigned of the women, that I was that day especially exasperated. One likes to see women putting out sparkle and magnetism, men making an effort to be charming to the women; here the women sat and drank together and the men stood and drank together.

I was sitting with Sally and two or three other women, when Bourne Davis, Sally's husband, walked past with a fresh drink in his hand. He did not even

glance toward us, he was making for the back room and his friends, but Sally called to him, and he turned.

"The children are at Janie Bray's birthday party," she reminded him.

"You'd better go and get them. It's getting late. Come on back here for me after you've picked them up," he said and strolled off.

She began gathering her things together quite unconcernedly. I was suddenly in a rage. I was furious at Bourne's spoiled selfishness and at Sally's acceptance of it, and at the fact that men all treated their wives like this in Bremen and got away with it. The wives ate it up. It was as bad as the Middle Ages; the wives put out everything, ran everything, and the men took it as their right, and there was nothing to be done about it because of the incontrovertible fact that men were at a premium. In Bremen there seemed to be no ignominy too great for a woman to take in order to get and to keep her man. I thought that Southern men were even worse than I had heard. I was too mad to speak.

After Sally had left I decided to walk home alone and work off my temper. A couple of men offered to drive me home, but I wanted to walk and, besides, I knew now how much my acceptance of an offer I should have once thought quite an ordinary one would disturb the wife of whoever made it.

It was exquisitely beautiful outside in the dusk and my rage evaporated almost at once in the cool exalted air. The broad land lay in the twilight, large and generous, rolling in great swells back toward the lights of occasional houses riding on the hills, toward the lights of Bremen shining up from the shallow valley ahead.

The side of the road was deep in fallen leaves and I scuffed along through them; scuffing leaves is a very soothing thing to do. At least, if the social system of Bremen was all wrong, the physical aspect of the place, its sights and smells and sounds were divinely right. I could smell apples and grapes and the inde-

finable sweetness of the fields, and I could hear cow bells from the pastures and the sound of a church bell tolling the hour faintly, away in the town.

I rounded a curve and there was a car standing on the side of the road. As I got nearer I saw that there was a woman sitting on the running board. I came abreast of her.

"Hello," she said, in one of the most beautiful, liquid voices I have ever heard.

"Hello," I said.

"Isn't it lovely this time of day?" she remarked casually. "I've been sitting here for hours looking at that hillside. It turns a different color every few minutes. It's been orange and then yellow and then blue and now it's dark purple."

This was a most unusual way for anybody to talk in Bremen. You felt that everyone loved the beauty of the country passionately but quite inarticulately; it was a part of their blood, their bone, that they felt without outwardly perceiving.

"I don't think I ever saw such lovely country," I said. I could not see the woman's face clearly. She just sat there, leaning forward with her arms crossed over her knees.

"I'd like to stay here all night," she said.

"It would be fun," I said. I started to walk on. I wanted to talk to the woman, but she seemed so absorbed, so really unconscious of my presence and talking almost as if to herself, that I had a feeling of intrusion. I had got a little way down the road when she called after me.

"I forgot. Do you know anything about cars?"

I walked back.

"Not much," I said. "Is something the matter?"

The woman got up from the running board.

"I was forgetting why I stayed here," she said, and laughed a laugh as lovely and musical as her speaking voice. "I stopped the car to look at the view and then I couldn't get it started again. So I just got out and enjoyed myself."

She got back into the driver's seat and I got in beside her. In the glow from the dashlight I looked at her profile. It was innocent and like a child's although I could see now that she was in middle age; she had a tipped-up nose and a high smooth forehead. She put her foot on the starter and the engine whirred.

"You see?" she asked triumphantly. "It just won't go. I'd better walk back to town with you. My husband will do something about it. He knows all about cars."

"You haven't got the ignition turned on," I said.

"Oh." She sounded slightly crestfallen. She turned on the switch and the car started at once. I thought of Mrs. Peterkin and all the vague and impractical ladies of fiction.

"I think you'll be all right now," I said and started to get out.

"Oh, but you must let me drive you back to town," she said, and I thought of a little girl exhibiting her best company manners. "I'm Alida Norris. I'm Mrs. William Norris. You must let me take you home."

Wild horses could not have dragged me from that car. I introduced myself.

"You're from the North," she said. "Mr. Wilson at the drugstore told me all about you. He says you buy lots of sodium bicarbonate. I hope you don't have stomach-aches. You live in the Marvin house, don't you?"

I have never felt such tangible, irresistible charm radiating from anyone. She was facing me now eagerly, and I could see her face. It was a child's face, alive, unconscious. Its most beautiful feature was the mouth. The mouth was large and soft and mobile and as delicate and sensitive as a young girl's.

As we drove into the outskirts of town she suddenly turned to me, breaking off a conversation in the middle; it was a charming, impulsive turning, but it nearly killed us because two cars were passing just at that moment and, as Alida Norris turned her body she turned

the wheel too. I did a moment's intensive praying.

"My," she remarked when the bad moment was over. "There are so many crazy drivers, aren't there? I was going to say: don't go home, come and meet my husband. He'd just love to meet you. You aren't a bit Northern and I'd like to prove it to him Northern women can be real nice. You see, I know it anyway. I've traveled. I've lived in Paris, Le Havre, New York, and Washington, D. C.," she added.

"I'd love to come," I said fervently.

"I want you to see Billy. Billy's wonderful. He could be anything he wanted to. He can fix cars and electric lights and plumbing, and even the stove. I never knew anyone like Billy. And I ought to know, I've been married three times before. I suppose you've heard that," she said, more mournfully than anything else. "They were all perfectly wonderful men. *Wonderful* men. But there's never been anybody like Billy. He's so nice to me," she said in an ecstatic voice. I could not imagine anyone not being nice to her. Also my preconceived ideas of Bremen's *femme fatale*, the caster-off of husbands, were being badly confused by this ingenuous, enthusiastic, affectionate creature. She was more a mystery woman than ever to me.

She stopped the car.

"This isn't the house," she said. "The house is three houses back. But I always stop the car here. It spoils the view out of my front windows, and I'm perfectly sure the Carters—they live in this house—don't mind having their view spoiled."

We got out and walked back. We went up an untidy front walk and through a front door that opened directly into a large shabby living room. Although it was in disorder, the room had charm. It looked like a room in an antique store. Nothing was in place; a pile of Wedgwood plates stood on the floor under a Hepplewhite desk; a lovely old flower print lay flat, face up, on an

end table; a screen that looked like a Coromandel stood meaninglessly in the middle of the room. There was a man sitting by the open fire with a glass in his hand; he got up as we came in.

"This is Billy. He's just having a drink. He drinks too much," Alida Norris said proudly. Again I thought of a little girl, this time showing off.

The man laughed and shook hands. He was not an attractive man. He was short and sloppily dressed and he had a bad, grayish complexion. But he had gentle intelligent eyes. Alida put her arms round him and kissed him. It was quite obvious that they were both very much in love with each other.

"You'll have a drink, won't you?" she said to me. "We'll all have a drink. Billy, you get them."

"There aren't any more of the glasses," he said, getting up.

"Oh, gosh. So there aren't. Well, there are the other glasses in a basket under the table in the hall, darling. They're awfully dirty. But alcohol sterilizes things," she said to me.

Billy Norris got us drinks and we all sat round the fire. It was somehow very happy. You feel it when you are with happy people. We were all rather childish and laughed a lot. I liked them both enormously. They were both absolutely simple.

Alida with her charm and beauty was perfectly irresistible. Her violently illogical remarks, her trains of thought made me laugh and they made her husband laugh too. He was the first man I had met in Bremen who didn't act like a lord of creation. He was just himself. He was extremely pleasant to me and attentive to his wife. I never saw a man with better married manners. But there were no two ways about it, he was a nondescript, unimpressive little man. As time went on it was apparent that he was feeling his liquor.

"Billy's getting drunk," Alida said to me. "Aren't you, Billy?"

"Unh-hunh. Gettin' drunk now," he said cheerfully.

To someone who does not know Bremen this interchange of remarks may not seem significant, but I had been living in Bremen for some time by then, and I had seen too many husbands asserting with a proud and didactic air that they never got drunk when they were obviously reeling, and too many wives not daring to take the wheel of the car when their husbands were quite incompetent to drive safely, not to realize that in the South ability to hold his liquor is almost the ultimate point of a man's pride, and that wives are taken to task for far less than questioning that point.

I thought it was time for me to leave, and I said good-by to Alida. I asked her if she would not come in to lunch on the following Tuesday.

"Tuesday," she said reflectively. "Tuesday—let's see, that's Thursday. Yes, I'd love to."

God knew what she meant. I left. When I got to know Alida better I realized that in her funny mind were all sorts of special systems for things. Tuesday unquestionably was Thursday by some personal mathematics of her own, and black was white and the moon was green cheese.

I thought, in view of the opinions I had heard expressed, I should tell the women I invited to lunch on Tuesday that Alida was coming. As soon as they knew that they promptly declined in no uncertain terms. Sally Davis hauled me over the coals for even suggesting that she come to lunch with that woman.

"You might as well understand that none of us are going to tolerate Alida for one moment," she said over the telephone. "She's ostracized herself permanently in Bremen by her carryings on. I won't come to lunch with a woman who's been married four times, and that's that. And I'm surprised at you asking her. But of course you're a Yankee," she said condescendingly. "I know people are right broadminded up North. But you can't be too broadminded down here. I'm just warning you, darlin'. I mean people just aren't going to put up

with Alida. You can't have her and us. She's a hard-hearted, fickle, common woman. Four husbands!" Sally went on about it for some time; people talk for hours on the telephone in the South.

And so Alida and I had lunch alone on Tuesday. By the time we left the dining room it was impossible not to feel that I had known Alida long and well. She had that gift of intimacy without effrontery. She had charm and style and a wit of her own. She was by far the most attractive woman in Bremen. I understood, all right, about how she had found herself four husbands, and why the hand of every woman in Bremen was against her. She was a real honest-to-God charmer.

We sat in the little drawing-room. Over the mantel was a painting by a friend of mine of the Île St. Louis.

"I know that place!" Alida exclaimed. "I told you I'd lived in Paris. That was when I was married to my second husband. He was a vice-consul. Named Duke Enters. My, he was handsome." She said it with frank admiration.

"Duke was the handsomest man I ever saw, ever. I used to love his ears. I remember I told the Consul to look and see how beautiful Duke's ears were. He was awful mad at me that time. I wish you could have seen him then! You've probably seen his picture. But then! Oh, he was so tall and dark and kind of American-looking, it gave you a thrill to look at him. Like looking at the American flag. He looked so handsome in his clothes. He looked handsome out of them too but he never liked me to say that. He liked his clothes himself, I do think. Liked to have them kept pressed and all that. I was so awful, I never remembered. Somehow I never can remember about clothes. Once we were staying at the George V and I threw his tailcoat out of the window. He was good and mad that time."

The picture she was calling up of herself was irresistible to me. I could see why men would be mad about her, even more than I had before. A young Alida,

fresh and gay and irresponsible, as natural as the wind, vague and bat-brained and lovely—no wonder she had had a success with men. But with her outspoken admiration of Enters I wondered what had made her divorce him. There are some things one can't ask, and since she was so frank about everything else and volunteered no information on that point I concluded that it must have been for a very good and very personal reason. Perhaps her third husband had won her away from her second. I asked about the third husband—what was he like?

"Armistead? Now, you would have adored Armistead. I did. Except I wasn't good enough for him, I mean I don't know anything and Armistead knew everything. I guess Armistead had read every book that ever got printed. He loved books. Really loved them. It used honestly to hurt him when I did awful things, like leave books open face down, or bend the corners of pages back. I ought to have learned, but I never could somehow. And when I was cross one morning and threw a lot of books around the room it just about killed him. I used to feel so guilty. Afterward. It used to humiliate him awfully how dumb I was when we went out. I never knew what he was talking about and he did talk about such fancy things."

I thought I could guess why Alida had divorced that one. The pedantic grade had been one she couldn't make, and I didn't blame her. Armistead sounded terrible to me. One of the most disarming things about Alida, I thought, was the way she always told the bad tales on herself and never blamed anyone else. She hadn't said a critical or unchivalrous word about either of the husbands she had discussed; she had loudly sung their praises, and seeing that she had found it necessary to get rid of them, I thought it was very sporting of her.

A few days later I went to see Alida at her house, stopped in on my way back from a luncheon party. As I walked up to the house I saw a man in painter's overalls sitting on the doorstep occupied

in some curious way not connected with painting. Alida came running out as I approached.

"Hello! I'm so glad to see you!"

"Would you mind telling me what that man is doing?" I asked. I could see what he was doing now. He was picking up silk stockings from a pile of them next to him, running his hand up each one and scrutinizing it, then rolling them up in pairs into neat little balls.

"Oh. He's the man who's painting the kitchen. I asked him if he'd mind sorting my stockings and he said he'd love to. I can't see why. I just hate to sort stockings. They accumulate for months in my bureau drawer."

She led the way into that strange antique shop of a living room. We sat and smoked together in the pleasant atmosphere of being old friends. Alida looked perfectly lovely. Her soft, red, sweet mouth was all quivering with smiles and her eyes beamed. She sat at the end of a sofa with her pretty legs hanging over the arm, playing with a china zebra that stood among green-china grasses.

"I was married to a horseman first, you know," she said. "This zebra makes me think of it. I guess that would make Dick pretty mad if he heard me say it, as if zebras had anything to do with horses. But they have, haven't they? I don't know why horsemen are so fussy about names. You mustn't call hounds dogs, you know," she said like a little girl repeating a lesson. She sighed. "Dick was my first love. I fell in love with him while my hair was still down my back. He was such a marvelous horseman and he looked so wonderful in his pink coat—you mustn't say red—and his top hat when he went out hunting. I was just crazy about him. I don't suppose you can ever feel like that again when you get older. He sort of had so much glamour. He could ride any horse that ever was born, he used to ride steeplechases—my, that scared me; he used to get so mad when I'd scream right in front of people. I used to try so hard to get interested in horses because

he wanted me to. But I just *can't* make myself get so excited about an animal. I mean that way. Of course I always was interested in the wrong animal. The fox. I used to feel sorry for the fox, and you mustn't feel sorry for the fox; it kills chickens or something. I hate chickens. Once I was out in the pony cart when they were hunting and the hunt came by me and the huntsman asked me which way the fox had gone and I told them the opposite way. Wasn't that awful? I don't think Dick ever forgave me. He was good and ashamed of me. I couldn't seem to learn to ride right. I fell off so much. My, I hated it! But I did try. Honestly I did. But I've always been scared of horses. They look like wild animals to me, with those big mouths, and I always feel as if they were going to put their heads round and bite me when I'm on top of one. I mean mounted. I always think a horse would look better behind bars—like a lion—than out loose there in the fields, don't you? Dick used to tell me that they were scared of me, but I didn't believe him for a minute. I was awful. I don't blame Dick for being mad at me most of the time."

I had come to deliver an invitation. I wanted Alida and Billy to have dinner with me at the dance at the Club the next Saturday. Alida said they'd love to.

"But you ought not to be seen with me," she said quite cheerfully. "People think I'm awful, you know, on account of all those husbands and everything. You mustn't get criticized for going around with me."

Her humility, her gentleness and frankness touched me deeply.

"I like you better than anyone I've met in Bremen," I said. "And I'll see you all you'll let me."

She gave me the most beautiful smile.

When I first came to Bremen I thought perhaps Club dances would be a cut above ordinary parties—that the men would stay with the women perforce, since surely a dance is designed for the glorification of the female. But they

were only a little bit better, or rather, better for only part of the time. People sat in parties at tables and danced during the early evening. The music was rather good, and everyone of course knew everyone else, and the stage seemed set for gaiety. But along about eleven or midnight the blight would strike. The men would drift off into the smoking room and the bar, to talk to one another, and the women would be left high and dry at the tables to twiddle their thumbs. I had grown increasingly enraged at a succession of these dances, and it was a relief at this one to have my own table which I hoped to be able to run as I pleased. It was a table for four—the Norrises and one of the three extra men—I think it was the old one—and myself.

The extra man, I remember, annoyed me by acting as if he were seated at table with the Scarlet Woman of Babylon. He kept his eyes downcast and replied to Alida's amusing sallies in mumbles, or else leered at her in a manner I considered offensive and which she ignored. She was at her most dazzling that night. She had on a gold dress that showed her pretty shoulders, and if ever I saw a woman intended to be surrounded by adoring and competitive admirers, she was the woman. She seemed to have an inexhaustible stock of vitality which struck off like sparks in gaiety and her own characteristically ridiculous remarks.

Her husband was not much of a conversational addition but he did seem to appreciate Alida. It was plain that he was crazy about her. When he danced with her he looked down at her with the look that men have for women who enchant them utterly. He was a funny, drab little man for Alida to be married to, I thought, especially after the romantic or impressive characters she had described her other husbands as. But she loved him, you saw that. She seemed perfectly satisfied with him, and with his drinking, of which he was doing plenty that evening.

Alida had hardly anything to drink, but she seemed more than ever intoxi-

cated with the fact of being alive. She played absurd games with the silverware on the table, a sort of involved tiddly-winks to pop a spoon into a glass of water. I was aware of disapproving glances thrown at our table, but she either did not see them or did not care.

"There are a lot of the horsy people here to-night," I said at one point.

"These ones are mostly Yankees," Alida said, squinting her eyes up and looking round the room. "That's the way to get somewhere down here. Buy a big place and a lot of horses and then climb the social ladder dung by dung."

Billy Norris laughed uproariously. The extra man looked a little shocked and I could have slapped him. The hour was growing later and the men in the room were beginning their customary thinning out. More and more women sat unattended at their tables, gossiping of this and that and of, no doubt, us. Billy Norris was getting good and drunk. The fact seemed to amuse both him and Alida. Billy kept propping his elbow on the table and letting it drop off, at which both of them would laugh. I have seen few wives who do not become either acid or morose when their husbands get drunk.

Finally he got up in a sort of diagonal way and excused himself. We waited, and he did not come back. It was well on to two o'clock.

"I suppose he's joined the masculine circles in the bar," I said bitterly.

"I don't think so," Alida said. "They bore Billy. He's probably just off finishing up his drinking. He does love to drink."

We waited for a while longer and still he did not come. My earlier approval of him was being dissolved by annoyance at this treatment of Alida.

"Do you think we ought to send someone to look for him?" I asked her, glancing meaningfully at the extra man, who had been looking wretched for hours. I knew he wanted to get away and I was not going to let him go. For this once let him behave like a civilized being.

"All right. Go and look for Billy," Alida said to the extra man with that special Southern intonation and rise of the voice at the end of the request which makes unnecessary the word "please."

He went, and he did not come back. Nobody came back.

"Well, what do we do now?" I said after a long time.

Alida looked quite happy. She was drawing a picture on the tablecloth. It seemed to be some cats with their tails curled under them sitting on top of an elephant seen rear to.

"You take me home," she said. "What's-his-name will never turn up if he hasn't turned up now. And Billy's probably gone long ago and taken our car."

"And left you here?"

"He likes to go back in the mountains toward Sugar Hollow and wake up the mountaineers and drink with them," she explained. "It reminds him of his youth in Prohibition when he had to buy corn liquor back up there. He's all right. I don't mind a bit, you know."

We left and I drove her back into town to her house. I waited while she went up the path, for her to get in safely. But she turned and came back to me.

"I forgot. Billy's got the key. I can't get in. It just shows how silly it is to lock doors anyway. You just lock yourself out."

"You come right home with me and spend the night," I said.

"That's right sweet of you. I'd love to," she said contentedly, and climbed back into the front seat.

But I was really indignant now. Billy Norris was just another insufferable Southern male with no consideration for his wife. Leaving her stranded at a party, and going off with the key so that she couldn't even go home . . .

When we got back to my house I showed Alida her room and got her a nightgown and a toothbrush.

She curled up on the bed; so many of the things she did reminded me of a very small girl.

"Don't go away yet," she said, smiling coaxingly. "Let's talk. It's fun spending the night out."

I sat down in the armchair and put my feet up. The feeling of intimacy and affection I had for Alida was extraordinary; she gave out warmth and friendliness and love.

"I'm beginning to feel like one of those women with a Cause," I said. "All I do is get madder and madder at the men down here in the South. I think they really do behave too abominably. Billy just going off and leaving you in the lurch is the last straw. I should think you would be furious at him."

Alida lay on her back with her hands behind her head and looked at the ceiling.

"I don't mind one bit. Billy really loves me. And I just love to be loved. I don't mind anything as long as I'm loved. I like to love people and have them love me back. Billy loves me back, lots, and he doesn't mind the awful things I do. He thinks I'm funny."

"Well, who would mind? You know you're a perfectly fascinating woman and your vagueness just makes you more amusing."

"My other husbands minded," Alida said mildly. "They minded terribly. I made them just as mad as the devil."

"The saps. I suppose that was why you had to divorce them."

"Oh, I didn't divorce them!" Alida said in a tone of childlike surprise. "They asked me for a divorce, all three of them. They couldn't stand me. Billy is the only man who has ever been able to stand me."

I have never been more astonished.

"You mean to tell me those men *wanted* to be divorced from you?" The whole picture was changing violently.

"They certainly did want to be divorced from me. I reckon people fall in love with me sometimes, but nobody except Billy has ever been able to stay married to me."

"But . . . why? You're the most attractive woman in Bremen."

"You're sweet to say so. . . . But I haven't any whatyoumaycallit, dignity, *you* know. I spoiled their dignity. Bremen men have an awful lot of dignity. They want their wives to reflect to their credit, and I was so undignified. They all ended by being ashamed of the things I did, ashamed of me. I loved all of them, you know; I guess I would have been happy with any one of them. But they just couldn't keep on loving me after the way I would disgrace them. You know the way I act. I can't seem to help it. Billy loves me the way I am. Billy doesn't worry about dignity."

"It's the most preposterous thing I ever heard. Why, in the North the amusing things you do and say would just make you all the more sought after,

would make a Northern man all the crazier about you. It's just these damned pompous spoiled Southerners . . ."

"Oh, but I love it here down home. I like it lazy, living."

I was so stunned by what she had told me that I didn't speak for a long time.

"I suppose you know everyone thinks you just tossed your husbands aside. Nobody has the faintest idea, nobody could have the faintest idea, that they were the ones who wanted a divorce," I said finally.

"Honestly?" Alida's childlike eyes were large and astonished. "Isn't that funny! Imagine anyone thinking I would want to divorce wonderful attractive men like that! Aren't people funny," she said.

SPRING IN THE WOOD

BY EDWARD WEISMILLER

DO NOT go, or else do not return.
I did not tell you, "Come."

*I did not say there would be new paths pushed through the sticky fern
Nor bloom on the tangled plum.*

*I did not welcome you, saying, "There is a waterfall—
The ice is gone, it fell like scattering thunder."
You have found these things yourself; and now I may not say at all
What ends are made for wonder.*

*If you stayed you would learn how subtly beauty is worn,
How even in the heat of earth its roots turn cold
And suddenly nothing grows, nothing even is born
But frail mushrooms, poison-gray and gold.*

*If you stayed—but the heart must know nothing, or all, of death.
Stay then or go; but if you go do not come back.
Do not leave this flowering wood and think you will dare return when there is frost even
without breath,
Wind without wings, and a forest of water-soaked leaves, and a single leaf-filled track.*



NOW FOR THE 1940 CENSUS

BY RICHARD G. HUBLER

IN 1017 B.C., according to the good Bishop James Usher, Satan persuaded King David of Israel to undertake one of the first official censuses of a nation. Joab, one of his captains, supervised the count and reported a grand total of a million males over twenty, 100,000 of whom were good fighting material. But Jehovah considered the numbering a crime and offered him a choice of three punishments—three years of starvation, three months of war, or three days of pestilence. David took the third choice—and at a cost of 70,000 citizens.

The "sin" of David still inspired repugnance some 2,800 years later. The first census of the United States in 1790 was fought with torches and pitchforks by angry farmers who feared a like vengeance of the Lord and believed also that the whole scheme was probably a Federal plot to raise taxes. Close students of the Bible, they noted that the Romans had set just such a precedent by registering the whole known world at the first Christmas for the purpose of laying imposts.

Nevertheless, in March, 1790, 650 assorted workers set to work under the direction of Assistant United States Marshals appointed by the twelve Governors (Rhode Island did not join the Union until May, 1790). Their task was to comb a territory of 827,844 square miles and to insure proper Congressional representation. They had ready six simple questions prepared by Secretary of State Thomas Jefferson. The task was to discover how many

slaves, free persons, white females, free-men over and under sixteen, and heads of families there were in the United States. The Act, signed by President George Washington at the second session of Congress, specifically excluded Indians.

The land whose personal history they were to record was a forbidding wilderness, only twenty-nine per cent settled. Upper New York was dotted with log-stockade settlements; Elmira and Binghamton were mere hamlets, Detroit so small that it was not even mentioned. Spain still owned the vast swamps of the Floridas; the Louisiana Purchase would not be made for another ten years. To get from Georgia to New Haven, Connecticut, in those days took five and a half weeks by stagecoach ride with a charge of seventy-two undevalued dollars for food alone.

But the enumerator-pioneers went boldly into the unknown and within nine months returned with their results written down on materials ranging from vellum to wrapping paper. The first census—from which, incidentally, Jefferson himself was overlooked in the first listings—put the total number of white persons, free and bond, at 3,929,326. The cost was \$44,377, which was quite low, mainly because the canvassers supplied their own materials—an average cost of little over a cent per person.

By the turn of the twentieth century the average expenditure had risen to fifteen cents a head and 59,373 men were working at gathering the meager "vital statistics." Between 1880 and 1890 spe-

cial machinery had been invented and installed for automatic tabulation. In 1889 the Census Bureau became a permanent organization; in 1902, the Federal Government officially recognized it and established its duties and personnel by law.

To-day the Census Bureau of the United States is the largest statistical body in the world. It is preparing for its sixteenth decennial census of the country which will begin, according to law, this year on or about April 2nd. Its representatives will interview, directly or indirectly, some 131,900,000 people (the number estimated now within the borders of the United States), and visit 33,000,000 occupied houses and 2,000,000 unoccupied ones, 7,000,000 farms, 3,000,000 business concerns, 170,000 manufacturing establishments, and approximately 12,000 mines and quarries.

The business, manufacturing, and mine and quarry censuses started January 2nd and will continue for six months, compiled by a squad of 12,000 picked enumerators. The others—with the exception of the Alaska census which began back in 1930—will be spread over 143,000 districts (each comprising about 1,500 people) now being checked and mapped by government geographers, and must be finished in thirty days as provided by law. To achieve this, 121,000 workers will trudge from door to door, allowing two weeks in city areas, a full month in the country. Their wages will run from four cents a name to about \$275 a month for supervisors. And the total cost of the entire gigantic operation will be approximately \$45,000,000.

In preparation for this great statistical portrait of a country, the Census Bureau began work in 1938, chopping up maps, sifting and phrasing questions through a series of conferences with "interested parties," statistical men, and international census authorities. But the work caused little flurry in the department: its average of 106 surveys, "samplings," and reports put out every year in response to various government demands gives the

Bureau unparalleled facilities in larithmics—the study of people. Schools were established: an intensive six-week training course in Washington for 200 census supervisors and a one-week training period by these experts in 105 key points throughout the United States.

Most of these positions—fat plums that come only once every ten years—were finally given out by Democratic Congressmen as patronage rewards for party duties well done. For a time there was a rumor that the New Dealers were going to bestow civil service appointments, but the attempt failed. Two mid-Western Senators complained of such high-handed methods to Majority Leader Alben Barkley, who marched off to see Postmaster General Jim Farley and President Roosevelt, and marched back again to report reassuringly to his colleagues that the patronage pie would be cut in the time-honored way. But an additional 7,500 men added to the usual force of 700 employees to take care of the flood of incoming reports were selected from the Civil Service lists, safe from political maneuvering.

For three years after the enumerators complete their rounds—traveling the equivalent of girdling the earth more than 1,000 times, asking more than seven billion questions—the cards, punched like mechanical music rolls and made completely anonymous, will undergo a merciless milling in every possible classification and category. No one can see the actual blanks. Records of censuses before 1870 are open to public gaze, but since that time they have been sealed, with heavy penalties for the violators of their privacy; it is even specifically forbidden by law for anyone to look over the census-taker's shoulder.

Each year popular demand adds more questions to the list. In 1930 there were 32 queries; this year there are approximately 50, plus a supplement to go to every 25th family. Besides, the 1940 chart has several quite new sections. To test these, the Department of Commerce decided last year to hold for the first

time a \$20,000 "sample census" from August 15th to September 1st. It was agreed to locate the scene of the experiment in two Indiana counties, near the 1930 center of population. This happened to be Linton, Indiana, and the country round about offered exceptional opportunities for testing the modern quiz that the Bureau offered the people—and hoped they would answer.

The chosen proving-ground in St. Joseph and Marshall counties—the latter "overwhelmingly" rural, the former containing South Bend, a city of 104,000—gave what was described as an "excellent cross-section of industry, agriculture, trade, and the professions." Six field inspectors and 158 enumerators were assigned to the job.

It happened that the district contained numerous immigrant groups. One counter, working in a Hungarian district where the people were noted for their suspicious nature and reluctance to talk, got surprisingly fast results. An inspector checked up on his work and found his findings were correct. "Simple," said the enumerator proudly; "I told the local priest about the questions in advance and the people were all ready with their answers when I got around." In another test district the enumerator arrived just in time to save a housewife's wash from fluttering into the mud when a clothesline broke. In gratitude the matron promptly telephoned her friends and his task became easy.

The most important result of the sampling was the redrafting of the questions into permanent form. Unemployment was given a large and detailed study, classifying in seven questions the place and type of work, efforts to find work, hours and length of previous employment. Because the experts decided that existing legislation had virtually eliminated child labor, the questions were designed only for persons above 14 years of age. Income also came in for examination on the final ballot, as well as data on the "new worker"—young people who have not yet found jobs.

Most interesting, however, was one question which seems to admit of political interpretation. Sternly, the Bureau will ask the foreign-born the country of their birth as of January 1, 1937. The Bureau evidently does not believe in the new order of things as redefined by the Nazis and Communists; the nationality and racial groupings provided by the Versailles Treaty are still used as a basis of allocation. One question which the foreign-born will *not* have to answer this year is the year of their entrance into America.

Educational questions also came in for revision. The new questions deal only with the grade of school completed. They replace the traditional ones about illiteracy, which was four per cent in 1930 and is now estimated to be two per cent. Attacks upon illiteracy by schools, the WPA, civic welfare groups, and the like have reduced it to a negligible point except among the very old.

The most revolutionary query of all is: "In what place did you live on April 1, 1935?" This is officially directed at the growing problem of migrancy (it is now estimated that over 330,000 families roam the United States without a permanent address of any kind). Dust bowls, industrial ghost-towns, farm-to-city shifts will all be checked against this. The same question was suggested for the 1930 census-taking, but was discarded. The possibility that mass unemployment would become a permanent state of affairs was not admitted then—prosperity was still round the corner.

Another question, absent since 1910, seeks to measure exactly what is happening to our birthrate. Women will be asked: "(1) Is this your first marriage? (2) How old were you at the time of your first marriage? (3) Number of children *ever* born." Experts estimate that the declining number of births will be overtaken by the deathrate between 1975 and 1980, at which time we shall be in the predicament that France is in to-day.

Further questions deal with mechanical appliances in the home, whether or

not the family owns a radio, and similar items. For the first time backyard and suburban gardens will be enumerated and lists made of what is grown in them.

There may be added a final demand, "What religious affiliation do you enjoy?" Most of these additional questions will be included in the housing census, first of its kind ever sprung on the American public.

Eventually all the blanks—eleven different ones for business, one hundred and forty-eight for manufacturers, nine blanks for farmers, and one apiece for housing and population—will pour back into Washington to crowd the mile of space that other records already occupy. There is less and less space in the nation's capital for the data on its citizens; \$3,500,000 has been asked for a new building to house the records. But the problem of preservation and storage is being solved by other means. The 1880 and 1900 records are now being put on imperishable acetate microfilm by WPA workers—film that will house in a four-inch reel information on 70,000 names, enough to fill two volumes the size of a standard dictionary.

When it is all over the enumerators will foregather to exchange experiences. They will complain about the people who refused to answer or lied (though they might be fined \$100 and get sixty days in jail for the former and a \$500 fine and a year for the latter) and how they got the correct statistics in other ways as instructed. The census-takers realize that—as it says in their precious instruction books—they "should not give offense" and the lesson is driven home by the fact that the enumerator who haled five Illinois farmers before the law for refusing to answer in 1930 has been out of favor ever since. They will have made their "prompt, rapid decisions" in subjects ranging over cane sugar, non-profit

organizations, payrolls, amusements, radios, tourist camps, deaf-and-dumb people, rice-cleaners, man hours, war commodities, corsets, domestic water-softeners, epileptics, negro farmers, fire-extinguishers, and paupers in almshouses.

The workers in the United States' possessions will have their own special anecdotes—the difficulty of the Hawaiian census and its round dozen of languages and dialects—in 1930 Hawaii had 154 interpreters to 200 canvassers. The Spanish survey of Puerto Rico has its own peculiar difficulties.

Possibly the ones at home will also relate the story of the lady who couldn't for the life of her remember her maiden name or how long she had been married; the man who admitted to two former marriages and was faced by his amazed wife: "Darling, why didn't you ever tell me?"; and the most famous story of all, the man in the Middle West who slept with his feet in one county and his head in the other. The enumerator scratched his own head and finally made his Solomonic decision: "Home is where your head is."

But all of their gossip will be retailed among themselves and no names will be attached. The "Confidential" stamped on each blank means just that, and a fine of \$1,000 and two years' imprisonment (never yet invoked) awaits anyone who violates that trust. And all and sundry are forbidden to use any census findings for the purposes of "taxation, regulation, or investigation"—ironically, the precise reasons for the existence of censuses in totalitarian countries.

The uses to which the census results may legally be put are numberless. One, however, is of unusual interest at present: the War Department has put in a bid for first look at the data. In case of conflict they want to know the number, location, and abilities of every trained worker in the nation.



OUR JOB IN THE FAR EAST

BY NATHANIEL PEFFER

IT is time for Americans to do the kind of straight thinking about the Far East that they somewhat smugly accuse the British of not having done about Europe in the years preceding 1939. Looking back now, one can see how the European war came about. Whether one takes as the beginning the Treaty of Versailles, or the failure to rectify it in time, or the failure to stop the Japanese in 1931, or the failure to stop Italy in 1935, or the failure to stop the Spanish intervention, or the failure to warn the Germans out of Austria and Czechoslovakia, or the capitulation at Munich, one can see now the things that were not done that might have been done to arrest the progression to crisis and inescapable conflict, up to the moment at which the British and French could choose only between complete surrender and war.

My point in this article is that in precisely the same way we are not doing the things that might be done to prevent a general war in the Far East. And I propose that we do them, and do them before it is too late, before there too we are at the point of inescapable conflict, when there is no choice but surrender or war. By "we" I include the United States. Americans can be self-righteous and magisterial about Chamberlain and the Cliveden set. They had no responsibility and they do not have to pay the price. But they cannot be self-righteous about the Far East. There, rightly or wrongly, for better or worse, they have a responsibility, one deriving from all that America has done in that part of the

world for nearly a hundred years. And if there is a general war in the Far East America will pay the price, probably earlier than other Western countries and perhaps a heavier one.

The responsibility is all the greater because of the European war, for now America alone is free to act. Simultaneously the danger is greater because of the European war, because Japan too may consider herself free to act for her own purposes. If any effort is to be made to arrest the drift to general war in the Far East, a drift as clear now as it should have been in Europe in 1936 or 1937, it must be made by America. And it *can* be made by America. If the European war has added to the danger and has increased American responsibility, it has also created America's opportunity. By reason of the combination of recent political circumstances, America can act with a maximum of effectiveness and a minimum of risk.

Concretely, it is proposed that America take such positive measures as will lay an injunction against further aggression or expansion by Japan and at the same time lay such handicaps against Japan's recent aggressions as to make them unprofitable—in other words, prevent Japan from consummating its conquest of China and instead compel it to relax its grip on that country. This can be done by using the opportunity offered by the suspension of commercial treaty relations with Japan. The treaty should not be renewed. The state of suspense should be used as a club over Japan. If

necessary and when necessary, economic penalties should be levied against Japan, rising in the scale of severity as Japan attempts to go farther in aggrandizement. If necessary, a complete embargo should be laid against exports to Japan and such heavy duties imposed on imports from Japan as to reduce those imports to a minimum. It is possible that the threat to do so will in itself suffice to serve as deterrent. If so, if Japan can be given pause and the present tensions eased, time will be gained in which a solution for the Far East can work itself out without war.

To talk of "non-involvement" and "non-entanglement" now is to play on words, to profess a fidelity to phrases which already has been broken in fact. There has been an incongruity in America's relation to the rest of the world since last autumn that is difficult to explain on rational grounds. With respect to Europe, America has abandoned both pretense and self-deception. There is neutrality neither in thought nor deed. The embargo on the sale of arms to belligerents was repealed, not to safeguard neutrality but to waive it. The embargo was lifted in order to sell arms to Great Britain and France and thus help them win the war. And this was the concrete expression of a general recognition that a German victory would be not only unpalatable to the American people but inimical to the American national interest. With respect to the Far East, however, America continues to provide Japan with war materials which help it to conquer China, a victory which also would be unpalatable to the American people and inimical to the national interest. This is more than inconsistent; it is absurd.

What is the American national interest in the Far East? What does America desire in that part of the world and to what end should it direct its policy? For reasons to be examined in detail later, it is to America's interest that there should be no such disturbances in the Far East as will compel it sooner or later

to go to war, either for the purpose of preventing any one country from acquiring such overweening power as to constitute a threat to other countries bordering on the Pacific or for the purpose of insuring that America shall have a right to trade in the Far East on terms of equality. What this comes to in practical politics now is that Japan shall be checked from getting control over China as the first step toward setting up a great Eastern empire, that Soviet Russia shall be checked from getting control over China as the first step toward setting up a great Eastern empire, or that Japan and Soviet Russia in alliance shall be checked from getting control over Eastern Asia and then dividing it. In the immediate instance this means that Japan must be forewarned against running amok and seizing Shanghai, Hongkong, Tientsin, and territories adjacent to China under international or Western guarantee while Great Britain is engaged in the European war.

II

There is only one practicable way to serve this interest, whether conceived in the long run or in the immediate danger. That is by implanting in Japan a fear of the consequences of rash acts. While it is true that, viewed in the long run, America has connived at its own detriment by helping to arm Japan against China, it is also true that the immediate danger has been mitigated by American measures. If the Japanese have not taken advantage of the temporary elimination of Great Britain and France by the European war to overrun foreign areas in China and colonies to the south of China, that has been mainly because of the uncertainty of what America would do. Clear indication of their intentions can be read in their blockade of Tientsin last June and July, when food was withheld from foreign concessions and British subjects were stripped and searched.

The British were already helpless because of the imminence of war in Europe, and the more headstrong of the Japanese

army men were demanding that foreigners be cleared out of China. The European war came, thus creating Japan's opportunity. The Japanese did not avail themselves of it. For in the meantime the United States had given notice of the abrogation of the treaty of commerce. Then in October the American Ambassador in Tokyo delivered a pointed warning in a formal speech. Japanese uncertainty was redoubled. For after January 26, 1940, the United States would be legally free to suspend all intercourse or to lay the most stringent disabilities on such intercourse. The Japanese have remained quiescent. They will remain quiescent only so long as America does not relax its vigilance or its firmness, and does not by some act or word restore their confidence that they can move with impunity. It is imperative that America should not do so.

A severe test may be impending. By the time this article is published a puppet government may have been set up in China on the model of Manchukuo. By the precedent of Manchukuo Japan will recognize that government as the legal government of China and then negotiate a peace treaty—a treaty dictated by the Japanese army of course. Then China, presumably sovereign and independent, will proceed to exercise the prerogatives of sovereignty and demand the retrocession of the International Settlement at Shanghai, the foreign concessions, and other foreign rights and privileges. The British, French, and American governments will protest to Japan, and Japan will blandly reply that it has nothing to do with the matter: the Chinese government is the government of an independent country and if it chooses to dispossess the foreigner that is a pity, but what can Japan do? If, that is, Japan is not forewarned that the same stratagem cannot be used twice, that Japan will be held responsible and that if any such attempt is made retaliation will be taken against Japan.

Warning should take two forms. First, the evils of secret diplomacy not-

withstanding, Japan should be told privately that any steps taken by the so-called Chinese government will be followed by reprisals against Japan, not China. This should be communicated privately, lest the Japanese government lose face and be compelled out of pride to act in defiance. Second and more important, the American government should retain full freedom of action by refusing to restore any treaty relations. This will give point to the warning, and may prevent its having to be put into effect. So long as Japan can be kept guessing America is in a powerful position. Japan has an incentive to good behavior. It can be constrained to good behavior on the principle that it is better to suffer the repressions it has than fly to punishments it knows not of. After two and a half years of war which has inflicted serious deprivations on its people, without any sign of early relief, Japan will perforce be hesitant in assuming risks.

Japan will doubtless offer minor concessions in the next few months to placate America. It will remove some of the existing restraints on foreign trade, for example. The concessions should be gratefully acknowledged, accepted, and not recompensed. They will be apparent concessions only. For example, the Yangtze River may be opened to foreign shipping, but such foreign ships as attempt to carry cargoes up the river will be so bedevilled by restrictions, regulations, and admirably managed accidents that it will be unprofitable to repeat the attempt. Little by little any concessions made in order to get a new treaty with America will be whittled away once the treaty is signed. No promise made by Japan now is worth the paper it is written on; for Japan has made too plain its intention not only to acquire effective hegemony over China but to displace foreigners, foreign interests, and foreign trade there. And nothing can deter it except the fear of penalties.

So far from accepting concessions and returning a *quid pro quo*, America should retain the initiative and at every

opportunity given it by Japan take the aggressive. There will be no lack of opportunities; the Japanese army is prolific of provocations. The so-called moral embargo should be extended; that is, as airplane manufacturers have been urged not to sell planes and aerial equipment to Japan, so the manufacturers of other commodities should be similarly pressed. Penalizing duties should be imposed on Japanese imports. As occasion requires—or can be made—embargoes should be put on the export of one commodity after another among those most necessary to the continued conduct of the war: oil, scrap metals, copper, machinery, and if possible, cotton. Thus preventive pressure can be put on Japan and at the same time obstacles put in the way of its attaining its larger permanent objectives in China.

In the first two years after the beginning of the China-Japan war there were serious arguments against adopting such a course. In the first place, there was the belief that Japan could purchase its supplies from other countries if America adopted sanctions. In the second place, there was the natural reluctance to lose a market when economic conditions were deteriorating again. In the third place, there was the fear of provoking Japan to war. These arguments have now lost their validity. Japan can no longer buy supplies in any appreciable quantity from any other country; for among the principal exporting countries America alone is not engaged in war. For all practical purposes Japan is now dependent on America for war materials. Shut off from America, it would not necessarily be put out of action, but in the course of six months or a year it would be seriously crippled. It could be brought to a halt in China. As for the loss of profits from the Japanese trade, that has now become a lesser consideration. If it can be assumed that the war in Europe will last for some time there will be ample demand from European belligerents for

just those essentials to warfare that Japan has been buying from America. The loss of Japanese war trade is a luxury which American business can now afford, and the internal political opposition to an embargo, which undoubtedly has been an important factor, is therefore diminished, if not removed.

With respect to the danger of provoking Japan to war, that too is materially diminished. It has already been said that Japan has been seriously weakened. It cannot extricate itself from China, puppet government or no puppet government, and at the same time it must husband its remaining strength against the possibility of an Anglo-French victory in Europe. For Great Britain and France, especially Great Britain, have accounts to settle with Japan. If the British grand fleet is ever free to move out to the Singapore base Japan will have to fight for self-preservation against odds not too promising at any time but insuperable in its present straits. Japan is not likely therefore to plunge into additional adventures. The Japanese army may be given to recklessness, but it has learned caution. It received a sound drubbing from the Russians on the Mongolian border last summer and then with alacrity accepted an armistice on terms constituting acknowledgment of defeat. The Japanese army knows when discretion is the better part of valor. And it has always been circumspect about America. There are no illusions in Japan about America's power. Parenthetically, there is a syllogism that should be drawn from the Russian-Finnish fighting and the Russian-Japanese fighting. If the same army that defeated the Japanese was wiped out or sent fleeing by the Finns, then how shall the Japanese army be rated? Has the world been overawed all these years by a false front—or was the Siberian Red Army, being a separate and homogeneous force, better than the European Russian army?

Perhaps the main argument now being made against any attempt to curb Japan by economic measures is that it will throw

Japan and Soviet Russia into each other's arms. Against this three things are to be said. In the first place, if the Japanese can make a deal with the Russians for a division of the spoils in Eastern Asia they will do so regardless of what position America takes. In the second place, a Russian-Japanese deal would have little political significance, since it would be tenuous and transitory. Neither side would trust the other, neither would have any cause for doing so; neither would be faithful to its engagements, and each would expect the other to betray. For purposes of long-term unified action a Russian-Japanese alliance is a remote possibility, if possibility at all. There is no division of spheres they can make that would not entail the jeopardizing of one of them, so much so as to mean eventual subordination of one to the other. And that neither would concede except as the penalty of a lost war. It is almost a cardinal principle of the political philosophy of both Russia and Japan that the other must be driven out of the Eastern Asiatic continent. In the third place, the threat that strong American action would drive Japan into the arms of Russia is being disseminated most assiduously by the Japanese themselves for American consumption. It is part of a diplomatic propaganda campaign to keep America inactive.

The danger from Russia in the Far East should not be too lightly dismissed. But it does not consist in an alliance with Japan for the division of China with the northwestern provinces left to Chinese communists under much the same status as Outer Mongolia and the rest left to Japan. The danger is rather that Russia will get control of China on its own account. This danger is accentuated by the Japanese invasion and could be diminished or eliminated if Japan were forced to recede. If the present war of attrition lasts long enough, and Japan continues to be able to draw on other countries for material help, it may be that the Chinese National government will become dispirited and drop out, not

so much surrendering as letting go by default. In that event the brunt of resistance to Japan will be carried by the Chinese communist armies, with material support from Russia at first and then the leadership of Russian army officers and party "advisers." And in that event China will fall either to Russia or Japan. But if it will be to Russia then, unless all the European Powers are completely emasculated, which is unlikely, and the United States is immovably immured in isolationism, which also is unlikely, there will be a continental struggle of the non-communist countries against Russia over whether Asia is to become Russian, with or without communism.

One of the unfortunate by-products of the European war is that China has been cut off from all support by Great Britain and France, which in the nature of things can now spare little for the Far East. At the same time the United States is doing little. In result China may be increasingly compelled to turn to Soviet Russia, willy-nilly. It can be understood if China, fighting for self-preservation and unable to get help elsewhere, accepts it from Soviet Russia even at the price of laying itself under obligation and making token payments in advance—as, for example, giving an increased share of power in the government to the Chinese communists, which, quite likely, would be the thin end of the Russian wedge. If for no other reason, it is just to avoid this that something should be done to ease the strain on China—either in the form of direct help to China or in the form of handicaps imposed on Japan. If China is not pressed too hard by Japan, if it can continue by formal and guerilla warfare to withstand the Japanese troops and slowly wear them out, then it can remain friendly to Russia but firm, taking help when given but refusing when too much is demanded in return. For this is what the present leaders of China desire. If the government can be kept in being and solidly based until Japan is forced to beat a retreat or accept a compromise that is

tantamount to defeat, then the Russian danger is over. If China as now led saves itself from Japan it can be depended upon to save itself from Russia. For one thing, its motive in resisting Japan as desperately as it has is nationalistic. For another, the men who now make decisions in China are anti-communistic and suspicious of Russia. In short, by curbing Japan now we can simultaneously lift the Japanese menace that hangs over China and the Russian menace that hangs over China. We can obviate a Japanese militarist-fascist empire and a Russian militarist-communist or pseudo-communist empire. There could be few more ghastly prospects for the world than what would follow if the Russians were to use the millions of Asia as a spearhead of world revolution, whether the revolution were as genuinely social as Marx conceived it or as spurious as Stalin has made it. For there would be combined what was most terrible in the Thirty Years' War with the mass destructiveness of mechanized warfare.

III

It is a truism that wars are made long before they begin and cannot be prevented in the period just preceding their outbreak. There is a point in international relations at which a momentum has set in which can no longer be arrested. Then there must be war, with or without fighting. That is to say, either there is decision by battle or decision by default, because one side has yielded to threats. Where there is clear preponderance of power there can be bloodless victory; where there is not there must be war. There was not in Europe, so there is war; neither Great Britain nor France was resigned to accepting relegation to obscurity. Most distinctly there is not in the Far East, and if and after a certain momentum has set in there will be war in the Far East. That time is not far distant. In fact it may already have arrived. In a sense, the Japan-China war is the beginning, as the pitched

battles between the Russians and Japanese in 1938 and 1939 were the beginning—arrested for the moment, as it happens, by the sudden volte-face of Russia and remaining in suspense until the full import of Russia's volte-face can be assessed. We have been near enough to general war in the Far East on more than one occasion since 1919. We are nearer now because the Japanese invasion of China set highly volatile substances in motion.

In one sense the European war has been an ameliorative agent in the Far East. It offers the means of arresting the momentum to war in that part of the world. There is no paradox in saying that the Far Eastern war is a by-product of the European war, even if it came two years earlier. It would probably not have come at all if Europe had not already been in the preliminaries to war by 1935. Europe's internecine struggles have for long fixed Japan's harvesting seasons, for then Japan could reap without hindrance. Until there was decision or prospect of decision in Europe no European Power could take the risk of commitments in the Far East. It could not even risk antagonizing Japan too much, lest Japan join the enemy coalition. As a matter of fact, by not being uncompromising Great Britain did keep Japan from making an outright alliance with Germany. So long therefore as the European war was threatening but not under way Japan enjoyed impunity. Even America had to be indecisive since it did not know what lay ahead in Europe and what complications would arise.

Now the war has come. Decision is in the making. The war has come with the unexpected turn of Russia toward Europe through the alliance with Germany, which prevents the automatic extension of the war to Asia through a combined German-Japanese attack on Russia. This alone is of immeasurable benefit to the Far East. Furthermore, if Russia's fiasco in Finland is symptomatic and Russia can be written off as an offensive force, then too there is simplification in the Far East as well as in Europe.

The complicating factor of Russia is cancelled again, as it was in 1905 after the Russian fiasco in the war with Japan. Once decision is arrived at in Europe there is direct approach to settlement in the Far East. If there can be only ten years of stability in Europe, with the major Powers free agents for action elsewhere, then a combined effort can be made to work out a solution for the Far East. And with Russia exposed as hollow and Japan already weakened, the solution can be imposed.

It does not follow that the solution will be a socially desirable one, since even European Powers are not given to any sudden access of self-abnegation. But it *could* be a socially desirable one, and if China is left strong enough after the present war it will have to be a socially desirable one. China itself will make sure of that. By socially desirable is meant a system of relationships that does not foreordain war for spoils of conquest.

All this is contingent, however, on military decision in Europe coming before a military decision in the Far East, or, in other words, before the Japanese have forced China to surrender or the Russians have laid China under mortgage and then foreclosed. Otherwise it will be an accomplished fact that Europe and America confront and the burden will be on them to undo it. This would mean a war of course, and on all historical precedent there will be a war, whether against Japan or Russia or both. In that war America will be a participant. For there will be at stake not only the imperial possessions of Great Britain and France but the value of expropriated economic interests and the right of all countries to trade, especially if the victor in the present war should be Japan. In the light of the past few years it scarcely needs to be demonstrated that these are the stakes for which nations fight. Disputes over possession of territory may not lead directly to war. But they generate fears and rancors which lead to defensive move and

counter-move, alliance and counter-alliance, until a tension is drawn which no longer can be borne. In international politics, no less than in physics, there is a law of tensions. There is a limit to tensile strength, and the time comes when at the slightest pressure everything snaps. Anything then is preferable to continued suspense. It was so in Europe last year. Great Britain and France did not go to war to save Poland. German possession of Poland did not menace them vitally; if anything, to the contrary, for it led Germany off to the east. But the periodically renewed alarms had become unbearable. Poland was the climax. German pretensions had created not only fear but the conviction that unless Germany was stopped no country would be safe. And probably none would have been safe, for aggression grows by what it acquires.

The same reasoning, or perhaps the same charging of the emotions, would follow on a similar acquisition of territory and power by Japan. For the past ten years demonstrate that Japanese aggression too grows by what it acquires. A Japanese empire aggrandized by China and gathering accretions in Pacific waters by its own power of attraction, by the fear it radiates, would be a menace or would be deemed a menace by all other countries in the Pacific. And America lies in the Pacific, politically as well as geographically. There are the Philippines, there is Hawaii, and there is the cumulative effect of the position the American government has taken in the Pacific, not only in recent years but for almost a century. The American battle fleet has been stationed in the Pacific for most of the past ten years. Given an aggrandized and aggressive Japan, it would remain there and it would be enlarged to dimensions unprecedented in American history. In fact, building has already begun. And that in turn would induce the Japanese to take counter-measures for security, and history would repeat itself. The strain between Japan and the United States has been growing

as it is. The tension has been acute more than once in recent years. Not much more would be required for it to snap.

The argument with respect to exclusion from trade is more direct. It may be demonstrated in theory that trade is never worth a war or the risk of war and that America's trade with China is relatively small. If the trade were lost by act of God or economic evolution the loss doubtless could and would be borne. But if it were denied by fiat of another Power, more particularly a Power with which there was already friction and whose pretensions had already aroused fear, the loss would not be borne. Trade would not be the avowed or even acknowledged cause of war; but its enforced loss would generate a train of events that would lead to war. The issue is not new. This country has had only two permanent policies: the Monroe Doctrine and the Open Door in China, which means equality of opportunity for trade with China. From these two policies it has never receded. The second is not phantasm or fetish. It is true that the trade with China has never exceeded \$250,000,000 in value and is now less than half that. But that is not conclusive or even indicative when set against the fact that that trade has grown steadily and at an impressive rate, having increased sixfold between 1910 and 1930; that in the years preceding the China-Japan war the United States had the largest trade in China, and that China's trade prospects are just coming to fruition. China has only just begun to industrialize, and the potentialities of any undeveloped area come into play only as it industrializes. If China is unimpeded in industrializing, its potentialities as a market will be as great as those of any similar area in the nineteenth century. It is incidentally the only area with such potentialities left in the world, a fact that is hardly negligible in view of contemporary economic conditions in Europe and America. It is denying all the precedents of history to believe that any great

trading nation, America or any other, will submit to exclusion from the opportunity to share in those potentialities so long as it has the power to prevent exclusion. It is denying the facts of American history to believe so.

Wars can be prevented not just before they begin but at the time when the forces of collision are set in motion. After they have acquired sufficient momentum those forces can no longer be arrested, if only because then too much emotional drive has been put behind them. Hence the cardinal importance of maintaining in the Far East the status of January 1, 1940, until the end of the European war. Hence, further, the vital necessity for America to use its present opportunity to obstruct Japan—to prevent Japan from seizing British and French colonies in Eastern waters and from driving farther into China or capitalizing on the gains it already has won there. Only America is in a position to do so. It may never again be in a position to do so, or to do so with as little risk. There may never again be so favorable an opportunity for staying the sequence of cause and effect making for war in the Far East.

If stabilization of the Far East on its present basis can be assured until the end of the European war and Great Britain and France win the war and Russia has to be contented with licking its wounds, then we can go about making peace in the Far East. Then Great Britain, France, and the United States can tender certain "advice" to the Japanese government. If the advice is not followed they can present peremptory demands. If the demands are not met, they can post ships on the main seaways to intercept all vessels plying to and from Japan with intent to sever all intercourse between Japan and the rest of the world. They can mass the better part of their fighting fleets in Eastern waters lest Japan essay any escapades in vengeance. And they can draw the blockade tighter until Japan, no longer able to feed on its own fat, is exhausted and asks for mercy.

And the purport of the advice and demands, the objective of the cordon of ships, can be simply put: the evacuation of China by Japanese troops. After that we shall be able to proceed to drawing the bases of a new political structure in the Far East, the foundation of which will be the independence of China but which will include broad enough scope for Japan's economic activities to enable the Japanese people to maintain themselves on a standard of living satisfactory to themselves. If Japan has not already conquered China, not much time will be required before it bends to the inevitable. It will not have much vitality left at the best. And if it remains obdurate and in desperation offers forcible resistance, putting down that resistance will be a simple matter. Against a combination of worldwide blockade and massed navies of the principal Powers Japan will be helpless. There will be at the worst a short punitive expedition, not a war. It will be short and inexpensive either in life or property—ininitely less expensive than

a war that has to be fought later.

Such risk as is entailed will have to be borne. We live in a generation in which escape from risk is not given to men. All that is within their choice or control is consciously to draw up a scale of risks, make a kind of equation of risks and choose the lesser. Had the lesser risk been taken before 1939—in 1935, say, when if oil sanctions had not brought Italy to heel, a short and inexpensive campaign would have been sufficient and Germany could have been forewarned—all Europe would not now be standing to arms and depleting the vitality of generations to come. If at the close of the European war we do not do something in the Far East analogous to oil sanctions or campaign in 1935 we shall later have to do that which is analogous to Europe in 1940. On the simple arithmetic of humanitarianism it is better to take steps earlier. It would be an economy of human suffering.

Meanwhile, it must be repeated again, the key lies in America. America can and should act.





SOAP OPERA

BY MERRILL DENISON

FROM nine every morning until six every evening, Monday through Friday, unrelieved tragedy nearly blankets the radio networks. During these hours and these days babies are torn from their mothers' arms; mortgages are foreclosed; lovely ladies are put upon; dewy-eyed maidens and stalwart youths get embroiled in trouble, and kindly old codgers, twinkling over their spectacles, are victimized by scheming loan sharks and other assorted rascals.

These sob-in-the-throat radio dramas are known to the trade as "soap operas" or "strip shows." The origin of the term "soap opera" is fairly obvious; it owes its inspiration to the popularity of this kind of entertainment among the leading manufacturers of soap. The source of "strip show" is more obscure. It may be a corruption of "script" show, or it may be derived from the comic strip to which it bears a strong resemblance. Wherever the term came from, it should not be confused with the strip show of burlesque. One can think offhand of no two forms of entertainment more distant poles apart.

Soap opera can be heard during almost any fifteen-minute period on any weekday. In form it is narrative-dramatics; its purpose, to win the interest of women listeners. How successfully this desired end has been accomplished is shown most clearly in the balance sheets of the major networks. Seven years ago the combined income of NBC and CBS from daytime radio sales was \$8,400,000. To-day it is \$26,700,000—

fully one-third of all the income received by the networks from the sale of time.

How dear to the heart of listeners the soap opera has become is revealed by the fifty million letters received by one broadcasting company alone in answer to premium offers made on clients' daytime serials over a six-year period. Most of these letters required "proof of purchase," which is radio's euphemism for sending in a box top; a large percentage also required cash, generally a dime, occasionally a quarter, sometimes more. In return the followers of "Willie and Winnie" or "Interned Nurse" or "Valiant Widows" received some household gadget or a compact or costume jewelry or—in one deliriously tempting offer—a package of tested, guaranteed, jumbo zinnia seeds.

A reasonably attractive premium offer made on any one of the twenty-four daytime leaders will draw from 250,000 to 600,000 letters, complete with box top and cash. When conditions are made easy the number of letters soars into the millions.

Oddly enough, although the popularity of soap operas has steadily increased, the number of daytime radio sponsors has been diminishing. In 1936, 31 sponsors bought 152 quarter hours per week; in 1938, only 23 sponsors bought 249 fifteen-minute periods. The explanation given is that the generous discounts which are offered to sponsors for gross billings make the yearly purchase of blocks of daylight time particularly attractive to the large advertiser who has

a number of different products to sell. For instance, the cost to the advertiser for the average soap opera on 33 stations of the Red Network would be approximately \$2,250 for each fifteen-minute period. Should the advertiser's gross billings exceed a certain amount, however, there would be a rebate of $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent—and a further rebate of $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent if the same time were used throughout the year. These costs include both station rentals and telephone-wire charges. The cost of actors, music, writing, and direction is additional.

Six manufacturers are now paying for more than two-thirds of all the soap operas. Soap and cleansing agents bear the brunt of the cost, with 108 fifteen-minute periods; breakfast foods come next, with 40; drugs support 23. The leading angel of soap opera is Procter & Gamble, which in 1939 bought \$8,765,135 worth of radio time from the leading chains, NBC, CBS, and MBS. Incidentally, on the basis of the Crossley report, this company provides, among others, five of the most popular shows: "Guiding Light," "Ma Perkins," "Pep-per Young's Family," "Mary Marlin," and "The O'Neills."

These Crossley reports furnish relative ratings for commercial network programs and for a few sustaining shows. For example, the highest rating ever attained was that of the Louis-Schmeling fight in June, 1938; it was 57.6. King Edward VIII's valedictory rated 45; several of the President's Fireside Chats between 30 and 40. From October, 1938, to April, 1939, Charlie McCarthy and his colleagues rated 44.7; his closest rival, Jack Benny, 36.

These figures do not refer to the size of the audience but simply indicate what percentage of those listening were tuned to the individual programs. They give sponsors a chance to compare the popularity of their programs with competing programs at the same time or with programs of the same general type. The Crossley is the nearest to a box-office count that radio has.

Of the eighteen leading daily soap operas, one has a Crossley rating between 8 and 9; two between 7 and 8, and 13 between 6 and 7. The current leader, "Ma Perkins," is on 60 NBC stations. Two Columbia shows have the largest number of outlets: 77 each. Contrasting with these large coverages, "Bachelor's Children," with a rating of 6.0, goes on the air from only 18 stations, and "David Harum," a veteran of the airways, has a 6.4 rating from 23 stations.

What all this means in terms of the total audience attracted to the soap operas nobody knows. The average rating for all of them is 4.5; the average number of outlets, 33. Since these 33 stations cover the most densely populated areas in the country, their potential audience embraces about 70 per cent of all radio-equipped homes in the United States. With 30,000,000 such homes, this would mean 21,000,000 listeners, counting only one to a set. Numerous surveys have established, however, that the daytime audience is seldom more than two-thirds of the evening potential. The figure 21,000,000 then should be reduced to 14,000,000. Taking 4.5 per cent of this figure, the average daytime serial audience can be placed at 600,000.

The networks generally beg the question but place the average audience around 750,000—and then, on the basis of the premium returns, point out that it must be even higher. Accepting any of these estimates and multiplying it by the number of single episodes broadcast weekly—more than 500 for the country as a whole—one concludes that the daytime radio serial is the most popular form of entertainment ever devised.

II

There is little difference fundamentally between the soap opera of 1940, the serial flicker thriller of 1920, the ten, twenty, thirty melodrama of 1910, the nickel dreadful of 1900, or the backstairs continued-fiction of even earlier days. All have been cut from the same piece

of literary goods in that their success depends on heightening the suspense of each succeeding episode. But where its predecessors were able to follow a simple formula, the strip show requires infinite skill and cunning if it is to satisfy the American housewife of 1940.

There are various reasons for this increased complexity. For one thing, a soap opera may go on forever. "The Goldbergs," for instance, are in their tenth year, and it is an axiom of the trade that a strip can hold out as long as its sponsor can. Such longevity is gratifying to the owner of the dramatic property but it imposes tremendous difficulties on the writer. Eventually something must happen to bring each plot sequence to an end and when it does there must be another under way if interest is to be sustained. Furthermore, those who fabricate soap operas for the daytime trade must steer a course safely through an amazing lot of taboos, prejudices, and prohibitions.

One cardinal rule prevails: there must be a female lead and she must suffer. Every problem is a woman's problem. There are exceptions, such as "David Harum," but these are rare. Usually there is a heart interest, one and one only for the heroine, two or more for the hero. As a rule the female lead is superior to the male in brains, devotion, nobility of character, and capacity for sacrifice.

The soap operas are sometimes original inventions, sometimes adaptations of comic strips, sometimes continuations of books or plays. "Stella Dallas" and "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" are examples of the latter type, although they bear little relation to their originals except to retain the central character. But while the shows have different characters, different situations, different backgrounds, all are essentially alike. Each offers an escape from reality into vicarious reality, from one's own worries into the far more enjoyable worries of others.

"The Romance of Helen Trent," for example, tells of the worries of the

divorced woman of thirty-five who attempts to make her life anew. She has a tough time of it. In "Backstage Wife" a sweet wholesome girl marries a matinee idol and worries about holding her husband's love against the wiles and lures of the sirens of the stage and screen. In "Our Gal Sunday" a ranch-raised Western girl marries into the British nobility and worries about how to behave. In "David Harum" David is continually worried about getting other people out of trouble. Exceptions do exist; "Pepper Young's Family," "The Goldbergs," "The O'Neills," and "Vic and Sade," for example, are less mechanical and artificial than the run-of-the-mill soap opera, but even in these instances plot complications tend to become pretty harrowing. Oddly enough, two of the more adult episodic radio shows, "Amos 'n' Andy" and "Easy Aces," are not known as soap operas, possibly because they have always occupied evening time. "The Lone Ranger" is in a unique class. Whether "Heigh-ho, Silver" is a soap-horse-opera or a horse-soap-opera no one has yet determined. In its dual capacity, however, it undoubtedly represents the epitome of something.

Whatever the plot, the main technical job is to build up suspense, Monday through Friday. How this is managed is revealed by a sample week of "Our Gal Sunday," heard daily over the Columbia network at 12:45 P.M. The situation is roughly this: It is Our Gal Sunday's third week in England and in Monday's episode she goes to have a lesson in etiquette for her presentation at Buckingham Palace. She feels pretty miserable about it because she fears she will never be able to curtsy as well as she can ride a horse. Approaching the scene of the lesson, she overhears two titled mentors exchanging some nasty remarks about her being an awkward American without poise, breeding, or background. Although she goes through with the lesson, she burns inside with worry and foreboding. Will she disgrace her husband, Sir Henry Brin-

thrope? Will his love not cool when he learns, as it appears that he inevitably must, that she is destined to remain a simple cow-girl all her life? Tormented by pangs of doubt and indecision, she retires for the day.

Tuesday's skit opens with the distraught girl in the Brinthrope library with her baby. They are alone. She is worrying when the butler enters with the tiara she is to wear at her presentation. Sunday tries it on but finds its weight so great that it almost pains her. This makes her more unhappy, for it seems an added proof of her inadequacy in the role of Lady Brinthrope. At this instant, however, her brother-in-law, the ne'er-do-well Arthur, appears. Arthur, it seems, tried to win her before Henry, and now demands five thousand quid. When Sunday tells him she has no money, Arthur grabs the tiara and leaves, telling her she can redeem it. As the sketch finishes for the day one wonders what new calamity can come to-morrow.

Wednesday finds her hard at work on her neurosis. Knowing how much Henry hates Arthur, she is afraid to tell her husband about the snatch of the tiara but finally decides that she must do so. She works herself up to the point of revealing all to Henry and as a preliminary mentions Arthur. Henry immediately flies into a rage and forbids her ever to mention that hated name in his home again. He swears he will kill Arthur if the latter ever dares darken the Brinthrope doors and storms off in a rage. This leaves Sunday in a grim predicament, so grim that when she is alone she says to herself and her 600,000 unseen listeners, "What will I do . . . how can I ever tell him now? . . . He'd kill Arthur if he knew and it would be all my fault."

By the time Wednesday's ordeal is over any person with a drop of decent compassion should be suffering the most wretched agonies along with Sunday. (To insure this vicarious misery, a production memorandum reached the script writer from the sponsor: "*IMPORTANT:*

The fear on Sunday's part that Henry might kill Arthur and be punished with death must be repeated daily as her reason for concealing all.")

Thursday's travail takes place a few days later on the eve of the girl's presentation. Aunt Alice, a nosy old busybody, remarks upon the absence of the tiara and Sunday explains that it didn't fit and that she had sent it back to the jewelers. Alice indignantly proposes giving the jeweler a wiggling but Sunday implores her not to. "Please don't, Auntie," the girl cries. "I'll get it back." But when she is alone again she realizes that she can no longer dally with her problem. Somehow she must get her hands on 5,000 pounds to give to Arthur.

Friday opens with her frantic with worry, wondering how she is going to raise \$25,000. When Henry finds her in tears and asks the reason, however, she tells him the first yarn that comes into her head. She says her brother Jackey is in trouble and needs money badly. How badly? asks Henry. Sunday tells him. Henry whistles. Twenty-five grand is bad trouble, even to a Brinthrope. Sunday cries. Henry tells her not to cry, of course he'll give her the money. But the more he tries to comfort her the more she cries, saying, "If you only knew . . . things can never be the same between us." This new torment has come because she has told her first lie to her husband, and as he goes to write a check for her she is a prey to more fearsome questions. What will Arthur do? What will Henry do when he finds out? Will he kill Arthur? What will Jackey do? What will Buckingham Palace be like? Will she make a proper curtsy or will she trip on her face before Their Majesties? These are but a few of the worries that beset the poor girl as she leaves the air on Friday to return next Monday.

It's all very obvious, artificial, and preposterous of course, but even people who grumble at its banality can't help wondering why Arthur wanted the tiara

and what Henry will do when he finds out.

Thanks to the hapless Sunday and some fifty heroines like her, the sales of breakfast food, cosmetics, soap, floor wax, and laxatives have soared and keep on soaring. But while soap operas give pleasure to uncounted millions of women and contribute a thumping sum to broadcasters, joy is not unconfined. They are also the source of the radio industry's most persistent worry.

To educators, intellectuals, and uplift groups, the number and nature of daytime radio serials serve as outstanding examples of the social irresponsibility of commercial sponsorship. To these critics the fifteen-minute radio dramas are drivel—a shocking waste of the greatest of all media of communication, education, and enlightenment.

In answer, the networks point out that when the radio audience listens to Toscanini or follows an international crisis like that of Munich, "Little Orphan Annie," "Myrt and Marge," and all the other quarter hours are paying one-third of the cost.

III

The first daytime radio serial took to the air less than nine years ago. It was called "Just Plain Bill" and was based on a number of revolutionary theories. One was that there existed a vast daylight audience if something could be found to attract the interest of women. Another was that the kind of serialized fiction that appeared in newspapers might be successful if adapted to the air.

Plain Bill was created as a simple, ordinary fellow, recognizable to anyone; a small-town barber living in a town in the Middle West called Hartville and saddled with a load of grief and worry. As the strip started off, the mortgage on Bill's little store was about to be foreclosed and his daughter Nancy, whom he had not seen since her mother's death eighteen years before, was returning to Bill and Hartville. Although Bill had

scrimped all these years to make a lady out of Nancy, the girl did not know Bill was her father or that her father was a barber. How would she react? Would she consider herself too good for Bill or behave as a loving daughter should? And how could Bill support her without his little barber shop?

With these complications to start off with, "Just Plain Bill" went on a local station in Chicago in September, 1932, as a bold experiment on the part of his two creators, Frank Hummert and Anne Ashenhurst (now Mrs. Hummert). In a short time Bill began to receive letters from friends and admirers. Some people sent presents, some advice, some admonishments. Some offered counsel dredged from their own experience, some asked for Bill's advice and help. And most of those who wrote accepted Bill and the other characters in the show as real, living human beings.

Before many weeks had passed the Hummerts realized that they had experimented far more soundly than they had known, but even they were dumbfounded when the replies to the first test offer started pouring in. Incredible though it seemed at that time, hundreds of thousands, possibly millions of people within the listening area of the Chicago station had become Bill's devoted followers.

After a twenty-six-week try-out on the local station "Just Plain Bill" took to the networks. Shortly after, the actor who played the part was invited to make a personal appearance at a New York theater. This too was a pioneer move. For a few days an announcement was made on the program that Bill's friends could gaze on him in the flesh by presenting themselves with a box top and a dime at the Roxy Theater on a given date.

No one seriously expected much of a turnout for the 11 A.M. opening. Certainly no one imagined that Bill could ever fill a 5,000 seat theater. By eleven-thirty, nevertheless, the S.R.O. sign had to be hung out in the lobby and by one

o'clock the lines extended four deep four blocks from the playhouse. In a little over ten days 175,000 people from New York and the surrounding area, most of them women, produced a box top and a dime to feast their eyes on Bill. Even in Hollywood \$1,750 a day is considered an important take for any artist.

Some day, out of gratitude, NBC and Columbia should erect a monument to "Just Plain Bill's" memory—if they can agree upon a site. As the forerunner of all daytime serials, he not only established the appeal of the episodic misadventure drama but also discovered the daytime audience. Logical contributors to such a monument would be the Hummerts, Frank and Anne; for Bill's initial success launched them on one of the most fabulously fruitful collaborations ever known.

Currently these twin Fords of etherealized drama are responsible for about 60 radio shows a week, including eleven daytime soap operas, three once-weekly evening dramas, and two Sunday-night musical programs. On a wordage basis the Hummerts' joint weekly output is the equivalent of two fairly hefty novels or six full-length plays. To produce this mighty deluge of dialogue they have developed a fiction factory in which the assembly-line methods of mass-production industry have been adapted to the manufacture of radio scripts.

Separately or in collaboration, the Hummerts supervise the choice of story line or plot sequence, a somewhat expanded treatment of that already quoted for "Our Gal Sunday." After the story line is established, revised, and finally approved, the scripts of successive episodes pass through the hands of various secretaries, editors, dialogue writers, stenographers, directors, and actors until the live show is finally delivered to the microphone. Shrewdly eliminating one of the most wasteful and time-consuming practices in radio, the Hummerts implacably refuse to permit any sponsor to attend either a rehearsal or a broadcast.

The two highest paid free-lance script writers are, reputedly, Elaine Stern Carrington (a former HARPER contributor) who writes "Pepper Young's Family" and "When a Girl Marries," and Gertrude Berg, author of "The Goldbergs" and "The House of Glass." Both of these women are said to be in the \$1,000-per-week class. "The O'Neills" is written by Jane West; it started some five years ago as a co-operative undertaking between actors and writer on a sustaining basis. It was sold a few months later and has remained sold ever since. Erma Phillips of Chicago writes "Women in White" and "Guiding Light"; she is famous also for taking her highly successful "Today's Children" off the air because she felt she had come to the end of her inspiration—an attitude without precedent in soap-opera history.

Edmund McGill, known to the trade as a "needler," holds one of the most unusual jobs in radio. When the Crossley rating of a soap opera begins to sag, or when inspiration dies, McGill is called in to administer a general shot in the arm by stepping up the show—creating new situations, new drama, new characters.

Most literate of all daytime serials is "Vic and Sade," written by Paul Reimers of Chicago. With plausible situations and naturalistic dialogue, it is one of the few radio shows that is always consistently mature in conception and writing. "Vic and Sade" was also co-operative in the beginning and struggled along for years without a sponsor. Its Crossley rating is not very high even now, but it remains the jewel of the collection.

Oddly enough, the writers who specialize in soap opera number less than a hundred for the entire country. Among them they produce about 1,500,000 words weekly—but this seems less difficult when one learns that one writer alone, a zealot by the name of Andrews, once turned out, over a considerable period, thirty-five fifteen-minute episodes a week. Compared with such

productivity, the output of the Dumas, *père et fils*, seems relatively moderate.

One of the chief advantages of the soap dramas is their comparative inexpensiveness. Until the threatened strike of the radio actors' union, AFRA, a year ago, a five-times-weekly serial could be delivered to the microphone for less than \$550 a week, exclusive of office overhead, station rentals, or line charges. Since the AFRA settlement, costs have almost doubled for repeat shows (those broadcast first for the East and at a later hour for the West); but when one compares even this outlay with the \$5,000 commonly paid Hollywood stars for a single broadcast, it is easy to understand the basic economic reason for the success of daytime radio serials.

Incidentally, most soap operas are created not by the sponsor or by the broadcasting company but by the sponsor's advertising agency, using the facilities of Columbia, NBC, or one of the several transcription organizations. In other words, if Brown and Brown decide to use a soap opera to promote the sales of their new breakfast food "Whimpsies" they turn to Black and Black, their advertising counsel, who hire writers, pick a show, book time, engage actors, employ directors, write the commercials, put the show on the air, devise premium offers, answer the fan mail, pay all the bills, and collect 15 per cent of the gross costs for their trouble. In 1938, a single advertising agency, Blackett, Sample & Hummert, with which Frank and Anne Hummert are associated, bought 53 per cent of the daytime and 8 per cent of all the radio time sold by both networks and local stations in the United States. The cost was about \$9,000,000; the agency commission, \$1,350,000.

IV

Just what kind of people listen to soap opera is shown by the fan mail. These letters do not pour in by millions, as do the box tops which arrive in answer to premium offers; but they are numerous

enough to keep both the sponsor and the agency in a constant dither, trying to foresee and forestall every conceivable cause for criticism—a desire prompted less by anxiety to preserve the illusions of the listeners than to retain their good will as potential buyers of the sponsor's products. The outstanding fact about these letters is the belief they reveal in the reality of the characters in the air dramas. Let a hero propose an ignoble act, a heroine harbor an unworthy thought, dear old Aunt Emmie grow irascible with a visiting niece, or Uncle Eb speak harshly to the family horse, and the letters of censure begin to arrive. In the "Our Gal Sunday" sequence already quoted, for instance, letters were received disapproving of Sunday's efforts to spare Henry the truth about his scoundrelly brother Arthur by telling a white or, at the worst, a gray lie. Let a character develop a cold, break a leg, or be about to have a baby, and offers of help and recipes for some remedies pour into the stations carrying the broadcast.

Birthdays invariably start a horde of good-hearted old ladies to knitting neckties; an expressed liking for lemon pie will bring oozing packages to stations throughout the country; the plight of a sympathetic character, broke and down on his luck far from home, once brought offers of loans of money and invitations to share an extra seat in a motor car heading in the general direction of the unfortunate's home town.

Most letters are addressed to individual characters by their air names. A small proportion, not more than two per cent, come from cranks and psychopaths. The great majority are from simple, motherly, rigidly moralistic women. Their letters are not funny. They disclose a naïveté which would have been entirely unbelievable before the revealing reaction to the "War of the Worlds" broadcast some time ago.

So real is the belief held by many listeners in the actuality of strip characters, in fact, that no sponsor would commit the folly of changing, without some en-

tirely plausible reason, the actor or actress playing an important role. If an actress gets married and has a baby (in her own and not her simulated air character) during the run of a soap opera, then it is advisable to have her air counterpart marry and experience the joys and pangs of motherhood. Only in this manner can the demands of nature and the great unseen audience be reconciled. Should an actor withdraw from a leading role, it is often wiser to kill off the character he plays than attempt to replace the actor.

The amazing popularity of soap opera is due, apparently, to two things: the daily routine of the American housewife and the nature of radio as a dramatic medium. In millions of homes most of the commonplace household tasks can be done against the background of radio, and millions of women have found it a relief from the tedium of lonely hours. Secondly, radio more than any other medium has the power to create a feeling of reality. Requiring

neither the physical presence of actors, scenery, stage sets, lights, nor an auditorium to tell its story, it leaves the imagination of the listener free to lose itself completely in the world of illusion it endeavors to create. This power explains why so many listeners believe so completely in the reality of the strip-show characters.

But even when one understands its nature, the popularity of the daytime radio serial is disturbing. The cultural and educational questions it raises are obvious but there are others just as important. When one understands the entirely mechanical and cynical techniques which have been perfected for the manufacture of these radio shows, and when one considers the whole-hearted acceptance with which millions of women listen to them, one cannot help wondering what would happen were the same techniques used to serve political ends rather than the relatively harmless ones of promoting the sale of soap, breakfast foods, and tooth pastes.





FOUR COUNTRY POEMS

BY JESSE STUART

I

I LOVE the smell of burning brush in spring.
I love to walk afield and take my team.
I love to hear the rooster redbird sing
And hold the handles of my plow and dream.
I'd hate to think that money bought my bread
Forever in a world of house and street
Where there is life too flash, and fear and dread
Too often come with bread of life men eat.
I love the land that's free green hills to me,
The homespun clothes, the jeans, the overalls—
I love the oak, the pine, the chestnut tree,
The ferny rocks, cow paths, the waterfalls.
I love to have my freedom on my land
And make my bread and owe no man a cent—
And lend my fellow-man a helping hand,
Have elbow room and peace and fair content.

II

We're out to-night, for April is returning.
The moon's a yolk of egg on hawk-egg blue.
We're out to-night, for wine of life is burning;
The hour is midnight, for the cock just crew.
The fox will circle soon and we'll be hearing
The sweetest hound-dog music ever heard.
Just wait until our lengthy hounds come pouring
Like speckled water from the poplar wood.
I hope my hound is leading home the pack—
He is the big bass drum of all the dogs.
Just listen, man—hot on that red fox' track,
Over the slate dumps and the clearing's logs!
We're out to-night—over these hills we fly.
Among wild honeysuckle on the rocks
A thin-leaved poplar quivers on the sky.
The briars are tearing at our legs and socks.

III

My wife must have clean mountain blood in her.
She must have lungs and legs to climb the hill.

*Her eyes must be as blue as April water
 In sunlight in a flashing mountain rill.
 My wife must have a brain to know the trees;
 To know the changing seasons of the year.
 My wife must see some things the poet sees
 And love spring's ways enough to shed a tear.
 She must be solid as the mountain cliff
 And pretty as sweet williams first in bloom.
 And in her soul there must be fight enough
 To fight with me from springtime to the tomb.
 I've known some women in my wild youth spring
 I could not take to be my bride forever;
 They loved not life, not work, nor anything—
 If nothing but two worlds of flesh we'd sever.*

IV

*Where is the April we shall see no more?
 Where has the April of our young lives gone?
 Where do the waters of young rivers pour
 Over the blue slate and the soft sandstone?
 That's where the glossy green of April went
 And why green twilight winds pass with a sigh;
 It's for the mortal April blood we spent
 Under red evening clouds and wind-blue sky.
 Where is the spirit of the wind in us?
 Why have we lost the freshness of the flower?
 Stone backs once hard to bend in flesh of us
 Have grown more brittle in this trying hour.
 Do not ask me why we love growing April
 With blowing wind and floating fleecy cloud;
 We follow rainbows arched across the river,
 We are so young, so foolish, and so proud!*





WQXR: QUALITY ON THE AIR

BY HENRY F. PRINGLE

AN AXIOM of America's newest giant industry—the investment in radio broadcasting is now \$1,068,339,901 according to the Federal Communications Commission—is that it is impossible to descend to a level lower than that of the general public taste. The broadcasts which bombard the tired ether waves are designed for people with the minds of children. There are of course exceptions. The National Broadcasting Company spent a great deal of money for the superb Toscanini concerts. Other symphony orchestras have been put on the air and so has grand opera. In the non-musical field the quiz feature, "Information Please," is adult and intelligent. But the programs which have made the billion-dollar industry possible are, in the main, balderdash.

The broadcasters are doubtless correct. Out in Hollywood it is a too familiar story that pictures of superior quality may not, probably will not, earn the \$250,000 to \$1,000,000 spent in making them. The problem of broadcasting is similarly complicated, although the stakes are not so great. On the one hand, the broadcaster must please the advertiser who pays for the program, and this usually means pleasing the agency which handles the account. On the other, if the hook-up is a national one he must attract millions to their receiving sets against the competition of every other station on the air at the same hour. Some of the most elaborate and most foolish radio shows cost as high as \$35,000 a week for talent and network.

Radio broadcasting may be a giant industry, but its earnings are spotty. It spent \$92,503,594 in 1938 and took in \$111,358,378, which represents a net of \$18,854,784. But only 419 out of a total of 660 stations were in the black and most of these belonged to, or were affiliated with, the N.B.C. or the Columbia Broadcasting Company chains. One station broke even, and 240 lost money; these, in the main, were small local stations.

Yet one of the local stations, although it also lost money, has been making a vital contribution to the cultural status of radio during the past three years. Station WQXR of New York City, owned and operated by the Interstate Broadcasting Company, broadcasts nothing but fine music, excellent lectures, intelligently presented news summaries, and other programs aimed at the fit though few. "We assume the radio listener to be an intelligent and cultured person," says John V. L. Hogan, the company's president.

It is an assumption which would qualify Mr. Hogan for a lunatic asylum in the minds of nearly all other radio company officials. But Mr. Hogan is confident that there is a place for quality on the air, and the revenues of his company, as well as the audience of his station, have been growing year by year. WQXR revenues are now at the rate of \$78,000 annually as compared with \$45,600 when the previous six-month report was made to Washington. The cost of running the station is approximately \$124,800 a year.

The Interstate Broadcasting Company is privately owned, with Mr. Hogan in control (he owns 64.5 per cent of the Class A, full voting stock, and Elliott M. Sanger, vice-president and general manager, owns 16.1 per cent), and it may be assumed that the stockholders share the deficits pending the day when WQXR shows a profit. Meanwhile Mr. Hogan—who is a radio pioneer and whose living comes from his talents as a consulting engineer—contends happily that the station has a potential audience of at least 1,000,000 in New York and its environs.

Quality on the air, being wholly novel, is a healthy sign. Magazines and books have long been published for a limited public; the economics of publishing makes this possible although far from easy. But the motion-picture industry, except for occasional foreign films, has followed the rule that its product must please everybody. Radio did the same thing.

The owners of WQXR make no claim that they broadcast only classical music. They do contend that the musical programs, which constitute 80 per cent of the station's time on the air, are limited to first-rate compositions of whatever variety. Thus there may be an hour of old-time favorites or of American and European folk songs. Light opera, even band music, is sometimes given. An examination of any single day's program makes it clear, however, that mass radio audiences would consider WQXR fairly heavy going. Thus a typical day began—at 7:30 in the morning!—with Saint-Saëns, Debussy, Wagner, and Mozart. At 9:00 o'clock a Haydn Symphony was played (most of the broadcasts are from recordings of course). Bach and Wagner at 4:30 o'clock in the afternoon were lightened by Gilbert and Sullivan selections at 5:30. In the evening came some Brittany folk songs, a Mendelssohn quartet, a piano recital, and a final hour called, somewhat sentimentally, "Just Music," which is one of the station's most popular features and which closes

at midnight. This is an hour of uninterrupted recordings, most of them rather simple and most of them familiar. In many a New York household "Just Music" is a soothing prelude to bed and to quiet sleep.

Some humorist a few years ago propounded a query: What has happened to the offensive small boys who loved to recite in school and invariably spoke in oleaginous, self-satisfied tones? He then answered his question: They have, he said, become radio announcers.

But WQXR—and this may, indeed, be its outstanding contribution to the science or art or whatever it is of radio broadcasting—insists that its announcers shall limit themselves to the fewest possible words, even when they are extolling the value of a product being advertised, and shall talk like human beings. There are other startling innovations. Anyone who has listened to the occasional symphonic broadcasts by the networks has been irritated by the patronizing tone of the announcer who explains, as to a mere child, how the brasses will blend with the wood-winds and what the piece means. Usually it is something about unrequited love or spring unfolding or the crashing echoes of a storm giving way to sunshine. The WQXR announcers, in contrast, merely name the composition or give, at most, a word or two of description.

"WQXR does not approve of sending high-pressure salesmen, disguised in a cloak of Mozart, into its listeners' living rooms," said the station's management last year.

The studios of WQXR reflect the gentility of its programs. Elaborate major generals in brilliant uniforms escort visitors through the vast offices of the National Broadcasting Company in Rockefeller Center. Incredibly lovely secretaries and information girls add to the Hollywood flavor. Tourists, their mouths agape with amazement, are herded about, and over it all hangs an air of tense, nervous excitement. Time is money and money is time. If only somebody would add another hour, or

two or three, to the day! Then that could be sold for money too.

But at WQXR all is serene and quiet. The studios are on the fifth floor of the Hecksher Building at 730 Fifth Avenue. A pleasant receptionist sits in the outer office where the walls are decorated with an excellent print or two and where there are magazines for visitors. No tourists come to WQXR; if they did, they would find little to see. Clerks and stenographers work at a long row of desks. To one side are the soundproof studios and the control room.

When I was at the studio WQXR was broadcasting what is called the "Symphonic Hour," a concert series of recorded music. Two young engineers received me and took me to the control room.

"We use two turnstiles," one of them said, "so that there will be no interruption in the music. At least, we hope there won't be!"

A rather baffling collection of switches and dials rose in front of the engineer at the control board. To his left was one of the phonograph turnstiles and to his right was another. Ordinary phonograph records were being used for a Beethoven composition. The one on the left of the engineer was turning when I came in, but the needle was close to the center and he was watching it intently. After a minute or two he started the turnstile on the right. A white line, he pointed out, had been etched on the record and this told him when to make the change.

"You have to work in a split second," the young man said. "Sometimes we get it just right and sometimes we miss. But I don't think many listeners catch it."

He told of a time when the wrong portfolio of records had been handed to him by mistake. They were labeled correctly. Without actually looking at the first record, the control man started to play what he thought was a concerto. But when the first strains emerged from the loudspeaker, he heard himself listening to a symphony by another composer.

The announcer had already named the concerto. There was nothing to do but play through the first movement and then admit the mistake.

At the end of the "Symphonic Hour" a small string orchestra, which had been assembling in one of the soundproof rooms, began to play. In this broadcast, as distinct from the recorded music, the tenseness which one notices at other radio stations was apparent to some extent. But the announcer was calm and his voice was that of a gentleman and not of a high-pressure salesman.

II

The inception of WQXR and the Interstate Broadcasting Company was accidental. As far back as 1902 John Hogan was experimenting with radio receiving sets; he was then in his 'teens. In 1907 he was working with Dr. Lee DeForest while still an undergraduate in the Sheffield Scientific School at Yale. DeForest, whose title to being the "father of radio broadcasting" is probably as good as anybody's, operated one of the first broadcasting stations. Hogan evolved a number of inventions, some of them universally used on receiving sets to-day. During the World War he designed transmitting and receiving apparatus for submarine chasers.

Hogan's conception of radio was that it should have three basic purposes: broadcasting of sound, television, and broadcasting of facsimiles of newspapers or other printed matter. In 1928 he was authorized by the government to erect an experimental station for television and sound, and he built one in Long Island City, not far from New York. For this purpose he was assigned the 1,550 kilocycle wave length, largely because few receiving sets were geared to a wave length so high in the scale. It was assumed that Hogan's experiments in television would bother nobody and might perhaps be of some practical value. As a matter of fact, two wave lengths were given him: 1,550 for sound and a

slightly higher one for television. By 1933 he was in operation.

Hogan had always been fond of music. He was also a perfectionist. So he decided to accompany his television broadcasts with musical programs. Music on the air had bothered him for some time. "You can't tell a piano from a harp or a flute from a violin," he complained to friends. His efforts to improve the quality of musical broadcasts resulted in what is now called "high fidelity" transmission. Thereby the complete range of sound audible to the human ear is sent out. Hogan had no thought of starting a broadcasting station in 1933, but he used his 1,550 kilocycle band for high-fidelity broadcasting of music and the higher one for television. His small experimental station was on the air only an hour or two a day.

He was surprised, then, to receive some letters saying that the broadcasts of WQXR—as the station was listed—had been received in various parts of New York. A number of sets, it appeared, could be tuned into the band. Their owners told Hogan that they had never before heard such excellent music, that they wanted more of it. When the letters began to arrive by the hundred Hogan concluded to risk some of his own money and start a station. It would present programs for intelligent and cultivated listeners, he told his friends in the industry. The station would be for people whose taste was not limited to Amos 'n' Andy and Rudy Vallee, who resented being asked to mail soap wrappers to advertisers, who disliked the blatant ballyhoo of the commercial programs. Mr. Hogan's friends in the industry laughed heartily and told him that he might, at the most, get a thousand or two listeners.

The Interstate Broadcasting Company was incorporated in 1936 and operation began that fall. The newspapers paid no attention to WQXR and did not bother to list the programs. Hogan then had a happy idea. To inform his listeners about forthcoming programs he pub-

lished a leaflet. To defray the cost, he announced that it would be sold for ten cents a week or one dollar a year. During the first few weeks of the station's operation, seven hundred subscriptions were received. Its circulation to-day—despite almost universal listing of WQXR by the New York papers—is almost 10,000 and the publication can boast a renewal rate of 60 per cent.

There is no financial profit in the booklet because the subscription price just about meets the cost. Its importance lies in the fact that WQXR can furnish advertisers a fairly accurate and detailed description of its auditors. Once a year, or oftener, postcards are tucked into the booklets with a request that answers be given to a series of questions. On the basis of these answers the Interstate Broadcasting Company is able to claim:

That its patrons listen to WQXR three hours and twenty-five minutes daily and to all other stations, combined, only one hour and thirty-six minutes.

That 47 per cent are men and 42 per cent women, with a median age of 33.6 years.

That 53.3 per cent live in Manhattan.

That among the professions and occupations specified are: teacher or educator, 14.2 per cent; housewife, 13.3 per cent; student, 11.7 per cent; engineer, 8.7 per cent; business man, 8.7 per cent; clerk, 8.6 per cent; physician, 6.9 per cent; lawyer, 6.4 per cent.

That 638 among every 1,000 WQXR families own automobiles, compared with 570 to each 1,000 among all the families in the areas studied.

That 60.9 per cent are in a "high income" group.

That the median annual income among the families subscribing to the program booklets was \$3,005, compared with an average of \$1,814 for all families.

WQXR claims "an influential audience which cannot be reached consistently by any other radio station in New York." It can also offer of course a low rate, \$500 an hour, which is nothing at all compared with the big chains. Radio

advertising is still aimed at a mass market and WQXR is generally regarded as too small to bother with; yet the gross income of the station, late in 1939, was \$6,400 a month, compared with \$3,800 for the period ending in April, 1938.

III

The apparently innocent broadcasting of phonograph records has brought about a bitter controversy. All radio stations use recordings, particularly during quiet hours of the morning or afternoon. Swing bands, vocalists, popular songs, and recordings of every other variety are used. Two or three years ago it dawned on such radio favorites as Fred Waring and Paul Whiteman, the band leaders, that in permitting their records to be broadcast they were, in effect, competing with themselves. Eddie Cantor, paid huge sums by an advertiser for a half hour in person on the air, was also being broadcast from his records without anything at all being paid. The larger radio chains were in a curious position in this quarrel. They were spending hundreds of thousands of dollars a year for talent and yet were not buying the exclusive use of that talent. On the other hand, they also wanted to broadcast recordings. The Radio Corporation of America, as the manufacturer of Radio Victor phonograph records, did not want them broadcast. But the Radio Corporation of America, as the parent of the National Broadcasting Company, knew that a blanket embargo on broadcasts of records, or heavy license fees, would greatly increase the expenses of N.B.C. and its affiliated stations. It was a pretty legal tangle and nobody was very certain about the law.

A number of suits were started. Vitrally interested, in addition to the manufacturers of records and the radio stations, was the National Association of

Performing Artists, known in the trade as NAPA. A recent and illuminating decision was handed down last July by Federal Judge Vincent L. Leibell in an action involving Paul Whiteman, R.C.A. Victor, and Radio Station WNEW of New York. Judge Leibell declared:

That an artist could reserve for himself broadcast rights when he contracted to make records.

That he could justly claim financial loss through unfair competition by broadcasting stations.

That the artist could join with the manufacturer in licensing the broadcast use of his recordings, but that neither manufacturer nor the artist could, alone, control phonograph broadcasting.

The decision by Judge Leibell will doubtless be carried to the higher courts. If it stands, the overhead of WQXR and of all other stations will be increased by the license fees which will have to be paid. But that these will come to a very great amount in the case of WQXR may be doubted. The rates for classical music will probably not be heavy. After all, WQXR performs an educational mission. Its broadcasting of fine music stimulates the sale of phonograph records. Yet the decision does mean, in all probability, that such stations as WQXR will never make a great deal of money. If they do the record manufacturers will increase their fees.

Such stations cannot possibly hope to succeed save in a cosmopolitan area where live people with widely differing tastes; yet the rising success of WQXR in New York leads to speculation whether a chain of them could not be established in, for instance, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, New Orleans, and San Francisco. As radio costs go, the expenses would not be heavy.

All of this must depend, naturally, on whether WQXR gets out of the red within the next few years.



EUROPE'S FRONTIER LIES ON THE DANUBE

BY PETER F. DRUCKER

A WORKABLE and lasting organization of the peasant countries between Germany and Russia is a vital condition of a lasting peace. The Mid-Eastern problem should be the first concern of all who discuss the conditions of the future peace and of the future organization of Europe.

The fervent interest in the conditions of the future peace not only in this country, but even in the European democracies which are engaged in a fight for their existence, is the most hopeful—perhaps the only hopeful—sign in the present international situation. The general realization that it is futile to win the war unless one also wins the peace is, if not a guarantee of a just peace, at least a promise of honest effort. The proposals discussed publicly in England and France and endorsed to some extent by the British and French governments confine themselves, however, to economics and disregard the social and political problems and trends. This of course is a reaction against the neglect of the economic factor at Versailles. But the present overemphasis on economics must prove just as harmful, if not more harmful, than the political overemphasis of twenty years ago.

Even less realistic and considerably more dangerous are the proposals of Clarence Streit's *Union Now* which are in the foreground of public discussion in this country. Streit's naïve legalism, which believes as firmly in the constitutional shortcut to utopia as Dr. Town-

send believes in the monetary one, grotesquely oversimplifies half the problems and overlooks the remaining ones.

These defects are but minor compared to the failure to recognize the true importance of the Mid-East for the European peace problem. Mr. Streit, Mr. Chamberlain, and M. Daladier seem to think that by reorganizing the West they can reorganize Europe. They simply disregard the countries between the Baltic and the Adriatic and Black Seas: Poland, Slovakia, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, and Rumania. They ignore the problems inherent in the fact that in each of these countries at least seventy-five per cent of the people are peasants. But the future organization of this area will determine the future relationship between Russia and Europe. It will determine also the status and function of Germany in Europe. Now that the "cordon sanitaire" with which the peace-makers of Versailles separated Russia and Germany has revealed itself as pitifully inadequate, the Mid-Eastern problems will have to be recognized as central. It is not only more real but perhaps more important than the rather futile question: what after Hitler? To find a workable solution for the Balkans and Poland is perhaps the most difficult task which European statesmanship will have had to perform since the Congress of Vienna following the Napoleonic wars. But such a solution would be the key to the settlement of the major problems of the Continent.

II

Seen from a continental-European point of view, the World War was primarily a Balkan war fought for the succession to the disintegrating Austro-Hungarian and Turkish empires. Austria-Hungary, Italy, Turkey, and Russia—four of the six principal belligerents on the Continent—entered the war to defend or to enlarge their holdings and interests in southeastern Europe. The defection of the Slavonic nations from Austria was one of the principal reasons for the collapse of the Central Powers. The Versailles peace was also primarily a Balkan peace. Its symbol was Wilson's Fourteen Points which proclaimed the right to independence of the small nations of the Mid-East. And the one important territorial consequence of the World War in Europe was the establishment of the new independent states of Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Yugoslavia and the elevation of Rumania to the rank of an independent great power.

The present war is even more of a Balkan war than was the World War. The main aim of Germany and one of the principal aims of Russia is to obtain control of the Mid-East. Strategically, control of the Dardanelles—the key to the Balkans—and of the Lower Danube may well decide the outcome of the war. And not only was Hitler's attack eastward the immediate cause of the war, but in Mid-Eastern peasant-Europe lie also the remote causes of the present conflict. Hitler became a European menace largely because the internal weakness of the small Versailles-created eastern countries made them fall easy prey to German aggression. Austria had twice, Czechoslovakia four times, Poland twelve times the population of Finland; and each of them was infinitely wealthier. If any of these countries had had as much internal cohesion and stability as Finland the Nazi government would hardly have dared to attack them. Of course this internal weakness of the small peasant countries is no excuse for Nazi militarism.

But it must be realized that as long as this weakness continues the attempts of the neighboring Great Powers—either Germany, Italy, or Russia—to conquer the Mid-East will also continue and will make peace impossible in Europe, irrespective of the legal forms of European organization.

The importance of the Mid-Eastern peasant countries for the future of Europe greatly exceeds, however, these territorial and political considerations. They are Europe's frontier. They contain the only fast-growing population in Europe outside of Russia. In 1810 their population was less than a sixth of Europe's total. To-day it is a fourth. During the past twenty years their population has increased by almost twenty-five per cent while that of the European countries to the west has remained almost stationary. As a group the one hundred million peasants in the Mid-East already outnumber both the Anglo-Saxon-Scandinavian group and the Germans; and in another twenty years they should outnumber also the Latin people and should have become the largest single group in Europe outside of Russia.

In addition, continental European history during the past sixty years has been dominated by the problem of integrating this frontier into the European order. Up to the middle of the 19th century the Mid-Eastern peasant nations were politically, economically, and socially shut off from Europe. Austria-Hungary and Turkey kept them outside the main currents of European development in a state of semi-oriental, semi-tribal isolation. They furnished soldiers for the Austrian, Russian, and Turkish armies, unskilled labor for the young industries of western Germany and Bohemia, grain for Vienna and Liverpool. But any native who wanted to escape his tribal isolation had first to give up his national identity; in order to learn to read and write he had not only to learn German, Hungarian, or Turkish, but to become a German, Hungarian, or Turk. This isolation was broken during

the first half of the 19th century. Since then—beginning with the Hungarian revolt of 1848 and the War of the Crimea six years later—the Balkans have been the “powder keg” of Europe. The peasant people have been drawn increasingly into the European orbit. The more they strove to assimilate themselves to Europe the more Europe was forced to attempt to integrate them—by war, economic expansion, or cultural penetration. From this point of view the Little Entente—not the League of Nations—was the main feature of the Versailles organization of Europe and the principal result of the World War. The Little Entente was the principal instrument to maintain the 1918 settlement and was conceived by France for that purpose. It proclaimed the principles of national democracy and capitalist economy which had proved so successful in the West and victorious in the war and which were now to furnish the basis for the Mid-East. The Little Entente was the symbol of the first systematic attempt to make the peasant countries an integral part of Europe by organizing them on European principles.

In the failure of this attempt lies the final explanation for the failure of Versailles to establish a lasting peace. The post-war order did not take root in the peasant countries; the new states in the Mid-East did not succeed in integrating themselves into nations. Their democratic governments degenerated within six or eight years into dictatorships of a small clique; their economy collapsed at the outset of the Depression. And their weakness made possible Germany's attempt to establish hegemony in Europe, which doomed the high hopes of lasting peace that had been entertained by the twenties.

III

The Mid-Eastern peasant is a sincere democrat. Centuries of oppression and of foreign rule have imbued him with a strong desire for liberty and civil rights. His one defense against the Austrian and Turkish rulers lay in the cohesion of his

family and tribal councils; and he has thus a long tradition of local self-government and co-operation. He is passionately eager to become a living part of Europe; nowhere were the Fourteen Points received with greater hopes and greater enthusiasm than in the small peasant communities on the Danube and on the Vistula. And nowhere was the wish for lasting peace, the hatred of war deeper and more sincere than among the peasants who had been cannon fodder and victims of other peoples' wars for centuries. The Mid-Eastern peasant has the same thirst for education and the belief in the power of knowledge that the pioneers on the American frontier had a hundred years ago. He has a long tradition of skilled craftsmanship which makes the Mid-East the largest reserve of skilled labor in Europe. There are considerable raw-material resources in the Mid-East, navigable rivers and easy access to good harbors, and an almost untapped reservoir of latent purchasing power for industrial goods.

Socially, the Mid-East seems to offer ideal conditions for democracy. Even before 1918 the economic differences were small—smaller than in any part of Europe except Scandinavia; after the War the social structure was leveled even more by the expropriation of the big landowners everywhere but in Hungary and eastern Poland. The overwhelming majority of the people are small owner-farmers to whom aristocracy and social privileges are hardly known. It is simply not true that the peasant people were not “ripe” for democracy. And it is also not true that they failed for want of trying: they tried desperately hard and sincerely. Yet democracy collapsed within a few years politically, socially, and economically.

It has been fashionable during these past fifteen years to blame the territorial settlement of the peace treaties for this breakdown. But there is little substance for this charge. Whatever mistakes were made in western Europe, the frontiers drawn by the peace makers in the Mid-

East were on the whole remarkably fair. Anyone who should try to-day to re-draw the frontiers in peasant Europe on the basis of the principle of national self-determination would arrive at approximately the same territorial settlement; the only changes of importance would be to correct the Hungarian-Rumanian and the former Hungarian-Czech border lines in Hungary's favor. Otherwise the Versailles frontiers in the Mid-East contained no provable major violation of the principle of national self-determination. Even the obvious hybrid of the Polish Corridor did not, as German propaganda charged, owe its existence to disregard of national boundary lines, but, on the contrary, to a perhaps exaggerated observance of them which made the peace-makers refuse to incorporate German-speaking East Prussia into Poland, thus subordinating the political, economic, and strategic strength of the new Poland to national considerations.

Of far greater importance than the problems of minorities and territorial injustices for the development of post-war peasant-Europe was its overpopulation. The Mid-East is the most densely populated agricultural part of Europe. Consequently, individual farms, divided and subdivided through generations, have become too small not only for efficient production but, in many cases, for the maintenance of a subsistence farmer, especially as the soil over large parts is poor. Population pressure, intensified by the high birth rate of the past twenty years, certainly played a part in the disintegration of these countries. And it is at least conceivable that the Mid-Eastern countries would have succeeded had there been large-scale opportunities for emigration for their peasant surplus population. Nevertheless, population pressure can have been only a contributory cause. Up to 1927 the peasants were on the whole more prosperous than before the War, in spite of the population problem: yet democracy had broken down in every Mid-Eastern country before then.

The real cause of the collapse of the post-war order in the peasant countries cannot be found in technical deficiencies of the peace settlements, or in bad government, poverty, or ignorance. It lay in the very principles of the post-war organization of peasant-Europe. Although enthusiastically adopted by the peoples themselves, the principles of national democracy and industrial capitalism proclaimed by the Fourteen Points were at variance with all the realities of the Middle East and could not take root in the peasant soil. The best proof of this is the development of Czechoslovakia. The Czechs, who traditionally, culturally, and socially belong to the West, adopted the principles of the Fourteen Points with the greatest success and built a strong happy nation upon this basis. But in Slovakia, the eastern part of the country, which belongs by tradition, culture, and social structure to the peasant-East, the same government and the same principles failed completely; the Slovak peasants, though nationally one with the Czechs, deserted the Czechoslovak national state in the first crisis, thus rendering it incapable of self-defense. They repudiated national democracy and industrial capitalism just as vehemently as the Czechs had accepted them.

To be workable, national democracy needs first a nation. But there is only one nation in the Western-European sense in the peasant countries: the Hungarians. Hungary incidentally was the only Mid-Eastern country that did not adopt the principles of the Fourteen Points but continued as a semi-feudal oligarchy of the "great families" and their "connections." Consequently, social tension between the ruling class with its large estates and the land-starved peasants is nowhere greater than in Hungary; and when the Nazis two years ago started to preach social revolution in the Balkans they found nowhere more willing listeners than in Hungary, where semi-official estimates at the end of 1938 gave sixty per cent of the people as favor-

able to the Nazi program. Yet to-day Hungary is the strongest internally of all the Mid-Eastern countries. For when with the German occupation of Bohemia last March the Nazi program revealed itself as one of imperialist expansion and conquest and as a threat to Hungarian national independence, the national unity of the Hungarian people asserted itself above all social dissensions. Elsewhere in the peasant countries, however, the nation is not a political reality. National consciousness is a newcomer in the peasant countries, where it was unknown till the middle of the last century. In these countries, most of which had no written language and no literate culture until after 1848, national loyalties are not regarded as supreme; they have to compete with the much older and firmly entrenched loyalties to religion and social class.

Most of the peasant nations have been divided for centuries among different empires with different cultures and traditions; and in character and tradition the different parts of each peasant nation have developed differently according to their history. The gulf between Czechs and Slovaks—both speaking the same language and professing the same religion—is due entirely to the fact that the Czechs under Austrian rule became a “Western,” the Slovaks under Hungarian rule an “Eastern” people. The same historical accident divides Slovenes and Croats; but both, as Catholics and former Austro-Hungarian subjects, regard as foreigners the Serbs (orthodox and former subjects of the Sultan) and the Bosnians (who turned Moslem and became full Turkish citizens). Yet all four speak the same language. And even among the small Croat people there is a noticeable difference between the Croats of the plains who used to look toward Budapest and Vienna, and the Croats of the Dalmatian coast who, under the influence and overlordship of Venice, became almost Latinized in culture, and who definitely belong to the Mediterranean civilization.

In Rumania there is a tremendous gulf between the people of the “Old Kingdom,” where the leaders are French- or Russian-trained and where popular tradition is that of the Turkish rule, and the Rumanians in the former Hungarian provinces who obtained their culture, civilization, and laws largely from Budapest and Vienna. Even in Poland, which was under foreign yoke for only one hundred and twenty-five years and which maintained during this time a fierce patriotism, the provinces governed respectively by Russia, Austria, and Prussia developed in directions so different that the post-war Poland after twenty years of hard work had not yet assimilated the three parts to each other.

In other words, the pattern of life in peasant-Europe is primarily a tribal pattern in which national consciousness is only one of many conflicting and competing factors of cohesion and division. According to the standards of national distinction prevailing in Western Europe, such as language or common extraction, three-quarters of the Mid-Eastern population should belong to one Western Slavonic nation; the differences in language between Poles on the Baltic shore and Croats on the Adriatic are considerably smaller than those between Highland Scots and Cornishmen, or between a man from Berlin and a Bavarian. Only the 10,000,000 Hungarians and the 18,000,000 Rumanians stand out as separate linguistic or racial entities. But actually the peasant countries are peopled by a very large number of small units whose individuality is not primarily that of nationality. This explains the minority problem of these countries. The peasant-East is not any more mixed in its racial or national origin than England or Germany. But in those countries where there was a nation, small groups of foreign origin were rapidly absorbed and integrated into the surrounding national unity. In the peasant countries there was no such national unity into which a small group could dissolve itself. And so every one of these

groups was forced to preserve itself intact and to assert itself against the other groups.

The French Protestants driven out by Louis XIV were settled in western and northern Germany at about the same time that the so-called Swabians—German peasants mostly from the Rhine—were settled on the Hungarian border in what is now Rumania. The French Protestants became German within a generation or two; even their names were mostly Germanized within a hundred years. But the Swabians have retained up to this day their German language, their customs, and their architecture, and have never even intermarried with the surrounding Hungarians and Rumanians. Nationality in peasant-Europe exhausts itself therefore primarily in the negative; it is a factor which sets one man apart from another. But it has very little affirmative force; it does not bind people together in a common national consciousness. Against a foreign oppression Serbs and Croats, Czechs and Slovaks, “old” Rumanians and “new” Rumanians will make common cause, although perhaps not before the foreign rule has been established. But otherwise the non-national factors that separate them will appear to them as important as their common nationality, if not more important.

In this region of multiplicity the Versailles settlement set up states based on the belief in the supremacy of the national above all other ties, and on the assertion of national uniformity. The result was inevitably a widening of the traditional and tribal demarcation lines within the state as each small unit, not without reason, felt itself threatened in its individual existence. To aggravate the situation, the new states took over, together with the doctrine of national unity, the theory of centralized government; not only because centralization had been the general European trend for a hundred years, but also because the model upon which the new countries tried to shape themselves was France—

the most centralized country in Europe. But for the small peasant groups centralization had been the main enemy for centuries. They had opposed the Austrian, Hungarian, Russian, or Turkish rulers as much because they were foreigners as because they governed from far-off Vienna, Budapest, Petersburg, or Constantinople without knowledge of and regard for local desires and traditions. All the local co-operatives, religious fraternities, gymnastic associations, and patriotic societies which had carried the fight against the foreign oppression had had as their main objective the re-establishment of local self-government in political, economic, religious, and social affairs. But the new states were fully as centralized as the old foreign regimes had been; actually, in many cases, as for instance in Croatia, Slovenia, southern Poland, and western Rumania, the new states imposed a greater centralization than the former rulers had done and destroyed whatever local self-government there had been.

It was, however, not only in the political sphere that the new principle of national democracy proved unworkable. It could not grow roots socially. For national democracy presupposes a middle class and a middle-class mentality. It grew in Western Europe out of and with the middle classes and it expresses their political convictions. In peasant-Europe, however, there was no such middle class; nor was there any social or economic function for it. The new national states in the peasant countries were therefore left hanging in the air—without the social substance that would have been necessary to enable them to fulfill the task of making a united nation out of the multitude of tribal groups.

The other basic principle of the Versailles settlement—that of industrial capitalism—did not fit any better into the peasant realities. The Mid-Eastern peasant is certainly not anti-capitalist in the sense of being a socialist; he believes firmly in the private ownership of land. But he is anti-capitalist in so far as he

opposes concentration of wealth and the tendency to make money the yardstick for the whole economic life. Above all, he opposes the creation of a landless mass of factory workers. To the peasant who measures his wealth in tangibles—land and currency—and his income in terms of foodstuffs, the landless proletariat appears as a monstrous inhuman threat. Representative of these beliefs is the program of the Croat Peasant Party—the intellectual leader and the most articulate and best-organized of the Mid-Eastern peasant parties. This program demands public ownership of all public utilities under control and supervision of local boards; development of industry on co-operative lines with ownership or control of the local plants vested in the local peasants; and a settlement of all industrial workers on the land as subsistence farmers and part-time workers. The peasants of course gladly accept factory work in lean times; and most of the Mid-Eastern peasants make excellent skilled workers. But they oppose the system and deny the very beliefs on which industrial capitalism is based. The industrialization of the peasant countries and the invasion of finance capitalism after 1918 appeared to the peasants therefore as a brutal assault upon their hard-won liberties and as exploitation fully as bad as anything done by their former foreign rulers.

The result of this clash between the new principles and the political and social realities of peasant-Europe is the deep gulf which separates not only the people and their rulers, but also the people and their state. It is a moot question whether the peasants in 1938 were worse off or better off than in 1913. But it is certain that the peasants resent what they regard as treachery of their own rulers more than the ill-treatment meted out by their former oppressors, of whom, after all, nothing better was expected.

As for the rulers, they are a small group out of contact with the people, the exception being Hungary. In most coun-

tries dictatorship prevails openly. The dictators with their retinue of court officials, officers, bureaucrats, bankers, and industrialists are as much foreigners in their own country as the Lombard bankers were in medieval England. They have therefore to fall back upon one or two of the many tribal groups, with the result that there is real discrimination against the members of other groups. Before the recent settlement in Yugoslavia all the one hundred and thirty generals of the army were Serbs; there was not a single Croat, Slovene, Bosnian, German, or Hungarian among them, although the Serbs are less than fifty per cent of the population. In Poland, where the Ruthenians accounted for at least twenty per cent of the population, they had no representation at all in the senior branches of the civil service, in the higher courts, the army, or the large private and public banks.

The rulers of the peasant countries tried fervently to develop middle classes in order to create social support for the national state. The growth of the cities in the peasant countries during the past twenty years has been phenomenal. That the new middle classes fulfill their national function was shown convincingly in the German attack on Poland, where Warsaw alone offered resistance to the German army. But these middle classes, however necessary politically, have no economic and social roots. They have to be artificially fed—either through enlargement of the bureaucratic machine or through enforced industrialization which creates white-collar employment in private business. The one has bred sloth and corruption, the other the economic nationalism which made the tariff barriers, industrial prices, and industrial costs in the peasant countries the highest in Europe. Which of these two consequences was more harmful it is impossible to say; but together they certainly offset whatever advantage accrued to national unity from the growth of the middle class.

One can hardly blame the rulers in

these countries for these developments. They had little other choice, for the peasants had no alternative to offer. The overwhelming majority of the population being peasants, no government could maintain itself in these countries against their organized opposition regardless of police terror, election maneuvers, and ballot-stuffing. And in every one of the peasant countries except Hungary the peasant parties actually ruled for considerable periods. But they had no workable programs and fluctuated between a hopeless romanticism and a sterile negation of the fundamentals of the state which they had to rule. They could not find a synthesis between their own beliefs and the principles of the new states; to be true to one was to betray the other. In spite of their numerical superiority and of the enthusiastic support of their followers, the power simply slipped out of their hands. Although peasant unrest and revolts have been endemic in the Mid-East—here a rising against new taxes, there an attempt to burn down a new factory or to drive out a hated official—the peasant governments were overthrown without any resistance; a royal decree was sufficient in Yugoslavia and Rumania, the revolt of a handful of officers in Bulgaria and Poland. Since their fall the peasant masses have had no share in the government and no influence in the shaping of their own destinies. They are a sullen, bewildered, and embittered opposition in their own countries, which are run on principles which from the peasant point of view seem to deny the rights and even the existence of the human being known as peasant.

IV

It is perhaps an exaggeration to say that the war will be won by the side which first offers a workable solution to peasant-Europe. But it is certainly true that that side will win the peace. Fortunately for England and France, both Germany and Russia missed their chance to develop such a program. As late as

last spring Germany could have rallied the peasant opposition under the flag of social revolution; and it seemed as if the Nazi leaders were consciously working in this direction. The conquest of Bohemia and Moravia and the subsequent invasion and rape of Poland destroyed, however, whatever chances Germany had had to win the allegiance of the Mid-Eastern peasants. Totalitarian fascism may still spread to the Danubian countries and may still be embraced by the peasants, but it would be directed against Germany herself and would be based upon the old hatred of the German conqueror which had almost been forgotten before 1938.

Russia had even greater chances of producing a solution for peasant-Europe and of extending her ideological and political influence over the Middle East. Pro-Russian sentiment was very strong among the pan-Slav peasants of Bulgaria and Serbia. Russia is a peasant country herself, and the Soviet Revolution claimed to set up a peasant regime. Finally Russia could have opened up Siberia for immigration and settlement, thus attracting the Mid-Eastern surplus population. But Russia abolished private peasant property and persecuted religion, thus fighting the two main pillars of peasant society. She put all the emphasis upon industrialization and became even more centralized than the old Russia of the Tzars. She closed her borders rigidly; but even if she had invited immigration into Siberia, the Mid-Eastern peasants would not have come without reliable guarantees of private property, civil liberties, religious and cultural freedom, and local self-government—none of which the Soviet regime was prepared to grant. Before the Russian invasions of Poland and Finland the great majority of the Mid-Eastern peasants had therefore already come to regard Russia not only as hostile and reactionary, but also as Asiatic, and as the greatest threat to their own desire to become a living part of Europe.

Yet, although neither Nazi Germany

nor Soviet Russia can organize the Mid-Eastern countries on a permanent basis, the Allies cannot hope to win the peasant countries by default. Nor is there any hope that a second attempt to organize peasant-Europe on the lines of Western national democracy and industrial capitalism will be any more successful than the first. The absence of any constructive program for the peasant countries constitutes therefore the weakest link in the Allied armor.

An economic union of the peasant countries, such as is widely discussed just now, could not solve the problems of peasant-Europe. The peasant countries are not complementary economically; they all produce the same goods for the same export markets in which they fiercely compete. There is little trade among them to-day. And there would not be a great increase in their mutual trade if they abolished the trade barriers between one another. After all, in the Austro-Hungarian monarchy all the trade of the peasant provinces was with the industrial provinces in the West, not with their peasant neighbors, as any Danubian railroad map shows conclusively. Nor would a European economic and customs union, however desirable, in itself be effective as the solution of the peasant problem. This applies even under the improbable assumption that the industrial countries in Central and Western Europe completely abandon their agricultural subsidies and tariffs, and that the products of the peasant countries receive preferential treatment in Western and Central Europe at the expense not only of the domestic farmer but also of the low-cost overseas producers in the United States, the British Dominions, and South America. While such a scheme would open up new markets for the peasant countries it would put their prices and purchasing power completely into the hands of the economically strong Western powers. And the ratio between the agricultural prices which the peasants receive and the prices for industrial commodities which

they have to pay would unfailingly move against the peasants. In other words, the development would parallel that of the free-trade area of the old Austria-Hungary where the resultant economic discontent of the peasants proved to be fully as much a disintegrating force as the national opposition against the foreign rule. Or, to use a contemporary example, a European free-trade union would throw the peasant countries as much at the mercy of the West as their present trade agreements with Germany throw them at the mercy of German industry. As long as the peasant countries are economically weak, free trade must lead to their exploitation. For the cause of their weakness does not lie in trade but in the absence of capital; and such a weakness must, according to all rules of economic science, depress the prices for the products of the poorer producer.

Any program for peasant-Europe must therefore first provide for cheap and plentiful capital for the peasants, to be used for the improvement of production methods, the development of producers' and marketing co-operatives, and the construction of co-operatively-owned small local industries. It will be said, and with reason, that loans made on such a basis will hardly be repaid in full, and will, at least in part, turn into subsidies. But the loans made by the United States, Great Britain, and France to the peasant countries during the twenties proved just as much subsidies; and to-day the Allies are ready to grant open subsidies to prevent the collapse of the peasant countries into the arms of Germany; they are willing, for instance, to pay \$45 for Rumanian oil against a world market price of \$18 per ton!

Moreover, the loans of the twenties, as well as the subsidies of to-day, are not only lost economically more completely than loans to the peasants would be, but they are also a complete loss socially and politically. They—to-day as much as fifteen years ago—go to the rulers and are used up in a futile attempt to build up large-scale, centralized industries

which can never hope to compete with the West, and a middle class which has no roots in the country. These uses are not only regarded as harmful by the peasant masses but their results can be maintained only through further and increased subsidies either from abroad or out of the purchasing power and income of the peasants. Loans to the peasants, on the other hand, would at least be productive socially and politically. That a peasant society on a co-operative basis can be strong, prosperous, and well-integrated if it only has sufficient capital has been demonstrated by the Slovenes in western Yugoslavia who justly call themselves the "Scandinavians of Southern Europe."

Second, there must be systematic and organized emigration and resettlement of the surplus population of peasant-Europe. Such a program would incidentally solve also the pressing Jewish question in eastern Hungary, Rumania, and Poland where the Jews have, on the one hand, largely lost the social and economic functions they used to fulfill, while, on the other hand, the pressure of population makes the people envy them the few positions they still have in business life and in the professions.

Finally, the political organization of peasant-Europe would have to base itself upon decentralization. A nation can be united in peasant-Europe only if local self-government is strong. After all, it was no less a statesman than Thomas Masaryk, the founder of Czechoslovakia and the greatest political genius the Slavonic race has yet pro-

duced, who proclaimed Switzerland with the strong and proud self-government of its small cantons to be the political model for the organization of the peasant countries.

All such measures would, however, be only a first approach to the great, basic problem: how can the agrarian civilization and society of the peasants be integrated into a Europe that is predominantly industrial? Ultimately the peasants themselves, who want to maintain their society and to belong to Europe at the same time, will probably have to find the answer. The present war may help them. It has already made them aware of their danger and has persuaded them to approach one another with more tolerance, as shown in the recent Serbo-Croat federal settlement. But even under the certainly optimistic assumption that the peasant countries can develop their own form of life and of political and social structure, if only left alone, the problem of peasant-Europe will remain a general European one. Its solution will not only profoundly affect the European political and economic structure but will also require considerable sacrifices, concessions, and adjustments on the part of Central and Western Europe.

At Versailles it was possible—and perhaps inevitable—to overlook the existence of the problem of peasant-Europe. But the intervening twenty years have proved the truth of the old Austrian proverb: "Either the Balkans become a part of Europe, or all Europe will become a part of the Balkans."



DANCING LESSON

BY ELIZABETH ENRIGHT

WHEN she entered the dressing room of the dance studio Mrs. Hudson experienced a strange little pang of mis-giving. She had arrived a trifle late for her first lesson, and so she found herself alone. A wisp of cigarette smoke still hung on the air, and there was a feeling in the room as though only a minute or two ago it had been clamorous with conversation. From the studio beyond came the sound of slow, reiterated chords on a piano. A voice was saying, "Don't stick out behind, Elise. And stop staring at your feet!"

Mrs. Hudson looked at the room. Against the wall there was a long rack crowded with coats; industrious, monotonous, tweed coats pressed one against the other. Some of them had fur collars, but many had not. On the dressing table the piled felt hats all bore the same anonymous look of hard usage.

Mrs. Hudson hung her mink coat on the only empty hanger and put her hat upside down on the table so that the label showed.

Next she stepped out of her shoes and placed them on the floor beside the long row of other shoes. Among the sensible broad-toed oxfords her tall slippers looked like a pair of skittish thoroughbreds amid a collection of draft horses.

She stripped and climbed into the jersey-silk bathing suit which was only a little too tight across the bust; powdered her small attractive face and combed her hair. Then with her antelope purse under one arm she stepped into the studio. She stepped delicately on bare soles un-

accustomed to cold surfaces, with her polished toenails pointing straight ahead.

The room was full of girls of all shapes and sizes. All young too. She saw that at a glance. Of course Mrs. Hudson was young herself; but not like this. Not with this resilient, unconscious, undeniable youth. They were sitting on the floor with their backs bent and their arms outstretched. At the piano a girl with a long nose sounded the slow chords automatically and read a newspaper propped on the music rack.

The teacher came toward her. She was a small woman in a blue leotard. What big legs, thought Mrs. Hudson nervously. Goodness, I hope . . . After all she had really come here to get thinner. Not that she was fat of course; just a touch buxom.

"Come here in the front row where you can see," said the teacher.

Mrs. Hudson followed her to a vacant place facing an enormous mirror, and sat down. The floor was cold; her legs were mottled with blue, and her ten red toenails stared back at her offended. She bent forward tentatively and extended her arms.

"*You* can do better than that," said the teacher heartily. Mrs. Hudson felt firm palms pressed against her shoulder blades. They pushed. She stifled a moan, and a bone in her back went off like a revolver.

"Inflexible," remarked the teacher, "extremely inflexible. But you'll get over it. What is your first name? I never bother about last ones."

"Grace," replied Mrs. Hudson who loathed her name, and now considered that it had been a piece of colossal irony on the part of her parents.

After that the room resounded with it; the air rang with it. Stomach *in*, Grace. Arms bent, Grace. Grace, relax your shoulders. Try not to hold your breath, Grace. Oh, no, Grace, not that way.

For a quarter of an hour they stayed close to the floor—fifteen agonizing minutes of back-bending, leg-stretching, arm-swinging. Mrs. Hudson's back wouldn't bend, her legs wouldn't stretch, and her arms behaved like a pair of shovels. Her whole body melted with relief when the teacher said, "On your feet!"

But being on the feet was worse, if anything, than being on the floor. In obedience to commands she attempted to balance on one leg, raising the other in turn to the front, the side, the back. She was told to jump and then to prance.

Mrs. Hudson, prancing, caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror, every part of her in action: cheeks shaking, thighs quivering, and bosom bouncing. Even her little stomach moved up and down under the green silk. She felt the hot blood of anger and exertion flooding her neck and face with color. The girls on either side of her looked joyous and unexhausted with their strong legs lifting like pistons, and their hair flopping on their necks. Horses! thought Mrs. Hudson furiously. Big kangaroos! She hated them with a wild and primitive hatred.

"Leaps now," called the teacher happily. "Girls, make a circle."

The pianist played chords in groups of three; the first and the second to run with, the third louder, and more sustained, to lift one into the air. Oh God! thought Mrs. Hudson. Why do I go looking for trouble like this?

The big circle of girls went running and leaping round the room, and Mrs. Hudson cantered among them, glaring and panting, always a beat behind the others.

"Stop! Stop, for heaven's sake,"

cried the teacher, with a despairing hand at her temple. "All of you. Watch Elvira. She's the only one who's got it."

Mrs. Hudson leaned gratefully against the wall. Her ears roared and her heart banged against her ribs like an imprisoned bullfrog. She fastened dazed eyes on the girl who stood alone in the middle of the room.

The music began. Elvira took two running steps and leaped, with the lifting of the third chord, high in the air. Her legs opened wide and straight like a pair of scissors; her stomach was flat, and her head erect. It seemed as though she paused for a moment in space, motionless and serene, before she returned to earth. Then she ran again with her strong soles beating the floor, and again she rose in the air, soared in her perfect leap.

Mrs. Hudson forgot her pounding heart and quivering muscles. Suddenly she wanted to be able to leap like that more than anything in the world. Painfully, sorely, she wanted it. But she knew without doubt that she would never be able to do it; the effort was too great and she was too lazy. For a moment she felt a stab of actual resentment that her life should be so soft and pleasant as to prevent her mastering that leap.

She managed to live through the few remaining minutes of the class in a daze of discouragement and fatigue. When the hour was up her relief was that of one who has been removed from the rack just in the nick of time.

The dressing room was full of flesh—bare backs and bosoms. And legs! when she bent down to find her shoes she was lost in a forest of them. Her own were trembling, and her knees felt as though there were chicken aspic where bones belonged.

The place was overpowering. The walls bulged, the floor heaved with talk and loud laughter and vitality. Mrs. Hudson had never felt so out of things in her life. People do like me, she reminded herself. My family adores me.

I'm very popular. My telephone nearly drives me crazy.

She rested for a minute after the horrid effort of putting on her shoes and stockings. A girl with her hair in a snood was splashing herself with alcohol, another sat in a corner reading a book that must have weighed five pounds, and a third was tenderly binding her toe with adhesive tape. But it was Elvira that Mrs. Hudson kept looking at. She was marching about naked with a cigarette in her mouth. *She* wasn't tired.

"Marie," inquired Elvira of a big girl in a pink petticoat, "how about lending me fifty cents? I'm busted."

"O.K.," said the girl in the petticoat.

"I've only got a quarter till Saturday," said Elvira laughing comfortably and stretching. She twisted her hair into a chrysanthemum on top of her head and looked at herself sidewise in the mirror. Then she reached for a hat on the table and tried it on. It was Mrs. Hudson's hat.

Mrs. Hudson slowly finished dressing. She pulled on the dark mink coat for which her husband had paid three thou-

sand dollars without a murmur. On her left hand a diamond glittered with an implacable and wealthy light. She put the hand in her pocket and hesitated behind Elvira. "Excuse me," she said, "but I think that's my hat."

"Oh, I'm sorry," cried Elvira and snatched it from her head, laughing again. Her teeth were sharp and white like an animal's. She gave the hat to Mrs. Hudson and watched her put it on.

"It's awfully cute," she remarked.

"Do you think so?" said Mrs. Hudson with a tremulous smile. "I don't like it very much." Take the hat, she wanted to say. Put it on and keep it. I have twenty hats at home, each one roosting on its own perch like an expensive bird. She stuffed the bathing suit into the big antelope purse and tucked it under her arm. She was ready to go.

"Good night," said Elvira smiling.

Mrs. Hudson looked at her. Oh, to be ten years younger, and alone, and poor, and full of life. Above all to be able to leap like that!

"Good-by," she said, knowing that she would never come to this place again.





MENTAL TESTING: A PROTEST

BY JAMES L. MURSELL

IN POINT of magnitude and popular prestige the mental-testing movement has been the most important single phase of American psychology during the past twenty-five years. But its actual achievement has been exceedingly spotty. Some good and useful work has been done, but far too much is on the level of palm-reading, bump-feeling, and the casting of horoscopes. The public has been regaled with ballyhoo about the "uncanny accuracy" with which "science" can measure this or that mental characteristic and predict the potentialities of young children, when often tea leaves would be a safer guide. Wide currency has been given to doctrines about the inheritance of mental traits and the distinguishing marks of races and individuals, all elaborately "proved" by mathematics from test results, and lacking just one needful thing—a foundation. It is a sorry spectacle of science gone to seed.

A snapshot of a moving person is often a parody. So is a snapshot of a moving mind. The weakness of uncritical testing, of which there is a vast mass, is the idea that a quick picture must also be true. It vitiates the construction and use of tests, and the theories based upon them, and is the reason why their results are often shockingly misleading. Increasingly frequent and energetic protests against the whole situation are appearing in the technical journals. It is high time for them to be relayed to the wider public which also has a concern in the matter, since they are in danger of

placing wholly unwarranted confidence in bad tests and in the fantastic interpretations often built upon the results of even the best.

The essence of the protest is this: Tests by the score are turned out which expressly claim to measure all sorts of mental traits—prevailing interests, moral attitudes, introversion-extroversion, musical and mechanical aptitudes, and so forth, as well as general intelligence. *In not one single case can such claims be rigorously proved.* Yet they are made without a qualm by people who ought to know better, and swallowed whole by the public. The glaring weakness of the testing movement is the general absence of proof that tests really measure what they purport to measure, coupled with a general tendency to interpret them as though they certainly did so. This holds true of the best tests, as well as the worst.

In view of what looks like universal condemnation it may seem strange to suggest that there are any good mental tests at all. Yet there are. Decidedly the best are those which claim to measure "general intelligence." But the reason why instruments such as Army Alpha, the Terman Group Test of Intelligence, or the National Intelligence Test are good is not that they really isolate and measure a mental trait which can properly be called general intelligence. In this respect their titles constitute a misnomer, and this should never be forgotten in interpreting their results.

Their excellence lies in their demonstrated power to predict, in short and easy fashion and with reasonable certainty, the future possibilities and limitations of human beings. They can anticipate common-sense judgments which take a long time to form. This they can do because of the careful, thorough, and costly research that has gone to their making. An understanding of how such tests are constructed shows quite clearly where their excellence lies, and shows with equal clarity that they cannot be expected to isolate and reveal a distinctive factor in human mental life called general intelligence.

Take for instance the story of the making of the best of them all, the Binet Scale for the Measurement of Intelligence. It has had a long and honorable history. The Scale first appeared in 1905, after nearly ten years of research by an exceedingly careful, critical, and well-equipped worker. It has been frequently revised and improved by men of outstanding ability. The two most important revisions were made at Stanford University and appeared in 1916 and 1937; they were the work of extremely capable groups under the direction of L. M. Terman. A vast body of experience in the use of the Scale has been assembled and collated. In many respects it has been and still is the pace-maker in the entire field. An account of its construction reveals very clearly indeed what can and cannot be expected of a mental test.

The Scale purports to measure something called general intelligence. Surely then one would think that Binet's first step would have been to determine to his satisfaction what this something might be and then to look for means of measuring it. But this is exactly what did not happen. Binet's starting point was not with general intelligence at all. He did not begin with a mental trait of any kind, but with the obvious fact that some children are bright and others not so bright. Specifically, some children succeed very well with mathematics,

grammar, science, and so on, and others do less well. Could one devise a comparatively brief test which would differentiate and grade the successes and failures? If so, it would be a considerable service, for one could then tell in advance whether a person were a good risk for various intellectual tasks, and thus save much trouble. This was how he saw his task.

He went about it with a minimum of theorizing and no claims whatever to *a priori* insight. Here were successes, there were failures. Were there any clear differences, any manifest symptoms, by which one could tell the one from the other? He investigated a whole series of likely signs, many of which did not work out. Could they be distinguished by the size of their heads or by their handwriting? In both cases, no! Little by little, however, he began to accumulate a list of really significant symptoms. Always the symptom turned on the performance of a task. The "bright" or successful child could remember a series of digits, or grasp relationships on a clock dial, or tell the moral of a fable better than a "dull" child of the same age. Fifty-three of these symptomatic tasks were assembled and they constituted the first form of the Scale. All later revisions have been made on the same pragmatic principle, though some important new ideas have emerged, notably that of the I.Q. which was not originated by Binet. There have been additions, deletions, and rearrangements, but the Scale in its latest highly developed form is still a list of tasks known to be significant and symptomatic, because in doing them the successful excel the unsuccessful.

This is standard basic procedure in the construction of any intelligence test. Tasks are not included because someone who knows what general intelligence is believes they will reveal it, but simply because, after trial and error, it turns out that bright children do better on them than dull children of the same age. How do we tell the bright from the dull?

Not by any magic insight, vouchsafed to psychologists alone. Just by common sense—by school marks, general reputation, vocational placement, professional success, etc. So the test is evidently nothing more than a time-saving, labor-saving, mistake-saving device which boils down years of common-sense judgments into a try-out lasting anywhere from twenty to ninety minutes.

Moreover, the proof that it works is also entirely pragmatic and without anything *a priori* being involved. It is given to groups of people, and their future performance is followed up and studied. So we know that the best intelligence tests predict fairly well—not with any “uncanny accuracy,” not well enough to be used as the sole basis for guidance, but at least much better than an impression based upon a brief interview or a few weeks’ acquaintance in a good-sized class. This is about all that can reasonably be expected on the basis of a comparatively short set of paper-and-pencil responses, and even this would be impossible unless the items in the test were selected with great care. Clearly, then, it is a very useful device. But clearly, also, nothing in these processes of construction and authentication can lead us to expect such a device to isolate and measure general intelligence. Tests of precisely this kind could be made if nobody had ever thought of the concept of general intelligence.

All this is an old story among psychologists, although one might not think so from the way some of them talk. There are plenty of “definitions” of general intelligence, but they are all admittedly speculative and verbal. Binet himself ventured a few and their considerable lack of consistency never seemed to trouble him. The point was that he never took them too seriously. What he was after was not the definition of an entity, but a broad description of what his Scale would do. This, indeed, is precisely the sense of all instructed discussion of the matter. There is in the technical literature a tendency to speak

of “Army Alpha Intelligence,” “Terman Group Intelligence,” “Stanford-Binet Intelligence,” and so forth—that is, to designate intelligence in terms of the test being used; and some people even go so far as to define intelligence as “that which the test measures.” In other words, everything is *ex post facto*. We have an instrument known to be useful. We need a convenient term to describe it. So we call it an intelligence test. And even against this there is some protest, for it has been said that we ought to call it a “classification test.” This would at least take away the dangerous curse of a dishonest title; for the moment we permit ourselves to think of general intelligence as a clear-cut psychological entity which the test isolates and measures we plunge into metaphysical morasses.

II

Intelligence tests have the grave disadvantage of a dangerously misleading title, but at any rate they are competently and adequately constructed to do an important job. Turning to mental tests of other kinds, we find titles at least as misleading, but not the saving grace of an adequate research basis.

For this there is an excellent reason. Our social institutions, and particularly our schools, operate to segregate people fairly definitely in terms of brightness and dullness. The classification is far from absolute, but it is tolerably reliable and perceptible to the naked eye. But in the ordinary course of events human beings do not separate clearly into extroverts and introverts, musical and non-musical, artistic and non-artistic, appreciators and non-appreciators of literature, emotionally stable and unstable, and so on. Here the lines of cleavage are far less distinct. The search for significant symptoms is far less hopeful than when we are dealing with brightness and dullness. It is like looking for symptoms of some physical condition when we are never very sure—

and often very unsure—who has it and who has not.

For instance, one recent test purports to give numerical ratings on social introversion, emotionality, and masculinity—a tolerably ambitious proposal no matter how you look at it. The trick is done by setting up a hundred questions, to be answered “yes” or “no.” “Do you daydream frequently?” If you answer “yes” you score 5 on social introversion, 6 on emotionality, and 5 on masculinity; if “no” then the scores are 3, 2, 3. “Would you rather be a political organizer than an artist?” If “yes” credit yourself with 0, 5, 3 on the three factors; if “no,” 0, 3, 5. “Is it difficult to hurt your feelings, even when the joke is on you?” If “yes” you rate 5, 3, 5; if no, 3, 5, 3. These are fair samples. (Notice that nothing is said about how frequently is “frequently,” how difficult is “difficult,” how much rather you would be a politician than an artist, or whether you don’t want to be either, or like Hitler, wish to be both.)

Are such responses really symptomatic of the traits the test undertakes to reveal? There is no good reason to believe it. In any case, just what are social introversion, emotionality, and masculinity? Are they recognizable characteristics which distinguish one person clearly from another? Answer “yes” to the question: “Have you ever kept a personal diary of your own accord?” and you score 1 on masculinity; answer “no” and you score 7. But if we can’t recognize “masculinity” when we see it, how can we possibly tell that absence of diary-keeping is a characteristic of those who possess it? This is not an outcome of research, but a secret between the test maker and his God. The plain fact is that social introversion, emotionality, and masculinity do not correspond to the realities of social segregation. They are metaphysical entities of a most dubious kind, and any test built on them is founded on quicksand.

Another test with a somewhat more substantial research basis undertakes to

discriminate between socially maladjusted and well-adjusted persons. Again the procedure turns on a list of questions. It appears that the socially maladjusted tend to deny any awareness of “a main purpose in life,” that they would rather have an automobile now than a million dollars a year hence (or say they would when they have no chance of either), that they don’t feel the troubles of others, would like to see a hanging, often feel restless and discontented, and hanker for a good-looking sweetheart more often than the well-adjusted. It is at least true that in this case the author assembled his differentiating questions after considerable experimentation with persons who were presumably well and badly adjusted. Even so, the word *presumably* must be heavily underlined, because maladjustment is no definite and easily recognizable condition. Again it is a metaphysical abstraction, a label covering a multitude of misfortunes. A test based upon it is an extraordinarily dangerous instrument because it operates to brand people with a discreditable stigma on totally inadequate grounds. And the stigma itself has no clear meaning.

Meager though the research basis of the numerous tests like the two just cited may be, there are plenty of others which have managed to gain wide acceptance, but which have still less basis. They are built round nothing more authoritative than somebody’s happy thought or unchecked theory. Take literary, musical, and artistic appreciation, for example. It has occurred to the minds of various persons that appreciation means the ability to discriminate degrees of excellence in works of art. So poems, musical compositions, and pictures have been subjected to “distortion,” that is, versions have been made with certain changes which presumably detract from the excellence of the original. Usually, it may be remarked, there is not the least doubt about the fatal damage done by the alterations. The test then turns on one’s ability to select the original as

preferable to the distortion. Now the idea is not a bad one. But what we call "appreciation" is clearly very complex and many-sided. Whether any such test really gets at it, whether it reveals one of the significant symptoms, we simply do not know. The problem is wide open and is not solved. Until it is we have no right to publish such a test and say that it measures appreciation.

Exactly the same kind of criticism holds for many so-called "special aptitude" tests. They are happy-thought tests, without adequate foundation. For instance, if we wish to measure musical talent (another questionable entity) the only sound starting point is with human beings some of whom are known to be musical, others known to be unmusical. You may ask: How can we know this? If we cannot, then test construction itself becomes impossible, because there is no real differentiation from which to begin working. The procedure must be like that of Binet—a search for differentiating symptoms. But existing music tests do not proceed in any such fashion. It is explicitly stated that they depend upon an analysis of "the musical mind." This musical mind is said to have certain characteristics—extreme sensitiveness to pitch, to timing, to loudness, and so forth. And the test turns on finding out to what degree a given person possesses them. Clearly, it stands or falls with the analysis of the musical mind which is its basis. It depends upon a debatable psychological theory, not upon ascertained facts. It works by stacking people up against this theory, and judging them by the result. But if the musical mind is not what the author of the test supposes, all such judgments cease to have significance.

And here again we are dealing with a metaphysical ghost. What we know for certain is that some people do well with music and others less well. Such terms as "musical talent" or "musical mindedness" have meaning solely as labels for these palpable facts of behavior. This,

in fact, is precisely the case with all alleged special talents—executive ability, mathematical ability, mechanical ability, and so on. They are not entities. They do not exist *per se*. Tests founded on some alleged "analysis" of them are always open to the gravest suspicion. Nearly always it is a sign that an adequate examination of human behavior, which is the only sound basis for test construction and the source of whatever meaning can be attached to these general terms, is lacking.

III

The always hampering and often fatal limitation upon tests is the requirement that they must be "objective" or scorable. The questions must be answered "yes" or "no"; the statements must be marked true or false. No qualifications or explanations or half-tones can be permitted. Otherwise one cannot count up the responses.

Now it is altogether plain that in the present state of our psychological knowledge no kind of precision diagnosis of attitudes, interests, appreciations, and abilities whose very existence is open to doubt can be considered even remotely possible. A very knowledgeable and experienced counsellor, spending much time with an individual, taking into consideration every aspect of his personality, and relying on all sorts of hints and intimations which may be of the highest significance although they cannot be standardized at all, may be able to form a valuable opinion as to his psychological make-up. Even so, he is not likely to be dogmatic about his analysis. But the idea of reducing mental characteristics to score form on the basis of a series of cut-and-dried responses written down in some thirty minutes is nothing less than grotesque. No such device can possibly live up to its pretensions.

Strange to say, this formidable limitation is made the subject of the most naïve kind of boasting. It is exactly what is often meant by calling tests

"scientific." But here is a very different kind of science from that which holds sway in the laboratories of physicists, chemists, and biologists or for that matter psychologists—a patient verification of facts, a remorseless checking of hypotheses, an insistence that every generalization be well-founded. It is the science of the patent-medicine advertisement. What the test enthusiast very often means when he calls his work scientific is that his devices yield results with which it is possible to do sums! Apply a "battery" of tests, and you can say that a person is 63 per cent masculine, 77 per cent introverted, rates 81 on musical appreciation and 29 on artistic appreciation, and has an I.Q. of 112. Then the fun really starts. Given the sort of mastery of baby statistics that can be acquired by an able individual in three months, and all the mysteries of personality become an open book. All sorts of astonishing things can be proved about the victim, with an appearance of mathematical precision and technical sophistication which is most impressive to the gaping laity. The only trouble is that the discoveries are almost sure to be neither true nor practically helpful, for the reason that in forcing mental diagnosis into score form it has been deprived of significance.

Say, for example, that we wish to construct a test of social and moral attitudes, something that has been undertaken many times. Now social and moral attitudes are certainly very important. Moreover, they show up in behavior. We can recognize some of their symptoms, or at least we think we can. So far, then, the ground is firm. But now comes the catch. The only symptoms we can put into our test are those which somehow or other can be thrown into scorable form. Here is an instance of how the thing is done. "Arrange in degrees of badness, beginning with the least bad and ending with the worst, the following: Using slang, petting, breaking windows, being a Bolshevik, drinking too much tea and

coffee." It is hard to believe that anyone could take such a farrago seriously, yet it is a good deal cleverer than some that could be cited. What has happened is clear. All chance of really significant insights into moral traits has been sacrificed to scorability. This is why tests of moral character, social attitudes, and so forth uniformly fail to reveal what they claim to measure.

Another instance of ingenuity masquerading as science is provided by a recent test for vocational placement. Its author cautions vocational counsellors against being too subjective in their advice—that is, against using whatever sense Heaven may have given them. No, they must be "scientific." This can be managed by using his test. The principle of its construction is as follows. He assumes that for each of numerous vocations it is possible to identify a characteristic "interest pattern." The various patterns were drawn up by having numbers of real estate agents, small-town business men, nurses, florists, lawyers, and so forth check a long list of specific interests and then finding an average for each group. Many of the results are striking, not to say peculiar. It turns out that nurses like to work with people in the same room, to handle money, to play a musical instrument, and to ride horseback, but do not like to be ballroom dancers, to study all their lives, or to do things because they are dared. Cooks, again, like to have much free time, to be considered experts, and to have busy and exciting days, but hate to keep diaries, to work amid bustle and action, and to be in the diplomatic service. Counsellors are invited to give their clients the same list of interests for checking, to find out which of these "vocational interest patterns" is most closely approximated, and to advise on the result. Praise be to Allah for the wonders of science!

A superlative instance of how scorability defeats significance appears in a recent study of the fears of a large group of college women. Once more the ob-

jective method was scrupulously followed. The girls were invited to write down the things they feared and indicate numerically how much they feared them. Then an index number for each fear was computed, by multiplying the number of times an item was mentioned by the extent of the alarm, and reducing the product to a percentile basis. The greatest of all feminine collegiate terrors turns out to be snakes, with a score of 66. Slow death, spiders, and death by murder are on a level, with a score of 33. Failing in a school subject, abnormal offspring, and tigers score 27. Train accidents, finding a man in one's room, and being shot are equally terrifying, scoring 24. Quicksands, making low grades, and being criminally assaulted—23. Hypodermic needles, itch, and prowlers—18. Wild parties, hippopotamuses, misdirected affections—17. Ether, too many offspring, fire whistles—13. Adhesion, being surprised in the rear, frogs—7. Holes in the ground, teachers, horseflies, and being sterile—5. Coal chutes, unmarried men, fogs—3. This gem of objective analysis and scientific precision appeared in a highly reputable magazine. So far as one can tell, it was not supposed to be funny.

The device of the objective test is feasible when we are dealing with some such factor as brightness or dullness. Then it is possible to set up actual and genuine problems which can be solved by paper and pencil and scored right or wrong. Applied by rash enthusiasts to attitudes, interests, appreciations, and many so-called special abilities, it becomes highly ridiculous. In such cases we have to ask questions like these: Do you sometimes prefer spinach to tomatoes? What would you do if someone gave you his last hundred-dollar bill and immediately dropped dead—give it to his widow, put it in the savings bank, spend it on liquor? Do you sing in your bath—always, frequently, rarely, never? It is dazzlingly clear why such tests cannot isolate and reveal anything worth knowing.

IV

If all this is so, then evidently the superstructure of theory and interpretation based upon test results is exceedingly shaky. For it turns upon the assumption, nay the confident assertion, that "science" has "at last" found a way to isolate, measure, and study a whole wide range of mental traits.

Let us begin with the notion that testing has given us very precise knowledge about the relationship between hereditary and environmental elements in human mental life. This is one of the key doctrines of the mental-testing movement, and in a vague form it has had considerable influence upon popular ideas. In considering it we may dismiss the results of any but intelligence tests, for mental tests of other kinds are too poor and the findings too meager for their bearing on the problem to be taken seriously.

Just what has the wide use of intelligence tests established that is relevant to the problem of the inheritance of mental traits? Broadly speaking, there are two groups of findings.

First, it seems clear that brightness and dullness tend to run in families. There is certainly not an even chance, in a large population, that each family will produce either a very bright or a very dull child. Brightness and dullness have a considerable tendency to be segregated, and to appear in successive generations. Moreover, there is some reason to believe that the greater the degree of blood relationship, beginning with identical twins and grading down to cousins, the closer will be the similarity of performance on intelligence tests. These latter results, it may be noted, have been subjected to some criticism.

Second, it has been noted that brightness and dullness, as revealed by the best intelligence tests, seem to exhibit a remarkable stability, at least during the earlier years of a person's life. A moron at six will probably still be a moron at sixteen, and the same is true of a

genius. This is what is meant by saying that a person's intelligence quotient is usually found to remain fairly constant. Moreover, intelligence-test performance seems surprisingly little affected by change of environment—shifting a child into a better school, a better foster home, and so forth. Recently some contrary material on this point has been coming in, which is enough to warn us not to be too dogmatic. But the weight of the evidence is in favor of the relative imperviousness of the I.Q. to environmental influences.

Now these two sets of findings are of real importance, even though many studies of family resemblance are open to technical criticism, and the dogma of the invariant I.Q. a good deal less certain to-day than it was ten years ago. But they are very far indeed from proof that the tests can single out and reveal a purely hereditary factor. All one can possibly say is that they suggest the presence of an hereditary factor of some importance. But is this so very startling? Some authorities are gravely saying that the use of tests has "now" proved human behavior to be the result of both hereditary and environmental influences. Need one be a scientific oracle to venture so much? Common sense alone would suggest it. And since intelligence tests are really nothing but standardizations of common sense, they cannot carry us to any deeper analysis. They cannot and do not prove that general intelligence is hereditary (or not!) for the simple reason that they do not isolate and measure it.

Another happy hunting ground for large and brave interpretations of test results is the comparison of different races, particularly Whites, Negroes, and American Indians. Now racial comparisons, seemingly so simple, are really full of pitfalls. It looks easy to run a test on a hundred White children and a hundred Negro children, and then draw a conclusion about relative racial abilities. But what if our two groups are not of pure strain? Then we are not com-

paring *races* at all. Try to establish the racial purity of a hundred Negro children, and you will have a job on your hands. Nothing short of complete family records will do, and they are not available. Yet many test enthusiasts in their zeal for the objective method airily brush aside such trivial difficulties. To them anything is scientific if it is in figures. One study, for instance, comes out with sweeping statements about the musical capacities of the Negro race, although the testing seems to have been done on the assumption that a Negro, by definition, is a dark-skinned person living in Harlem.

Apart from this, however, tests furnish a most precarious basis for inter-racial comparisons, and this for the simple reason that *they are built upon differences observed in White children*. An item which is highly significant with White children may be meaningless or deceptive with those of different background and culture. Fables have different meanings, moral problems suggest different lines of action. One test item is a picture of a house with the door missing. Asked what the picture lacks, the White child says "There is no door." But the reservation Indian child, with his Catholic up-bringing, says "There is no cross." Asked what a crowd suggests, the White child answers "danger," but the reservation Indian answers "dust." For these and similar reasons it has been convincingly argued that very many of the test studies on racial differences are entirely misleading. Racial differences in mentality may indeed exist, but a critical survey of the work done compels us to conclude that tests have revealed very little that is practically important about them.

When we use a foot rule, it does not matter whether we are measuring Whites, Negroes, or Australian Bushmen. But it does matter when we use a mental test. The foot rule measures *length*. This is its basic principle. But the mental test is an instrument for comparing human beings with one another and classifying

them. A basis of comparison valid within one group may be entirely beside the point when applied to another group of different characteristics and background.

At their best, then, tests are purely pragmatic instruments. Their wide use has assembled great masses of data, but they penetrate no deeper into the make-up of the human personality than

ordinary experience and common sense. They only cover a wider area. The great criticism of the testing movement is that it has naïvely proceeded on the assumption that clever and convenient devices are capable of feats of insight, discrimination, and measurement for which they are utterly and obviously incompetent.

SONNET

TO N. IN SICKNESS

BY EDWARD DAVISON

*WAN in her sickbed, sleeping at night
After those days of danger and of pain,
She turned, half-sighing. Wonderfully then,
Sculpturing cheek, lip, brow, the lamp's slant light
Flowed o'er her head and shoulder; and that bright
Proud crown of hair—the very sheen and stain
Titian so loved—uplit my heart again
The thousandth time and dazzled on my sight.*

*Thrice blest and happy that man for ever is
In whose midlife the bride of his youth's choice
Dwells beautiful, still loving and beloved;
Whose son has all the accents of her voice,
And whose small darling daughter, being reprov'd
For some sweet mischief, laughs with eyes like his.*



HE WHO GETS SICK

BY GEORGE W. GRAY

HIPPOCRATES, the astute observer of human behavior who practiced medicine in ancient Greece and anticipated many of our modern ideas as early as 400 B.C., characterized man as "that infinitely variable organism without which human disease is impossible." In other words, it takes two to make a case of illness: he who gets sick, and the specific bug that bites him. Appropriate seed is not enough to raise a crop; there must be also the appropriate medium in which it will grow. And just as certain soil is favorable to wheat though not of much use for an orchard, so it appears that certain human bodies are suitable terrain for certain diseases and inhospitable to other ones.

This is observable in the case of many illnesses, and perhaps applies to the entire range. Various organic disorders are found to afflict persons of certain types and to pass by their kinsfolk of different physique. In localities where goiter is common, attributable to a deficiency of iodine in air and food, there are individuals who nevertheless do not develop goiter; their constitutions seem to be able somehow to carry on despite the deficiency. And in every epidemic there are some who show immunity to the infection, while others fall prompt and easy prey. Sometimes, more rarely than is the case with individuals, this immunity extends to an entire family group. Dr. Madge Thurlow Macklin tells of a family A with five children which lived next door to a family B, also with five. "Three members of family B died of tuberculosis,

one died of diphtheria, several had typhoid fever, they all had the infectious diseases of childhood. The children of family A played in the house of family B as much as in their own; but they never developed any symptoms of tuberculosis, nor did they have typhoid, although drinking the same water and milk supply that the other family did. Family A had practically nothing but mild cases of measles all around, and one case of mild scarlet fever."

Scarlet fever, measles, typhoid, diphtheria, and tuberculosis are all germ diseases, of specific origin, resulting in each case from an external cause, *i.e.*, contact with a particular kind of infectious agent. But—and it was said nearly seventeen hundred years ago by the Greek doctor Galen—"always this is to be remembered: that no cause can be efficient without an aptitude of the body."

II

Tuberculosis, for example, has as its cause a microscopic rod-shaped organism which has a predilection for lungs and the tissue of the lymphatic system, and to a lesser degree for certain other organs. There are protective cells swimming in the blood stream, the phagocytes which attack and often destroy these invading bacilli before they can do damage. But when the microbes become more virulent or more numerous, or when the protective cells are weaker or fewer, the invaders sometimes establish themselves in favorable tissue, multiply, destroy the

tissue cells, produce ulceration, and bring about that complexity of conditions which we call a case of tuberculosis.

Something more than the presence of this cause, the specific bacillus in contact with lungs or other tissue, is necessary, however, to the development of tuberculosis. A cat has all these organs and tissues; it is a mammal, in the same general biological order of which man also is a member. And yet a cat does not contract human tuberculosis even after inoculation with it. But if an equal dose of the bacilli is introduced into a guinea pig the guinea pig may immediately fall sick and die of the infection. Microscopic examination shows that the difference between the reactions of these animals is not a difference in the behavior of the protective cells. It is not that the phagocytes in the blood of the cat are more active than those in the blood of the guinea pig, for no evidence of such difference appears in the microscopic study of the two. "The explanation lies deeper," says Dr. Esmond R. Long, of the Henry Phipps Institute at the University of Pennsylvania, where the phenomena of tuberculosis have been a subject of study for many years. "The explanation is either that the cat's fluid juices inhibit the organism in ways beyond our power to detect, or that the bacilli fail to find the proper nutritive conditions in that particular environment. In the guinea pig, on the other hand, there is at the same time an acute inflammatory outpouring of cells and, in spite of it, a progressive multiplication of the bacilli."

In a sentence: the guinea pig has "an aptitude of the body" for the bacillus of human tuberculosis, whereas the cat has no such aptitude, hence in the case of the cat "no cause can be efficient."

Not only is this bacillus specific to certain species of animals, including man and guinea pig, but, as other studies show, its specificity is higher for certain individuals within the susceptible species. Years ago Drs. Paul Lewis and Sewall Wright, working at the University of

Pennsylvania and the University of Chicago, found that certain guinea pigs were more resistant to tuberculosis than other guinea pigs, and demonstrated that the differences were hereditarily transmissible from parents to progeny. More recently, at the Henry Phipps Institute, Dr. Max B. Lurie has found it possible by inbreeding to raise stocks of rabbits which are strikingly different in their ability to resist tuberculosis. One stock is markedly susceptible, its members become infected soon after exposure, and most of them die promptly of generalized tuberculosis. In sharp contrast is another stock, represented by a prolific family of English ancestry, which is so highly resistant to infection that its members have to be exposed continuously before they acquire the disease, and those that die of it are invariably victims of chronic tuberculosis. A third type identified through Dr. Lurie's studies is intermediate between these two extremes, being more susceptible than the highly resistant English stock but less susceptible than the other group.

It is obviously impracticable to perform experiments of this kind with human beings, and the medical researcher studying human reactions to infection is reduced to the role of observer of nature's course. However, it sometimes happens that nature itself provides a large-scale experiment in human epidemiology, as occurred some sixty years ago in Canada.

At that time, about 1880, the buffalo was fast disappearing from the Canadian plains, and with their hunting at an end the roving Indians agreed to enter the reservations. This meant for them a drastic shift in living conditions: the exchange of the transient camp and open-air life of the range for permanent settlements, fixed dwellings, and other conditions of crowding. Hardly had these new communities been established before tuberculosis began to appear among the tribesmen, it multiplied and became epidemic at an alarming rate, and within a few years it had swept every reserva-

tion. In the Qu'Appelle Valley in 1886 the record was 9,000 dead to 100,000 living—an astounding percentage.

A few years later this excessive death rate dropped to a more moderate toll, after which it declined more slowly—a situation which may be explained on the supposition that the Indian tribes originally included a number of highly susceptible individuals who fell early victims and accounted for the sudden rise in mortality. After this vulnerable stock had been killed off, the survivors, possessing higher resistance, naturally made a better showing.

“Such accidental experiments have occurred repeatedly,” said Dr. Long, commenting on this episode of Canadian history, “and from the records obtainable—from Negroes, Indians, South Sea Islanders, Eskimos, and others—many of us have formed the opinion that in all human history, in all races in contact with the tubercle bacillus, an adjustment between man and the bacillus has come about, with elimination, more or less rapid, of the susceptible stocks. The white race has advanced the farthest in this respect; yet it too retains some elements more susceptible than others, and to this fact may be attributed a certain amount of the variation we see in the response of white people to infection. Again I would say that the well-known environmental factors of crowding, intensity of exposure, nutrition, and other factors of strain in living, are equally or probably more responsible for such variation in white susceptibility as we see. I am only calling attention to agencies less stressed in recent years than environment—namely, constitution and heredity.”

Studies of the operation of hereditary resistance to typhoid, encephalitis, and other highly contagious diseases have been under way at the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in New York for over a dozen years, and a recent report by Dr. Leslie T. Webster reveals that this project is yielding highly enlightening results.

By exposing a group of adult mice to bacilli of mouse typhoid, carefully recording the reaction of each mouse to the disease, and then inbreeding the progeny of certain of these mice through fifteen generations, Dr. Webster and his associates have developed two lines of the animals which are indistinguishable from each other in every respect except that one is *ten thousand times more resistant to typhoid* than the other line is. Hundreds of individuals in each strain have been bred, and so it became possible to conduct large-scale population experiments in which different proportions of the two kinds of mice were exposed to the same degree of infection. Very striking are the contrasts produced in this way.

“If the population is composed wholly of resistant individuals, no disease or epidemic results,” says Dr. Webster. “If the population consists entirely of susceptibles, an explosive epidemic occurs, fatal to nearly all. If the resistants and susceptibles are combined in different proportions, and daily increments of each are added, then the severity of the epidemic depends entirely on the number of susceptibles and, with very few exceptions, the susceptibles alone are involved. The survivors of any given epidemic are almost entirely those individuals known at the outset to be inherently resistant. No acquisition of specific immunity on the part of the very occasional surviving susceptible mice has been observed.”

Six infectious diseases have been investigated in this way. An interesting outcome is the discovery that the faculty of disease resistance is localized in the specific tissue for which the infection has preference. In St. Louis encephalitis, for example, the vulnerable organ is the brain; but in order for the air-borne virus of encephalitis to reach the brain it must be absorbed by the mucous membrane of the nose, enter through it into the blood, and be carried by circulation to the brain. Dr. Webster has found that resistant mice and susceptible mice show no difference in the receptivity of

their nasal tissues and blood, and tests show that in neither group are any antibodies against encephalitis present in the blood stream. But a vast difference is found in the response of brain tissue. When the virus reaches the brain of a susceptible mouse it multiplies rapidly and destroys the brain cells, but in the brain of a resistant mouse it grows feebly and causes little or no damage. One is led to conclude that the mouse born of a line of ancestors immune to encephalitis has a brain built of better disease-resisting material than is the case with the less fortunate descendant of a susceptible lineage.

An encouraging result of this Rockefeller Institute research is its suggestion of the possibility of modifying a constitutional susceptibility. "Studies now under way indicate that the level of resistance which is inherited can be altered by many environmental factors, entirely aside from specific vaccines or sera," reports Dr. W. B. Boster. "Not the least of these factors, for example, is diet. Toward a better controlling and enhancing of the resistance levels of populations, and of individual man, studies are now being directed."

III

In 1916 there was an explosive outbreak of infantile paralysis (poliomyelitis) in Brooklyn, New York, and it spread along the shores of the East River and to many towns of Long Island. The New York State Department of Health went into action, in co-operation with local authorities, and among those whom it enlisted for service in fighting the epidemic was a young physician from New York's Presbyterian Hospital, Dr. George Draper. He was assigned to a suburban district of Long Island where the infestation was especially heavy, and within a few weeks Dr. Draper had visited hundreds of stricken homes, many of them among immigrant families.

He was impressed by the fact that his patients so often were of the same physical type: usually large, overgrown chil-

dren, predominantly brunettes, with certain characteristics of eyes and teeth. There had been suggestions before this of the existence of a host type in poliomyelitis. As early as 1823 an observer had reported that "strong and healthy children are more frequently affected than those of a weakly constitution," and the Long Island epidemic of 1916 brought abundant confirmation of this.

"Sometimes," relates Draper, "entering a sick room to which I had just been called to attend a new patient, I'd ask, 'Isn't this the boy I treated yesterday?' The mother would shake her head, pointing to the house next door, 'No, it was another boy yesterday.'"

Occasionally in large families he'd find five sick and two or three not sick—and usually the ones that had escaped were undersized or blond. To be sure, some blonds were stricken, but when they were examined closely the doctor noticed that in almost every case the skin was marked by numerous black spots, occasional irregular patches known as "tea stains," and other discolorations. Such pigmented blonds Draper calls "camouflaged brunettes," and he finds that most of the poliomyelitis victims who have blue eyes, light hair, and fair skins also possess these characteristic markings.

It was this experience in the 1916 epidemic that led to the establishment of the Constitution Clinic at the Presbyterian Hospital in New York some years later, after Draper had returned from a term of service in the World War. The clinic apparently is unique in the United States, for in no other hospital is there so complete and scientific a program of research into constitutional factors of disease, combined with efforts to apply this knowledge in diagnosis and treatment. Dr. C. Wesley Dupertuis, an anthropologist, and Dr. John L. Caughey, a physiologist, were recently added to the staff, and in collaboration with these specialists Dr. Draper is directing explorations of the personal quality of individuals afflicted with various diseases, including peptic ulcer, gall bladder dis-

ease, pernicious anemia, rheumatic fever, migraine, and poliomyelitis.

In the field of poliomyelitis Draper and Dupertuis have recently published physical examinations and anthropological measurements of 273 patients. This study, one of the most recent to issue from the Constitution Clinic, may be cited as representative of the current research program.

The infantile-paralysis patients were of various ages, ranging from five to twenty years; 125 were girls, 143 boys. As a control group with which to compare the physical characteristics of these paralytics, Draper and Dupertuis examined 229 well boys from the same economic strata. They soon discovered that age was an important consideration.

For example, in the youngest group, those ranging from five to eight years, it was found that the paralyzed children possess larger heads and faces and larger and more widely separated eyes than do the boys of the well group; and also that the paralytics of ages above thirteen are larger in these features than are the controls of corresponding age. But when it came to measuring the intermediate group, those between nine and thirteen, no such differences were noted. Apparently puberty imposes a complicating influence.

Size is the most obvious differential between the sick and the well, but there are also other points of contrast. Six recur so often, and so consistently, that Draper has come to rely on them as criteria for identifying the individual who is liable to be susceptible to infantile paralysis:

1. The presence of black spots in the skin—the deeply pigmented moles observed in the Long Island patients of 1916.
2. The presence of long curved eyelashes.
3. The presence of internal folds in the upper eyelids.
4. The large size of the central incisor teeth of the upper jaw.
5. The irregular spacing of these front teeth.

6. Pronounced hyperextension of finger joints.

At least three of these criteria are interpreted as infantile features, and two others may possibly be regarded as evidence of retarded development. Thus, hyperextensibility, extreme flexibility of the hands and fingers, is a universal characteristic of normal babies, and decreases at a varying rate with advancing years until age thirteen is reached, when there is a sharp drop. Among poliomyelitis patients, however, the percentage of hyperextensibility is higher than it is among controls at all age groups. The large size of the central incisor teeth and their irregular spacing also are recognized infantile characteristics. The presence of internal folds in the upper eyelid is “almost typical of the white fetus,” as Dr. Draper suggests, and moreover is characteristic of the condition known as Mongolism which is “now thought to be caused by some adverse intra-uterine influence which results in a special form of retardation in growth and development.” With respect to eyelashes, it was observed by Draper and Dupertuis that among the well boys the length of the lashes tends to shorten with age, whereas among the paralytics there was no appreciable shortening as they grew older—another difference that may reflect delayed development. There is no evidence to relate the presence of black skin spots with infantilism, and moreover little is known of the physiology of pigment in health and disease, but the findings indicate that irregularity of pigmentation is more extensive and frequent in the paralytics than it is in the well boys.

Among the 273 paralytics, only one, a girl, was free of all six type characters. Most of them possessed at least four, and there were 27 severely stricken children who showed all six characters strongly in evidence. The most common was the black spots; the least common, the internal eye folds. The percentages of paralytics and controls which showed each type character were as follows:

	PARALYTICS		CONTROLS
	Boys	Girls	Well Boys
	Per Cent	Per Cent	Per Cent
Black spots present in . . .	93	91	47
Long curved eyelashes in	81	75	44
Internal eye folds in	47	54	23
Large central teeth in . . .	91	83	52
Irregular spacing of teeth			
in	53	54	36
Hyperextensible joints in	64	75	37

It was noticed that those with the largest number of the characters were among the youngest group of children, and those who had the fewest were among the oldest. This would seem to fit the thesis that the six characters are part of the infantile pattern and may be outgrown with age.

Poliomyelitis cripples one child in a leg, another in an arm, others in diaphragm or glottis—but no one has been able to explain this selectivity. Dr. Draper finds here too a correlation with age. Of the children who contracted infantile paralysis before their seventh year more than 57 per cent were stricken in their legs; whereas of those who caught the infection after their seventh birthday less than 25 per cent suffered in these extremities. It is known that in the development of the human embryo in the womb, the arm buds form early and the legs at a later stage. To be sure, arms, legs, and muscles are not the parts that poliomyelitis attacks; the spinal cord is the chosen prey, and a limb withers because the particular region of the cord which controls it is destroyed by the virus. If we assume that the growth of the cord parallels the growth of the organs which it controls, then that part of the cord which controls leg muscles is younger tissue than that which controls other muscles; therefore it is presumably more infantile and, in early childhood, may be more vulnerable.

From these and other studies Dr. Draper is convinced that the individuals who are susceptible to infantile paralysis are of a characteristic body type. In particular, the susceptibles lack co-ordination between growth and development—two quite different processes, as the

physiologist explains. This lack of co-ordination is expressed by a tendency (1) to overgrowth, as shown by their large bodies, and (2) to retarded development, as shown by the retention of infantile characteristics of eyes, teeth, and other features.

Poliomyelitis shows a slight preference for males, the proportion being about four boy victims to three girls. A similar differential enters into the incidence of many diseases. In chronic rheumatoid arthritis, for example, women patients outnumber men three to one; in gout, men outnumber women forty to one; and coronary disease, peptic ulcer, stomach cancer, and cancer of the lungs are all more prevalent among men. There are several hereditary disorders which rarely, if ever, affect women. The serious deficiency known as hemophilia, in which the blood lacks the ability to clot, is an example of a sex-linked disease almost exclusive to males, though women serve as carriers of it to their offspring.

Very pertinent to this study of constitution is the androgyny, the man-woman mixture which exists in every person of either sex. Perhaps it is best observed in the contrast provided by the incidence of gall bladder disease and peptic ulcer. Peptic ulcer disease, which includes ulceration of the stomach, duodenum, and other parts of the intestinal tract, smites about five men to one woman; whereas among the gall bladder victims the proportion is practically the same but reversed, with five women to every man patient. This greater aptitude of the female body for the one disease and of the male body for the other has long been recognized; and it was noticed that the individuals who develop peptic ulcer are usually of slender body build, often thin and angular, and those afflicted in their gall bladders are invariably stouter, thicker, more rounded and soft. Draper and his associates took up the study of these two diseases a number of years ago, and discovered this further parallelism: the women patients with ulcer are frequently of masculine

build, and the men patients with gall bladder disease show in the soft roundness of their body contours a feminine tendency. Occasionally patients develop both peptic ulcer and gall bladder disease, and usually these are of a body type intermediate between that of extreme maleness and of extreme femaleness.

The distinction between masculine and feminine characteristics is not a loose generalization, dependent on the examiner's intuitional skill in sizing up the individual by appearance, but rests on a scientific appraisal of certain components of physique whose values are arrived at by technics of measurement. In the light of these studies it appears that there is no such creature as a 100 per cent male, or a 100 per cent female, but every individual is a blend in varying degrees of both maleness and femaleness. It is this blend in the constitutional pattern of an individual that makes what the anthropologist calls the "androgynous mosaïque," and apparently the degree of preponderance of maleness or of femaleness in the mosaïque determines susceptibility to certain diseases. In male cases of duodenal ulcer, for example, Draper finds that the position of the ulcer varies with the magnitude of the female component in the man's mosaïque. "That is to say, the stronger the feminine factor in the whole man, the farther out toward the gall bladder end of the first portion of the duodenum is the ulcer. As the masculine trend in the individual becomes more marked, or, if you will, the residue of female less, the ulcer is discovered closer to the pylorus (the far end of the duodenum, where it joins the stomach). Thus, it is possible that an evaluation of the balance within the androgynous mosaïque of males may help to establish the place of the ulcer."

Differences between the gall bladder race and the ulcer race are not confined to body shape and proportions, however, but extend also to their psychology. Individuals afflicted with gall bladder disturbances are usually of a placid temperament, calm, reposeful, well-controlled

emotionally. It is possible of course that they are inwardly fuming, as psychoanalysis often reveals; but the surface indications are those of a poised, confident, well-stabilized mind. Ulcer victims show quite the opposite psychology: characteristically they are tense, jumpy, nerves on edge, fretful and irritable, belligerent—though here again psychoanalysis often reveals a timid fearful soul hidden beneath the fighting-cock attitude.

The complete analysis of a human constitution calls for four categories, whose meaning we may indicate by four questions:

1. Morphological—How is its body shaped?
2. Physiological—How does its machinery work?
3. Immunological—How does it resist infections?
4. Psychological—How does it think and feel?

Draper calls these the "four panels of personality," and he believes that each type of constitution possesses certain common characteristics in each panel. He has found, for example, that patients suffering from peptic ulcer are usually similar, not only in the first and fourth categories, but also in certain fundamental physiological individualities. Thus, in collaboration with Drs. Dupertuis and Howard G. Bruenn, Dr. Draper made a study with the electrocardiograph (the sensitive device which analyzes and records the heart's action) and found that the electrocardiograms of peptic ulcer patients are of one general type, and those of gall bladder cases are of an entirely different type. Moreover, the pulse rate of the gall bladder race averages higher than that of the ulcer race. It therefore appears that not only the food-digesting apparatus, but also the blood-pumping apparatus, of the one is different from that of the other.

No statistical study of the immunological behavior of these two groups has been reported, but the idea has been gained by specialists in the diseases that ulcer peo-

ple seem to be more immune to infections than the gall bladder people—an impression that awaits scientific testing.

IV

The greatest handicap to study of the human constitution has been the paucity of scientific systems of measurement. In judging mentality and temperament, for example, it is possible to appraise an individual by observation and questioning; but even the best of these subjective technics are only rough approximations, and measurement in the psychological panel must be rated as something less than an exact science. Similarly, in the realms of immunology, physiology, and morphology progress has dragged for want of precise criteria, definitive tests, and a consistent measuring system. We have reason to believe that improvements in each of these categories are impending. Thus it seems likely that the electroencephalograph, which detects and records brain waves, may provide an accessory apparatus for the study of individual psychology and the typing of personality. Indeed, a few pioneering neurologists are already using brain waves in the study and treatment of epilepsy. Biochemistry is rapidly advancing and may contribute a workable exactitude to our knowledge of immunology and physiology. But it is in the morphological panel—in the shape of the body—that the most substantial advances in biological measurements have been made. There it may be said that a truly scientific system is now in use.

The concept of a correlation between morphology and susceptibility goes back to Hippocrates. He first distinguished between the "long-thins" and the "short-thicks" as representing not only different physiques, but also contrasting kinds of disease terrain. During the 19th century several eminent clinicians and anatomists attempted more detailed classifications, among them Rostan of France, Di Giovanni and Viola of Italy, and Benecke of Germany. In the pres-

ent century other efforts at typing have been published. The German psychiatrist, Dr. Ernst Kretschmer, working among the mentally ill in a Tübingen hospital, observed that patients suffering from manic-depressive insanity are usually of the short-thick compact type which he called "pyknic," whereas schizophrenic patients tend to be long-thins, apparently of lesser strength, so he dubbed their body build "asthenic." Kretschmer recognized a third type, intermediate between these two, "athletic," and it was his idea that a population could fairly be classified according to these three types.

In 1925 Dr. William H. Sheldon, an investigator at the University of Chicago, made an attempt to classify 400 male college students on the basis of Kretschmer's three-type system. Applying the Kretschmer formula through a long series of measurements, he found it possible to classify 28 of the 400 students as clearly pyknic, 36 as asthenic, 48 as athletic, but the remaining 288 could not rightly be identified with any one designation and had to be regarded as mixtures. Sheldon concluded that the attempt to classify human morphology with three types "was comparable to trying to build a language with three adjectives." He thereupon sought to find more "adjectives," and to develop a system sufficiently descriptive to care for the majority of human individuals. He has devoted the years since 1925 to this quest, first at Chicago and now at Harvard, working out his principles and testing them by measurements of several thousand college undergraduates. This new plan of classification and its technic of measurement are so well demonstrated now that Dr. Draper and his associates are using them at the Presbyterian Hospital in New York to type the morphology of patients with gall bladder, ulcer, and the other disorders under investigation at the Constitution Clinic. A book by Dr. Sheldon, describing his system in detail, is now in press, shortly to be published.

His system is based on recognition of

the fact that human physique is not a type-conforming structure. Some persons are tall with big hips, others are short with big hips. Some have long legs and short bodies; others, long legs and long bodies. Some heads are round, others elongated, and a large population may show every shape of head in combination with every shape of trunk. "We do not find types of physiques," explains Sheldon, "but a continuous three-dimensional distribution of the intermixtures of elemental structural components."

The elemental structural components are of three kinds, and appear to have their origins in the early developmental period of the body before birth. Within a few days of its conception, the human embryo begins to differentiate its multiplying cells in three infolded layers.

Embryologists find that each of these primitive layers contributes in a specialized way to the body's development. From the inner layer, the *endoderm*, come the functional tissues of the intestines, their accessory organs, and other abdominal structures. From the middle layer, the *mesoderm*, develop muscles, bones, connective tissue. And from the outer layer, the *ectoderm*, emerge the skin, nerves, sense organs, and brain. It is differences in rates of growth and development among the parts derived from these three embryonic layers that account for differences in body form. And here is the basis for Sheldon's three components, which he designates in the following order: the *first* or endomorphic component, the *second* or mesomorphic component, the *third* or ectomorphic component.

"Endomorphy means, roughly, the predominance of soft roundness throughout the various areas of the body," said Dr. Sheldon. "There is a tendency to lay on fat, though an endomorphic physique is not necessarily fat. It is, however, always soft and weak, and it carries both a relatively long and a relatively heavy gut. In endomorphy, when the body is in its full 'pyknic' bloom, there is physically the highest possible

structural predominance of mass over surface, and hence the highest possible predominance of the internal organs (viscera) over the external (skin, exteroceptors, brain)."

"Mesomorphy means relative predominance of muscle, bone, and connective tissue." Individuals strong in this component are heavy, hard, and massive, with pronounced bone and muscle development, possessed of thick skin over heavy underlying connective tissue. Here, too, there is "a relative predominance of mass over surface, but it is not spherical mass, which would favor predominance of the innermost organs. It is rather a sort of cubical mass, which favors great strength of structure and the development of skeleton, muscles, and appendages."

Finally, "ectomorphy means relative predominance of the skin, with its sensory and other appendages, and the nervous system. In ectomorphy there is a predominance of surface over mass. There is, therefore, greater sensory exposure to the outside world. The ectomorph is not necessarily 'asthenic' in any literal sense. Because of his lightness of body and his unusually fast reaction time, he may indeed be relatively athletic."

These, then, are the three components which Sheldon saw variously mixed in the thousands of college students whom he surveyed. He found it possible to isolate and define with considerable exactness the extreme occurrence of each of these components as they are found in the population, and after a little experimenting it was practicable to set up standards of body measurement which would discriminate among these extremes. He devised a simple 7-point measuring scale, with 1 designating the minimum and 7 the maximum measurement of a given component. It was then possible to record each individual in terms of three digits, in which the first digit indicated his rating in the endomorphic component, the second in the mesomorphic, the third in the ectomorphic. For example, a 711 physique

represents the extreme of endomorphy, with both of the other components at a minimum—the rounded physique of a Falstaff. A 171 is the extreme in which mesomorphy is predominant—the solid, bony, muscular body of a General Kitchener of Khartum. A 117 physique has roundness and muscularity at a minimum, and skin and other ectomorphic features at a maximum—the sort of man that Julius Caesar described when he said, “Yon Cassius hath a lean and hungry look.”

Thus, instead of verbal descriptions, we have a simple numerical scale for rating the body's structure in terms of the three components. Also, instead of trying to type the physique as a whole, the body is divided into five areas, and each area is measured in terms of the three components. Finally Sheldon has devised a photographic technic which not only facilitates the measuring but also provides a permanent record. In this photography the subject stands on a small platform which can be rotated by the examiner, and three pictures are snapped, a front view, a side view, and a back view. The camera is standardized in size, it is placed at a standard distance from the platform, and in front of the lens is a coarse wire mesh through which the picture is taken. The mesh photographs as a network of fine white lines. It thus provides lines of reference over the photographic image of the human figure, making exact measurements of the body's shape and proportions easy, and comparisons with other images are quickly and accurately accomplished.

With this method available, investigators of constitutional factors have at hand a powerful tool for exploring the correlations that exist between the build of a body and the susceptibility of the body to disease.

V

There is thus solid scientific evidence for the long-held belief that disease bears a direct relationship to the constitutional inadequacies of its victims. This does

not mean, however, that if a disease is hereditary it is, therefore, inescapable. Our knowledge of genetics justifies no such fatalism. “What the individual inherits,” explains Professor H. S. Jennings, of Johns Hopkins University, “is a constitution that under certain conditions will produce the disease, under others it may not.”

The activating conditions vary from individual to individual of course. In the case of a constitution susceptible to infantile paralysis, for example, the condition necessary to produce the disease is contact with a specific virus—and a corresponding condition applies to tuberculosis and the other infectious diseases. Many organic disorders of hereditary background lie quiescent until some profound emotional shock or the accumulation of years of suppressed fears and other anxieties provide the necessary stimulus to evoke the disease. Recent studies by Dr. Alton Ochsner and his associates at Tulane University School of Medicine show that stomach ulcers require for their production not only a constitutional predisposition but also certain precipitating agencies, such as high acidity of the digestive fluids, or focal infection, or mechanical injury of the delicate tissue such as may be caused by the presence of rough food. Even hemophilia remains dormant and harmless, and no “bleeder” suffers from his deficiency until accident or other violent condition severs a blood vessel.

In all our ills, and in seeking to understand the control exercised by constitutional factors, we may think of the hereditary pattern as a scroll inscribed at the moment of our conception, but with its writing in invisible ink and requiring the chemistry of a specific environment, the impact of a given kind of experience or sequence of experiences, to render it visible.

Inasmuch as this interplay of environment with heredity appears to be necessary to the activation of most of the ills that flesh is heir to, the importance of constitutional studies becomes paramount.

We can understand why Sir William Osler, quoting from that older clinician, Parry of Bath, held it to be "more important to know what sort of patient has a disease than to know what sort of disease a patient has." Knowledge of the patient may lead to more accurate diagnosis of the disease. In certain recent instances of suspected stomach ulcer, surgery has been guided and useless operations prevented by study of the patient's morphological and psychological panels. In one case both ulcer and gall bladder disease were thought to exist in a patient because of certain symptoms; a constitutional examination was made and it resulted in a negative diagnosis;

later surgery confirmed this diagnosis, disclosing that the trouble was neither ulcer nor gall bladder, but something entirely different. Not only diagnosis, but also treatment benefits from knowledge of the constitution of the individual who is to be treated. Eventually such knowledge may serve in guiding measures of disease prevention.

The relentless stimulation for discovery in clinical medicine is this recognition of the fact that disease is an intimate, personal, individual entity, and that treatment must be adapted to individual needs, individual tolerances, to the eternally unique constitutional pattern of him who gets sick.

WISE FOOL'S PARADISE

BY DAVID MORTON

*THE elm, delighting in her leaves again,
And leaves again delighting in the air:
Here were a springtime innocence for men
To come upon—and wonder at—and share
For just so long as they can learn the way
Of a tree's wisdom, how the days suffice—
Forgetting winter's stricken yesterday
And winters coming with their swords of ice.*

*Here all the moment's winds are winds that dance,
And here the rain is music in the night:
Music and motion wedded to entrance
The elm-in-leaf, the leaf-in-air—delight
For leaf and elm and air, and him who goes
Drinking a deeper wisdom than he knows.*



WANTED: NEW SMALL BUSINESSES

AND HOW CAPITAL BANKS MIGHT HELP THEM

BY JOSEPH L. NICHOLSON

SMALL business is the nation's biggest employer and producer. It is also one of the nation's biggest political worries.

By small business I mean every cross-roads store, every filling station, every beauty parlor; the drugstore with \$500 investment; the candy wholesaler with a net worth of \$10,000; and even the shoe-manufacturing company with assets up to \$500,000. From such small enterprises as these comes sixty per cent of our national income (excluding Government activity). Over ninety-seven per cent of our manufacturing establishments are small, employing less than 500 people each; together, they do a majority of the nation's business. Nearly eighty per cent of all the businesses in the United States represent an investment of less than \$10,000, and only 2.5 per cent represent an investment of more than \$500,000.

Small business is important to the country for other reasons than that it is the largest employer and producer and the most important customer of big business. If our national economic body is to function properly it must have a continual growth of new cells. With one out of five businesses dying off each year, those that are left will gravitate into fewer big companies unless there is an increase of births over deaths. For the history of business reveals that a firm does not stand still; it must continually forge ahead to survive.

From the throng of small businesses to-day come the big businesses of tomorrow. Henry Ford started with a capital of \$2,800. Anaconda Copper grew from the lucky strike of one lone prospector. What is more important, the little business is frequently the proving ground for new ideas. Contrary to popular belief, many of the principal products of our largest companies were first developed or put on the market by small companies. Radios were made in homes and lofts before the Radio Corporation was formed. The plastic industry, one of our fastest growing industries, was pioneered chiefly by the chemist, George Baekeland. Even such important products as du Pont's rayon, cellophane, pyralin, and titanium oxide were not initially conceived in its own laboratories but were adapted from products previously brought out by small firms. The giant electrical service industry sprang from the laboratory of Thomas A. Edison.

When new companies cannot start, research becomes concentrated in the hands of a few large companies. Frequently the latter are not compelled to bring out their new discoveries at once, and delay because of their large investment in a present product or process. As a company becomes prosperous it becomes increasingly conservative. Nothing is more timid than a million dollars unless it be a hundred million. The very fact that a company is big makes it

a target for attacks by labor; the government scrutinizes its profits; more and more it finds itself taking the defensive. It tries to minimize its risks through price agreements or other monopolistic methods, and even then, generally, wants a wide margin of profit before it will risk its capital in some new venture.

Such behavior violates the first principle of competitive business, which is to produce "something different" either in price, quality, style, or performance. Unless those differences are sufficiently alluring there will not be the incentive to purchase a new car or a new suit of clothes. One of the penalties of mass production is the necessary uniformity of a company's products. When competition gets into the hands of a few large companies all the companies' products become more similar and the desire to buy is lessened. The small business, by contrast, is under no such compulsion to follow the crowd. The success of the small business depends largely upon giving more for less money, as instanced by Woolworth who started with a small store in Watertown, N. Y. When things get cheap enough, idle money comes out of hiding seeking bargains. When idle money goes to work, so do idle men.

A little business, just because it is little, can adapt itself to changes more quickly than a big business. It can dart through holes in time-worn policies of the big business, which, because of its size, has become sluggish. Compare the time required for a decision on the bringing out of a new product or the changing of a sales policy by a ponderous board of directors, which needs to consult its legal staff before it can take action, with that required by two partners settling the same problem at lunch. From sheer inertia the large company is likely to be satisfied with the *status quo*. The big business man wants things as they are; the little business man wants to be a Henry Ford. He is ready to try new things, to cut prices, whereas the big companies get together in trade associa-

tions and look upon one another as "good competitors" only if they don't cut prices.

From every point of view it is vital that we should have in this country a continuous supply of new, small, healthy, growing businesses. We are not getting nearly as many as we need. The rate of growth of new businesses (and few start big) began to decline after 1920. The coming of chains and mergers accounts for some of the decline but not all. By 1938 the rate of starting new businesses had decreased to about half what it had been forty years before. The air has recently been full of charges that the banks will not lend to small businesses and countercharges that small business is getting all the credit it deserves. And while this controversy rages two facts stand undisputed: (1) eight or ten million men want work and cannot get it; (2) the strong boxes of the nation's banks bulge with idle dollars. . . . What is wrong?

II

The mortality of businesses has always been high, but the ranks of small concerns have suffered greater losses in proportion to their numbers. Countless small businesses collapse because of poor management. Too often the proprietor of a new enterprise starts out to be a competitor of U. S. Steel with enthusiasm his chief asset but without the aid of any new product or process which could cut costs or improve quality; and thus he is virtually doomed at the outset. As often again the dominant personality in a new concern, though he may be a good production man or a good salesman or a good financier, is not all three in one, and makes disastrous mistakes. "In 99 cases out of 100," said a Federal Reserve Bank official, "it is the unwise judgment of the management that causes the smaller business to need funds. The depression increased this need but was not the cause of it, as so many have claimed."

In recent years small business has been

especially hard hit by taxes and other Administration measures—even by some measures which were aimed chiefly at big business. Although the undistributed profits tax, for example, rained equally upon the big fellow and the little one, the big fellow had an umbrella of reserves to protect him; it was the little one whose future was most jeopardized. Of the effect of the SEC's regulations I shall have something to say presently. As for labor regulations, consider the following bit of evidence.

In the course of my work I was recently asked to make a report on the reopening of a machine-tool plant. In estimating the chance of obtaining government contracts, the following points had to be considered: What wages must be paid under the Walsh-Healey Act, the law regulating wages paid on government contracts? What would be the ruling as to apprentices under the Wages and Hours Act? (Starting a plant that had been idle for over two years would require training new people.) How much would the Social Security taxes amount to? The community was engaged in a bitter rivalry between the C.I.O. and the A. F. of L.; how could an election be secured to determine who was the representative of the employees, and could there be a certainty of getting it in time to keep the plant from being tied up? Few will quarrel with the aim to help labor, but if labor legislation chokes the starting of new enterprises so that idle men and idle dollars cannot be employed, labor is not benefited.

The above-mentioned were only a few of the laws affecting one side of the business. Even after consulting specialists in each of the above laws, I could obtain no estimate on which costs could be based. Ordinary business has to face a stormy enough sea. With so many additional uncertainties, it is almost impossible to chart a course or know the outcome. The proposed new backers of the enterprise could not see even a gambler's chance of profit and were faced with what seemed a far greater op-

portunity to lose their investment. The outcome was that the plant remained idle and the money as well.

But aside from these troubles there is another difficulty of getting funds for small business—a difficulty that has been increasing. What kind of funds do they need, and what stands in the way?

The banks have been accused of not lending to small business. The average small business man feels that obtaining money is his only problem and his cry is, "Gimme money and I can do it." But the type of loans he seeks would make the banks a speculative partner. Such loans are dynamite if banks are to remain liquid to meet emergency demands of depositors. Surveys of Federal Reserve and RFC applications for loans show that more than 90 per cent of the applications want long-term and equity capital, represented by term loans, mortgages, preferred stock, or common stock; and there are laws prohibiting banks from providing this kind of capital, although they may make term and mortgage loans under certain limitations. Small business does not seem to realize this and has raised a howl at the bankers. Because bankers have long been scapegoats, the politicians have taken up the cry against them, calling them "money changers" and accusing them of "cutting their own throats" for refusing to lend. Some bankers have made attempts to defend their position but there has been no organized attempt to clarify the public mind, showing that such loans are not in the province of the commercial banker and should not be in it.

How has new business obtained capital in the past? When Bill Edwards invented a gadget to increase the gasoline mileage of cars he interested old man Wilkins, who owned the Wilkins Mills, was director of the First National, the electric light company, and about everything else that was worth while in town. Bill's father when he was alive had worked for the old man. Now Wilkins bought gas at Bill's garage. One day when he stopped for gas Bill showed him

his new Gas Saver and told him how he had run his jalopy clear to Birdsboro and back on a gallon of gas. The old man was interested and said he would have his chauffeur try it out. The upshot of it was that the old man promised to put up a couple of thousand dollars. It was easy to get a hundred dollars here and fifty dollars there, after word got round that old man Wilkins was putting up some cash. But the fact was that Wilkins was rich and could afford to take a chance. It is true that he had lost more often than he had won; but the rewards when they came were enough to make up for the losses. If they hadn't been he would not have been the success he was.

To-day the picture is changed; it is difficult to find a wealthy person who will "angel" a new enterprise. He is made cold-blooded by the uncertain political and economic outlook and by high taxes—particularly the capital gains tax—which make him feel that speculative risks are not worth the candle. If he wins the government takes the winnings; if he loses the loss is his.

I was recently asked to investigate a new process for manufacturing synthetic rubber for a group of wealthy people who were considering investing in it. The enterprise, over a period of time, showed every evidence of being able to yield 15 per cent. Nevertheless, they turned it down on the advice of their tax experts. Because members of the group were in the surtax class, the net return to them could be only 3 per cent; and they were already realizing as much from their tax-free municipal bonds with comparatively little risk.

We have seen how the hands of the commercial banker and the wealthy individual are tied. What can the investment banker do?

There have been many complaints that the Securities and Exchange Commission is responsible for the inability of small firms to obtain capital. Actually, this is not entirely true. However, lawyers', engineers', accountants' fees

and other miscellaneous charges, incident to registering a statement with the SEC, are to a certain extent fixed; and therefore the proportionate costs of registering an issue of from \$100,000 to \$250,000 in some instances have been nearly ten times higher than those of registering an issue of \$25,000,000 or more. That fact certainly puts the small business at a disadvantage. It has been suggested as an aid to small business that issues up to \$500,000 be exempt from registration. But registration cost is only a small part of the charge incident to obtaining new capital. The larger part is the cost of selling the securities. This cost is much higher for small companies than for big ones; an examination of statements listed with the SEC for the first six months of 1937, from firms seeking capital through the sale of common stock issues of under \$100,000, revealed a selling cost of approximately 30 per cent.

In a study by the SEC of the registration of 584 smaller issues of securities, represented by a total of \$321,000,000, only \$74,000,000 of this amount, or 23 per cent, could be sold in a year after registering. A large percentage of the companies registering these issues reported that they could sell only a part of their securities. About one third of the companies reported that they were unable to sell any of their issues. As a consequence, they got no money, but were out their registration costs as well.

Because of the expense of handling and the difficulties of selling small companies' underwritings, the larger investment houses are reluctant to handle them. Jerome Frank, Chairman of the SEC, recently told a Senate Banking Committee that "the overhead cost of marketing an issue of \$1,000,000, or less, to the public through investment bankers makes the cost of the money prohibitive." In contrast to the difficulties which small companies must face to get money, and the high rates they have to pay, there is the du Pont Company as an example of a large company selling \$50,000,000 of preferred

stock at a cost of only 2.7 per cent.

Nor is this all. To-day the desire for liquidity among investors makes it difficult to sell the securities of a company that is not well known. I was present not long ago at a meeting between a broker and his client. The broker presented the statistics of a new issue of a small firm which had had an excellent record of earnings for the past ten years. But his customer insisted on buying U. S. Steel even though its price and earnings had fluctuated violently over the same period, because, he said, "Those big companies can't go broke." This is an indication that in its desire for liquidity, capital to-day, more than ever, chooses the risks of the stock exchanges rather than those of local enterprises.

What then? Must we submit to seeing the birth rate of new enterprises reduced still farther? Federal Reserve Chairman Eccles has referred to the "slower tempo of our national growth." Stuart Chase, in his recent HARPER articles, has shown how the amount of new capital raised for the expansion and initiation of businesses has declined, and has suggested that perhaps this decline must be regarded as inevitable and permanent—the result of the slowing down of the growth of our population and the ending of its expansion into new territory. "Thrift has not declined, but opportunities for investment in private enterprise have," wrote Mr. Chase. He described with apparent approval the proposals made to the Temporary National Economic Committee for public investment to take up the slack. Guy Greer had already, in the December HARPER's, urged Federal action for this purpose.

I do not believe that we must submit to seeing the number of new businesses dwindle. We have too many scientific developments awaiting a market that will open new frontiers. In 1844 the U. S. Commissioner of Patents said that important patents seemed to be a thing of the past. There is plenty of inventive genius and managerial ability to unlock

new possibilities for business, in the nineteen-forties as well as in the eighteen-forties. The population growth may have almost stopped, but the inventors and engineers have not. Consider the possibilities for new industries from rubber springs and plastic bodies for automobiles, new materials leading to low-cost housing, hybrid plants in agriculture, synthetic fibers and glass with the properties of quartz.

Nor do I believe that we need jump to the conclusion that public investment is the only answer to the problem. The dangers inherent in public investment—the chances of corrupt or incompetent political management, of involvement of the national credit in dubious enterprises, of over-concentration of executive responsibility and economic power in Washington—should cause us to look long and hard for another sort of answer. Is there no solution in sight which will not involve Federal dictation or imperil the Federal credit, which will be flexible and decentralized, operating locally, and which will avoid some if not all of the financial difficulties to which I have referred?

III

A new institution to help solve the problem is here proposed. I shall call it the Capital Bank. It will operate under private capital and management and its purpose will be to supply funds for local small businesses.

William O. Douglas, when he was chairman of the SEC, urged that the financing of small business be done locally. This was a very logical suggestion. A comprehensive knowledge of the locality in which the business operates is essential. The sorting of good loans from bad is too big a job to be done in one place, regardless of whether that one place is Wall Street or Washington. And the investor, for his part, needs to be shown that risks in his own backyard may be just as good as those which have caught the public's fancy on the exchanges.

The Amoskeag Industries, Inc., of Manchester, New Hampshire, is an example of what civic bodies, and insurance company, and local banks have done on a local basis to help small business and to create employment. The citizens of Manchester feared that the textile mill of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company, the main industry of the community, which at one time had employed up to 16,000 people, might be bought by other textile manufacturers, the equipment junked, and the mill dismantled, leaving the city of Manchester with a permanent unemployment problem. Therefore the citizens formed the Amoskeag Industries, Inc., which bought the property for \$5,000,000 at a receiver's sale. To quote William F. McElroy of the organization, there were three purposes:

1. To create new jobs.
2. To diversify industry so as to stabilize employment.
3. To liquidate the property purchased from the Amoskeag Manufacturing Co. over a period in such a way as to protect real estate values.

"There are now sixty-one concerns located in the mill yard and we are negotiating with several more," reported Mr. McElroy. "Our factories produce many articles never before made in Manchester. Instead of textiles—yarns, gauze, metal stampings, and soups. In other words, we are trying to put our people to work, but not at the expense of other communities."

Chambers of Commerce in Lynn, Fall River, New Bedford, and Quincy, Massachusetts, have been making efforts to do some of the same things accomplished by the Amoskeag Industries, Inc. Louisville, Kentucky, and Muskegon, Michigan, offer other examples of communities with civic financial organizations to assist new enterprises and provide additional employment.

The capital for these organizations was subscribed by local residents and banks; the directors are the community's business men. The organizations do not

compete with the usual financial institutions because they make loans on terms not generally offered. The Greater Muskegon Foundation claims to have assisted 15 companies representing an employment of approximately 10 per cent of the total factory payrolls.

These organizations are taking steps in the right direction. The sort of Capital Bank that I propose would have two functions. First, it would bring idle dollars to the small business. Second, it would assist in supplying the necessary vital spark of good management. This organization would supply long-term and equity capital to small and moderate-size businesses, and would retain management oversight until the funds were repaid. The small business has little chance of repaying any funds supplied to it unless it is successful, and the emphasis on management is of great importance.

How should capital be supplied to the Capital Bank? Local private sources would more readily subscribe to it than they would to small individual firms; risks would be spread over many companies. Pitfalls would be avoided because experienced management would be available. Furthermore, the bonus of common stock that might be given the Capital Bank by each company granted funds would offer another opportunity by which profits might be realized. In this way, the hope of the success of a Victor Talking Machine or the outcome of a Birdseye quick-freezing process would hold a profit incentive for local capital that might otherwise drift to a large financial market. Other capital might be raised through the sale of serial notes or debentures secured by collateral of the companies financed by the Capital Bank. A market for these notes or debentures might be found among local banks and insurance companies who are seeking uses for their idle dollars. On September 30th of last year New York City's fifteen largest banks had 70 per cent of their resources in cash and government bonds. Banks

should welcome the opportunity to invest in the Capital Banks and indirectly help themselves further by aiding the community through employment of idle men.

Who should run the Capital Bank? Its directors should be the community's bankers and business men who would be familiar with the borrower's character. On the staff should be specialists in sales, production, and finance who would assist in the selection of loans and whose service could be supplied to the small business at a lower cost than it could otherwise afford. Provisions should be made that no one institution dominate the Capital Bank to make use of it to bail out frozen loans.

Should the Capital Bank make permanent investments? By no means. As a safeguard against the danger of retention or misuse of control by a Capital Bank, all securities it underwrites should carry the provision that they might be bought back at any time at a prearranged premium (high enough to counterbalance losses in unsuccessful enterprises). Some such protection is essential, as too often in the case of receiverships, creditors' agreements, and bank control through a frozen loan, the outside management has no incentive to make the company prosper because this would mean the loss of some good jobs. The very fact that the Capital Bank considers a company worthy of funds should make it easier for that company to raise additional funds from private investors. The supplying of management to small firms is expensive, but when it is handled in sufficient volume the cost can be brought down. I have already shown that small business is willing to pay up to 30 per cent for funds and then has not been able to get them. Certainly the Capital Bank should be able to supply management profitably at a lower cost than that.

How big should the Capital Bank be? Its size should be limited because its primary purpose is to supply capital locally. Furthermore, the supervision

of business would be expensive if scattered over too wide an area. In a densely populated area a Bank might be active in only a single city and the region about it. Where industrial enterprises are more scattered it might cover an area as large as one dominated by a Federal Reserve Bank or its branch. Provision should also be made for the participation of various Capital Banks in the financing of companies in one another's territories. This would allow for better diversification. The area should not be too large, as there would be a tendency to discourage new companies or industries competing with those in which the directors of the Capital Bank might be interested. Furthermore, the amount loaned to any one company should be limited.

Many local civic bodies are concerned over the migration of industries from their cities and the competition with other localities offering low wage rates, rent-free factories, or tax concessions. The members of these civic bodies are well aware that whenever a local industry goes out of business or moves elsewhere, unemployment increases, relief costs rise, and taxes jump. (The average cost for the average family remaining on relief throughout the year of 1938 in our three largest cities was approximately \$700.) The Capital Bank would offer an ethical and practical method of holding established industries or encouraging new enterprises in its territory.

It is estimated that for each person employed in our factories, \$8,000 is invested in plant and machinery. If men are to be put to work, dollars must be put to work first. Anything that will encourage employment of our idle dollars and idle men is worth careful study. Anything that will stimulate the starting of new, small business enterprises and reduce the infant mortality rate among them is particularly worth considering. The Capital Bank offers a challenge to our financiers as a means of attacking the problem.



One Man's Meat



By E. B. WHITE

THE first sign of spring here is when the ice breaks up in the inkwell at the post office. A month later the ice leaves the lakes. And a month after that the first of the summer visitors shows up and the tax collector's wife removes the town records from her Frigidaire and plugs it in for the summer.



ABOUT a week ago I received a chain letter—one of those which purport to bring luck. It said it had been started by "an American officer in Flanders" and was going round the world four times. The person who deliberately broke the chain would have bad luck. Mrs. Gay Fields, it seems, received five thousand dollars five hours after mailing hers. Mrs. Ambrose received three thousand dollars four hours after mailing hers. Mr. Nevin broke the chain and lost everything he had. I felt a curious bond, instantly, with this unfortunate Mr. Nevin. I too am a chain breaker. I will go to any lengths to prove (to myself) that I am not superstitious; yet I know perfectly well I am superstitious. Yesterday, when I was out on the frozen cove and the ice began grumbling, the first thing I thought of was the chain letter. "Here I go, Nevin!" I thought.

It is no wonder superstition survives in an enlightened world: there is always enough calamity to provide coincidental proof of almost any bit of voodoo. Four days after I broke the chain I lost twin lambs, the first to be born in my flock. At the moment they seemed like everything I had. I would have done anything to have saved those lambs. I would even have re-mailed a letter that had been started by an American officer in Flanders.

SEE that the ewe has milk, that her udder is all right, her teats open, and that the lambs get the milk.

That's what my bulletin said. Stern advice for a city-bred man who came late to shepherd's estate. The ewes and I went through a joint pregnancy; they carried the lambs, I carried the bulletin and the worry and the wonder. I was pretty sure that no matter how closely I watched I should finally be caught off my guard. On a Sunday morning in February, just at daylight, my hour came. The little boy burst into the bedroom and cried: "Wake up, you got a lamb!"



I PULLED on some cold clothes and stumbled out toward the barnyard. Before I got down to the shed where the sheep were I could hear a lamb blaring. The sound seemed artificial, almost as though somebody were blowing short blasts on a cheap horn. I slowed my step and looked in at the door of the fold. On the frozen ground just over the threshold a lamb lay dead. A coating of frost had formed on its stiff yellow fleece. The ewe stood just beyond, her stern showing traces of blood, her eyes full of bewilderment. A few feet away there was another lamb, staggering about in small spasmodic jerks, its little dung-smear body about the size of a turnip, its woeful voice strangely penetrating in the biting wind that blew in through the open door. Here was my lamb all right, waiting to be wrapped warmly in the nearest bulletin.

It lived through the morning, lying in a carton by the stove, but it was a weak lamb and never recovered from the first awful chill. Shortly after lunch, having nursed twice and received our blessings,

it died. It was one of the briefest and most popular visitors we ever had, being loved by all and particularly by the dachshund, who showed a deep gripping appreciation of its lovely aromatic newness—the dung in its fleece warmed by the kitchen heat gave it a heavenly intensity quite in keeping with its Biblical connotation. There is something about a lamb you don't get over in a hurry. It's been gone quite a while now, and others are on the way, but the dachshund and I still tremble all over when we think of it.



THE two big days of the month for me are the days when *The Rural New Yorker* arrives. I used to feel the same expectancy and excitement about the *American Boy*, during the first years of the century, when the pictures of pony carts and magic lanterns tortured my grasping little heart with life's not impossible fulfillment. And there was a period, later, when I felt the same anticipatory emotion for the *Morning World*, and those tense midnights when I would approach a newsstand on Broadway and squander a nickel on the early edition to turn with secret torment of suspense to the Conning Tower to discover whether some noble nubbin of poetry had achieved the decent fame I hoped it deserved. Those were nights! But I doubt if the boy's dream of premiums, the youth's dream of recognition, have anything on the baffled countryman's dream of rural felicity as pictured in a farm journal. I don't know what repressed corner of me is relieved by a study of the minute problems of poultry-house ventilation, or the reports of a sheep-shearing contest, or the account of a horse celebrating his twenty-sixth birthday; but I know that I can't keep my hands off *The Rural New Yorker* when it comes, or my mind off it when it is due. (Geographically speaking, I should subscribe to the *New England Homestead*, but I somehow got started with the other paper and I don't see how I can make the break now.)

I try hard to keep my mind and my sympathies abreast of world events by reading the newspapers; but the words of war correspondents often seem lifeless compared to the writings of persons who confide their troubles and their hopes to the editor of a country journal. Europe in tatters is something that ought to occupy an honest man's attention, but lately it has seemed too big for me. I prefer to curl up in a comfortable chair with *The Rural New Yorker* and read: "I have a three-year-old colt that about once a month or so will throw out her stifle joint." That is a catastrophe I can enter into. And I like the editor's cryptic reply: "With rest and occasional application of a Spanish-fly blister the colt may tend to outgrow the ailment." An item like Spanish-fly blister on a stifle joint can occupy my thoughts the better part of a whole evening.

I am not sure but that the menace and the mystery of country life are at the core of its charm. Much of what I read and hear is wholly beyond my comprehension, yet it holds me spellbound. Here is a letter from a subscriber (a Mrs. M. M.) giving a straightforward account of a tame hen which willfully tore a chick to pieces and then, crazed with remorse, went down cellar and committed suicide by eating moth balls. "The reason for writing about this," Mrs. M. M. adds with inspired irrelevance, "is to show how easily eggs can be tainted by bad food."

In addition to being fraught with menace, the life of the countryman has a beautiful natural balance everywhere discernible. These same moth balls which the hen gulped down to atone for her sin can be hung in an orchard to keep the deer away from the young trees. I read that in *The Rural New Yorker* too under the caption MOTH BALLS REPEL DEER.

For some months I have kept a file of clippings having to do with catastrophe. I find this a handy reference file when something breaks out on my own place, and I go through it fre-

quently. One of my standbys is the case history of an abnormal heifer, reported by A. J. B. It is called "Trouble With Heifer." "I have a heifer two years old last March which I raised myself. She comes of good stock and is in good health, but have never been able to breed her. This summer she has been in pasture with the other cows but has shown no sign of breeding. The only abnormal signs I can see is that she is fond of licking the coat of one of the horses, also likes to eat cardboard."

Now, anyone can see from that report that the so-called simple life of the country is a myth. The poet's dream of cattle winding slowly o'er the lea is a pleasant idyll, but the bald fact is that you suddenly find yourself with a heifer who shuns the bull, lavishes kisses on a horse, and eats cardboard.

There is something fascinating about the prose style of many of these correspondents. One of my favorite stylists is a lady who describes her chicken venture under the heading "A Living With Poultry."

"When I see a hen shake her head," she writes, "I pick her up, rub a little kerosene over her comb, nose, gills, and under her throat, also a few drops in her mouth. I use a small spoon for this. They usually respond to this."

There is an economy of effort here which has a telling effect. The literary device of allowing the reader to guess *how* the hens respond to having kerosene poured down their throats is worthy of Tantalus. A year ago I noticed that my pullets were all shaking their heads. For weeks I tried to discover what caused it. Nobody seemed to know. I am now of the opinion that all chickens just naturally shake their heads, and that, considering the modern high-pressure methods under which they are managed, they have a pretty good reason for doing so. But although this lady doesn't know, any more than anybody else does, what makes a hen shake her head she can't help wanting to apply a few drops of kerosene.

I fill myself to the brim with items cal-

culated to terrify me. Often these letters begin on a tranquil note and work up to bedlam. "This has been a banner year for clover all through Cortland County, N. Y.," began one disarming story in *The Rural New Yorker*. "On our farm we had the best crop of clover ever raised, both mows and the barn floor were crammed full and we were rejoicing in the possession of so much good feed for the cows." Suddenly the mood changes. "Now," continues the writer, "the barn is gone and the clover too. It happened on September 29th. My son and the hired man were sorting potatoes in the basement of the barn and when my son started to go to the house little Phyllis, who is only two, ran to meet him and exclaimed, "Look, Daddy, smoke!"

Such thumbnail accounts of life haunt me. My own mows still have some hay in them, and I wince every time my son comes to me on the run. "Look, Daddy, smoke!" I hear him calling.

One learns that the wellbeing of farm animals is extremely tenuous. All farm animals, particularly the hen, are hanging to life by the merest thread. "My hens have a fluid in their throat," writes F. G. "My turkeys have the habit of pulling feathers from one another and eating them," sobs T. J. M. "What is the cause of large crops on White Wyandottes?" asks E. S. with a stiff upper lip. These people are all terribly real to me. They are my brothers and sisters, dwellers in darkness.



I AM not doing justice to *The Rural New Yorker*. It is one of the great papers. I guess it is best known for its crusading spirit and for the vigorous help it gives farmers who have been preyed on by rascals and agents. But I think its true genius is that in the course of interpreting modern scientific farming it somehow manages to preserve and transmit a feeling for the land—a sense of fruition and of people's talent for earth and their fulfillment in the year's cycle. Most farm journals I have seen lack this quality,

although they usually provide a tutti-frutti substitute. In *The Rural New Yorker* one gets it straight—in the letters from subscribers and in the articles.

The ultimate survival of this mysterious relationship between the farmer and his fields sometimes seems doubtful. The last generation has seen it weakening, along with the exhaustion of the soil itself. The farm as a way of life has been subordinated to the farm as a device for making money. Somewhere along the line the thread has been lost; somewhere in the process of introducing vitamins and electric time-switches into his henhouse the farmer has missed the point of the egg; somewhere in the long tractor-turned furrow lie the moldering roots of an earlier content. Modern methods turn the farm into a business, the farmer into a promoter. Meanwhile the land passes out of his hands (I read the other day that less than half the farm real estate in the United States is actually owned by the farmers) and nobody knows what the end of that sad story will be.

I remember, some years ago after the crash, reading a book by Ralph Borsodi called *Flight From the City*. It was an account of the author's experiment in returning to handicraft and the good life of goat's milk, wherein his wife churned butter with one hand and spun him a woolen sports jacket with the other. It was an idyll of pressure cooking and vacuum cleaning. One of my friends, after reading the book, remarked: "It's beautiful, only *my* wife isn't Mrs. Borsodi." (As I recall it, Mrs. Borsodi not only did all the spinning, dishwashing, milking, churning, caponizing, cooking, cleaning, cultivating, and baking, but she also kept her children home from school and instructed them herself rather than let them associate with the toughs of the village. Even at this late date it tires me just to think about Mrs. Borsodi.)

Yet the book, for all its extreme recommendations, was disturbing just the same. It stated the case for the escapist and it struck home to jobless urbanites who

had been experiencing the baleful aspects of city life during a depression and also, I suspect, to farm owners who had been brooding on the derangements of high-powered large-scale one-crop agriculture. It suggested to an inquiring mind that somewhere between the two extremes there might be a rural existence which would be both satisfying and practical for the average man who neither wanted to spin his clothes nor run a wheat combine but who yearned for cheap light and air and a certain measure of security.

Many people are groping for this ideal all the time, moving restlessly back and forth between town and country. The land, even though it has been mistreated, can still support the population—that we know. The question is whether the population has the temperament and the ingenuity to support the land—that is, to return its goodness, not just sap it.

The test is whether a person has a feeling for fertility. This is as much a theosophical as an economical matter—whether one feels any mysterious obligation to put back into the soil the strength he took from it by his cultivation or by his buying the canned products of other people's cultivation.

I have just got hold of a book called *Bio-Dynamic Farming and Gardening* by Ehrenfried Pfeiffer, which bids fair to shape my mystical course from now on. Although I have barely thumbed through it, I can see that it is my meat at last. The hero of the book is the common earthworm. At the bottom of the compost heap sits God. Already I am a convert to bio-dynamics. Here is the life beyond the test tube—the philosophy of chemistry. I feel it in my bones, as I would a spell of damp weather coming on. Of course a farmer can't allow himself to become wholly an ascetic (specially during lambing time); but if he allows his agriculture to degenerate into mere profit-making, he is a man foredoomed. My goal is no longer a three-hundred-egg hen, but to find peace through conversion of my table scraps into humus. God help my neighbor's pig!



The Easy Chair



MATERNITY FLOOR

BY BERNARD DeVOTO

"**S**HE has blue silk sheets and pillow cases," the nurse says. "All her meals are sent in from the Formosa Club. She's going home in an ambulance to-morrow—think of that, after five days! They can probably restore her self-esteem with bath oil, but that baby is never going to lose the stigma of being born where common children are."

It is 704's nurse speaking and she is talking about 716, who has affronted the democracy of the Floor. She arrived with postilions and outriders, the uniforms of chauffeurs and messenger boys make glad the corridor passing to her door, and you are to understand that she came to this place only under compulsion from Dr. Hooper, who, though a big name in obstetrics, has a probably socialistic unconcern for the feelings of the rich. Her door is always shut and, except that one of her nurses has proved to be folks, the Floor would know practically nothing about her. A hope that she would have a bad time in the delivery room was disappointed, but charts are common property, and the failure of three formulas to agree with the baby has confirmed a universal feeling of superiority.

"I sneaked a look at that birth certificate," the nurse goes on.

704 sits up eagerly. "You mean Mrs. Bruce? Tell me quick!"

"I guess it's all right," the nurse reluctantly admits. "He's a lieutenant in the Navy. Probably he's off on a ship somewhere."

704 is disappointed. Young Mrs. Bruce—709—is mysterious. Nobody has come to see her but her father, she has had no flowers, and all bulletins say that she is morose and silent. She doesn't even read, just lies there, and in the opinion of the Floor she does not love her baby. So what would you think? On a maternity floor you certainly would.

Mrs. Case, 702, has come in. She is going home to-morrow (but by taxicab) and has been swaggering round the Floor, displaying a contracted silhouette and acquiring information. "You could be fired for looking at those birth certificates, Stevens," she says. "And, my God!, is there anything you wenches won't tell? What are you going to say about me? Well, I've been legally and demonstrably married for three years, but I may as well admit right now I was no virgin when I got married—"

"I know," Miss Stevens says. "They grabbed a floor nurse to help out when you went to the delivery room. You told them all about it when they were giving you gas."

She drifts out to get the baby ready, for the six o'clock feeding is nearly due. 717's nurse, falling into step with her, says with a spurious negligence, "We got six and a quarter ounces at two o'clock." Miss Stevens says, "Why, that's just fine! Before you pick the wonder-baby up, take a look at our chart." Miss Stevens knows she will—and will find that 704's baby got eight ounces. There is a feud

on between 704 and 717, and those eight ounces help a lot. Howls of twenty-three infants, well, twenty-two—for her baby is sleeping beautifully—greet her when she opens the nursery door. Some of these mites have been prepared for feeding nearly an hour, and she thinks as she washes her hands: seventeen of them without specials; that's too many for one nurse. Why don't they put another one on nursery? They talk about the marvelous habits they give a baby—where's the habit when you put them on any time from five to seven? You'd think this institution couldn't raise a dime for toilet paper. She has worked up a righteous grievance on behalf of the seventeen unfed and habitless by the time she picks up the super-child who can take, and get, eight ounces at a feeding.

"I wonder if Stevens was telling the truth," Mrs. Case is saying to 704. "I bet I never did!" She revolves before the mirror gloating, "I cut my toenails this morning." She pats an area that was lately spherical but now is nearly plane. "For four months I've had only a memory that there are dimples in my knees. I've got to go home in that little tweed number I wore here, but then I can cut it up for awnings. I've been glued to *Vogue* for a week. I'll probably have to wear a bathrobe to town, but two weeks from to-day if you want to know what's smart in women's wear give me a ring. . . . Somebody sent 712 a pair of baby blankets that must have cost fifteen dollars apiece, and she called up and asked if she could return them on account. She's the worst sourpuss on the Floor and I bet she isn't even normal enough to fall in love with her obstetrician. . . . My baby had to be waked for the two o'clock feeding. . . . That poor kid in 708 can't get started. I think she's literally scared stiff. We've all tried to pep her up but she just remembers all the horror stories she's heard. Still, five days here with ruptured membranes and still no go—it's pretty tough. . . ."

Mrs. Case and 704 settle down to fif-

teen minutes of blissful talk before the baby comes. They agree that the scared kid in 708 has had a rotten time. She has been taken up to the delivery room three times and brought back when her pains quit cold on her. Mrs. Case, however, knows a girl who rushed to the hospital four times and had to go home again ignominiously—for two whole weeks she was clanging out on false alarms. But that's the way things are, and she was lucky it wasn't born in the taxi, the fourth time. 701 has an elderly aunt with a social conscience that needs a poultice. She comes every day to reproach 701 for having a private room and specials while the poor have to be herded in wards. She makes 701 cry and will probably dry her milk. Miss Phelan, the supervisor, ordered her out to-day and said if the baby had to go on formula she couldn't come back. On the other hand, there's that girl in 705 who frets all day long and nothing can be done about it. Her doctor said he wouldn't be responsible for the consequences if she didn't have a room and specials—and she has had bad hemorrhages and may have more. Her husband had to go to a loan shark to get her here at all and she needs more transfusions, but she's begging her doctor not to. Mrs. Case says hotly that they ought to march into 716 and take the blood from that rich wench—she could send to the Formosa Club for some more, but it wouldn't be blood, it would just be whatever juice they squeeze out of the Social Register.

A voice floats in from the corridor, "I know, Dr. Gerry, the Jews are a wonderful people, but forty-three visitors in one afternoon is too much. That girl has got to get some sleep. If they've got you too intimidated to interfere, I will."

Mrs. Case giggles. "That's Gerry she's talking to, and it's like telling Admiral Byrd he's afraid to get his feet wet, and it would cost you or me a hundred dollars a minute to talk to him. Phelan is wonderful! I wasn't quite out when they took me up. Phelan was in the corridor and I grabbed her and said, 'I

don't *want* to have this baby!' She banged me back on the truck and said, 'Well, forethought would do more for you than second thoughts.' She's wonderful!"

Miss Stevens wheels in 704's baby, which stops yelling and begins to make troutlike movements with its mouth. "Are you beginning to wean your baby, Mrs. Case?" she asks. Mrs. Case flees, more rapidly than is quite safe, and her voice trails back, "Give me a break, Stevens. I never worked for Walker-Gordon before." The entire Floor has become magically silent, the nurse presents the famished child, and 704 looks up to say reverently, "I honestly believe you, Miss Stevens—I don't think you ever have seen a handsomer baby." And Miss Stevens says, "But remember, I've only been on maternity for eleven years."

Another nurse pushes open the door, which is always decorously closed at feeding time, to say, "We got a boy for 714." There has been no telephonic or other communication with the delivery room, this news is something like one minute old, and in something under one minute more the whole Floor will know it. 704 looks up again from the assuagement of famine and the thought that Cruikshank must have drawn this baby. "You can say all you want to," she says, "but they do too come in waves. This is the year when everyone is having boys. One of my friends had a boy in August and another one had one in September, and ever since then I've known I should too. They say it's the war—more boys are always born then. How do you suppose the chromosomes know there's going to be? There wasn't any war when—well, that would be pretty clever of the chromosomes, wouldn't it? This new one makes twenty-one boys on this Floor and only three girls, and one of them's a preemy!"

"It's the sun spots," Miss Stevens says.

Afterward, 704 lies in a warm, satiate, sensuous drowse, nerveless, echoless, almost without cognition. Her door is

open again, in the same optimism that opens twenty other doors on the Floor; but there is nothing to hear except the muted dissonance of twenty radios playing half as many programs. Her own radio is softly recounting the intrepidity of a superman who navigates outer space in praise of somebody's cereal. She doesn't hear it, she hasn't heard any of the programs that have flowed from it nineteen out of twenty-four hours during the past week, but that vapid whisper is infinitely solacing. She wonders how grandma did without a radio when she had babies. This one cost fourteen dollars and was an afterthought when the budget for the super-child had been strained far past the breaking point already—God knows how they are ever going to repair that break; but it has paid for itself many times over, it has had an honorable part in easing the perils of childbirth.

Those perils, she thinks, have been eased a lot since grandma's day. Nembutal, gas, cyclopropane, and all the rest, not forgetting Miss Stevens. Sure, she thinks, read the books, we've got soft—thank God. She is under no urge to get up and milk the cows to-morrow and cook dinner for the harvest hands, and quite certainly she did not have this baby behind a bush on the Oregon Trail, like that squaw they always tell you about, and if she had had she would not have apologized for being an hour or so late when she caught up with the party. The Floor has crystallized straight out of a decadent middle class and when you come right down to it, 704 decides, that's a pretty useful decadence. If you take a good look at the Floor, American civilization looks pretty good, better than you've been thinking lately. Better than any other civilization you can remember right off. We did this, she thinks, us, middle-class America—you bet, and we're paying through the nose for it. If there's a jagged hole in my budget right now, part of the reason is that repulsive middle-class selfishness is buying nembutal and cyclopropane for people who

can't afford them any better than I can. Why do they never make a note about that when they're extirpating the middle class? Her mind moves on to the fool aunt of 701—does she want her grand-nephew born in the slums because other babies are? She wouldn't tax herself to level the slum babies up to this, let her niece call in a midwife instead—and then veers to 705. She knows only too well how much terror there is in the thought of that loan shark. But the poor girl has got to have her transfusions. 704 begins to calculate—but how could you induce her to accept it? Well, Mrs. Case will take charge, if 704 knows Mrs. Case, and she ought to—Mrs. Case will pay for them herself. Oh, what if we do go broke? I'm going to pay half.

The Floor has the quiet of the last half-hour before the fathers begin to troop in, looking quite as superfluous as they are. But rubber-tired wheels whir in the corridor and 704 jerks her bell-cord. Miss Stevens comes in and says no, that wasn't the girl who's so scared; she's still jittering. That was 714 coming back, she hemorrhaged but it's all right now. Will she feel like a new woman when she wakes up! 704 thinks. She'll feel a million pounds lighter, and how strange to have that pressure gone from her belly. "Belly" is a word 704 would have avoided a few months ago but she won't avoid it any more. After you've gone through the screaming drama of the delivery room, after you've learned the accompaniments of birth, you won't be delicate about words, and there are a lot of other delicacies that don't survive the first bearing-down.

The wheels whir again. Somebody

—that would be Miss Phelan—swears at the elevator, and a half-strangled "Ow-oo!" resounds in the corridor. Mrs. Case rushes in, still dressed, and Miss Stevens behind her. "That poor kid has got started!" Mrs. Case cries, and Miss Stevens says, "Maybe, dear—an hour or so should tell." You can feel the tidings overspread the floor, and you can feel a universal, quickening goodwill. That poor kid is going upstairs to, frankly, one hell of a time; but the Floor thinks it's just wonderful, and if there is mirth in prayer, the "Good luck!" that needs no radio to transmit it is half laughter. The Floor's twenty-second man child is knocking at the door.

This is the nicest place, 704 thinks. It's the most hopeful place!—and what other places of hope do you know about? Down on Medical or Surgical fear is a steady fog with death's black wing beating through it. Not fear here but hope, not death but life. Knocking at the door! Up there in the delivery room, in a mad agony you wouldn't miss a second of, it's happening, life is coming to be. I did it! she thinks. And in the desolate darkness of these years—deprivation, despair, war, the crumbling cosmos. We've got too used to thinking we're afraid. We aren't, we really aren't. Of my own will and decision I brought him into the world. That proves we aren't scared. Who's afraid? Certainly not me, certainly not the Floor, certainly not that girl upstairs—she wasn't nine months ago and she won't be in an hour or two. We've done it, of our own will, gladly, and that proves it. Yes, she thinks, and if I work it right, I can be back here by next April.

**For information concerning the contributors in this issue,
see PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE on the following pages**



Harpers *Magazine*

AN AUSTRALIAN-AMERICAN AXIS?

BY C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

WHY have the Australian and American governments suddenly decided to exchange Ministers? For years rumors have circulated about such an exchange, but as often as these were put in print the Australian government denied any such intent. The reason usually given was that the material interests of Australia in America hardly justified the expense of maintaining a Minister and staff in Washington. The American government however has long indicated that it was prepared to exchange Ministers at any time and, indeed, has exerted a good deal of quiet pressure to bring the exchange about. In recent years the American consular service in Australia has been extended; unusually distinguished men have been appointed lately to the post of Consul-General in Sydney; and the desirability of getting diplomatic relations on a ministerial plane has persistently been indicated. The rumors about an exchange have usually originated in Washington. Why?

It is in relation to Pacific Ocean poli-

tics that Australian-American relations must be appraised. The American search for new angles of approach to Pacific politics is unremitting. The objectives of American policy change little, but the roads taken toward them vary with circumstances. One persistent trouble has been the absence of reliable allies. Professor A. Whitney Griswold has indicated in *The Far Eastern Policy of the United States* that all efforts to co-operate with the United Kingdom government have ended in frustration for Washington. What is needed is support which will consistently complement the American policy. This kind of support may be found in Australia; and what is true of Australia is also largely true of New Zealand. The fundamental Australian policies fit neatly into what Washington wants to do; and where concrete evidence of agreement is lacking, it is more because Australian policy is not developed in that particular direction than that it is formulated in a hostile fashion. The business of exploring and co-ordinating policy is unquestionably

item number one on the agenda papers of Richard Gardiner Casey, who has come to Washington from Australia, and of Clarence Gauss, who has gone to Canberra to represent the United States.

The Australian political approach to the United States must be along the same line. If the United States has had some difficulty in getting Australia to appoint a Minister it will not have to use persuasion to get the Minister to talk Pacific policy. It is true that most Australians are neither very alert nor very well informed about international affairs and have been content to be spoon-fed by the United Kingdom in the matter of foreign policy. The cry is "follow Britain." But "follow Britain" is not to-day a policy; it is rather a reflex action below the level of consciousness. The intelligent minority has had to fight this immature attitude (only "appropriate to desert tribesmen," as Professor Macmahon Ball has said), and while they have made but little progress in figuring out a comprehensive national policy, they have made important progress in establishing in the minds of strategic individuals the desirability of a national policy in Pacific affairs. This was shown last year when Robert Gordon Menzies became Prime Minister and said in his Policy Speech:

In the Pacific we have primary responsibilities and primary risks. Close as our consultation with Great Britain is, and must be, in relation to European affairs, it is still true to say that we must, to a large extent, be guided by her knowledge and affected by her decisions. The problems of the Pacific are different. What Great Britain calls the Far East is to us the near north. Little given as I am to encouraging the exaggerated ideas of Dominion independence and separation which exist in some minds, I have become convinced that in the Pacific, Australia must regard herself as a principal providing herself with her own information and maintaining her own diplomatic contacts with foreign Powers. I do not mean by this that we are to act in the Pacific as if we were a completely separate Power; we must, of course, act as an integral part of the British Empire. We must have full consultation and co-operation with Great Britain, South Africa, New Zealand, and Canada. But all those consultations must be on the basis that the primary risk in the Pacific

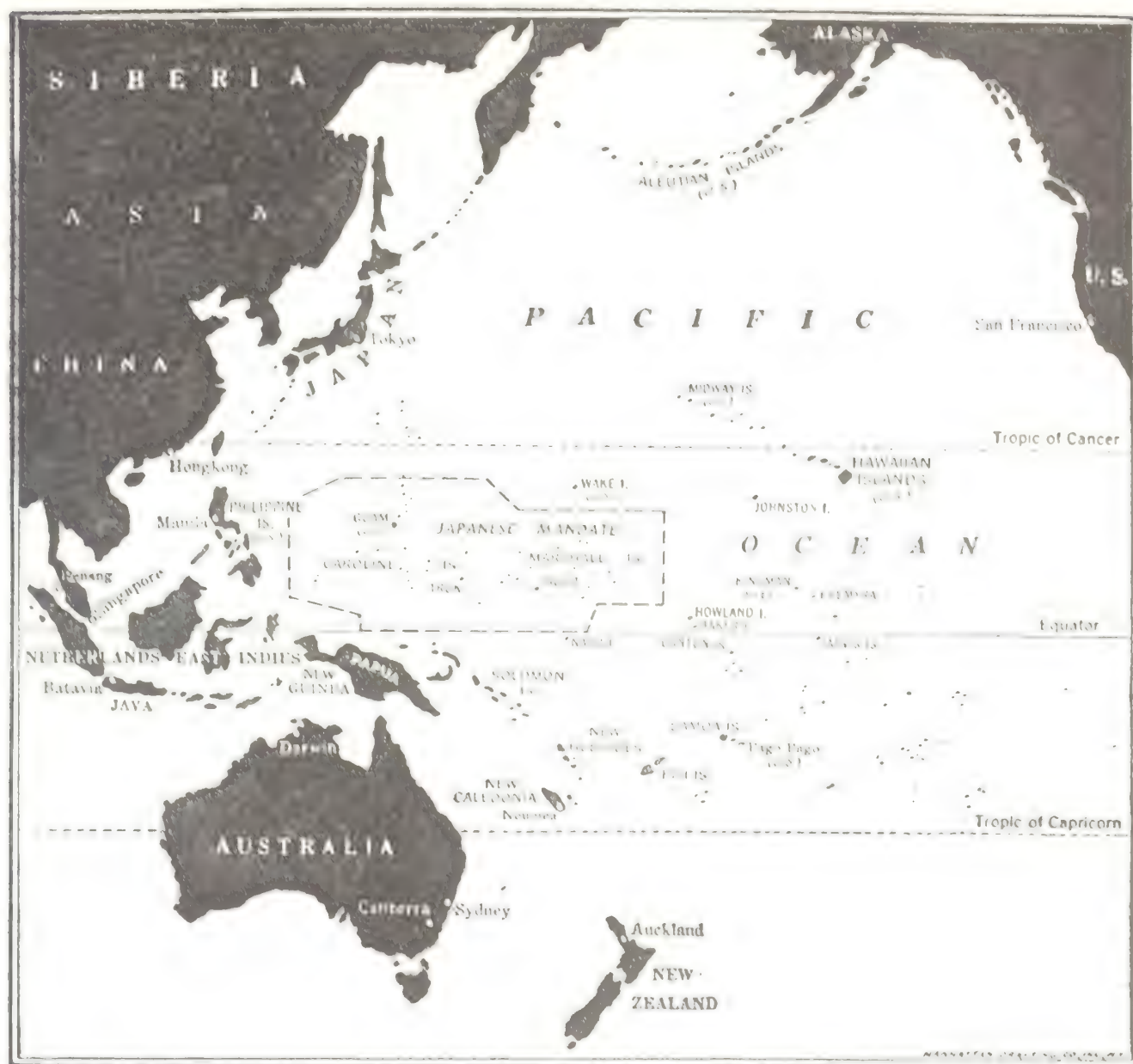
is borne by New Zealand and ourselves. . . . This means increased diplomatic contact between ourselves and the United States, China, and Japan, to say nothing of the Netherlands East Indies and the other countries which fringe the Pacific. It is true that we are not a numerous people, but we have vigor, intelligence, and resource, and I see no reason why we should not play not only an adult, but an effective, part in the affairs of the Pacific.

Coming from a Prime Minister, this was a great step forward; and that he should so quickly take action to translate his view from theory to practice is proof that the Australians are now actively looking for a national policy in the Pacific Basin.

II

The existing Pacific policies which Australia will bring to the council table are three. All have deep historical roots. In no sense are they mere paper constructions of the intellectuals. They are: to guarantee that the Pacific islands to the north and east of the continent are either under their direct control or in the hands of friendly powers; to exclude from Australian territory all immigrants of Asiatic origin; and to promote profitable trade relations with Japan, China, and other Eastern countries. These policies plainly match well-established American policies. Naturally the Americans have developed them into more elaborate forms than is true of their Australian equivalents, and a point to watch is how far the Australians can be persuaded to accept the elaborations. Will they, for example, support the American concern for the "integrity" of China, the open door, the nonrecognition of conquests by force of arms, and so on? It is likely that they will find reasons for so doing if the *quid pro quo* is attractive.

The Australian aspiration to control the South Pacific islands is very old. When the British began to settle Australia in 1788 (as a prison colony) the commission of the first Governor covered not only the eastern mainland of what was then known as New Holland but



also "all the islands adjacent in the Pacifick Ocean" within the same degrees of south latitude. The commissions of the governors were soon confined to what were clearly coastal islands, but the aspiration to control the destinies of the more distant islands has never really declined in Australia. Most of the South Pacific islands which are now under the British flag came under the crown as a result of discovery by British seamen; but where there were rival claimants, as during the nineteenth century when any bit of territory without a master was a temptation to the European imperialists, the Australians always put pressure on the United Kingdom to assert jurisdiction. In succession the Australians opposed the incursions of France and Germany, and they succeeded in forcing radical changes of policy with regard to the islands that

France succeeded in taking over. For example it was long-continued pressure from Australia through London which in 1898 persuaded the French to cease using New Caledonia as a penal colony. Important British possessions over which control was originally exerted in response to Australian pressure are Fiji, which passed under British control in 1875, the New Hebrides, which have been held jointly with France since 1887, and that part of New Guinea known as Papua, which came into British possession in 1888.

As the nineteenth century approached its end the islands of interest to the Australians were in the hands of the British, which was entirely satisfactory; the French, of whom they had lost their early suspicion; the Dutch, of whom they had never had much suspicion; the Portuguese (in Timor), allies of Great

Britain; and the Germans. In 1899 the Germans acquired control of the greater portion of the Samoan Islands, while a power new to the region took over the rest, including Pago Pago, the best harbor in the South Pacific islands. This was the United States.

The First World War changed this picture. The Germans were expelled. At the behest of London and in response to their own desires, the Australians took over the German portion of New Guinea and the island of Nauru, while the New Zealanders took over the German portion of Samoa. This eliminated Germany south of the equator. The Australians expected to go on and take the German islands north of the line; indeed, London had instructed them to that end; but before the job could be done, London notified them that the Japanese would take care of these islands. At the Peace Conference it came out that in February, 1917, the British had made a secret treaty with Japan, Prime Minister Hughes of Australia agreeing, which gave them to Japan. This was not very palatable to the Australian public, but nothing could be done. Hughes of Australia, Prime Minister Massey of New Zealand, and the Japanese all contended at Versailles for the right to annex these islands. President Wilson wanted them put under mandates. The clash of policy precipitated what Baker calls the "first great struggle of the Peace Conference." In the end Wilson won a partial victory, for the territories became C-class mandates in the hands of those who had captured them. A C-class mandate is difficult to distinguish from absolute sovereignty, and when Japan left the League she kept her islands. If the First World War got Germany out of the South Pacific Islands it brought Japan uncomfortably close to Australia; and this did not fail to make the Australians uneasy.

They want direct control of all the islands from which action could possibly be launched against the Australian continent. The motive is not territorial

imperialism (the mainland is under-exploited), nor a struggle for areas to penetrate with excess capital (for capital is scarce at home), but exclusively the desire to insure their defenses. To the Australians and New Zealanders these islands are a *natural rampart of defense*. To-day it is not defense against European intruders, but against Japan. Thus it is clear that Australia and New Zealand have a profound interest in limiting the power and influence of Japan. They view the islands as a bulwark against Japanese penetration of the South Pacific.

The policy of excluding immigrants from Asiatic countries is not as old as the island policy but it is far more vividly real to the general run of Australians. One may say that it is the foundation on which island policy really rests, for control of the islands is rationalized as a way of keeping the Asiatics out. The "White Australia" policy comes as near to being unquestioned and unquestionable as any principle in Australian politics. It transcends party lines and, indeed, the Labor Party takes particular pride in its part in getting the policy written into Commonwealth law. To attack it means political death for the person or group so bold. Australian hostility to Asiatics first found expression in law as a result of conflicts between whites and Chinese on the gold diggings during the fifties and sixties of the past century. After a variety of experiments in keeping Chinese out of the country, some of which were actively deprecated by the Imperial government, the Australian attitude was summed up in the Commonwealth legislation on the subject in 1901. Under the law then passed there is no avowed hostility to any racial group, but all undesirables are subjected to a language test which can readily be manipulated to achieve the desired end. The exclusion policy applies to more peoples than the Chinese and Japanese; it applies to all yellow, black, and brown people; and on occasion it has been used to keep out political "undesirables."

The Australian policy with regard to

trade is extremely difficult to present summarily, for the Australians have never found it possible to follow a consistent line. In recent years Far Eastern trade has of course been upset by internal conditions in the East beyond the control of outsiders. Broadly speaking, there are in Australia two schools of thought on Eastern trade. The first is supported by the primary producers, the academic economists, and their associates; it favors pushing trade with the East. The other, supported by the manufacturers and most of the newspapers, while hardly objecting to the development of an export trade in primary products, fears and opposes the necessary concomitant, an import trade in Japanese products, especially manufactures. (Australia has for forty years been devoted to the principle of high protective tariff and for thirty or more has been busily building up her industrial power.) The position is further muddled by another consideration, the need felt for protecting the imperial interest of the United Kingdom in the Australian market. The trade war between Australia and Japan in 1936 illustrates the difficulty: apparently initiated in an effort to protect the position of British goods in the Australian market as against Japanese competition (rather than to protect Australian manufactures primarily), it really bore down most heavily on the wool exporters, for they suffered a loss of market in Japan which may well be permanent. The dispute ended in a truce, but the trade has never really recovered, for various intricate reasons including Japan's concentration on the China affair. Nevertheless there is plenty of evidence that if and when the Far East achieves stability, the Australian interest in the Far Eastern market will be very strong indeed.

For several years past students of the matter have been pointing out that the United Kingdom cannot long continue to absorb the constantly increasing quantities of primary products which Australia (and the other dominions)

would like to pour into it. The British authorities have lately given clear notice that Australia must look elsewhere for markets. The only logical place to look is the Far East. The issue is not acute to-day because, under war conditions, the United Kingdom is a guaranteed market for all Australian surpluses; and also because, under war conditions, the Far Eastern market is in such a disorderly state that trade expansion is unlikely anyhow. However, when the United Kingdom ceases to be at war and, therefore, ceases to take up all Australian surpluses, thus throwing the country back into the position of late 1938 and early 1939, and when the Far East is pacified, Australia will perforce try to gain a share of the Eastern market, and will hope for a large and constantly increasing share. It is not relevant here to ask whether such a hope will be rational or irrational. The point is that the Australians will probably base their policy upon it. There is no reason at all for being skeptical about Australia's capacity to produce the requisite goods if a market offers; and few Australians indeed would fail to welcome the opportunity to expand the country's productive capacity. But all we need attend to here is the fact that Australia desires, as a trading nation, a stable and progressive East.

III

In view of these facts it is not difficult to understand why Australia and the United States may find it relatively easy to arrive at an agreement about Pacific policy. The question is, how will such an agreement be implemented? This carries us into the realm of Pacific naval strategy.

It is generally understood that American naval strategy in the Pacific is based upon absolute control of the area defined by an arc extending from the Aleutian Islands of Alaska, southward to Pearl Harbor in the Hawaiian Islands, and so down to the Panama Canal. Mastery of that area is believed to be

assured. But from Pearl Harbor westward the position is not so clear. Assuming that any conflict would be with the Japanese, the strategists look forward to an immediate stalemate. Their search is for a way to break that stalemate. Early in 1939 the Pacific plans of a naval board under Rear Admiral Arthur J. Hepburn were revealed. They involved strengthening the American position by increasing the defensive utility of Guam, Wake Island, and Midway Island, all to the west of Hawaii, as well as by improving facilities in the Hawaiian and Aleutian Islands. In addition, this board recommended attention to Johnston and Palmyra Islands to the south of Hawaii. While these latter are an integral part of the arc of continental defense, they point toward the south and are of the first interest to us in our present quest.

The United States has, in one way or another, been constantly stretching southward in recent years. The most obvious way is by establishing commercial air routes to New Zealand and Australia. In pursuit of this purpose the United States, in 1936, asserted its claim to Baker, Howland, and Jarvis islands (all south of Johnston and Palmyra). Canton Island, still farther south, is now under the joint administration of the United States and Great Britain. At least two air routes from the United States into the South Pacific have been pioneered and one or the other will soon come into active use. One runs from Hawaii south to Kingman Reef, Pago Pago, and Auckland, New Zealand. The other, somewhat to the west, runs from Hawaii to Canton Island, to Noumea in the French possession of New Caledonia, and thence to Auckland. Both of these lines will eventually connect with a British trans-Tasman line to Sydney. On February 6, 1940, it was announced that the Civil Aeronautics Authority examiners recommended that a certificate be granted the Pan American Airways for a line to Auckland, presumably on the second route outlined. Very

significantly the Authority cited it as "valuable to the national defense."

Pan American Airways of course already runs the China route via Hawaii, Midway, and Wake Islands, Guam, Manila, and Hongkong. It has been announced not long ago that an agreement was about to be made whereby the Dutch K.L.M. air line would establish a service between Batavia in Java and Manila, a connection which will allow passengers to go from Manila to Batavia, Penang, Darwin (in the northern territory of Australia), and Sydney. The new Pan American line *via* Canton Island and Noumea will lead to the same destination and, by dipping to the south of a possible area of disturbance, insure constant air communication between the United States and Australia.

Why should the Civil Aeronautics Authority bother to say that the new Pan American line is "valuable to the national defense"? In all likelihood precisely because it gives an almost unseverable contact with Australia. It is this which is all-important. Glance at the map of the Pacific and you will see that Japan, by taking over the German islands north of the equator, gained control of a curtain of islands which hangs directly between the United States and the Philippines and the Dutch East Indies, the bottom of the curtain being dangerously close to the northern boundary of the Australian possessions. If the United States is to help Australia it must somehow lessen the worth of the islands to Japan. For the Japanese have strengthened the worth of them in recent years by developing them, by pouring Japanese nationals into them until they outnumber the natives, by establishing an air line down through them, and by fortifying strategic points. The air line, which bisects the China route of Pan American near Guam, runs by easy stages—none as great as one thousand miles—from Tokyo to Palau, a terminus which is within 1,500 miles of the Australian mainland. (It is from Palau that Japan operates a pearling

fleet off the northern Australian coast in vigorous competition with the Australians.) In addition, the Australians think that Japan has ignored the terms of her mandate, which forbids the establishment of fortifications, and that she has built strong bases at Truk in the Carolines and Jaluit in the Marshalls. The latter is about 3,000 miles from Sydney; but it is more important that it is more than 4,000 miles from Singapore and hence beyond the easy reach of the British. It defends the logical line of approach to Australia from the north.

In short, the Australians see the islands as a finger which points threateningly at them; and they view with alarm the establishment of the air line and the suspected building of fortifications. They must seek to counterbalance the Japanese advantage. How they can do this with their limited resources is not clear, but that something must be done is unquestionable; for if Japan ever seriously moves south it is strongly felt that Australia's jig is up. And the fear of Japan is strong in Australia.

The Australians are especially disturbed because they are now beginning to wonder whether Britain will be able to assist in any important way in their defense, Singapore or no Singapore. This is an insidious thought which is eating silently at their self-confidence. Hardly admitted by official spokesmen, it is nevertheless widespread and has been openly expressed by persons whose views carry weight. No one acquainted with William Morris Hughes would for a moment suspect him of underestimating the power and glory of Britain, but in 1939 Mr. Hughes said:

Hitherto the British Navy has ensured our security. But the old supremacy has gone: its powers are still most formidable, and although Britain would no doubt do her utmost to help us if need arose, she is no longer Mistress of the Seas, and as Admiral Sir Richard Webb, a former President of the Naval War College, wrote in 1930, "to imagine that we are going to uncover the heart of the Empire and send our fleet thousands of miles into the Pacific with only one base, Singapore, for our supplies and damaged ships, is to write us down as

something more than fools. Anyway, the British public would never tolerate it."

As all students of Australian affairs know, the expectation of British aid in Australian defense is, after the trade and financial ties, the strongest material bond between the Commonwealth and Great Britain. Australia's awakening to Britain's weakness in the Pacific has done much to launch Australia on the course of developing a national policy in the Pacific. The ambiguity of Prime Minister Menzies's formulation of the case, quoted above, simply illustrates the confusion into which Australian thought has been plunged by the realization that she is in danger of standing alone. And if she is not to stand alone, she must find her way into the American orbit, perhaps not as far into it as Canada has gone—the material conditions for that are simply not present—but sufficiently far to afford some protection against the Japanese threat. And where Australia goes, New Zealand must necessarily follow.

It is by reaching down round the southern boundary of the Japanese islands that the United States is going to make a contribution, not only to weakening the Japanese position in her own interest but also to strengthening Australia. How else interpret the stray hints, published and unpublished, about the purpose of American activities in this area? How else can an air line running thousands of miles to the south of Panama be classified as "valuable to the national defense"? Is not the Navy edging its activities southward toward Pago Pago? It must not be forgotten that Pago Pago is the best harbor in the South Pacific islands and hence of vast potential naval utility. But is it not far outside the orbit of the United States as ordinarily conceived? It is 2,300 miles from Hawaii, 5,600 miles from the Canal. But it is on the established ship-lanes to Australia and New Zealand. Auckland is but 1,600 miles away, Sydney 2,000. If it has any naval—or air—significance it is in relation to these countries and

their sea approaches. And it is significant in this respect only if the United States has some program for aiding the southern dominions to maintain their present positions in the South Pacific region.

To assist in maintaining the *status quo* would be the minimum program. The maximum program is not hard to envisage. Naval strategists have put forward the notion that one way of breaking the prospective stalemate between the United States and Japan in naval warfare is to strike to the south and, working up through the islands with light seacraft and airplanes, roll up Japan's southern possessions with the purposes of cutting her off from the Indies, relieving the pressure on the Philippines, thus opening the air track from Hawaii, and, eventually, exerting a crushing pressure on the main Japanese islands themselves. Such a program if it were ever carried out would engage the support of the Australians, who would welcome the pushing back of Japan's southern frontier, the Dutch, who would be glad to be rid of the Japanese menace of their eastern flank, and the British, who would be glad to have pressure lessened on Singapore.

Either the minimum or the maximum program would offer the Australians a priceless consideration for co-ordinating their Pacific policy with that of the United States.

IV

On what diplomatic precedents could such an Australian-American program rest? It is not necessary to go farther back into history than the Washington Conference of 1921-1922.

One of the purposes of that conference was to replace the old Anglo-Japanese alliance with a treaty more acceptable to the United States. Canada supported the American desire to do away with the alliance, but Australia did not. On the contrary, it put considerable pressure on England to continue it. But the alliance was nevertheless discarded. Surveying

the results of the Washington Conference, Senator the Right Honorable George Foster Pearce, Australia's delegate, stated to Parliament that in his opinion closest attention should be given to the so-called "Four Power Treaty" with its supplements, coupled with Article XIX of the "Treaty for the Limitation of Naval Armament," for they were what Australia really got in exchange for the old alliance. The gist of the "Four Power Treaty" is in Article I: "The High Contracting Parties agree as between themselves to respect their rights in relation to their insular possessions and insular dominions in the region of the Pacific Ocean." Article XIX of the Naval Treaty provided that "The United States, the British Empire, and Japan agree that the *status quo* at the time of the signing of the present Treaty, with regard to fortifications and naval bases, shall be maintained in their respective territories and possessions. . . ." This latter article applied to insular possessions only, not to home territories.

The new arrangement was received in Australia with mixed feelings. Professor Stephen Roberts comments as follows:

. . . the Australian Labor Party, for the most part, was pleased to be rid of any "Japanese entanglements" and to be released from an alliance which, in their opinion, might lead to trouble with America. But the government and the Country Party had endorsed Prime Minister Hughes's stand, and informed opinion in general in Australia tended to favor the old alliance rather than the new pact with its nebulous terms and its lack of sanctions.

If one overlooks the implication that the Labor Party did not include "informed opinion"—a typical example of Australian academic anti-Labor bias—this is probably an accurate report.

It is interesting also that Senator Pearce did not consider the Nine Power Treaty, which dealt with policy with regard to China, of major importance to Australia. Yet this is the treaty which, more than any other, embodies the traditional American Far Eastern policies. In 1922 the Australian conservatives were only mildly interested in these.

They were still beguiled by the notion that Great Britain was extremely powerful in the Far East and that the best guarantee of Australian safety was British power, not American political policy.

In the past ten years the mystical faith in the British Navy has been weakened; and it remains only to relate this directly to Far Eastern politics. The connection has been explicitly recognized by F. W. Eggleston, a distinguished Australian public servant. Mr. Eggleston, seeking to justify the failure of Britain to co-operate with Secretary Henry Stimson in 1932, concluded that:

British diplomacy is subject to criticism, but there is one circumstance which entirely justifies the negative attitude of Great Britain to ideas of positive action against Japan, and which it was inadvisable at that time fully to disclose. That was her complete lack of military power in the Far East. This has been amply demonstrated lately, and it should not be beyond the comprehension of an intellectual to realize that in an era of more evenly distributed power it is impossible for Britain to do what she could do in the 19th century. This may be calamitous to the world, but in a fully armed world strategical considerations dominate.

Mr. Eggleston's apologetic damages Britain rather more than the accusation that she doublecrossed Mr. Stimson for purely political reasons. It is a confession that Britain is bankrupt in the Far East; and the unstated corollary is that Australia had better look elsewhere for the kind of support necessary to her existence.

For if Britain is through, America is still powerful in the Pacific Ocean. The hard realities of Pacific politics are drawing the Australians into the American orbit; and apparently Washington is actively encouraging the drift. As we have seen, parallel political policies exist on which to build a close agreement. These provide the foundation for a

"functional" relation. But culturally there is a vast amount of hard work to be done before the average Australian has ordinary tolerance and understanding of American life and thought. And to-day the material interest of the Americans in the southern dominions is small indeed. Thus it will take time and adverse tides in British affairs to transform the "functional" relationship into that "organic" tie Prime Minister Menzies has said he wants. And the Australians must make it clear that in seeking shelter under the American wing they are acting in accordance with a fixed national policy, rather than merely trying to engage American help in a moment of extreme panic, only to "dump" it to return to the old allegiance to imperial Pacific policy when it seems expedient. They must face the fact that the British Empire, considered as a coherent organization directed from London, has long been disintegrating; that in the Pacific Basin it is to-day no longer effective; and that if they are to accept the logic of evolution they must wholeheartedly enter into their national engagements with the United States, without any unexpressed but all-important "imperial" reservations. The American people cannot be expected to welcome any scheme which, implicitly or explicitly, underwrites the imperial interests of Great Britain.

The Americans, for their part, must ask themselves if they want to assume responsibility for a policy which entails heavy burdens. The Australian-American policy must be flung into the ring where the Continental Americans and the Imperial Americans do battle. It is plain that the State Department feels that it is necessary to undertake a large measure of responsibility in the South Pacific. What do the American people think?



SHOULD WE BUY GREENLAND?

BY EARL P. HANSON

RUMORS have recently appeared in the papers that the United States is thinking of buying Greenland from Denmark. For the time being they will probably come to nothing: this is an election-year and the storm that was once raised over the purchase of "Seward's Folly" on the other side of the continent showed that there is political dynamite in the purchase of a supposed mere "useless" clump of arctic ice and snow. Nevertheless, to those who have for years labored tooth and nail for the awakening of public consciousness to the real value of the polar regions in general and the Arctic in particular, our eventual acquisition of Greenland seems almost inevitable.

Seemingly farfetched as an isolated venture, the possible purchase of Greenland begins to take on a measure of sense when considered together with: (1) our present national efforts in relation to turbulent world affairs; (2) the past fifteen years of stirring history in the polar regions; and (3) a glance at a terrestrial globe instead of one of those confounded Mercator projection maps that lose themselves in infinite space when they reach the far north and south.

The recent war in Finland's arctic is only one of many indications that the world's thinking and pushing have lately marched into the polar regions with seven league boots. Our own Government expedition to Antarctica is an indication that Washington is not unaware of that movement. In two previous

HARPER articles ("Geography Goes Fluid" and "Stefansson: Twenty Years After") I have tried to make clear that the polar regions are no longer the ends of the earth; they have become parts of the "inhabited" world, to be included in the inhabited world's political, economic, strategic thinking. How much closer that brings us to Greenland is immediately apparent from a consideration of our major efforts elsewhere.

Predominant in our national consciousness to-day is the thought that we must not only stay out of the modern Thirty Years' War, but must take the lead in doing everything possible to keep the whole Western Hemisphere out of it. The world has shrunk; we are directly concerned with everything that concerns our half of it, and our defense is in a large measure the defense of the West. Military men have proclaimed the principle that modern advances in aviation demand that we prevent the establishment of an air base by any possibly-hostile foreign power *within a thousand miles*, not of the United States proper, but of the North American continent as a whole.

In the north we are showing a fast growing awareness of Alaska. In 1935 the War Department quietly commissioned Stefansson—by far the world's greatest authority on all things pertaining to the Arctic—to prepare a guide to the Far North and a manual on how our soldiers might get about there and take care of themselves; the war in Finland was an indication of their foresight.

Then, last year, came the Interior Department's famous Slattery report, demanding that something be done about the development of our northern territory. At about the same time the Army and the Navy announced their desire to make Alaska "the most highly fortified region on earth." All that is not done merely to protect the reindeer industry, the salmon fisheries, and Charley Brower's collection of picturesque Eskimos at Point Barrow. It is done in the realization that Alaska is one of the gateways to the American continent, and that its development and defense would safeguard us against aggression from a whole fourteen points of the compass, ranging from the north, through the west, to the southwest.

So Greenland comes into the picture. Balanced against Alaska, on the other side of the continent, it controls the approaches from the north, northeast, and east.

A few years ago such reasoning would have been laughed out of court. The supposedly terrible Arctic was a natural barrier, fit only for the sporting antics of Robert W. Service heroes and the press agents' intrepid explorer clients, doing "dangerous" things for science, the movies, and the newspapers. In previous articles I have told something of the course of events and observations through which that illusion was gradually dispelled. Here we need only remember that in 1927 Wilkins made three safe airplane landings on the supposedly forbidding ice of the Arctic Sea; that Wilkins, Amundsen, Byrd, and Nobile all agreed that this sea is remarkably free from storms and not nearly so bitter cold as most people had thought; that there has been an epidemic of land and air expeditions to Greenland to study conditions there, Pan American Airways being especially interested and seeking concessions in 1932; that in 1937 the Russians landed four heavy freight planes not only at the North Pole but all over the floating ice as well, between there and Siberia, and sent two planes on suc-

cessful non-stop flights to our West Coast; and that later Wilkins conducted a 33,000-mile search for Levanevsky, in fall and in the dead of winter, over the very heart of the Polar Sea, and as a matter of everyday unheralded routine.

So the Greenland ice-cap and the floating ice of the Arctic Sea, although indisputable barriers to surface transport, and therefore natural protections against naval attack, have been revealed as positive boons to aircraft loaded with the materials of peace and war. One significant difference between the epidemic of flights over the Greenland-Iceland route and the similar one over the open and much stormier Atlantic, was that while dozens drowned in the Atlantic, nobody was even hurt along the more northerly route. Cramer and Pacquette, its only casualties, were drowned in the North Sea in 1931, after successfully flying the route and reaching the Shetlands.

Greenland, which faces the Arctic Sea in one direction, and toward Europe in another, is rapidly being changed from a barrier into a gateway to our continent. Those Americans who want to buy it want only to be sure that we can close it, when and if necessary, against undesirable aliens bearing bombs.

II

Two reports came over the wires recently that make the potential acquisition of Greenland a matter of more urgent interest. One came from Iceland in March, 1939; the other, more recently, came from Canada.

The report from Iceland, since it concerns the Germans, requires a little preliminary explanation. In 1928 an oldtime barnstorming flier named Bert ("Fish") Hassell got the idea that he would like to fly from Rockford, Illinois, to his ancestral home of Sweden by way of the old Viking route. He came to New York to talk to Stefansson about it. I was privileged to get into things, having just returned from a trip to Iceland to investigate the route's possibilities there.



We urged him to look for good weather by keeping well north, near the Arctic Circle, and to remember that the Greenland ice-cap, inside its serrated edges, is as flat as a billiard table and about as hard.

Hassell and Cramer started out, aiming for the Greenland fjord where Hobbs, of the University of Michigan, had prepared a landing field for them. Something went wrong with their navigation and they hit Greenland too far south. For safety's sake they headed for the interior, ran out of gas, made a safe landing on the ice-cap, and spent some

ten days walking out into Hobbs' arms—the first men ever to walk out from a forced landing in the middle of a transatlantic flight. That failure to fly to Sweden gave them opportunity to study Greenland conditions in detail and convinced them of the feasibility of the route.

Over here we saw only the failure; in Germany they recognized the success. Hassell and Cramer were taken to Copenhagen on a Danish ship, together with the University of Michigan expedition. They no sooner got there than an invitation came from Berlin to go down

and talk things over. Cramer and Hobbs accepted and went to Berlin to talk about Greenland in glowing terms while officials of the Lufthansa were all ears. It would be foolish to imply that the Americans were the first to make the Germans aware of Greenland's possibilities; but the fact that they called Hobbs and Cramer to Berlin for a conference does indicate the intensity of their alert interest. After that conference the Germans got busy.

The next year, in 1929, the Lufthansa went to Iceland and told its people that it was too bad that they didn't have internal aviation across their own country. (The Germans, who would have loved an air and submarine base near Reykjavik in the last war and the present one, have long had a touching concern for the physical and spiritual progress of the Icelanders.) One thing led to another, and so the Flugfjelag Islands, the Icelandic Aviation Company, was founded, with the Germans owning the major part of the stock. It didn't make money and was dissolved in a few years. But that was a minor matter. The Icelanders, Cramer, and some of the rest of us, were pretty certain that all the Germans wanted was control of the Greenland-Iceland route through control of its focal point. Sure enough, when they went to Iceland last year to make some rather terrifying demands, they invoked an obscure "most-favored-nation" clause that they had slipped into their contract of ten years before. Fortunately the Icelanders found a loophole in the contract, by means of which they could legally refuse Hitler.

The German flier, Von Gronau, made two flights between Europe and America over Greenland and Iceland. Publicly he said over here that the route was no good, but it is well known that his official report to Berlin said just the opposite. The eminent German scientist, Alfred Wegener, made two important expeditions to Greenland, making a thorough study of conditions along the edges and on top of the ice-cap. He

died up there—of heart-failure (he was an elderly man)—but the results of his work are of extreme significance nevertheless.

Hitler has long been interested in Iceland, strategically located only about six hundred miles from Britain's northern exposure. For years he has managed a "cultural infiltration" there that included teaching the Icelanders the grand sport of gliding. If the modern descendants of the Vikings took to the sport with uproarious enthusiasm they were not unaware that Hitler's altruism in bringing it to them also enabled him to take back home a thorough knowledge of Iceland's entire terrain, including the location of every possible landing field. Then, about a year ago, their suspicions were justified.

With a gunboat in nearby waters "to inspect German fisheries," a German Commission suddenly appeared in Reykjavik to demand that Iceland give Germany an air base, together with exclusive aviation privileges. The resounding "no" with which the little nation of a hundred and thirty thousand unarmed and unprotected citizens told the bogeyman of Europe to go to hell deserves to be recorded as one of the most courageous acts in modern history, but it didn't prevent a flurry of apprehension here in America.

In Canada the Dominion Government suddenly realized that the establishment of air power in Iceland would put Germany within striking distance of Quebec, Montreal, and Ottawa—with Greenland, so far from intervening as a barrier, serving as a stepping-stone. In Washington Army men scaled off their maps and discovered that Iceland comes within the thousand-mile limit, that Greenland is closer yet, that Greenland is visible from Iceland, Canada from Greenland, that the latter's ice-cap is the world's largest and finest natural landing field for airplanes, and that things were getting a little too close for comfort. There perhaps was born the present-day thought that it might be well for us to purchase Greenland.

Then, recently, the report was published in the *Saturday Evening Post* that the Canadian Government is considering the establishment of aerial arctic patrols stretching from Labrador to Alaska, because "the Russian Trans-Polar flights proved this continent to be vulnerable to air attack from the north." The fact that such attack must come via the Arctic Sea may also have something to do with the possible purchase of Greenland. The northernmost part of that island, beautiful, low-lying Peary Land, discovered and explored by Americans, covered with grass, flowers, grass-hoppers, and bumblebees in summer, dominates the Polar Sea because it is closer to the Pole than any other land.

To-day's rapidly changing ideas about those matters are well illustrated by a couple of conversations that I had in recent years with the famous Canadian, Air Commodore Herbert Hollick-Kenyon.

A sane and able technician, one of Canada's oldest and foremost fliers, Hollick-Kenyon has for some fifteen years played a leading part in the Dominion's northward expansion by air. Thousands of miles of routine flying to the arctic coast had convinced him that there is nothing to stop commercial and military aviation in any part of Canada's north at any time of year, summer or winter, except that there are some special short-term difficulties during spring break-up and fall freeze-up. But, like many Canadian fliers, he was nevertheless sure that only fliers near the lunatic fringe would venture out over the Arctic Sea or the Greenland ice-cap.

I met him shortly after his return from Antarctica, where he had flown Lincoln Ellsworth part of the way from Graham Land to Little America, and walked with him the rest of the way. He dismissed that expedition with the pertinent remark that he had had much tougher jobs on the Canadian Arctic Prairies. Then he added: "Sort of makes you think though. Now I know that I've been all wrong about Green-

land. Antarctica is just like the Greenland ice-cap, only larger. Since the job was so easy down there, the Greenland-Iceland flying route may well be by far the best between Europe and America except for the southern one by way of the Azores, and it's much shorter than that."

That was one significant change of mind, but still Hollick-Kenyon thought that all this talk about flying over the Polar Sea was pure nonsense in so far as any commercial or military implications were concerned. Then Wilkins hired him, in the fall and winter of 1937, to help search for Levanevsky over the very "Pole of Inaccessibility." On that remarkable job, that covered a distance in the Farthest North equivalent to one and a third times around the world at its thickest part, Hollick-Kenyon discovered that flying conditions are not only better in the polar winter, by moonlight, than in summer, but that they are apt to be better at any time of year than at the same time over the northern Canadian mainland, which he had long come to regard as the flier's natural habitat.

When he returned he said to me: "If the Russians are crazy for talking about an airline from Moscow to San Francisco by way of the Pole, then we Canadians should have been put in padded cells long ago for flying millions of miles and carrying ten times as many millions of pounds of freight and passengers all over our north in the last ten years or so. One of these days that story is going to break, and somebody is going to do something about it."

According to recent reports the story seems just about to break, and the United States seems on the verge of doing something very realistic about it.

III

This is not the first time by any means that Washington has given thought to the acquisition of Greenland, though it may well come close to being the last in so far as this time the thought may be translated into positive action. In 1867,

having won the Civil War to the chagrin of England which had sided with the South, Seward spent \$7,200,000 of the tax-payers' money on the purchase of Alaska from Russia. He burned his fingers on it too, as on dry ice, because the public couldn't see any value in that "useless" expanse of arctic wastes. Nothing daunted, he turned to Denmark and made arrangements for the purchase of the Virgin Islands, which for some reason came to nothing for fifty years. Then he turned his attention to the acquisition of Greenland and Iceland—which in those days were both Danish colonies.

The State Department's "A Report on the Resources of Iceland and Greenland, compiled by Benjamin Mills Peirce" is rare to-day but can still be found. It was prepared at Seward's request as the first step toward purchase and is an excellent summary of everything then known about those lands. It mentions Greenland's low-lying fringe of grassy meadows, beech and willow, where the ancient Norsemen had once maintained a sheep- and cattle-raising culture for some four centuries, and which to-day is known to have an aggregate snowfree (in summer) area bigger than England. It goes into what little was then known about Greenland's enormous resources, coal, cryolite, with "indications [since proven] of great mineral wealth." It deals at length with the island's vast store of marine and land animal wealth.

Most revealing, however, from the historical point of view, is the main reason given for urging the purchase of Greenland. In his letter of transmittal to Seward, Benjamin Walker says: "The proof has heretofore been submitted by me, that the government, recently established in British America, called the Dominion of Canada, was gotten up by England in a spirit of bitter hostility to the United States. . . . By this purchase (of Alaska) we have flanked British America on the Arctic and the Pacific. . . . Now, the acquisition of Greenland

will flank British America for thousands of miles on the north and east, and greatly increase her inducements, peacefully and cheerfully, to become part of the American Union."

To-day there is no need to induce Canada to join us, but there *is* need to make common cause with her for the defense of the Western Hemisphere.

The political entity that Seward wanted to buy in Greenland was the southern half. The northern half was *terra incognita*, far less well known than any part of Antarctica is now. Petermann, the world's leading geographer, thought that it reached across the Pole and down the other side, ending in what is now known to be Wrangel Island. Hence, if Seward accepted that geographical reasoning, he thought of buying Wrangel Island just as much as Greenland, and, through purchase, of acquiring the commanding position on the Arctic Sea that Russia now holds through years of intensive development, exploration, and experience.

In 1926 we tacitly gave up the strong rights to Wrangle Island that we once held by virtue of exploration and colonization. A tabloid history runs as follows: The island was first sighted by the British under Kellett in 1849; Captain Long, American, was the first to land on it in 1867; the American, DeLong, proved its insularity in 1879. In 1881 an American naval officer, Lieutenant Berry, spent three weeks on it preparing the only map available for thirty-three years. In 1914 members of Stefansson's Canadian expedition spent several months on it and claimed it for Great Britain. Because of the island's strategic position in relation to future arctic air lines, this was followed up in 1920 by a British "colonizing" expedition, planned by Stefansson and commanded by Crawford. But Britain didn't want the island and her interests were therefore taken over by Americans headed by Carl Lomen. We didn't back up Lomen either and made no objections when, in 1926, Russia sent a gunboat to remove

his colony and replace it with one of her own. We saw no "value" in the island.

To-day Russia has a colony of some sixty people there, greenhouses, a radio station, a weather station that is of great value to our aviation in Alaska through improving Alaskan weather forecasting, and an excellent airport which may constitute one of many reasons why our Army and Navy are now intensely interested in the fortification of Alaska.

Just before and after the publication of Seward's report a long string of heroic American explorers firmly established our rights to northern Greenland—rights that were far stronger than those we now have to "our" part of Antarctica "by virtue of discovery and exploration." Kane, Hayes, Hall, and Greeley were names to be conjured with in the long and stirring cycle of Greenland explorations in the latter half of the nineteenth century. Peary crossed northern Greenland in 1892, and again in 1895. The most important of all his life-work as an explorer, not even barring his attainment of the Pole, was done in 1900 when he sailed around northernmost Greenland, established its insularity, and thus settled once and for all a baffling geographical problem.

In 1916 the Panama Canal had been completed for some years and we were again interested in the acquisition of the Virgin Islands. As part of the bargain Denmark asked that we grant official recognition to her sovereignty over Greenland.

To her the term, in so far as it indicated a political entity, still meant the southern part where she had for some centuries exercised governmental, police, and economic jurisdiction. She didn't press the point about northern Greenland, but Admiral Peary did. He bombarded members of our government with letters, explaining our rights there, and begging Washington's statesmen not to give away with a flourish of the pen what we had won in the preceding fifty years through the expenditure of heroic American effort, of thousands of American

dollars, and a number of American lives.

But only now is the United States beginning to lose its past reputation for failing to give official recognition to the work of its great explorers with anything but medals and parades. Few nations have been as lax as we in following up the work of those citizens who risked their lives and their fortunes in carrying our flag to the far north and south. To the men in Washington Greenland was still a mere forbidding clump of polar ice. In the treaty of New York, signed August 4, 1916, we acquired an important strategic base in the Caribbean Sea, and grandly gave away another in the north that may soon prove as important and a thousand times as wealthy.

IV

In 1939 Stefansson published a book called *Iceland, the First American Republic*. There he made the claim that Iceland is in the Western Hemisphere and geographically a part of America. In fact he gave credit for the discovery of America to the Irish, who reached the American island of Iceland before 795 A.D., as Columbus reached the American island of San Salvador in 1492. The implication of that reasoning is that Iceland, and especially Greenland, comes within the territory covered by the Monroe Doctrine.

As had happened before, his reasoning was widely dismissed as fantastic; later it was found to be not at all new. At the time of his writing Stefansson was not aware that our own State Department had published similar reasoning some seventy years earlier. In the Seward report referred to occurs the statement that Iceland, which to-day figures so often in European shipping and naval news, and which is now because of the war sending her steamers to New York instead of to Europe, "is 130 miles east of Greenland, and 850 miles west from Norway. By location, then, it belongs to the western hemisphere, and is an insular dependency of the North American continent."

In his history of the United States Woodrow Wilson advances as the reason for the purchase of Alaska our desire to extend the Monroe Doctrine to still another part of the Western Hemisphere. Apparently he wasn't far off. To-day the Monroe Doctrine is being tightened for the progressive isolation of the West from the fighting of Europe and Asia, and the potential purchase of Greenland looms as an important step toward extending it still farther in the north and the east.

The one country that has not been heard from in all this is the present owner of Greenland. Nobody seems to know, as yet, if Denmark wants to sell, but few people believe that she could hold out if approached, or that we can afford to let things go too far along their present course. In every day's newspaper we read that the war is encroaching more and more on the Scandinavian countries; every letter I get from my friends and relatives in Denmark carries the firm conviction that it won't be long before Hitler gobbles up their country. What will happen to Greenland if he does is anybody's guess. Certainly neither Britain nor the United States will let Hitler run it—even through the Danish Greenland Office—and certainly we should hate to see Britain carry the war to our very shores by taking it away from him in case he takes Denmark.

In authoritative but unquotable circles in Washington there exists the conviction that we should have to step in and take charge of Greenland if Germany stepped in and took charge of Copenhagen. At the same time there exists the conviction that such action would come regrettably close to being a hostile act in the midst of our present efforts to stay out of the war. Similarly, the story appeared in our newspapers only a few months ago that Secretary Lansing, while negotiating for the purchase of the Virgin Islands, gave the Danes a strong hint that their refusal to sell might compel us to take the islands by force in the event of a German victory in the World War.

The alternative seems to be to take no chances on what the future may bring and to buy while the buying is good. How the Greenland Eskimos would like it is another question. Under Denmark they have had the finest treatment that any aboriginal people has ever had at the hands of a modern nation—with the possible exception of Soviet Russia in her dealings with the Siberian primitives. Under us, unless the frightfulness of our past Indian and Eskimo policies has taught us some lessons, they may well, by being allowed to stay out of the war, become major casualties of the war. That, however, calls for enlightenment of policy rather than for blindness to pressing world issues.



A SMALL BOY IN A FEMALE COLLEGE

LIFE AND LEARNING IN THE OLD SOUTH, 1894—PART I

BY JOHN ANDREW RICE

I WAS six years old when my family moved to Columbia, South Carolina. Columbia, in the early eighties, was an awkward overgrown village, like a country boy come to town all dressed up on a Saturday night. The red-clay roads from the countryside flowed into it and became by definition streets, kept straight by the bordering sidewalks and lot lines, and only a little less muddy or dusty in their new setting. The residences along these streets were mostly farm and plantation houses squeezed into spaces too small for them, and the State House in the central square was only an enlarged courthouse such as might be seen in any county-seat. There were trees everywhere, in rows and out of rows; paling fences continuing as wrought iron or not at all; clipped lawns next door to plain weeds; hitching posts with and without carriage blocks; brick pavements suddenly becoming footpaths as muddy as the middle of the street. The business section never knew where it began or where it ended, and the slatternly shops betrayed their origin—the crossroads store.

Since that time cement and electricity have brought change, mill and factory have moved in, and Columbia has become a city—or so an inhabitant will tell a listener. But in its essential nature it is still a village, like most other cities in the South, where the center of life has always been farm and plantation and the town an upstart. Herein, as in

most other ways, the South is different from New England, which started with the town and in which the cities spill over into the country round about. Excepting a few old seaports, such as Charleston and New Orleans, there are no authentic cities in the South. Everywhere else the farm, although it is losing the battle, hangs nagging on the outskirts of the city, hinting that she is no better than she should be.

Arriving at the depot, we descended from the dusty, cindery train into a crowd of bawling, barking, frightening hack drivers, one of whom seized us and hustled us into an ancient vehicle that had once been a gentleman's carriage and come down in the world. Later I was to learn that clean and shiny carriages were never let for hire; these were reserved for the wellborn and for funerals. Negroes paid fifteen cents or more a week for life that they might have one or more carriages follow them to the grave. Death and the aristocracy were entitled to the best, perhaps because they are so much alike.

We drove through the business section, a block or so of fly-specked shops and stores that reflected dry heat from their false fronts of tin pressed to look like stone, and tin cornices painted to look like something other than they were, such as had aroused disgust in Louis Sullivan a few years before and started a revolution in American architecture. But no one who lived in South Carolina had

ever heard of Sullivan; he lived in the twentieth century, and besides he was a Yankee. Carpenter and tinsmith had supplanted architect and artist in the State, and the only reminder of earlier days was the column (every South Carolinian still thinks no house is complete without its columns, the bigger the better) and there were no models or memories of business places except the country store.

On one side of the street a racket store, ancestor of the five-and-ten, faced a drygoods store on the other, where an indigent female cousin was one day to take a job and thereby cause a scandal in the family. Dent's Butcher Shop, with unscreened door, welcomed customers and admitted flies. A little farther on a livery stable, with an entrance high and wide enough to let a coach pass, served as breeding place for the flies (the Southerner lived in a world of flies) and poured out on the passerby its peculiar composite smell of horse and sweaty harness and the ammonia of fresh manure. Next door was a blacksmith shop with other smells, of charcoal and red-hot iron and burning hoof. The wares of the general store spilled out on to the sidewalk, plows painted a brilliant red, split-bottom chairs, sacks of sweet potatoes and pinders—known in the low country as goobers or "groun'-nuts," elsewhere as peanuts—and armfuls of sugar cane leaning against the front. There was even a shoe store—specialization was beginning—its windows covered with festoons, loops and rows of shoes, as the British still display them in the cheapest shops. Somewhere near was a printing shop entitled to grateful recollection, for here was published to an astonished world *Purely Original Verse*, a slender volume with which the bemused J. Gordon Coogler was making a bid for fame and getting notoriety. These and other things I was to find when I should go exploring.

In the middle of the square sat the wonder of Columbia, the State House, surrounded by statues and monuments

bearing commemorative inscriptions in swollen rhetoric. On its walls were reverently preserved the scars chipped out in the War between the States by the cannon of Sherman, who shocked the world by saying, "War is Hell." Nearby was the Episcopal graveyard, green with creeping myrtle and gray with the tombs of aristocratic heroes. Most of their unburied descendants had their houses on the main street that led away from the State House toward the girls' college, where my father was soon to be president and I was to broaden the field of my education.

Meanwhile we were to live in the parsonage, beyond which, toward the edge of town, the homes of the poor began, increasing in decrepitude until they became the shacks in which the Negroes lived.

Sherman had put meaning into his words by burning Columbia on his march to the sea, leaving only a trace here and there of what it once had been, an occasional mansion standing in a grove of magnolias that almost hid its white columns with their glazed leaves. Many houses showed that they had been erected in haste; some were new, in the style afterward known as "gingerbread," but at that time thought wonderful. Scroll-saw and wood lathe were chewing their way through American taste, assisted in their revolution by machine-made nails. House fronts were a riot of pillars, carved and turned with all the rings that an ingenious carpenter could conjure out of the wood, and every corner was choked with scroll-work even more fanciful. Over all was laid, by preference, an oily coat of sickly brown. The parsonage, as I recall, was just such a house, but I cannot trust my memory when it comes to parsonages; in the perspective of time they all look alike because they are alike. But I do remember the enclosed feeling of living in a city, how different it was from my mother's plantation home, where I could expand and touch the edges of a known world.

II

Ordinarily the physical world is a blend of color and line and mass, each merging into the other, and noises indistinct in the same way; but when fear and anger arise, things and noises tend to stand apart as distinct entities, to take on, as it were, one's own condition. One remembers in startling detail the surroundings of a moment of crisis, the cornstalks by the side of the road as one calculates the tip of the overturning car, the blue shirt on a man's body stopped in mid-motion. Everything seems to draw apart into itself, to deny communion and stand out sharp and alone. One memory I have not lost is of a breakfast table, the glass, the china, the smell of coffee and hot biscuits, even the texture of the tablecloth, and the sound of my father's voice, like that of a hostile stranger. He said to my mother, as casually as if it had just occurred to him, "Don't you think it would be a good idea for John Andrew"—he always called me by my full name—"to start school?" and she replied in an equally familiar note, a "yes" that meant, "We've had this out; you take the responsibility." He turned to me and said, in a voice as light in touch as the clumsy paw of a bear, "Get your cap and let's go." I was outraged. Then I knew why my mother had tearfully and stubbornly dressed me in my best clothes that morning and indignantly combed my curls, meeting my questions with a grim silence.

Few men have a natural aptitude for fatherhood. They are awkward, a little shamefaced and resentful (must one forever pay for ecstatic moments?) and try to make up for their deficiencies by imitative bluff, by falling back on memories of their own fumbling fathers. My father was no exception. When genius fails, memory takes charge, and his memory of stern moments in his own childhood was brilliant. So, avoiding my mother's eye, he hauled me off to school.

School was not unpleasant after the first day or so, for here I found more age-fellows than I had ever known before, and discipline was social rather than intellectual, no new thing to me. The schoolroom, where every morning about twenty-five of us gathered, had been in more opulent days the drawing-room of the old mansion, and from the center of the ceiling hung a great chandelier that split the morning sunlight into a shower of color. I sat in my split-bottom chair and gazed about me as the morning exercises began with a formal reading from the Bible in the singsong detachment peculiar to Episcopalian ritual. I was used to the hearty Methodist personal way and at first found confusing, but finally came to like, this abstracted treatment of the sacred word.

The lady who ran this private school for the more or less solvent gentry had a pedigree of unimpeachable antiquity, and looked every mile of it. She was little and fragile and rustled when she walked. For years thereafter my idea of the utmost in elegance was silk on silk, until an old maid aunt poisoned me with the knowledge that even the best could be imitated: through a crack in the door I saw my relative pinning tissue paper to her semi-final covering, thereby producing the same kind of rustle. Meanwhile I listened for and admired my teacher uncontaminated by doubt. She was the first member of the aristocracy that I had ever seen close up and I was prepared to invest her with all the virtues of her class.

Dressed all in black set off by jade buttons, she wore round wrist and high collar a narrow strip of white lace. Her feet were tiny as a baby's, to judge from the pointed toes that showed at the bottom of her ruffled skirt as she sat erect in her straight chair. She never crossed her legs nor sat humped over like my grandmother; every movement and posture was grooved to some inner pattern, as was her speech, in some way fixed and final, admitting of no change. She was all past and no future. To-

morrow would be a duplicate of to-day, as to-day was the duplicate of a thousand yesterdays. I did not see her like again until I saw the Dons of Oxford.

The school was my conscious introduction to parasitology. Among the pupils were some others who did not pay the full fee, children of professors and preachers—and professors never pay for education, nor preachers for anything if they can help it. There was no outward difference in treatment of the charity scholars, only a subtle, almost imperceptible shade, but enough to let a sensitive child feel an inequality. But even this disappeared when teacher and child met over a task, for the lady was after all a lady.

She kept life leisurely and quiet, for she thought, as I did out of the wisdom of six years, that one need not be in a hurry about one's education. I learned a little arithmetic and tried to learn grammar, but found it as senseless as I do now. The examples of incorrect usage were all taken from the best authors. If they could make mistakes, why not I?

Best of all was reading and being read to, as we sat in a semicircle round our teacher and drank in the words of imagination. Being read to is a kind of directed day dreaming: the thread is there, we can catch hold and be drawn along or we can turn loose and soar, and having tried our own wings for a while, return in time to get in step again with the steady march of the story. All of what is called reality is shut out; when it does come, whether pleasant or not, it breaks in with a shock. One day I was sitting close and holding tight to the thread, watching her lips and every movement, for good readers read all over, when out from behind her ear a louse crawled, down her neck, over the barrier of white lace, and onto her shoulder. I was struck with terror, not knowing what to do or think. I knew that poor whites were infested and I had seen many a Negro catch and crack a louse, but what did this mean? Meanwhile the louse explored her shoulder, crawled leisurely

up her collar, over the lace, and into her hair again. Years later, when I could think calmly about the matter, I saw the lady and the louse as a symbol of the South.

III

Columbia Female College, when my father became its president in the year 1894, was an asylum to which the daughters of good Methodists were sent during the interval between childhood and marriage, primarily for safekeeping. There was also something more than an off chance that a young lady, under chaperonage more expert than parents were able to maintain short of locking her up, might pick up a husband, and a little education. Presbyterian College, a few blocks away, offered the same services to members of that denomination. Except for sectarian differences, imperceptible to themselves as well as others, the inmates were alike, so much alike that a young man, on being introduced, inquired, with no intention of humor, "Are you a Presbyterian girl or a Female girl?" She, equally oblivious to anything but meaning, admitted that she was Presbyterian or Female and asked hopefully, "Are you a South Carolina boy?" These were not, as the uninitiate listener might have supposed, genetical inquiries.

South Carolina College, afterward known as the University of South Carolina—a change in name only—had been established by the State years before anyone began to take seriously the education of women. Here were to be found eligible young bachelors in plenty being admonished by the authorities to remain or become gentlemen and to make themselves into scholars. There was also in the town a Theological Seminary, but its young men, somewhat pale and awkward, were not of the first choice. Columbia was therefore not only a seat of learning but also the principal matrimonial agency of the State, preferred by many to the home-town church, the usual clearing house,

because it offered a safe modicum of exogamy.

Wofford, a Methodist college in the upcountry, soothed timid or disappointed parents with the assurance that their sons would return home not only gentlemen and scholars but, unlike the output of atheistical rivals such as South Carolina College and the Citadel, also Christians; a distinction, it must in fairness be said, not easy to detect in the graduates. The Citadel in Charleston, called by Ben Tillman the "dude factory," also received young gentlemen at the expense of the State and put them into uniform. Uncouth males went to Clemson; their future wives to Winthrop. Both of these had been founded by Tillman for what are now called the "underprivileged."

These institutions—cautiously non-committal word—drew students from the whole State, a few even from Georgia and North Carolina; but it was valued knowledge, except at Clemson, that no North Carolinian was ever a gentleman, and there was a common saying when someone had taken himself off under suspicious circumstances—a little matter of murder or such—that he had "gone to Georgia." Virginians would have been welcome in accordance with an article of the creed that there were no gentlemen nearer than Virginia, but the sons of that State had their own institution. (It was known in evangelical circles, however, that they drank.)

Thomas Jefferson had planned for his native State a system of education which he hoped, it may be supposed, would serve as model for others. As the first great democrat—destined to be the father of a strange menagerie—he believed that survival of the new order depended upon its future leaders and that these must be found early and educated for and in democracy. As the top of the structure he founded the University of Virginia. Here were to be gathered the best minds, sifted out from the less-endowed by a process of rigorous selection; there was to be no question as to previous social or economic status, only

of intellectual fitness. The university was to be their final training ground. It had now, a century later, been taken over by the aristocracy as a playground for their sons. The dreamer had reckoned without his tough equals and their distrust of democracy, and also had evidently not known professors. South Carolina had no Thomas Jefferson and the aristocracy had never committed themselves to such democratic nonsense. Had not John Locke, in writing the "Constitutions of the Carolinas," provided for the "erecting of a not too numerous democracy"?

But the democracy was already numerous and busy founding colleges in the small towns throughout the State, for the benefit of those who could not afford or were afraid to send their sons and daughters away from home. These others were for the most part centers of piety rather than learning—the saving of a soul was more important than enlightenment—established and stingily maintained by the evangelical sects. The Episcopal Church, which belonged to the formerly rich and presently wellborn, was not interested in education and certainly not in salvation. Their sons might take advantage of South Carolina College or the Citadel for a little added luster; their daughters, content with the state of ignorance to which it had pleased God to call them, were kept at home tethered to the family tree, until such time as they should be unleashed into matrimony, intellectually intact.

The building that was for me, among other uses, my dwelling place during the next six years stood in half a block of land on the main street of the town. I had often seen its three storeys towering beyond the high wooden fence that was intended to keep curious eyes out and in. (For the girls must be protected against others' and their own weak selves. But there were knot-holes.) On this day in early autumn we went through the great sagging gate, my mother and father, the nurse with my year-old brother, and I; up the granite steps where

leaves and the dust of the summer still lay, and twisted the bell in the peeling door. Presently it was opened by the first white servant I had ever seen, a middle-aged woman whose every gesture deplored her low estate and yet truculently reminded us that she was after all our equal.

The wide entrance hall into which we were led was empty—the girls would not arrive until next week—and it was dismal. Doubt entered with me: this was not the palace I had imagined when my father had told me of the great house in which we were to live. There was a moment of hope when I caught sight of the banisters that ran zigzag from the "cupolo" (that is what we said; the dictionary said "cupola") that topped the building; but only for a moment, for pillars stopped the railing at every turn.

The woman conducted us down a long hallway to the four rooms set aside for the new president and his family, rooms that were gloomy in the shade of the near-growing magnolia trees. They were exactly alike in size and shape and furnishings. From the ceiling depended a double-angled pipe, at the end of which stuck out the button of a gas jet. Except for this novelty, our future home was not much different from the parsonage we had left behind forever. The furniture lacked the variety to which I had been accustomed, for it had all been operated on by the same scroll saw, but to me it was in nature essentially parsonage. I knew without being told that this was college property as the other had been parsonage property, and was not to be treated with familiarity. One look at my mother's face told me that this was no home.

I soon recovered. Out of sight of my elders I explored the immense building, trying the banisters anyway and finding them as disappointing as they had looked, racing down the long corridors and finding things, a piece of last year's candy, pencils, many strange leather things that looked like dried earthworms; my mother told me they were curl-

papers and I was to throw them away at once. I turned on the faucets in the zinc bath tubs, fearfully hopeful that they might overflow, tubs of a size that I was not to see again until nearly thirty years later in Germany. Then I discovered, downstairs at the back, a covered runway leading to the kitchen and there a big slow-moving cook, who praised and scolded me and made me feel at home. The day before the girls arrived she let me punch holes in the ends of a dishpan full of eggs and blow them out the way we did birds' eggs in the country, not minding the quantity of saliva that went along; pointing out, when I showed a little hygienic hesitation, that you couldn't tell it from the whites of the eggs.

Then the girls came, in tens, hundreds, thousands. To the cold eve of arithmetic there were, I think, not more than two hundred in all; but I had never seen so many, nor have I since; nor kissed so many; for half of them, or so it seemed, were my cousins, and cousins to whatever degree greeted one another with a kiss in South Carolina. With their arrival the dead building came to life. Hack drivers tossed trunks about, cautious parents entrusted their daughters to anyone who would listen, girls ran up and down stairs and chattered and shrieked and laughed, and some of them cried, the new ones. It was like a steamer an hour before sailing time. They fed one another on candy and cake and pinders, and I had my share as long as I could stuff them away in stomach and pocket. They pulled my curls and teased me, asking how would I like to be their "fellow," and the bold ones made jokes that I did not understand.

IV

When a last year's girl could pass another in the hall without stopping and my cousins felt no longer impelled to give, nor I obliged to receive, another kiss, we settled down to life in a girls' college. For my mother and me it was not greatly different from life in a

parsonage, only in degree; for my father hardly at all. We were now entirely public characters; what little of family life there had been in the parsonage was gone. Four rooms that looked exactly like any other four rooms could hardly be called home, and we ate every meal with students and faculty in a big clattering dining hall. Also my father now became almost a complete stranger to me. At the college he was always in a hurry, rushing in and out of rooms and issuing orders over his shoulder, always in motion and loving it; for, as a Southerner said of Theodore Roosevelt, "his nat'ral gait was runnin' away"; and often he was absent for long stretches on the road. My diluted respect for college presidents in after years may have come from having found out at the age of seven that a college president is nothing but a high-toned drummer.

College was not exactly parsonage. My grandmother had already accustomed me to a woman's world, but nothing could prepare one for a world of women. Everything was keyed to their foibles, predilections, and desires, and there were no males present in person. It was like the American public school of thirty years later, drowned in a sea of femininity. There was one difference, however: every girl hoped, and all except the ugliest believed, that some day she would be married, the Lord being willing, and the sooner the better. This made the new world in which I found myself not only feminine, but, as I soon learned, also female. I think I was getting ready to prefer co-education, which, for all that can be said against it—and there is plenty—at least does one thing: it curbs the imagination. The trouble with a women's college is that there are too many men there, in closets, behind curtains, under the bed, and elsewhere.

South Carolina was beginning to stir in its eighteenth-century sleep and after a while would turn over and consider waking up. One of the disturbing noises was women's rights. No one quite knew

what they were; some said "votes" and "careers," there was even talk of divorce; but the good-natured South Carolinians recognized these for the jokes they were, like wearing bloomers and riding astride. There was one insistent note, however, at first faint and then very noisy: education. Women were ready to prove that they were intellectually as good as men—a meager ambition—and they had a right to education just the same as men. They got it, just the same education the men were getting, education for leisure, which few of them would ever have. Ben Tillman was saying that farm girls were entitled to a practical education, but he was no gentleman and the graduates of his proposed State college would certainly not be ladies.

The fiction of the lady was strong in South Carolina, as hardy as the fiction of the gentleman, and fictions can be more tenacious than reality; both were making men and women cripples in the life they were to lead, and both were rooted in inequality. No civilization has set up with impunity one kind of life for women and another for men. The Athenians of the fifth century, in order that they might see life steadily and see it whole, locked the women up in the back room, only to produce a breed of effeminate men. The Southern gentleman set woman up on a pedestal and spent the rest of his life in the reasonable fear that she might fall off, which she was so ready to do that the pedestal became a cage. Contempt is infectious, whether phrased in the persuasive admonition of Pericles to be of no repute—for, as he said, no good woman is ever mentioned—or in the equally insolent words of chivalry. The Southern man, idealizing life in a lazy woman, himself became lazy, without charm.

The cult of fitness had not yet struck the State. Exercise, if one got any at all, was incidental to something else, as when one shot partridges or ducks. Gentlemen who could afford to own horses sometimes went fox hunting, and a few ladies rode timidly along on sidesaddle;

but hunting was without the finish and trappings that the English have given that sport. There were no red coats or masters of hounds or carefully nurtured packs—only hound dogs. In the low country, which was heavily wooded, horses had to be ridden for sport in limited spaces, on race track or tournament field, the field of honor. The honor consisted in spearing iron rings on the end of a sharp stick while riding rapidly. The rider, Knight of Walterboro, Knight of Lawson Pond, or such, who caught the largest number of rings on his lance was entitled to name some fair lady as queen. There was all the mummerly of plumes and silk costume and Arthurian verbiage. This still goes on round Charleston, naturally, with an occasional modern innovation. In 1938 I saw a knight wielding a lance that had for guard a rubber plunger that plumbers use for a humbler purpose. No one smiled.

Occasionally a young man rode by the college on his bicycle, dressed in white and carrying a tennis racket in his hand; but these only served to mark him as a sissy, a theological student or some other un-male. Women, not ladies, were beginning to ride too, but this was not only indelicate, it was dangerous; for, folk-science said, bicycle riding by females imperiled the future of the race.

No lady ever got up a good sweat. Muscle and tan were stigmata of low origin; parasol, veil, and mitten were used to shut off the enemy sun and trailing skirts made rapid movement impossible. Then there were corsets. Every lady looked like an egg-timer and the goal was an eighteen-inch waist. Feet were tiny and no girl-child who might some day be a lady was allowed to go barefoot for fear her toes would spread. Every afternoon young ladies strolled, if they used their limbs at all—they had no legs—on the path that ran alongside the college fence, taking the air, or the opportunity to pass notes through the knot-holes to their admirers on the other side. Plain-looking girls despised such

traffic and walked, the plainer the faster. My father became their ally by ruthlessly removing the fence, and made himself the target of conservative Methodists, whom he had already outraged by changing the name of their institution to "Columbia College."

Aspirants to ladyship among the girls had their difficulties, for there was some doubt as to whether a member of an evangelical sect could ever reach that height; whether Southern puritanism, more painful than the Northern brand because it was capricious and unsure, could ever mix with gentility. Between the aristocratic ideal of doing nothing and the puritan fear of doing anything life moved in a narrow groove for them.

Not all the girls, however, wanted to be ladies, though they would hardly have put it that way. A new kind of woman was beginning to grow out of the dump heap of chivalry, women who preferred to use rather than conceal their clear intellects, who were hungry to know. The food offered was for the most part the same as was being set before the young men of their age in South Carolina College, a powder-dry curriculum: Latin and Greek for the improvement of their English, mathematics for their reason, a little science and some history. Art and music were concessions to the feminine soul, and the appreciation of literature.

To some the teaching of literature did not obscure its meaning, but most of them were content to appreciate, and swoon. The place was cluttered with Tennyson's chaste heroines and under-fed Pre-Raphaelite maidens going into a decline. Some dived deeper, into Browning, and Pippa passed quite regularly. Keats was mentioned and quoted, and Shelley, whose "dome of many-colored glass" roused in me unquenched curiosity.

One day I noticed a girl standing by a magnolia tree and looking with sad eyes at an inscription she had just cut in the bark. I reminded her, with vice-presidential firmness, that she wasn't allowed to hurt the trees; then I looked and saw

that she had carved, "Ruskin is dead." "Who was Ruskin?" I asked. She replied, "You wouldn't know if I told you, you impudent brat."

The teachers were ill-paid in any coin and unhappy: a few men, flaccid and ignorant, the rest women, most of whom were zealously unprofessional. The feminization of American education was not yet under way in the South, and, while a few were content, many of them would have been happier in the usual role of the old maid, general help in the family—where there was always the possibility of picking up a widower. They hated the girls as only disappointed women can. Some tried to mother the girls, only to deepen their hatred when their loving gestures were repulsed or the girls proved fickle; some coated themselves with ice and chilled the inhospitable air with frigid intellection; others

gave spastic demonstration of the effect of beautiful literature. Once a year, on April Fools Day, the girls openly showed their feeling in a saturnalia of contempt. I shall never forget the contorted face of one of their victims, screaming out of the window for someone to come and open her door; "I'll report you," she said; nor the tears in the eyes of another when she opened an envelope and found a hideous picture of an old maid with hateful verses underneath.

At the time my vegetative mind was merely recording experience and storing it away in forgetfulness, but later, when I taught in a women's college, it all came back to me. I had only to change one name for another and these teachers came to life again. Their sick eyes were the same.

Some of the teachers of course were loved, for they were teachers.

(To be continued)





THE AMERICAN COMMUNISTS

BY DALE KRAMER

ON THE famous "Ninth Floor" of an old loft building at 35 East 12th Street, New York City—two blocks below Union Square—are the headquarters of the Communist Party, U.S.A., "Affiliated with the Communist International." The visitor may ascend in a rickety elevator from the 12th Street entrance or come in the back way on 13th Street. Here is the office of Earl Browder, general secretary of the American party and its chief functionary. The offices of other party wheel horses are up and down the corridor.

Here in the palmy days of the Popular Front, from 1935 to the time of the Nazi-Soviet Pact earthquake of August 21, 1939, the Communist strategists wrote manifestoes and consulted and planned. Those days are over. Mr. Browder has been convicted of fraudulent use of a passport and has been sentenced to four years in the penitentiary. He has appealed and last January, while out on bail, ran for Congress from the 14th District in New York City. But his prospects for freedom are bleak. Other Communist leaders are in trouble of one sort or another. It is plain that the future of the American Communists is not very promising.

Only a student of heroic determination and energy would attempt to catalogue the pro- and anti-communist literature issued in the United States during the past twenty years. The Communists themselves have produced a huge quantity of pamphlets, books, magazines, and mimeographed leaflets. In 1938,

the best year, half a dozen daily newspapers—including the *Daily Worker* and the *Freiheit* published at 35 East 12th Street—numerous weeklies, several magazines, two publishing houses and a pamphlet-printing establishment were directly controlled by the Communist party. Scores of others were under Communist influence. These activities were aided, to some extent, by the flood of books and magazine articles about Soviet Russia which appeared in the American press. In 1931 the Russian *Primer* was a best seller and a choice of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

Against this mass of propaganda literature is another pile just as great. First, there is the output of the investigating committees. The New York State Legislature's Lusk Committee in 1920 required four huge volumes for its findings. Nobody dares to estimate how much space Dies Committee testimony will finally require. In addition to this, anti-communist forces include most American newspapers, led off by the Hearst publications; the Catholic Church and other religious bodies; patriotic groups; fraternal organizations; various business associations; the not insignificant press of the Socialist party and the several Communist groups—chiefly the followers of Leon Trotsky—which from time to time have split off from the parent body.

In this controversial literature the Communist has been presented either as a superhuman being dedicating his life to striking the chains from mankind or as a cunning beast bent on returning us to the

dark ages. The propaganda of both sides has exaggerated the Communist party's achievements. Yet no one doubts that, at least in specific instances, it has wielded an influence far out of proportion to its numerical strength. The point is: how? And why, despite tremendous energy, the determination of zealots, and considerable capability on the part of its members, is the American Communist party about where it started two decades ago?

The American Communist movement was born out of a Socialist party torn first by the reaction of its members to the participation of the United States in the World War and then to the Bolshevik revolution in Russia. Of those who remained Socialists after America's entry into the conflict nearly all hailed the establishment of a Russian government which pledged itself to socialism, but there was bitter dissension over a proposed direct tie-up with the new regime. The chief party leaders wanted to preserve the Second International (the traditional Socialist federation) while supporting the new Soviet regime against its enemies. Others felt that Lenin and his followers had been the only ones to make a revolution; who, then, should dispute them? It was the simple human admiration of success. Largely for that reason the Russian Communists were finally able to gain absolute dominance, through the Third International, over a large section of the world's radicals. They did, and do, send representatives to radical parties in other countries with power to make or veto native decisions.

The upshot of the struggle within the Socialist party in the United States was a "national emergency convention," held in Chicago in 1919, at which a violent eruption shook and finally split the organization. The foreign-language groups met separately, set up what they titled the Communist Party, and were subsequently expelled by the regular convention. Another group led by John Reed, who died shortly after in Russia and was buried a Communist hero under

the Kremlin Wall, and Benjamin Gitlow, who recently raked over the political and private sins of himself and his former comrades in a fat volume entitled *I Confess*, held a convention of its own out of which grew the Communist Labor Party. Another splinter or two broke off also.

A characteristic of the American Communists has been a bitter criticism of their own past which approaches ridicule—and leads to the fiction that the party is ruthlessly self-analytical. For example, Browder, writing in 1935 in his book *What Is Communism?*, said of the early years of his party that it was "without trained cadres and afflicted by all the infantile 'left' sicknesses." Of the reliability of this belated admission there can be no argument. The new groups never had wide contacts with American workers and, though the two major factions worked out a merger, they were driven into further isolation by the raids of Attorney-General A. Mitchell Palmer. Unable to engage the ruling political and economic forces in combat, the party comrades fought each other with almost unbelievable fury.

Party work was often at a complete standstill while emissaries of various factions journeyed to Moscow for decisions on theoretical points. Charles E. Ruthenberg, first secretary of the party, and William Z. Foster, chairman, were at each other's throats constantly until Ruthenberg's death in 1927. Officials of the Comintern (abbreviation for the Communist, or Third, International) used devious means in an effort to bring these major leaders and their respective followers together. Once, to create a diversion, both factions were set upon a more or less innocent bystander, Ludwig Lore—now a columnist for the *New York Post*—and they drummed him from the party. Occasionally the Moscow body rendered a decision in favor of a minority of the American party, and the majority usually submitted. In 1929 Jay Lovestone, then the general secretary and chief Communist official in the United

States, thought he was strong enough to break the party away from Soviet domination. He wasn't. American followers of Trotsky had been expelled from the party earlier when their leader was forced into exile. The "Lovestoneites" and the "Trotskyites" are to-day the major deviation groups, although there exist splinters from even these.

The factions composed great ideological tracts purporting to set forward views which meant the difference between success and failure of the revolution, but actually what was going on was a struggle for power within the party—a battle which shifted with the tides of conflict in the Russian party itself. When Stalin consolidated his power in his own party, he did the same throughout the world. Party leaders may engage in minor behind-the-scenes warfare over application of the party "line"; they are no longer permitted to carry on ideological debates.

But the "left sickness," as Browder called it, appears to have been deeper than any mere struggle for power. One frustration has followed after another. Lenin, predicating Bolshevik ascension to power upon armed revolution, believed in a small, highly disciplined, efficiently trained party which in a time of capitalist breakdown would lead the militant but disorganized proletariat to victory. When the War caused a collapse of the Russian economic and political order he demonstrated the validity of his thesis in that particular situation. But the attempt to apply the revolutionary technic in the United States to wage earners far from rebellious was like holding a soft-rock drill to a steel surface. The instrument flew out of the hands of its holder, causing damage all about it. When, for example, the Communists were able to lead a strike they made demands impossible to obtain. Sometimes a rationalization was found in "teaching the workers to hate the employers," but after such a strike was lost the hatred for the employers was apt to be tempered by the strikers' blind fury

against the Communists. The party gained strength in a particular group or area at one moment only to find itself completely isolated the next.

II

But during the Popular Front period—from the Seventh World Congress of the Communist International, held in Moscow in the summer of 1935, to the signing of the Soviet-German pact last August—the Communists gained real influence in the United States.

When Browder and his fellow-delegates to the World Congress returned to this country they were greeted by a convention of the American Communists which looked upon every other political group in the United States with the bitterest of scorn. The epithet "social fascist" was hurled freely at all liberals—Roosevelt, Norman Thomas, Upton Sinclair, and John L. Lewis were equally guilty—who were charged with paving the way for fascism. Rival unions had been established in coal, textiles, and wherever possible. All strikes, except the tiny minority under Communist leadership, were, it was declared, cynically sold out by union officials in the pay of employers. The party comrades believed alike, talked alike, and even dressed alike. The girls, particularly in New York City, wore loose-fitting clothes, low shoes, and a special bushy "party" hair cut. Generally speaking, the comrades were far too smug to fraternize with the masses, let alone make an effort to win them over.

An apt illustration of the quick change of "line" that took place in 1935, as well as of the willingness of party members to accept it without question, is the story of a bitter private debate engaged in by a Socialist and a Communist on the eve of Browder's report to the American convention. The Socialist declared the need of a Farmer-Labor party; the Communist called such a party the very essence of social fascism. A few hours later, after Browder had spoken, the

Communist was prepared to preach the necessity of a Farmer-Labor party, while the Socialist—and here was illustrated the conditioning of the whole left by the Communists during these past years—was questioning his previous advocacy of the idea.

The new "line" had of course grown out of a belief by Communist theorists that the spread of fascism could be halted only by union of all forces opposed to it. There are many who declare that the change of tactics resulted solely from a shift in Soviet policy. Probably this is only half true, for at that time there was a real danger that fascism would come to power in France, and the Communists inside Russia and out wanted to prevent that, regardless of collective action with the democracies. At any rate the rank and file of American Communists accepted the new approach at its face value. They became wholeheartedly the best liberals; many of the more zealous actually convinced themselves that without their efforts in his behalf Franklin D. Roosevelt would have been defeated for re-election to the Presidency in 1936. For the Communists have a great capacity for believing. In fact the Communist, while he is a Communist, is somewhat set apart from mortal men.

Generally speaking, he is made of stern stuff: a man—or woman—of action. Unbothered by doubts as to the rightness of his course, he drives forward with blind abandon, his mind closed tightly. It is because of this characteristic that the member of long standing seldom merely withdraws from the party; some emotional eruption causes a swing to the other extreme so that he often dedicates his life to a war on his former comrades, usually, however, from a more "correct" Marx-Leninist position. Probably Representative Dies would be surprised to learn how many of his anti-Communist witnesses rationalized their testimony as a weapon to clear the Stalin Communists from the path so that the true revolution might proceed. Men and women are scourged from the

party by holy men who short months or years later are themselves banished.

But the Communists, partly owing to fortunate developments entirely unrelated to themselves, were able to move into other organizations and political movements with startling success. On the labor front they were extremely lucky in the fact that John L. Lewis broke with the American Federation of Labor and subsequently formed the Committee for Industrial Organization. Organizers were needed, and the Communists had the determination and courage, and some of the training, for that task. Moreover, the worker-Communist is apt to be a superior individual, his hatred of the social system hardened by a life of struggle against poverty. Permitted to hide his Communist beliefs, he was able to transform himself into a capable organizer and leader. The Communists did not organize the C.I.O. or ever enlist more than an infinitesimal minority of the membership. But in the great drives in the mass industries C.I.O. officials, looking for men in a hurry, turned to the Communists. Consequently, as leaders, these men were able to make quiet recruits so that the party grew gradually among the industrial workers and the unemployed.

At the same time the success of the Popular Front movement in France, where the Socialist Léon Blum became Premier with the important support of Communists and center groups, and in Spain, lent prestige to the American Communists. When the Spanish civil war broke out all liberals supported the loyalist cause, and the Communists gained additional influence because of the willingness of many of them to offer their lives for the defeat of fascism and the triumph of the Spanish democratic government. The Communists, as is well known, recruited most of the American section of the International Brigade from their own ranks.

The magnetic effect of these last activities was particularly strong upon the intellectuals and upon young people, and

here the "fellow-traveler" principle worked best. Probably the great influence was due to a certain inertia in these groups which allowed them to be drawn by the positive dynamism of the Communist party, and also by the strange arrangement whereby one could have his cake and eat it too. Intellectuals—the term is here used to include students and professional workers as well as writers, artists, etc.—were able to enjoy the spine-thrilling sensations of conspirators and be liberals or even conservatives at the same time. If the Dies Committee were able to confiscate the party rolls they would reveal little, for most of the unavowed members have "party names." The girls had a strong predilection for the name "Sally."

These members, generally unknown as such in the unions or political groups in which they worked, were able to wield a potent influence by the simple process of planning action in advance at "fraction" meetings—a gathering of party members within the organization—and combining, apparently quite innocently, on the meeting floor to accomplish their purpose.

As a result of this technic the Communist movement was caught on the horns of a dilemma. It was preaching and furthering social democracy while trying to maintain an organization built for revolution. The conspiratorial activities caused resentment among non-Communists once the party had reached the stage of wishing to exert its own influence. Moreover, the old-timers in the Communist ranks, unable to mingle effectively with liberal elements, had to be replaced, and the newcomers resented strict party discipline. Finally, immediately before the German-Soviet pact, the party itself was on the verge of social democracy. Browder had long since disclaimed any intention of revolution by force. The "fractions" had recently been discontinued in an endeavor to avoid dissension within groups, but every step in this direction loosened the party's own apparatus. Membership rose in the four-year period from 30,000 to

100,000, but the result was a social-democratic party with a revolutionary hangover.

Probably the top leadership would have gradually changed, but, by and large, the old functionaries—William Z. Foster, Earl Browder, Jack Stachel, Clarence Hathaway, Alex Bittelman—had so far maintained their control. This type, the professional functionary, is truly remarkable. At his best he is a good-natured mentor who listens with gentle patience to the party members beneath him and renders "suggestions." At worst he grants a few moments to his subordinates with obvious reluctance, listens with irritation, and ticks off his analysis of the situation, and his orders, with an overbearing, perhaps paranoiac, assurance seldom seen elsewhere on earth. He has a language all his own, picked up from bad translations of Russian theoretical works (most were trained at the Lenin School in Moscow). Although in late years newer party members have been employed to turn public utterances into the American vernacular, pamphlets are in existence in which the writer actually addressed himself to "the American peasants," although in this country farmers would either be bewildered or else consider the term an insult. Wage earners were "toilers"; questions were always "raised," or "put forward." A man is in an unfortunate situation indeed if accused of "hiding the face of the party," though had he "brought the party forward" he might well be accused of "left infantilism." A final insult, hurled particularly at newer members who dare offer opinions, is the dreaded charge of "political underdevelopment." As a matter of fact, a functionary is clearly undeveloped until he has mastered this queer jargon.

Despite the effort to talk and write the American language, at least in public, after the 1935 change in "line," the party's structure remained as rigid as before. It could command quick action from its members but it could not adapt itself to life in the United States. The

party has what it calls "leading committees." Thus one body may not question the authority of the next higher. Decisions of the central committee are of course carried out without question by all subordinate bodies, and an order from a next higher functionary must be carried out on pain of expulsion.

In theory, and occasionally in fact, democracy does exist within the party, for policies may be proposed from below and debated at party conventions and "plenums" [a plenum is a gathering of the leading party figures of a given geographical section for reports and co-ordination of party efforts] until a decision has been reached. But the relationship between generals and captains, captains and corporals, corporals and privates is such that criticism or policy-making from the bottom is difficult if not impossible. Continued initiative, except in carrying out orders, may be taken as insubordination. High functionaries in the field deliver orders exactly as do military leaders, and for the underling who does not obey there is the "control," which metes out discipline—which may include suspension or expulsion, with resulting ostracization by all former comrades and friends. As a result, top party officials of the "Ninth Floor" are little restricted in the government of the group's activities except for their own superiors, the representatives of the Comintern.

These latter characters have been known intimately to only a few of the higher American Communist leaders, but the secondary leaders, if not the general membership, have been aware of their presence. A resident representative has always sat on the central committee—the last generally known as such was F. Browne, who has recently disappeared—while others came on special "missions." Probably the best-known since the founding of the party here was John Pepper, who guided the party as best he could during the early years. Another was P. Green. The representatives when choosing names for some reason select

those of colors or articles—Browne, Green, Pepper, etc.

Naturally this scheme of things removes the necessity for self-analysis and substitutes a policy of self-congratulation. One of the most amazing fictions of the party is its own belief that it engages in self-criticism. It is as if the leaders had been specially schooled in hindsight. After a policy has been changed the past error is readily admitted—and this somehow seems to clear them, psychologically, of blame. To the general public of course no error is ever admitted; policy is never changed because it was wrong—instead, "events" have necessitated a shift of tactics. But until the Comintern, the central committee, or a convention has "corrected" the approach, party comrades whirl furiously in their vacuum, and sometimes isolated groups follow a policy long after it has been directly reversed.

One of the most interesting types in or close to the Communist movement is the rich or well-to-do American who gives of his talent or substance to the overthrow of the order from which he has gained special privileges. The circumstance is not unique of course. Rebels in all times have been joined by a few of their natural enemies, and it is official Communist dogma that a portion of the ruling class breaks off during a time of capitalist difficulty to join the forces trying to effect a change. But the actual extent of the process in the United States is greater than has been generally supposed. Most, it is true, have confined their efforts to contributions of money. Some in this category have aided more or less openly: others have remained as anonymous as possible. These two types far outnumber those more spartan members of the upper classes who participate actively, but some do exist. For example, the son of a wealthy New York broker has for many years given his considerable organizational talents—such as would be of value in his father's business—to the radicalization of farmers. He was cut off by his father. Others—and the

party undoubtedly reaps greater benefit from these—have not gone so far as to break the pipe line to the money vaults.

In fact, the nursing of “angels” has long been an important duty of party leaders. So-and-so is a good money-raiser, therefore he is directed at prospects much in the manner of a bond salesman. The extreme example, which approached the ludicrous, was the months-long endeavor of the editors of one party publication to secure funds from a discontented, though not exactly brilliant, scion of one of the nation’s wealthier families. He was gradually eased into a minor editorial position on the publication and set to reading manuscripts. At first the editors were slightly embarrassed to learn his unawareness of the organ’s politics (he occasionally attached startled notes reading “This is radical” to manuscripts) but they successfully broke the news to him; anyhow no one paid any attention to his editorial efforts. They worked with patient diligence. The staff’s best conversationalists were sent to lunch with him; his words were hung upon. At first there was no resentment when he consistently outfumbled them on the check, but gradually the dream of a contribution of several hundred thousand dollars diminished until the editors would have gladly settled for a refunding of their lunch losses.

III

The first cloud in the sky, signal of a storm which shook the American Communist party along with the rest of the world, came with the announcement of the Soviet Union’s non-aggression pact with Germany. The news itself was shocking; any good Communist would have suspected himself of Trotskyism had he visualized such a thing in his wildest nightmare. On the 5th of July last, at the Institute of Public Affairs at Charlottesville, Browder had been asked: “Is there any possibility as has been suggested, of the Soviet Union entering into

an agreement with Germany?” He had replied: “There is about as much chance of such an agreement as of Earl Browder being elected president of the American Chamber of Commerce.” When the worst happened Communist leaders in their handling of the news did more to destroy confidence in the party than did the pact itself.

At first the *Daily Worker* was so flabbergasted that it said nothing, and Browder—officially, at least—did not consider the matter of enough moment to cut short his vacation. When the *Daily Worker* did find its voice it extolled the “Soviet peace policy,” stating categorically that the pact had prevented war. Moreover, should hostilities for some reason break out, Browder told reporters that the Soviet Union would be on the side of England and France. All believed that the pact contained an “escape” clause, permitting one signer to withdraw in case the other committed aggression against another state, and there was a general belief that somehow Stalin had outwitted everybody concerned, particularly Hitler. For a while there was no “line”; every member was permitted to make his own analysis. Some were remarkable, but none came within a mile of predicting subsequent events.

Since that time the existence of the Communist leaders has been hectic indeed. A desperate battle with the party enemies, who seized the opportunity to leap forward with great savagery and glee, is hardly over when there is insurrection at the rear. Party comrades have revolted or are about to. Or the Soviet Union has done something else for which explanations must be found.

The task has been made no easier by the hamstringing of the party’s leadership by the federal government’s indictment of several leaders charged with passport violations. Jack Stachel, long considered the real strategical brain, F. Browne, Comintern representative, and Alex Bittelman, the party

metaphysician, have fled the country or are in hiding. Clarence Hathaway, editor of the *Daily Worker* and functionary extraordinary, is confined to Brooklyn, except for Sundays, by a court order resulting from a libel suit, and the New York district attorney is pressing criminal libel action in the same matter. William Wiener, party treasurer, has been sentenced to two years' imprisonment on a passport fraud charge. Browder, therefore, was left almost without advisers, and, while his courage has never been questioned, Browder's political sagacity has long been doubted within the party. His explanation of Stachel's disappearance, when harried by reporters, has already been incorporated into the party's folk lore. "I don't know where he is," Browder said. "Money is a little scarce right now and since we had to retrench somewhere we let Stachel go."

An effort has been made to turn Browder's own legal difficulties to the party's advantage. The plan seems to be to emulate Eugene V. Debs so far as possible. Although Browder was provided with high-priced counsel for his trial on a charge of passport violation, he made his own summation, as did Debs when he was tried for opposing the United States' participation in the World War. At the same time an attempt was made to vindicate the party by running Browder as candidate to fill a Congressional vacancy on Manhattan's lower East Side. The showing of 3,000 odd votes out of almost 23,000 indicates that the effort to portray him as a martyr was not very successful even in a comparatively favorable locality. Debs in 1920 was the Socialist candidate for President while still in prison. That parallel undoubtedly hurried the recent announcement of Browder's Presidential candidacy in the 1940 election.

No party with the cohesive intensity of the Communists falls apart rapidly, but there were withdrawals almost from the first. Granville Hicks, most noted of the party's literary figures, resigned as an

editor of the *New Masses* and gave up his card in the party on the ground that his leaders on the political side did not know, and apparently did not care, what they were so vociferously and dogmatically defending. Kyle Crichton, an associate editor of *Collier's* who had for years contributed a column to the *New Masses* over the pen name Robert Forsythe, quietly severed his connection with the latter publication. Probably he should be cataloged with the fellow-travelers, since he did not hold actual party membership, but he had always, as Robert Forsythe, written from the party position and was known for the sharp manner in which he characterized people whom he thought less radical than himself. Many less well-known members and others not known as members at all also withdrew.

An interesting case, illustrating a certain type of Communist mind, was the much-publicized break of Howard Rushmore, the *Daily Worker's* film critic, with his editors over the picture "Gone With the Wind," and his subsequent exposure of his old comrades in Hearst's New York *Journal-American*. A study of Rushmore's action, and that of hundreds of others, should make the Communists less dogmatic, more tolerant, and even somewhat soul-searching. Rushmore had been editor of the *Daily Worker's* Sunday supplement until it was discontinued as a retrenchment measure following the Soviet-German pact and outbreak of war. He was put on movie assignments, which brought only part-time pay—in effect a defeat in the political maneuverings within the paper's staff. He converted a minor difference over the "Gone With the Wind" film into an excellent opportunity to change camps profitably while at the same time securing a medium for lambasting his enemies on the *Daily Worker*. But though young, Rushmore was an "old line" Communist. He had to go bitterly, whereas the new members of the Popular Front era generally go quietly and in sorrow.

Equally heavy-hearted are the fellow-

travelers who, incidentally, have suffered not only ridicule and injury from the right, but insult from the left as well. As if it were not enough for the Dies Committee to berate them mercilessly, Browder himself had to go before that body and apply the term "transmission belts for Communism" to those organizations in whose affairs they had honestly participated.

This is not to say that Communists were, or are, without strength in a great many unions and other bodies, or that they do not hold leadership in some and play a large part in the direction of others. But the influence is by Communists as individuals, not as Communists, and they "control" only so long as they are moving with the main stream. In only a few unions and organizations are the Communists accepted as such, and attempts to secure approval of the Soviet-German pact or the Red Army's invasion of Finland have been almost invariably unsuccessful.

The two major exceptions to the rule, the American Student Union and the National Youth Congress, have been subjected to a great deal of unfavorable attention from the newspapers. In these groups the hidden, conspiratorial tactics of the Communists were more successful because of the political inexperience of youth, with the result that to-day the organizations of the potential cannon fodder have been two-thirds licked before they can raise their voices.

The tactics of the young Communists were directed carefully by their elders. The Communists seemed quite selfless. When they co-operated with the Socialists in organizing the Student Union and the Youth Congress they took care that Socialists were put in the important positions—but they took care that these were only Socialists in name and were in fact loyal to the Communist party. When the Socialists got round to expelling their disloyal members—who considered two-timing a clever revolutionary device—it was too late. By these tactics the Communists got and maintained

great strength in the "apparatus" of the two groups.

All went well so long as the aims and views of the enlisted youth were generally the same, but the effort of the Communists to justify the Soviet-German pact and the Finnish war have disrupted the groups and endangered their future existence. Yet this Communist strength in the leadership of these groups does not make them Communist. Eventually the majority will make itself dominant (it should not be forgotten that the Communists until recently were expressing the general view) if there are not too many withdrawals out of disgust. Nor can it be said that the behavior of the youths at the recent session of the Youth Congress held in Washington compared unfavorably with that of their critics. They did handle somewhat roughly and perhaps not wisely the followers of one Murray Plavner, but, recalling Plavner's trumpetings from the editorial pages of the arch-tory New York *Herald Tribune*, they doubted his sympathy with any of their aims. A lack of interest in Herbert Hoover's activities on behalf of Finland or a view that loans to that country may lead to our own involvement in war is not necessarily Communist or un-American. Those who booed President Roosevelt were impolite, but no less so than those who circulate obscene stories about him in smart clubs, and the intellectual process was not many degrees below the advice of the President to keep out of things they knew nothing about. Young men have at least a potential interest in events which may conceivably bring them under gunfire.

In retrospect it appears that only Eleanor Roosevelt came out of the Washington maelstrom with anything like flying colors. Those familiar with the internal affairs of the Youth Congress are of the opinion that she has not been able to find out all about the political affiliations of her young friends, but that her general activities in the Congress' behalf have been beneficial all round and will do more than anything else to end

chaos in the youth movement, if it can be done.

But the effect of the Pact and the Soviet attack on Finland on the fellow-traveler can best be illustrated by the response of individuals sympathetic to the Communists. Two excellent examples are the writers Vincent Sheean and Ralph Bates. The latter is an Englishman, but he has been in this country since the Pact and often has written for American magazines. Sheean had known and liked individual Communists in China, Spain, and elsewhere; he had found them often heroic and efficient. But his sympathy was clearly emotional, as was well illustrated in his recent book, *Not Peace But a Sword*, when he gave as the reason for his attendance at a Spanish Communist convention his desire to see and hear the famed woman orator La Pasionaria rather than any great interest in the party's political doctrine. Bates, on the other hand, is more experienced in practical political and trade union affairs. Consequently, Sheean's response, though it came late (he defended the Pact itself), was highly explosive; he was so distraught, in fact, that he forgot his almost total lack of interest in political theory and wrote two highly dialectical pieces (employing the rather precious terms "Thermidor" and "Brumaire") for the *New Republic*. The editors of that journal, while themselves beginning to view Stalin with alarm, felt compelled to offer him a degree of fatherly comfort.

Bates made use of Lenin's famous statement, which has recently stood the Communists in such good stead, that when the train of destiny goes round a sharp curve many of the weak fall off. Bates stayed even longer than Sheean and based his decision on a fuller knowledge of practical affairs. It might be said that he climbed down; Sheean jumped. But the train was whipping about the curve at such a rapid pace that neither could escape injury. Such, to a large degree, is the unhappy story of the Left during these past few months.

IV

It seems possible to predict the immediate future of the American Communist party. The disintegration will continue and increase in pace. Already, with many of the "angels" disillusioned or frightened, several publications, notably the *Daily Worker*, are in financial difficulties.

John L. Lewis has begun a partial purge of Communists from the C.I.O., although it is likely that many party members will give up their membership voluntarily either out of disillusionment with the Soviet Union or because they are pleased with their berths in the labor movement. This, to be sure, does not stem from recent developments, but was inevitable. No labor leader who intends to remain in charge of his organization can long tolerate subordinates whose first loyalty is elsewhere. Lewis and the C.I.O. vice-presidents, Philip Murray and Sidney Hillman, are old political masters who are able, except in rare instances, to remove Communists without reverberations.

Moreover, a vast psychological change has occurred within the Communist party itself. Already the movement has gone partially underground. No one except the leaders knows the exact steps taken of course, but it is common knowledge within Communist circles that the Comintern has always taken care that its branches maintained a secret "apparatus" for use when the party was in danger. It is probable that so far the changes consist only in a word-of-mouth system of reports to replace the old voluminous stream of written words to the central committee, and the opening of secret party offices at a point long ago designated. It is a part of the party's lore that somewhere a press is hidden away to print the *Daily Worker* if open publication becomes illegal. There is great fear that there may be agents provocateurs in the ranks, and that "confessions" will now come thick and fast, both from the provocateurs and from

leaders who prefer turning evidence to a term in prison. Suspicion is rife.

In these circumstances the party leaders are not greatly concerned with the fate of fellow-travelers and "new line" comrades. Ruthenberg once wrote that two-thirds of the party's membership dropped out during the Palmer raids. To-day the Communist leaders believe that the government is prepared to prosecute them to the extent of present statutes, and that a sizeable body in Congress is ready for a new red hunt. They tell the rawer recruits and less certain comrades that Chamberlain and Daladier will come to terms with Hitler and there will be a concerted attack on the Soviet Union; thus the necessity for protecting vulnerable Leningrad from an attack through Finland. Who knows? They hope that the comrades will wait and see.

Meanwhile liberals have discovered to what degree they allowed intellectual and organizational leadership to rest with the Soviet Union and the American Communists. The point had been reached, particularly in the intellectual circles, where it was necessary to be either pro- or anti-Stalin if one wished to be active in liberal politics or to express oneself on world affairs. A public criticism of the Soviet Union or the local

Communists meant a barrage of uncomplimentary epithets; praise brought one from another direction.

The Left is badly shattered. Even those persons who had long distrusted Stalin had nevertheless believed in the Soviet Union as a force for peace. Nor could a section of the Left as influential as the Communists reverse itself so rapidly without disturbing the rest of it. Consequently there exists much hopeless frustration as war hysteria mounts in the United States, and reactionaries are seen bestriding the wave in an effort to destroy the New Deal.

It can hardly be said that the Communist party as such has played an important role, either good or bad, in American politics; but surely, particularly during the past few years, it has paralyzed the progressive movement. Had party members, particularly the younger ones, given their energy to a democratic-progressive movement, there would be less danger of war and reaction. Now there is this certainty: it will be a long time before the Communists are again accepted by the progressive forces as partners in anything, even though there is complete agreement on a specific issue. After twenty years of furious agitation the Communist movement in the United States is about where it started.



A TICKET TO MEXICO

A STORY

BY FRANCES CRANE

Two hours or so out of Monterrey Deborah Shannon went into the club car for a lemonade. For half an hour she had been annoyed by the bickering of an elderly couple who occupied the drawing-room in her Pullman. They kept the door open and their voices carried to Deborah's seat. They seemed to have come to Mexico on some diplomatic visit, but diplomacy with them was exclusively a public condition.

Deborah settled herself in one of the two big chairs facing the rear platform and the suave Mexican porter fetched the drink. Beyond the plate-glass windows the desert panorama began unfurling more slowly as the train started its long ascent to the city of Saltillo.

"Nothing else, ma'am?"

"Nothing."

The man bowed deeply and went to the other end of the car. Deborah was glad to be alone. She was inclined to attract people and with them their troubles, and she had her own which required all her energy. She had left Michael Shannon. She intended to divorce him. Five years of quarrels, rages, panics, tears, and tender reconciliations had preceded her walking out and buying, entirely of her own sweet will, this ticket to Mexico. A ticket to Mexico! There was humor in that too. Last year, after months' planning, Michael in one of his moments had canceled their visit to Mexico. Thus the ticket to Mexico symbolized her regained

independence. She was free. If she wanted a ticket to Mexico or anywhere else now she could step out and get it. There was some satisfaction in that.

"Magazines, ma'am?" The porter laid them on a low table at her side.

"Thank you."

"Is the air comfortable, ma'am?"

"Quite."

"The air-conditioning, ma'am, makes a great improvement on this run. I've been making it for twenty years and am in a position to know. It's well over a hundred right out there in the desert. Just beyond these windows."

"I daresay," Deborah snapped him off with a twinge of conscience because he so obviously enjoyed talking. Her liking to make people happy amounted to a vice. She meant to correct that too.

The man retired softly to his buffet.

Deborah opened her bag for a handkerchief. Her wedding ring fell from its folds into her lap. She restored it to her coin purse. She had been trying for three days to remember to put it in the jewel box locked in her dressing case. The mind, she recalled, forgets what it doesn't really want to do. Contrariwise, she argued back, it is the mind's doing, this removal of the ring, along with the marriage, while there's any will left for doing it.

Yes, she was glad. She rejoiced at having a will which, with one gesture, could sever a union still for the most part happy but bound eventually to flop.

"Will you object if I sit back here?" asked a low interesting voice. It was the woman with the young, delicate face and smoky gray hair. She had got on yesterday afternoon at Dallas. She indicated the chair next Deborah's.

"No, of course not," Deborah said mechanically. She grudged the intrusion but not as much as she should have done.

"I've broken my dark glasses. There's less glare here at the back."

"Much less."

"Another highball, Manuelo," the young woman said.

After that she was silent. She was not one, Deborah soon realized, who would unnecessarily intrude. Thereupon Deborah decided she'd like to have her intrude. She began glancing at her with curiosity. The delicate cameo beauty, the too-early gray hair made Deborah regard her own conventional wholesome good looks as rather crude.

The young woman seemed to have plenty of bad habits however. She smoked endlessly. She had even had a whiskey with breakfast.

Manuelo brought the highball. "I meant to ask last evening about Gita, Manuelo," the woman said.

The porter grinned with pleasure. "She's fine, Mrs. Cheney, ma'am."

"And Lupe?"

"The same, ma'am. Very well indeed."

"I'm glad to hear it. I can see that you're still very happy."

"Yes, indeed, ma'am," Manuelo said, with enthusiasm.

"Well, happiness is what matters, Manuelo."

"Oh, yes, ma'am."

"And, if I may say so, Manuelo, you are one of the few people I've ever met in all my life who knows the secret. Of happiness, I mean."

"Why, thank you, ma'am." Manuelo made a deep bow and added, in the best Texan-Mexican style, "I sure thank you, Mrs. Cheney, ma'am."

Mrs. Cheney turned to the desert and

Manuelo took himself off. Some time passed. It was Deborah who broke this silence. "What strange cacti!" she exclaimed, indicating some curious distorted objects with thick trunks and upward twisting branches.

"Horrid."

"They're really awful!"

Mrs. Cheney's deep blue gaze drifted to Deborah. "This entire landscape is disgusting. I loathe it. I'm afraid of flying or nothing would induce me to make this trip again."

"You've done it before?"

"Too often."

There was a silence. That is all, Deborah thought, hungrily, I'll ever know about her. She is mysteriously interesting, but why I shall never know. Ships that pass in the night.

"Cigarette?" Mrs. Cheney broke in on her thoughts.

"Oh. Thanks, I never smoke."

"That is very intelligent."

"I disagree. I dislike tobacco. But I approve of smoking. It's companionable."

"In that case," Mrs. Cheney said with a charming crooked smile, "I should never be lonely."

"Are you?"

"Terribly."

Terribly. How gallant she was about it though. Now, Deborah thought, she simply had to know more about her. She had to know why she was lonely when so beautiful, and how she carried her loneliness with such grace. But her chances were spoiled for the time by the arrival of the doll-faced woman in polka-dots with the little boy. The child ran to Deborah and laid his face against her knee. "Hello," he said. Their section was opposite Deborah's in the Pullman. They had spoken last night. "Hello. How old are you, Debbra?"

"Bascom!" His mother screwed up her pretty face with appropriate shock at the child's familiarity with a stranger. He ignored her. He was three, he chattered, going on four. Deborah smiled into his little face. She was twenty-

three, she said, going on twenty-four. His mother again reproved him, seating herself behind and across from Deborah. Bascom next gave out the information that he was William Bascom Bradford and his daddy called him Bill. Deborah could call him Bill if she wanted to. It was the kind of place they lived in, Mrs. Bradford explained hastily, that made Bascom act as he did. Mr. Bradford, she said, owned a silver mine up near Guanajuato. They lived in a dump of a town and were the only white people in the place. Deborah ought to see it. A dozen windowless adobe huts and one decent Spanish style house, their own, which was walled in all round. Terrible.

Why she returned there she did not know. She didn't know, in fact, why anybody did anything. Life was really awful, didn't Deborah think so?

Mrs. Cheney soon rose quietly and left them. Mrs. Bradford promptly appropriated her chair. "You don't know that woman do you?" she asked, with hardly a break in her doleful tones. "She's a queer one. Drinks like a fish, if you ask me, but she looks so refined and she's dressed so nice—that suit's tailored to order by the best house in Dallas, if I know what I'm talking about, and I guess I do. Manuelo?"

"Yes, ma'am?"

"Do you know that woman?"

"Mrs. Cheney? Yes, ma'am. She's a lovely lady. She make this trip several times now."

"Know anything about her, I mean?"

Deborah recoiled spontaneously against any such information from Manuelo (in spite of hoping privately he would give out something very interesting) and said, "May I treat your little boy to a lemonade, Mrs. Bradford?"

"I wouldn't want you to pay for it."

"It would give me pleasure."

"Okay. Next time though the drinks will be on me."

Mrs. Bradford, after an effort to restrain herself, next asked, "Are you married, or aren't you? I always say you can tell. But you don't wear a ring."

"It's a little too large," Deborah lied. "I often put it in my bag."

"They say it brings bad luck to take them off," said Mrs. Bradford, eyeing her circlet of platinum and diamonds glumly. "Maybe so. Maybe not. I never take mine off and I have only bad luck." She added, as if in the same sentence, "I expected a wire from Bill at Monterrey. Maybe it'll be at Saltillo. Maybe he won't wire, the way he did once before. It about drove me nuts, waiting all day with no word and thinking I'd be getting off the train all alone in the night. *Lordee!*"

Mrs. Bradford's depression presently drove Deborah back to her Pullman.

For the moment the diplomatic pair in the drawing-room were on good terms. The door was open but silence prevailed. She was knitting and he was reading.

Deborah now couldn't get the Bradfords out of her mind. The child was gently, finely made; like, his mother had said, his father. Bascom, she said, was her maiden name. This seemed excuse enough to inflict it upon the innocent; indeed she considered the infliction her duty. She had revealed in the life exposé which resulted from Deborah's buying the lemonade that when she was a girl she had worked in a shop near San Antonio Station and that one day Bill Bradford walked in after five years in the wilds of Mexico and set down his suitcase. "I was the first white woman he'd spoken to in all that time," she had said. "We got married in a week. Bill's a Harvard graduate," she went on proudly but had added ruefully, "I was going steady with a boy owning his own grocery. Now he's got a chain of six and a swell new home in the best suburb of San Antone. Married my girl friend, mind you. You never know what you're lined up for, do you? It's okay saying you've got a silver mine, but what's there to owning anything in Mexico these days?"

"You've got Bascom," Deborah had said rather sententiously.

"He's fine. It's better with kids than without anyhow. But it's harder to get away. For good, I mean. You got to think of the children." Suddenly Mrs. Bradford laughed and whispered, "Manuelo there has fifteen. He's got two families, you know. Gita's in San Antone and Lupe's in Mexico City. He thinks divorce is immoral."

At Saltillo Deborah got off quickly and began walking briskly up and down the platform. There was a stop of twenty minutes. A delegation of local dignitaries in top hats had come to the train to meet the diplomatic pair—there had been a similar greeting in Monterrey—and for the moment they were hiding their chronic annoyance with each other under little public bows and smiles. Mrs. Cheney crossed the tracks and entered the station. Mrs. Bradford, dragging Bascom with her, hurried to the telegraph office. A telegraph boy was ambling back and forth calling out somebody's name.

The air was cool and sweet. Deborah could see the façades of pink adobe houses beyond the open ends of the covered platform. Lacy pepper and fruit-laden orange trees were visible over low cream-colored walls. Indians in snow-white pajamas and great peaked hats offered shallow baskets, pretty as pictures, with arrangements in high-colored fruit. All the traffic of the place was slow and effortless.

A tall well-dressed thin man with smart luggage got on to the train.

"Meeshano," the telegraph boy idly repeated, strolling up and down. "Meeshano."

Deborah passed and repassed him. She saw Mrs. Cheney coming from the station with a new pair of dark glasses in one hand. Mrs. Bradford tripped back across the tracks, pulling Bascom after her. Mrs. Cheney skimmed along the platform, passing Deborah the first time with a friendly nod. How elegantly she carried herself. How self-sufficient she looked. She walked alone and, you could see, liked to. That was how one

ought to be. A woman should walk alone proudly.

"Yoo-hoo!" Mrs. Bradford caught up with Deborah. "Say, could you keep Bascom a minute while I go back to that telegraph station? I ought to have a wire. They say there isn't any. I'm going to look at the messages myself. I think maybe they got the name wrong. You never can tell with Mexicans." The child's hand, soft and warm as a tiny bird, slipped into Deborah's.

Now she walked gently, her step attendant on his. She felt the warm little hand nested confidently in her own. She listened to his talk. Did she like Mehicans? She ought not to. Mehicans were dirty. They didn't wash their feet before they went to bed. She must not buy those mangoes in that Indian's basket. They were dirty. Oranges were dirty in Mehico till you took the peel off. Must not eat them. No-o. Did she have any little boys? Whom, then, did she play with?

Mrs. Cheney, passing, smiled her charming crooked smile at the child. "Mee-shano?" intoned the telegraph boy, over and over. Mrs. Bradford came back, frowning as she picked her high-heeled way over the tracks. "Nothing," she said, anxiously. "There's honestly not a thing." Automatically she linked herself to Bascom by his other hand. "I'm worried to death. Maybe Bill didn't get my letter saying to meet us to-night. I wired him too. Maybe he didn't get that. Maybe something's happened to him down there, and maybe we'll get dumped off all alone at midnight in the desert, eighty miles from nowhere."

"Daddy will meet us," Bascom said, assuredly.

"Meesh-ano?" the messenger's voice went on lazily.

"I hope that boy finds who he's looking for," Mrs. Bradford said. "Well, such is life. I don't get a message and somebody who's sent one isn't here to get it. I guess I'd better get this kid back into the train. We'll soon be leaving."

Deborah took another turn of the platform before she came aboard. She went directly to the club car. Mrs. Cheney was there when she entered, drinking another highball. "Will you have a cocktail or something?" she invited Deborah. "Lunch will be served here now immediately."

"Thank you." She asked Manueto for a sidecar. She seldom drank so early in the day and soon regretted it. The drink depressed her further. "Desolate here," she said, facing Mrs. Cheney across a luncheon table.

Immediately out of Saltillo the desert had closed in again, drier, more raddled than ever.

"Awful!" Mrs. Cheney smilingly leveled her eyes on Deborah's. "But better than later on. Some people like the desert. I hate it. But I have only myself to blame for having to cross this area again."

"Really?" Deborah said politely.

"I hope you don't mind confidences?"

"Oh, no," Deborah said, with a thrill, quite forgetful that only three hours before she had never again wanted to hear any.

"That's good. I'm about to make one. I always confide in strangers, don't you? By the time you regret it they are usually no longer about."

"I never thought about it just that way."

"All right, here goes. I'm coming down to Mexico for another divorce."

"Oh," Deborah said casually. "I thought Mexican divorces no good?"

"They'll do. If there are no children involved or you don't try to get property or anything. I've friends in Mexico City. Make them a visit and have a little fun. Might as well make the best of a dismal business."

"I like the way you're doing it," Deborah said. "Not bothered, I mean, by sentiment."

"Oh, I have none in this case. So I don't deserve your compliment." Deborah was doing her best to maintain the poker face of an ultra-sophisticate. But

her increasing admiration for this woman, who obviously took life in her stride, made it difficult to look blank. Nothing could make a woman like that vulgar either. Whatever she did or said had, for some reason, taste. "Naturally, no marriage I make now will be a success. I was too deeply in love with Edward, my first husband." The smoky-toned voice had a trill in it now. "He will always be the one. And of course they find that out, sooner or later. The others, I mean." With fire she announced, "But I wouldn't live with Edward again and his temperish domination for millions."

"Temper is dreadful," said Deborah, thinking of Michael Shannon.

"But this last is the worst. He sets armies of spies on me, every blessed moment. Why, I got so I felt I must go out and do something shady sometimes so he would get his money's worth. I had a time making this getaway, I can tell you."

"I'd murder a man who spied on me!"

"It wouldn't do you any good," Mrs. Cheney said practically. "In a way though, I'd rather be spied on than ignored. Dick was the one for that."

"Dick?"

"My second." Mrs. Cheney had to raise her voice a little. The diplomat's wife at the table behind her was arguing against her husband's ordering shrimps. "But drink is the worst, Mrs. Shannon."

"I don't know anything about that," Deborah said, but Mrs. Cheney, she couldn't help but think, should be an authority.

"Be glad of it, my child. If there's anything gets on your nerves it's to live on the nineteenth floor with a man who recurrently tries to take an elevator he sees *outside* the bedroom window. Delusions, of course. That was Henry. It shattered me completely. I *won't* be a grown man's guardian, never again anyhow, but espionage is almost as bad."

Deborah let her mobile mouth, for one minute, express her agreement.

"The worst of it is you get attached to

men like that—I mean like Henry—just because they're so dependent on you, Mrs.—I don't believe we have met."

"Shannon. Mrs. Michael Shannon," Deborah said, thinking too late that she was now, to all intents and purposes, Deborah Shannon only. Her name before her marriage had been Jones. She didn't think she would bother to resume it.

"I'm Madeleine Cheney. We were speaking of attachments. It is wrong, always, to let a man get a hold on your pity. Nothing good ever comes from that."

"The only thing really," Deborah now proffered, "is to keep out of their clutches entirely."

"Exactly," Mrs. Cheney said with enthusiasm, "what I've said to myself a thousand times. This time I mean to stay by it. No more marriages for me, Mrs. Shannon."

"It's lovely being free."

"Marvelous. One can go anywhere, do anything. I've money of my own and don't need the support of these creatures I continue to marry. I'd love to travel extensively, although somehow I never have. I care nothing about a home except for children, and if I want any children I can adopt far better ones than I could ever produce myself and the place won't be all cluttered up with their fathers. I've said all these things before, Mrs. Shannon, but this time I shall not forget. Manuelo." The man was about to go for an order from the diplomats but he came to her immediately. "A bottle of your special dry Spanish wine, Manuelo." To Deborah, "We'll toast our freedom, Mrs. Shannon. Should I say *our*?"

"Decidedly," Deborah answered with pride.

At this moment, just when their talk was beginning to glow with perfect understanding, the thin man with a handsome deeply tanned countenance and a limp Deborah hadn't noted as he got on the train at Saltillo entered and sat down at the table across the aisle. In a tone a

geography teacher might use to a promising but not brilliant pupil, Mrs. Cheney continued, "We are crossing the national divide. In a few minutes we drop to a desert plateau which is literally endless, Mrs. Shannon. Astonishing how much desert there is in North America, isn't it? Manuelo!"

During mealtimes in his car Manuelo was head-waiter, but having only one assistant, he had to do more than merely supervise. He now brought the wine. At the next table the lady diplomat kept up a running complaint about the slow service. Manuelo polished the wine glasses and lifted the iced bottle with the napkin round its throat.

"Yes, Mrs. Cheney?" He paused to beam at her.

"This is the national divide, didn't you say?" Mrs. Cheney murmured, in a confidential voice.

"*Continental* divide it is called, ma'am."

"Thank you, Manuelo. I was afraid I'd picked the wrong hill in pointing it out to Mrs. Shannon. Thank you again, Manuelo."

"Is there anything else, ma'am?"

"Nothing. Thanks so much."

"Well, of all things! And here we sit, Dan. Why don't you do something?" the lady diplomat demanded of the husband.

"Shut up, Sarah," said her husband, and with vehemence.

Back in her Pullman, Deborah's conjurings about Mrs. Cheney for a time wedged out Michael Shannon. The woman's exquisite face seemed chiseled into her imagination. The flat high-boned cheeks. The beautifully set blue eyes. The thrilling, changeable voice.

In spite of the deliberate aplomb, Deborah could see that the woman was really shattered. She was undoubtedly drinking to keep up her nerve. Poor thing. Look how nervously she had leaped from husbands to the silly national divide thing. As if it mattered! A nervous wreck probably! Marriage, one way or another, did everybody in.

This decision brought Michael back with impact. For some reason Deborah fell to recalling his face, feature by feature. His glorious slow smile. The dark eyes which could make a woman feel that she alone in all the world mattered. His crazy wit. His fiendish periods of indifference. His explosive rages.

She reviewed their first meeting, their sudden falling in love, their tempestuous honeymoon. Temper matched temper. Hers was slow and enduring. His was quick as fire. His charm was stupendous.

She would never love anyone else.

Well, what of it? She was free, wasn't she? And how many people had what she had had behind their freedom? Love! The real thing. And if she couldn't stand living with Michael when loving him, why not live alone and make the best of things? Courageous women did.

Michael would of course marry again. There were plenty of good fish in the sea, Mike would say, and jump right in and get one. Sure he would. Let him.

Deborah hoped, however, that he would choose with some discretion. Michael needed a background for his wit and charm. Without a wife and home Michael was a masterpiece minus a frame. Yes, Deborah generously hoped her successor would be a woman of taste, intelligence, warmth, and passable good looks, who would give Michael all she had given and more.

Though of course she'd have to be a jellyfish to stand him. Sure. And Mike honestly wouldn't like a jellyfish, but let him find that out for himself. Let him. Let him discover what he had lost in Deborah. Let him suffer. Suffer. While *she* lived and lived. Life lay gaily ahead of her, romance forever behind.

Indeed it would serve Michael Shannon quite right if under that gelatinous exterior his next wife was a bitch.

"Now, really!" Deborah snapped herself out of it. She looked round the Pullman. Everybody was dozing. The

diplomats had closed their door, hopefully to enclose peace. Bascom slept on the seat opposite his mother, who dozed against a pillow, her painted little mouth askew. Mrs. Cheney was in another coach. The sight of people asleep and off guard was a little painful, and Deborah turned to the desert. She had expelled Michael from her mind. She started watching the road which ran alongside the tracks. It was dry and rutted. Occasional byways wandered from it into the brush. Mountains far away edged the parched plain, at their feet mirages of flat lakes.

After a while the landscape in some queer way began to absorb Deborah. She found herself out there following one of the tenuous bypaths off into the sagebrush and cactus waste. Oppression weighed over her. She closed her eyes and was rescued from a thorny death by Michael Shannon.

Deborah shook him off and stared resolutely at the desert. The road always followed the tracks. All afternoon it would be there rutted and unchanged. The wizened offshoots appeared and vanished. Who made this road or traveled it? Whence those paths? Effortlessly Deborah was off on one of them again, identical with that other, the earth dragged at her feet, the brush tore at her skirts, and up stepped Michael Shannon. She slapped his phantom face.

"That wine!" Deborah moaned and, meaning to have done with these visions, went to the dressing room, bathed her face and arms and did her hair over. A change of frock freshened her. She had locked her case and was back in her section before she remembered having again forgotten to change the wedding ring from her purse to her jewel box.

"Hello, Debbra." Bascom had awakened and was standing near her.

"Hello, darling." He climbed up beside her and put his head against her arm and went to sleep again.

"Bascom!" Mrs. Bradford cried shrilly.

"Do be quiet. My husband is trying

to rest," said Madam Diplomat, just emerging from the drawing-room.

"Pardon me," Mrs. Bradford said humbly. She dropped in the seat facing Deborah and the sleeping child. "Oh, gosh! Was I scared! I thought Bascom had got off the train somehow. In the horrible desert!"

"He's been here just a minute."

"I had a dream." Deborah quailed at the very thought of hearing it, but its contents surprised her. "I thought I was back in San Antone in a little home of my own on North Alamo and with everything electrical. There was every kind of electrical gadget in that house you could even think of—but it was only a dream. It sure was when you consider the place we live in. It's a palace in those parts, but I don't see myself ever having anything electrical in it." She rolled her eyes with despondency. "Bill loves it. He's nuts about the old tiles and the frescoes in the patio, but I hate the whole works like nothing on this earth. Can you manage your husband or can't you?"

"Manage him?"

"Get him to do what you want?"

"Oh. Well, it depends."

"It sure does. I want to live in San Antone. That's why I kept staying up there this time. I figured eventually Bill would have to come because he's crazy about Bascom, but he didn't, so here I am. Anyhow he doesn't try to force me to stay down here—if he did, I'd stay away. But all the same I've got just as much right to my life as he has."

"I want a lemonade," said Bascom, waking up again.

"All right, honey. Don't you think so?" she inquired of Deborah again.

"A right to your life? Of course you have."

"Mommy, I want a lemonade."

"Say please, Bascom. I wish you would join us," she urged Deborah. "It's my turn to stand the drinks, remember."

"Thank you," Deborah accepted.

Mrs. Bradford stopped with Bascom

in the dressing room, and Deborah arrived in the club car ahead of her. Mrs. Cheney was there, very fresh in a different blouse of dusty pink silk. Her skin looked dainty and her hair gleamed like moonlit silver.

"I'm afraid you thought me very odd at lunch, Mrs. Shannon."

Deborah settled herself and looked interrogative.

"I mean, my sudden conversational lurch from husbands to the national divide, or whatever it was Manuelo called the thing. You see, I think that thin man is a detective."

"The good-looking one with the limp?"

"That's the man. It's the limp which rouses my suspicion. They limp on one case and next case they don't limp. I may be wrong, but any time he looms in view I shall be as discreet as possible. Oh, you do look so intelligent, Mrs. Shannon. You'd never wreck your life on impulse the way I did."

Deborah responded with a faint lift of her shoulders. "Looks are deceiving, Mrs. Cheney."

"Of course they are. Always."

With the smile of a dainty sphinx, Mrs. Cheney took from a stylish bag a silver circle set with azure turquoises.

"My first wedding ring," she said, putting it on.

"How curious!"

"It's very old. Its first owner was an Indian princess."

"It's charming. I've never seen such turquoise."

"I was just back from Paris. Two years in the Beaux Arts made me believe I was going to be a great artist. Edward felt the same—about himself, I mean. And Edward happened to be right. We were living in the artist group in Santa Fé when we were married. Edward was quiet and serious, but I loved being spectacular. For instance, I had a white horse and a black riding habit and a great black sombrero and I used to ride round and round the plaza just so people would look at me. It infuriated Edward."

She laughed gaily. "The time he was maddest though was when I did myself up in emerald green for St. Patrick's and had my hair dyed to match." Mrs. Cheney's mobile lips curved with tender memory. "I was only twenty-two and it was gray even then. Edward spanked me so hard for that stunt I couldn't sit for a week. I was a fool to leave him. I did it on a silly impulse and I've been sorry ever since." She mused, "A drunk. One that was cold as ice. And another who hounds me with spies. But of course from now on I'm sensible. No more husbands, Mrs. Shannon."

"You really do think that man's a sleuth?"

"Definitely. It's morbid. But I've got so everybody's under suspicion until proved otherwise. I didn't feel that way about you though—except just at first."

"My goodness," Deborah said with sympathy.

"But of course"—Mrs. Cheney broke into her own words—"California is fine, in so far as it goes," she stated brightly, "but I prefer Texas."

"What's that?"

A gesture, a mere wiggle of one of Mrs. Cheney's manicured fingers, directed Deborah's glance to the thin man settling himself close by. The one scornful glance Deborah allowed him revealed him nosing idly at a magazine.

Mrs. Bradford came in with Bascom. Manuelo stood by for orders. Mrs. Bradford waited for several minutes before letting her curiosity about Mrs. Cheney take word. "You down here on a trip or something?" she asked then, politely.

"Yes," Mrs. Cheney said, very politely too.

"It's not bad, for a trip."

"I think it's fine."

"You been here before?"

"Yes." Mrs. Cheney's smile was very punctilious.

"Mexico City, I suppose? It's not bad. I always say to Bill if we could live there and he'd just make trips out to the mine—we own a silver mine out in the

wilds, see—I wouldn't mind. You can have a good time in Mexico City."

"It's charming."

"Oh." Mrs. Bradford was being her starched-and-ironed best, but it wasn't getting her along fast enough. "You married?" she now inquired, but very nice.

"Yes."

"Funny ring you've got. You see plenty like it though among the Indians."

"Oh, this?" Mrs. Cheney slipped the turquoise circlet into her bag.

"Any children?"

"I'm sorry to say not any."

"Well, there's advantages both ways when it comes to children."

"Your little boy is adorable, Mrs. Bradford," Mrs. Cheney offered sweetly.

"Do-able," Bascom echoed, between making noises in his glass with the straw.

Time passed. The talk flicked from one to another interest of Woman and the Home. Of the three of them Mrs. Cheney would have passed as the most devoted wife and housewife. Clothes came in. Mrs. Cheney imparted to Mrs. Bradford the name of a little dress-maker in Dallas who tailored her marvelous suits—should the Elysian probability of Mrs. Bradford's being in Dallas ever become fact. She was, Deborah voted, altogether wonderful, when you knew what a darkness filled her gallant heart. Putting it all on of course for the benefit of the propinquent sleuth.

At four the thin man let his magazines slide to the floor and rose to stare through the windows. But the view had not changed. The same road hugged the tracks, the same byways, the flats, the mirages, and far mountains. Manuelo approached and handed Mrs. Cheney a note. She read it and tore it into bits which she put in her bag.

"The worst is over," she announced. All looked startled.

"Soon we'll have sunset. Then dusk and the wonderful night. A Mexican sunset is magnificent," she informed Deborah. "Ed—some one I once knew

used to say that a Mexican sunset is hell turned loose with music, and I really think it fits." Her voice grew thrilling. "First a living ball of fire. Then gorgeous immense blobs of color, tremendous color for which there are no words, followed by a quick dusk. A blue dusk. Swiftly the night. A canopy of orange stars against a velvet sky. The air smelling of flowers." Her voice had taken on a fateful tone, and the thin man was so obviously listening that Deborah felt troubled. She finished, "Soulless flowers, like lilies and gardenias. The flowers of the dead."

Mrs. Bradford was beginning to squirm. "You say the oddest things," she peeped, but Mrs. Cheney didn't notice.

She continued, "Mexico is all so very strange, really. The road along this railroad for instance. Those trails in the brush. My first hus—I mean, this friend I spoke of always called them the footpaths of the dead. He said they were made by the souls of men who had died in the desert trying to find their way home."

"Listen," Mrs. Bradford cried, "I wish you wouldn't talk like that. I'm getting off this train at midnight in country just like this, see. If Bill doesn't meet us we're done for. Why, we couldn't last a day out there—it's cool in this train but you've no idea of the heat in the desert, and if Bill doesn't meet this train . . ."

"Daddy will meet us," said Bascom, without pausing in some very satisfying sliding down the back of an upholstered chair.

"Of course he will, sweet," Mrs. Cheney agreed with him. "Such confidence, such trust!" she murmured to the others, and quite abruptly left them. She paused to speak to Manuelo before leaving the car. When summoned for the bill, Manuelo said she had taken care of it.

"Why she ought not to have done that!" cried Mrs. Bradford. "You know, she's nice," she said after a while.

"She's lovely."

"Well, I think so too. She's maternal too. Did you see how she took to Bascom? Gray hair with a young face is attractive. But it's sad. I'll bet she's not thirty yet but she looks kind of depressed. You know what, I think she has had an unhappy life."

Out of loyalty to a confidence Deborah could not say that such was indeed the case. Besides she had gone speechless with anger; the ignoble well-tailored thin man had limped out on the very heels of Mrs. Cheney.

At dusk the train pulled into San Luis Potosi. There would be another twenty-minute stop. Deborah descended to the platform. The diplomats went off just in front of her. They were waging a war about Mexico. He liked Mexico. She detested it. Suddenly a little girl in a white dress ran from a group of top-hatted dark-skinned men and handed the diplomat's wife a bunch of roses. Both thanked the child gushingly, and in their best company manners received another welcoming delegation like those at Monterrey and Saltillo.

Mrs. Bradford hailed the telegraph boy. There was no message, so she sprinted to make inquiry at the office, leaving Bascom with Deborah. The boy ambled on along the tracks moaning "Meesh-ano—Meesh-ano." Lightly as a bird Mrs. Cheney moved up and down the platform. The thin man stood by, idly pulling on a cigarette. Overhead the stars drooped down like misty lanterns which even the station lights could not seriously dim.

"Nothing," Mrs. Bradford said bitterly coming back. "They say the porter would have got a message for me anyhow. Maybe, maybe not. You never can tell about anything in Mexico. I don't know what I'll do."

"Meesh-ano."

"I can't go on to Mexico City. I haven't enough money for my ticket. You see, I went shopping last thing and—"

"Mechano?"

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Shannon," Mrs. Cheney paused to ask, "but could that telegram possibly be for you?"

"Is your name Shannon?" Mr. Bradford asked surprised. "Why, I saw that wire back in Saltillo. They ought've put it on the train. Gosh!"

Deborah beckoned the boy. It was indeed her message and she read: "Think Mexico would be swell place for second honeymoon. Stop. If you agree will leave Newark Wednesday at five arriving Mexico City for lunch at Paolo's Thursday noon. Stop Love Mike."

Wednesday was tomorrow. Leave Newark at five. This train got in to Mexico City tomorrow morning. Lots of time . . . Except that it made no difference.

Deborah almost snapped at the boy with her lip. "No answer!"

"Bad news?" inquired Mr. Bradford. "Awful."

"I hope it's not a death or anything?" "Worse."

Deborah dined with Mrs. Cheney who had changed to a becoming black frock. She was now calm and happy. She limited herself to a cocktail and a liqueur.

"I was wrong about that man being a detective," she told Deborah. "Manuelo is really wonderful. He sensed my uneasiness, and in that note he gave me this afternoon said he'd come information which he thought might interest me. He told me later that the thin man is John Blaine, who everybody knows owns half the oil in Texas. It's frightful to be so suspicious."

"It's not your fault, darling."

"I'm ashamed of it just the same. Let's see a lot of each other in Mexico City, shall we?"

"I'd adore to," Deborah said warmly.

They chatted till after nine o'clock and made a date for breakfast. When Deborah went to the Pullman the berths were all made up save Mrs. Bradford's. Bascom was asleep on one seat and his mother sat in the other, very forlorn. Her conscience pricking for having left

her here alone, Deborah joined her vigil. The time dragged endlessly. Ten-thirty. Eleven. Eleven-five. Eleven-ten. Finally a quarter to twelve. The porter assembled the bags and brushed Mrs. Bradford's coat. Deborah gathered the child in her arms.

Poor Mrs. Bradford was now so hectic that Deborah begged her to stay on the train if no one met her, offering herself to assume the extra cost.

"It wouldn't be right," Mrs. Bradford insisted stubbornly.

The train began slowing down. The porter lowered the steps. Suddenly a murderous-looking mustachioed Mexican showed up below, holding up a torch. Deborah's heart quailed at the sight, but Mrs. Bradford cried happily, "Pedro!"

"Pedro," mumbled Bascom sleepily. "Daddy," he added as a broad-shouldered, fair-haired man ran up and scooped both woman and child from the steps into his arms.

There were no farewells for the forgotten Deborah, for they were still like that when the train moved on under the fabulous stars.

What a day! Deborah reflected, getting into her berth. A living book against marriage. An exemplified vindication of her desperately matched freedom. She slept so soundly that she was late for breakfast. "Life is what you make it," she heard Mrs. Cheney's smoky voice asserting as she entered the club car. Opposite her sat the thin man. His eyes were answering that, with his help, Mrs. Cheney could make it pretty nice.

"Will you sit here, ma'am?" Manuelo offered Deborah a little table near the door. He proffered the menu. "Mrs. Cheney, ma'am, says to say she will see you a little later, when -"

"Orange juice and coffee?"

"Yes, ma'am. Thank you, ma'am."

Manuelo, who understood women, went to give the order to the kitchen. On fetching the ice water he even permitted himself a tender smile as he saw the lady take a wedding ring from her purse and put it where it belonged.



WHEELER OF MONTANA

BY RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

THE political lifeline of Senator Burton K. Wheeler seemed to be frayed to its last strands on the third of October, 1937. He sat that lonely Sunday afternoon in a hotel room in Los Angeles, a voluntary exile from a scene occurring two thousand miles away in his home State. Under gray skies President Roosevelt had arrived at the abandoned fur-trading post of Fort Peck, where the Federal government was building a one hundred and eight million dollar earthen dam across the Missouri River. There he began talking to a crowd of ranchers and workmen about the individuals in public life who were interested "in the development of the Yellowstone, of the Milk, of the Gallatin, of the Big Horn, and of a lot of other rivers right in this State of Montana." Doubting Thomases who had never been West, said the President scornfully, could not understand the interest of these individuals—"my interest, Jim Murray's interest, Jim O'Connor's interest, Jerry O'Connell's interest."

The tall, dome-headed traveler in Los Angeles chewed hard on his cigar as he read a newspaper a few hours later. Mr. Roosevelt had mentioned every member of Montana's scanty Congressional delegation except one: Burton Kendall Wheeler. What had the men and women clustered on the harsh uplands at Fort Peck—and the others listening at their radios—thought of that?

In a frontier State caught on the fringe of the Dust Bowl, a State requiring the heaviest *per capita* relief expenditures in

the nation, with half its farms mortgaged and a greater proportion of farm bankruptcies than anywhere else in the country, a State ribbed with innumerable mountain torrents yet with only twelve per cent of its farms electrified, a State so exhausted agriculturally that it alone in the Union lost population during the nineteen-twenties—in this setting the President had tried to settle accounts for the defeat of his scheme to enlarge the Supreme Court. He had implied to the victims of these conditions that their senior Senator, the leader of the successful resistance to the Court plan, was not interested in generating cheap power, improving navigation, or storing water for seared acres on the glacier-fed rivers of Montana.

That was about two and a half years ago. At the time Mr. Roosevelt drove through the Fort Peck shack towns of Wheeler and New Deal and Delano Heights it would not have been salutary for the man for whom the first town was named to enter many of the labor union halls in the State. Voters who had kept Wheeler in the Senate since 1922 were calling him a traitor and a knave. His defenders were hooted down. Lumberjacks in the Cabinet Range and copper miners at Butte began bracketing him with J. P. Morgan and the duPonts. Senator Guffey of Pennsylvania, an Administration lieutenant, predicted Wheeler's downfall at the polls in 1940—and Wheeler made the prophecy credible by hurrying to California on "important business," rather than stay to risk the

ignominy of not being welcome aboard the Presidential Special as it twisted up from the Idaho plains. Jerry J. O'Connell, an ebullient leftwing Congressman, began announcing far and wide that in 1940 he would reach the age of thirty-one, old enough at last to evict Wheeler from the Senate; this would be accomplished of course with the assistance of the White House.

Now 1940 is here. Wheeler has filed for reelection to the Senate. Victory for him is practically conceded. To date he is unopposed by any antagonist who appears formidable, and O'Connell has given no indication of entering the primary. Republicans admit that if Wheeler is the Democratic nominee he will triumph easily in the fall over any Republican. Labor unions, which not so long ago were saying to Wheeler, "We find you in bed with Hoover, Girdler, and the Liberty League," are now promoting him for President of the United States. He has a more impressive galaxy of labor support than Mr. Roosevelt himself. And at Fort Peck Dam, where the President attempted to excommunicate Wheeler in 1937, the man looked to for new hydroelectric generators and a bigger irrigation program is the man who once was supposed not to be interested in developing the "rivers right in this State of Montana."

This has been a startling comeback—so startling that it is even possible that if Roosevelt does not run, the Democratic Party may select as its Presidential candidate a politician who brings to the match the unprecedentedly skimpy dowry of Montana's four electoral votes. And if he is passed over this year, Wheeler probably will still be available for the expected showdown in 1944, when at sixty-two he will not yet be outside the age limit and when the Democrats, even more than at present, may have to put forth a nominee who stands for both constitutional processes and a greatly increased diffusion of the national income.

Wheeler's present status dates from his

leadership of the Senate members who beat the White House proposition to put six new judges on the Supreme Court. Until then he was just another crusading Senator, with an isolationist attitude toward foreign affairs, from one of the sprawling States beyond the Corn Belt. The foes of Court-packing eagerly shoved him to the front of their procession. He satisfied all requirements. A Democrat, a Westerner, and a progressive, who could better detract attention from the numerous Liberty Leaguers in the line of march?

The Court plan was rejected, and Wheeler got the bulk of the credit—and the blame—for the outcome. When Mr. Roosevelt knew at last he was licked it was to Wheeler that he sent Vice-President Garner to arrange the terms of surrender. Garner strode to Room 421 of the Senate Office Building, puffing contemplatively on his cigar, and looked across a littered desk at the man whom Administration zealots were accusing of high treason. "Burt," said the Vice-President, "you can write your own ticket."

Wheeler's smile showed the eye-tooth at the left of his mouth. "All right, Jack," he replied.

For a few minutes the two Democrats chatted back and forth. Smoke from their cigars slowly billowed toward the ceiling. Wheeler's blue eyes were merry behind his rimless octagonal glasses. Neither man remarked, although both may have been thinking about it, that for the first time the sovereignty of Franklin D. Roosevelt over Congress had been successfully challenged. For the moment, at least, the mace belonged to Wheeler.

This is the scene which business leaders remember when they invite the Montana Senator to address their banquets and then print his utterances in neat, white leaflets entitled *A Liberal Looks at Private Enterprise*. Old-line politicians recall it gloatingly when they hint that Wheeler deserves further recognition. The repulse of the Court plan was a staggering

blow to the President. Until then he had been invincible. After that Congress reasserted its prerogatives. The day of kowtowing to the White House was over.

Some of the New Dealers maintain that Wheeler had set about, coldly, shrewdly, and deliberately, to ingratiate himself with the conservatives. The Court plan presented a made-to-order opportunity. He has, they say, been staging the cagiest performance in Washington ever since, riding Roman fashion with one foot on the liberals' horse and one foot on the steed of the Tories. Other charges are directed against him—that he has acquired a palatial summer home, that he has been secretly plotting with Hearst, that his income-tax returns will be investigated, that his sympathies have shifted from the workers of Montana to the big corporations, that his law practice has become suspiciously lucrative, that he always has been a phony progressive, that he connived to place in Congress the apologist for General George Van Horn Mosely, the anti-Semitic Jacob Thorkelson.

From here the slurs trail off into the unprintable. Some of these charges, including those which are obviously political muck, have been published, especially in Jerry O'Connell's weekly paper, the *Montana Liberal*. Others are gossip in hotel lobbies in Billings and Butte and Helena and Miles City, as well as in Washington. All the accusations stem from the vital role Wheeler played in the Court struggle. An examination of the events surrounding his part in that struggle is essential to any appraisal of his present and future position.

II

Despite the gloom which attended farm foreclosures, bank failures, and dismal lows in lumber and mineral production, the progressive forces in the Democratic Party of Montana rejoiced as a new Administration prepared to take over the Federal government in 1933.

They were about to come into their own, after an interminable period of guerrilla warfare against the power companies, the copper companies, and the reactionaries in their own party.

Montana's senior Senator, that stern and relentless investigator, Thomas J. Walsh, was on his way to the capital to become Attorney-General and bust the trusts. His political protégé, Burton K. Wheeler, had been the first member of the Senate to propose Governor Roosevelt of New York for the Presidency and had helped enormously to make the proposal effective. He lined up the Northwest and Mountain delegations and hammered away at the insurgents that Roosevelt was their best bet. Then on the train to Washington on the night before the inauguration Tom Walsh died of a heart attack. Into the breach as Attorney-General the new President hastily thrust Homer Cummings, an old-guard Connecticut Democrat. Cummings was an intimate friend of the bitterest enemy Wheeler had in Montana politics, J. Bruce Kremer, national committeeman from the State and a lobbyist for high finance and big business.

That summer a locomotive engineer active in the Railroad Brotherhoods and the progressive movement complained to Wheeler about some of the Montana appointments being made by the Department of Justice. The smile about the Senator's mouth flattened into a thin line. "You're not telling me anything I don't know," he said sourly; "but it looks like Kremer is calling a lot of the patronage shots. It's hard to understand, yet that's the way it is."

The President seemed to forget completely his obligation to Wheeler—how, for example, the latter had angered Jouett Shouse by delivering a Roosevelt speech at the National Democratic Club in 1930, and how Huey Long, Hiram Johnson, and Norris had followed Wheeler to the stump for him. The Montana Senator was not consulted on policy, he was not brought into the White House inner councils. He did not sit at

Hyde Park and plan the future direction of the New Deal. These privileges were reserved for Administration executives, professors, and social workers, people who had been of little consequence in Mr. Roosevelt's victories in the convention and at the ballot box.

When the Administration needed someone to whip through the bill regulating utility holding companies, orders were sent to Wheeler via couriers whom he may have been referring to when he later ridiculed "young lawyers from Harvard and Columbia Law Schools who have never practiced law and never heard of Montana or Minnesota except in a geography book." In the holding-company hostilities the chips were really down. A vast publicity organization went into action all over the land: "AMERICANS DO NOT WANT THIS BILL!" Telegrams inundated Congress. Eighty per cent of the press loudly condemned the measure's mandatory features. As the sponsor of the legislation, Wheeler was branded a Bolshevik and a wrecker; but this did not irritate him as much as the fact that, although the President himself had criticized the Associated Gas and Electric setup, the Black lobby investigation announced that several close associates of the White House had been entertained by A. G. & E. and that among the company's lobbyists was J. Bruce Kremer, retained for \$5,000.

On his transcontinental trip in 1934 Mr. Roosevelt had praised Senator Ryan Duffy of Wisconsin, but traveled 675 miles across Montana without murmuring a syllable about Wheeler. Duffy voted for an amendment which would have filed down the teeth in the Holding Company Act; the amendment, stubbornly opposed by Wheeler—and by the President—was beaten by one vote, with a number of Administration favorites besides Duffy supporting it.

These incidents stuck in Wheeler's raw. A couple of years later, when he was damning the Court plan, he blurted out (in disregard of metaphor), "I will be fighting for democracy with a small 'd'

when many of the office-holding liberals of to-day will desert the New Deal ship for fat jobs with economic royalists in the caves of Wall Street."

Early in Mr. Roosevelt's regime it was clear that he was often comparatively inattentive to staunch adherents, while using jobs, flattery, and honors in an attempt to hold waverers and even to win over foes. This has happened again and again in the West, where the old Populist and progressive groups, which twice helped give the President thundering majorities, have been treated niggardly in the distribution of rewards.

The Administration handed Wheeler some routine patronage—and that was the extent of its friendliness to the first Democrat outside New York to declare for Mr. Roosevelt. The Senator looked down toward the Department of Justice and scowled. In 1924, at the zenith of Republican normalcy, he had exposed roguery in that department which forced President Coolidge to ask for the resignation of Harry M. Daugherty as Attorney-General. Samuel Hopkins Adams writes that, shortly after the Senate had yielded to Wheeler's persistent demands for an inquiry, agents of William J. Burns, director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, "were in Montana working up a flimsy case against the Senator, and secured his indictment on a charge of unlawfully accepting a retainer to influence the issuance of oil and gas property permits." The case was a frameup, but Wheeler suffered while it lasted. For a full year the charge was held over his head. At last a Montana jury acquitted him—on the day his sixth child was born—and a Senate committee under the chairmanship of Borah gave him a complete exoneration. The jury deliberated only ten minutes.

That was an unforgettable episode in Wheeler's life. Framed on the wall of his office is a letter from a man professing to have inside knowledge of the Justice Department plot. Friends of Wheeler say he still remembers that the assistant director of the FBI in 1924, who the

next year became director, was J. Edgar Hoover. As Tom Walsh neared Washington that March night in 1933, the G-man was said to await his arrival with considerable anxiety. Yet under Cummings and subsequent New Deal Attorneys-General this holdover from the Harding era ascended to new fame and power. Wheeler does not speak of this, but his intimates, both in Montana and Washington, claim that several times he has insisted without success that the FBI either return or destroy its dossier on him.

Wheeler is a politician. No man not a politician would be serving his third consecutive term as Senator from Montana. In that rugged frontier State a public figure can defy the majority opinion, but he cannot deal shabbily with a friend. An engineer who helped survey the Milwaukee Line through the Northwest once observed that the region did not seem wholly in sympathy with the voting records of its most illustrious Senators, but that it was downright devoted to them as human beings. Burton Wheeler can deliver a speech in the Senate which offends the economic predilections of the people of Wolf Point, and he can still get their votes on election day. Let him be thankless, however, to Wolf Point citizens who have circulated his campaign literature and pushed doorbells for him, and he is on the skids.

Watch Wheeler as he strides across the dingy, tile-floored lobby of the Grand Hotel in Butte, which he owns, and gets into his Buick. Rangy, talkative, and jovial, with a perennial cigar and dented Stetson hat, his appearance shows him for what he is: a typical Far Western politician. Democratic in behavior without being a back-slapper, he can add cohorts by strolling into a crossroads store or chatting with a farmer over a fence-rail.

Wheeler is "Burt" to many of the men who know him and he knows men in every precinct. The Railroad Brotherhoods provide a lot of his contacts. Three transcontinental systems stretch

for almost seven hundred miles apiece across the State. Their workers are scattered throughout Montana, at lonely sidings and along remote spurs. This support has kept Wheeler on his feet when the Democratic Party was collapsing all around him. In 1928 Al Smith carried only three of the State's fifty-six counties, but the Senator carried thirty-five and was reelected.

In the patronage matters controlled by Wheeler political gratitude is an important factor. The director of the National Youth Administration in Montana, for example, is no professional uplifter but Jim Love, a freight conductor on the Northern Pacific east of Miles City. And although Wheeler doubtless selected him more for his familiarity with precincts than with juvenile delinquency, Aubrey Williams, the administrator of the NYA, says Love is one of the best directors in the country and has asked the railroad to extend his leave.

The Senator's fidelity to his supporters has been bread on the waters. With fewer inhabitants than Buffalo, Montana is three times as big as the State of New York. To survive politically in so far-flung and gaunt an area—particularly if a man is to be independent, as Wheeler has been, of the reigning corporate interest, Anaconda Copper—it is necessary to have friends who will mend political fences whenever they start to crumble. Without doorbell-pushers and curbstone champions who were sure he was appreciative and ready to return the favor, Wheeler would have been vanquished long ago in the rough *mêlée* of Montana politics. Staying on top has been a hard struggle. In the midst of an especially dirty scrap in Washington he said, "When you've been fighting the big copper companies for fifteen years, taking your chances with mine guards and private detectives, this is pie."

III

By the time the President submitted his Court plan, early in February of 1937,

Wheeler's tie with the Administration had become pretty tenuous. He was in a defiant mood. Accustomed to giving and receiving political loyalty, he felt he had had none from the White House. The free coinage of silver was, and is, one of the great interests of Wheeler's life, yet Mr. Roosevelt had not made him the New Deal's spokesman on silver legislation, going instead to Key Pittman of Nevada, who, although not a liberal, was in a position of crucial concern to the President, the chairmanship of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations.

At the beginning of the Court controversy Mr. Roosevelt was plainly shocked and disturbed by Wheeler's violent defecation. At any rate there came a sign of long-deferred cordiality from the White House. Joseph Alsop and Turner Catledge report in *The 168 Days* that "Charley Michelson telephoned Wheeler. The President wanted his old friend Burt to dinner that night. Would Wheeler come? Wheeler told Michelson that the President had better 'save the plate for someone who persuaded more easily.'" Alsop and Catledge are also authorities for the fact that in 1935 Thomas G. Corcoran, the main White House consultant, had written a Court-packing speech which he tried to induce Wheeler to deliver. The Senator refused. So Wheeler's stand against the Court bill, two years later, was not the product of the moment; unquestionably it was premised on principle. Yet the part he played in the battle must have been influenced by personal bitterness. What else could have goaded him to his cry, when the reluctant floor-leader for the Administration, Senator Joe Robinson of Arkansas, suddenly died from heart failure: "I beseech the President to drop the fight lest he appear to fight against God!"?

Even the other adversaries of the Court scheme nearly chilled Wheeler out of the Senate chamber for two or three days after that. In Montana he was jeered at union meetings and Democratic rallies. Students in the State University formed a

"Wheeler for Ex-Senator Club." William T. Evjue of the Madison *Capital-Times*, who had been one of the backers of the 1924 ticket of La Follette and Wheeler, wrote him, "I think that you have forever lost the support of millions of liberals." The Senator's political fortunes were on the way to the low ebb which marked his hegira to California while Mr. Roosevelt was on the Fort Peck excursion.

Throughout the Court conflict Wheeler displayed an acute consciousness of the contrast between his career and that of many of the promoters of the bill, including the President. People were reminded that when Wheeler was on the hustings for "Fighting Bob" Mr. Roosevelt had been backing a Morgan lawyer, John W. Davis. Nor was memory permitted to grow cold of Wheeler's persecution at the hands of the Department of Justice. He dramatically asked Senator O'Mahoney of Wyoming: "Suppose Daugherty had had the power which this bill gives, to send a hand-picked judge to try me, where should I be to-day?"

"The Senator," replied O'Mahoney, "wouldn't be here to ask me the question."

These were needless heroics, but they could not dull the fact that Burton Wheeler has been crusading for progressive government since 1910. That year he was elected to the Montana legislature from Silver Bow County. Butte was his home, but he was not a native. He came originally from Hudson, Massachusetts, where he was born in 1882. He started westward when he was twenty and got as far as the University of Michigan. In the summers he sold cookbooks printed in three languages (English, Norwegian, and German) and in the winters washed dishes in a Negro restaurant. Thus he got a legal education. On one of his cookbook expeditions he met Lulu M. White at an Illinois farm where he had a chicken dinner. She is now Mrs. Wheeler.

The young attorney headed across the plains in 1905. Spokane was his desti-

nation, but he was cheated out of his money by crooked gamblers in Butte and there he stayed. No one in Montana, a philosophic rancher once observed, "really sets easy 'till he decides whether he's for or agin 'the Company.'" Wheeler decided in 1910. He was told that any member of the legislature who voted for that dangerous trouble-maker, Thomas J. Walsh, for the United States Senate would incur the everlasting wrath of the Anaconda Company. The scrap which the twenty-eight-year-old State representative put up for Walsh brought him abuse in the Company newspapers and the friendship of the central figure in Montana politics.

In 1913, at the solicitation of Senator Walsh, Woodrow Wilson appointed Wheeler United States Attorney for the Montana District. Strikes in the mines and logging camps kept him on tenterhooks. Men's nerves were quickly frazzled in the thin air of Butte's 5,800 feet. Violence broke out repeatedly. A union organizer was hanged to a trestle. The strikers banded into an angry mob, and the Company demanded that Wheeler lock them up. He fired back a counter-demand that Anaconda get rid of its gang of Pinkerton and Burns detectives.

Soon a new sting was added to Wheeler's nest of prickles. America went to war. People of German and Irish descent were at once suspected of treason. Patriots insisted upon long prison sentences for "Wobblies" and pacifists. Every mountain pass and gorge was reported to be the lair of Huns. In the Company press labor agitators were guilty *per se*. Wheeler was called a Prussian agent for not ordering wholesale roundups of these national enemies. The Republican News Bureau complained that Montana had become a "hotbed of sedition owing to Mr. Wheeler's refusal to prosecute men accused of offenses under the War acts." The Quaker background of the Federal attorney made him unsympathetic with the War in any sense, and he saw that the

mines and sawmills were cunningly using the hysteria to shatter the unions. In the town of Livingston an aged Austrian who was a wiper at the Northern Pacific roundhouse would not sign a petition pledging meatless days. The old man had a son in the Army, but a band of patriots dragged him through the streets and made him grovel on the ground and kiss the American Flag. Gripped with rage, he sued for damages. Only one lawyer in Montana would handle his case. Each day during the trial the newspapers ran a front-page box: "DEBS AND WHEELER!"

The hatreds thus whipped up still pursued Wheeler when he ran for Governor in 1920. He was opposed by the most ferocious campaign in the history of the Northwest. Posters charged him with fealty to both the Kaiser and Lenin. At Dillon he was nearly tarred and feathered. He had to speak from a haystack outside Miles City because a mob would not let him hold a meeting in town. His rallies were raided and his listeners scattered. He was running on a Non-Partisan League ticket which included a Negro and a Blackfoot Indian, and it was whispered that Wheeler favored free love and marriage between races, and that if he won the election no man's woman would henceforth be his own. The press contended that a victory for him would close mines and smelters, bust the grain elevators, and ruin the farms. He was swamped by forty thousand votes.

But the mines and smelters closed anyway, hit by the depression of 1921. A rainfall cycle had given way to blistering heat, and the ranches on the high plateaus were drying up. The Montana wheat crop crashed in value. A Canadian orchardist, taking out citizenship papers at Helena, insisted in court that Burt Wheeler *must* be Governor, for how else could conditions be so bad?

Montana's voters were not fooled twice. In 1922 they sent Wheeler to the Senate. Two years later he was the running mate of La Follette. Wheeler's

favorite stunt in that campaign was to pull a chair to the front of the platform, place a hypothetical Calvin Coolidge in it, and begin a prolonged catechism.

"Why did you sit silent, Mr. Coolidge, when Fall was looting the country's oil reserves?" he would ask.

"What about Daugherty, Mr. Coolidge?"

And, as the audience warmed up, "Surely, Mr. Coolidge, it did not take a green Senator from Montana to inform you of these crimes. What have you got to say, Mr. Coolidge?"

It was melodramatic, rough-and-tumble stuff, straight from the mining camps and timber cuttings. Wheeler, big, forceful, and aggressive, made a vivid impression. William Hard thought he would have been "a great bucko mate quelling the crew on an old New England China clipper," but the *New York Times* deplored the Senator's "violence of speech, his recklessness in personal attack upon President Coolidge." Although Coolidge polled three times as many votes as "Fighting Bob," Wheeler emerged from the lost campaign with the conviction that Jefferson, Lincoln, and La Follette were the three greatest Americans. He still thinks so.

This is the political background of the man who in 1937 was under fire as a Tory recruit, a fake progressive, and a stooge for big business.

IV

How good are Wheeler's chances to be President? Along with the other Democratic candidates, his chances are no good at all if Mr. Roosevelt determines to run again. The President can undoubtedly get the nomination without a serious struggle. But should Mr. Roosevelt make up his mind to go back to Hyde Park, what then?

Secretary Hull and Vice-President Garner are near the age limit at which the President deemed men unfit to serve on the Supreme Court. Neither Garner nor Paul McNutt, the Federal Security

administrator, seems acceptable to the unions. Jim Farley would be a target for religious bigots. Attorney-General Jackson is an unknown quantity at the polls. Harold Ickes and Senator Barkley are fading from consideration. Garner, Hull, Jesse Jones, Speaker of the House Bankhead, or some other Southerner of more or less conservative tendencies could probably be nominated, but how would the program of the New Deal fare at their hands?

Burton Wheeler is exactly Mr. Roosevelt's age, fifty-eight. He is a Methodist. In his last election contest he was victorious, 142,823 votes to 58,519. This past winter he has won the applause of both the National Association of Manufacturers and the United Mine Workers. He is the No. 1 choice of John L. Lewis. The Railway trainmen are organizing clubs for him in every State. "The record of Senator Wheeler," according to William Green, the A. F. of L. president, "shows that he has consistently championed the cause of labor. We can rely upon him to sponsor and support social justice legislation." No candidate has better labor support than this.

In addition, Wheeler has practically a fee-simple claim on important segments of the old progressive movement. Norris believes he would be "a wonderful President" and will take the stump for him if he is nominated. A few weeks before his fatal stroke Borah told the other Senator from Idaho, Worth Clark, that he was ready to bolt the Republican Party to support Wheeler. This legacy might give Wheeler the backing or sympathetic neutrality of such Republican liberals as Capper, McNary, and Nye. The La Follette brothers have shunted aside their differences with Wheeler over Court-packing and now call him "a fearless fighter for the common people." The money-tinkerers applaud Wheeler's unorthodox ideas about silver, and he satisfies Dr. Townsend. This is a formidable political regiment, but it will never march to the Presidential wars

unless Roosevelt gives his O.K. The winner of the Democratic nomination must have the President's endorsement. Will he collaborate in installing as his successor in the White House the Senator who beat the Court bill?

Mr. Roosevelt is a proud man and Wheeler is impulsive. They had a tense interview during the Court controversy, and a fearful row occurred between Wheeler and Corcoran at the Dodge Hotel. One of the Senator's daughters gave a party in an attempt to reconcile her father and the New Dealers, but over the sandwiches and drinks a bitter quarrel broke out, Wheeler's amiable features contorted into hawklike ferocity as he expounded the perils of Court-packing. And it is not probable that the White House coterie has forgotten that Wheeler's *alter ego* and economic adviser, Max Lowenthal, prepared several monographs at the time of the appointment of W. O. Douglas to the Supreme Court, charging the nominee with a lack of interest in labor, agriculture, and civil liberties.

There also is the question of foreign policy. Just now Mr. Roosevelt is preoccupied with the war in Europe. His views on this war are emphatically not those of the Montana lawyer who was dragooned for his distaste for the last one. Wheeler voted against repeal of the arms embargo and said, to the disgust of White House and State Department, "I will never vote to send an American boy across the water to fight on foreign soil, though I am hanged in effigy and have all those other things done to me that are done in times of hysteria." Wheeler recently approved a bill forbidding American clipper planes to land at Bermuda because of British seizure of mails. How does this set with a President whose English sympathies are well known?

On the other hand, Mr. Roosevelt, with a domestic program to save too, may remember Wheeler's statement at Billings a year ago: "Franklin D. Roosevelt is the one President since Lincoln who has done more for the workers and average people than any other." He may

remember that Wheeler informed the manufacturers, "The social reforms inaugurated by this Administration have my hearty approval." He may not be able to shut his eyes to Wheeler's standing with the labor and farm groups, a standing now as high as ever.

In the headquarters of the Silver Bow Miners' Union at Butte haggard, stoop-shouldered Ed Mason says he will support Burt Wheeler for any office he seeks. Ed, whose leg is riddled by an infection from an accident in the copper mines, is president of the union. Tom Kennedy, bespectacled and wiry, is secretary. In 1937 he wrote Wheeler that the miners wanted him to get behind the Court bill, and received this reply, "The proposition is wrong. You don't agree with me now, but you will some time in the future." To-day Kennedy is for Wheeler for President. A number of factors are responsible for this comeback. One is Wheeler's friends and political confederates, who stood by during the storm. Another is the fact that the Supreme Court has reversed its most unpopular decisions. Still a third is the disproof of the charges and accusations against him.

The "palatial summer home" has turned out to be a log cabin on Lake MacDonald in Glacier National Park. Wheeler bought it for \$700 and has added \$350 worth of improvements. He and his sons built the woodshed and a sleeping-porch. Nor is Wheeler's Presidential campaign evidence of sudden affluence. To date \$10,000 has been raised, the bulk of it by friends and neighbors and his cohorts in Montana politics.

But what about Jacob Thorkelson who, elected to Congress with the support of Wheeler in 1938, has become the champion of General Mosely and the Presidential candidate of William Dudley Pelley, leader of the Silver Shirts? Wheeler precipitately went over to Thorkelson to revenge himself on Jerry O'Connell for a series of vitriolic personal attacks. O'Connell was defeated for reelection. Once he had taken the oath of office, Thorkelson delivered so

many diatribes against the Jews that Pelley has collected them in a folder luridly entitled *Invisible Government*.

This was a new aspect of Thorkelson, who is an alien-baiting physician born in Norway sixty-four years ago. Not even O'Connell knew of it, for when his secretary assailed Wheeler just after the campaign he condemned Thorkelson's conservatism but did not refer to his anti-Semitism. Yet Wheeler was assuredly guilty of slipshod action. He backed Thorkelson without finding out enough about him. Thoroughness has never been the Senator's forte. He prefers the drama of the rostrum to humdrum grappling with figures and statistics. He is lazy. His knowledge of economics does not match his good intentions because research and heavy reading bore him. Samuel Hopkins Adams salutes the courage with which the scandals of the Harding Administration were probed, but points out that "Wheeler lacked Senator Walsh's patient talent for accumulating and collating facts. He had not the same power of discrimination between the essential and non-essential. . . . He brought in an enormous mass of undigested, ill-assorted testimony."

But being a glutton for work and study has never been essential to occupancy of the White House—not as essential, for example, as coming from a State with a big chunk of electoral votes.

V

There it is, stretching from the Great Plains to the Columbia Basin—Montana! In the east it fringes the Dust Bowl, and its western slope is part of the watershed where President Roosevelt hopes to resettle the Dust Bowl migrants.

It is a hard State. Butte is only seventy-four years old, but its cemeteries are full and it has nearly as many dead as alive. "Trouble with Montana," said a rural sheriff once, "is that there ain't enough graveyards." Con Kelly, president of Anaconda, gets a salary of \$168,000, but in a six-month period when the

copper market sagged, relief certifications in Silver Bow County jumped from 1,870 to 6,736. Montana needs \$127 in Federal aid for each citizen, compared with a national average of \$72.80. As copper fluctuates, the mines open and close like a revolving door. In some of the dry counties eighty per cent of the farm land has reverted to mortgage companies and the tax collector. This hits the middle class too. The old Silver Bow Club, where Butte business men used to eat two-inch steaks and deal \$100 poker hands, is now the WPA office. Beneath musty buffalo heads and murals of English archers, the relievers wait for their checks.

Yet there is hope. Montana's rivers are white-capped and lusty. Thousands of its acres need only water to bloom. A dam can store water and generate electricity to pump it into irrigation canals. The money gathered in by non-resident capitalists, who own the minerals and timber and railroads of Montana, is gradually being returned in Federal appropriations for reclamation and waterway projects.

From this background can a man go to the Presidency? No Chief Executive has ever come from the vast hinterland which forms so large a part of the nation's territory. Acreage does not cast votes. Montana is third in the Union in area, but thirty-ninth in population. To come from Montana may be a grave liability in view of the fact that the Democrats have never won with a nominee from the West.

Yet precedents have been broken before, and the decision will presumably be up to a man for whom precedents have slight meaning, indeed. The Democratic convention may very conceivably confront Mr. Roosevelt with three alternatives: (1) A third term, (2) a conservative Southerner hostile to the New Deal at home, but sympathetic with the foreign policy, and (3) Burton Kendall Wheeler, the senior Senator from Montana.

What will F. D. R. do then?



SINGAPORE CALLING

BY NATHAN SINAI

TC TCUTK DKDDR LQRQ

THE code message is delivered to a house in River Valley Road, Singapore. Outside a metal plate states that here, at Number 336, are the headquarters of the Eastern Health Bureau, League of Nations. It fails to state that here also is the stage-setting for a daily drama that concerns real lives, millions of real lives. This code message, translated into understandable language, tells of something that has happened a thousand miles away:

EIGHTEENTH FEBRUARY. FIRST CASE
CHOLERA AT BANGKOK. PRECAUTIONS
TAKEN.

Ask the average citizen of New York or London or Topeka if he thinks that the nations of the world will ever act in reasonable harmony and his answer is a pitying look. To him it is a world where discord is the rule and harmony the too brief interlude. He thinks of China, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Finland, the Western Front; of screaming sirens and panicstricken men, women, and children; of a treaty signed one day and transformed into a crisis the next; of a world that has adopted the pattern of life in an uncontrolled psychopathic ward. Yet, in the midst of it all, the nine-word message from Bangkok is a symbol of world unity and international maturity. Behind it lies almost a century of experience in the art of living and working together for a common purpose—the protection of peoples against a common enemy, Disease.

The average citizen, from his vantage-point of 1940, may object to such interpretations by saying, "But my view is based upon the failure of nations to combat something entirely different. It's War that concerns me, not Disease. Of course nations will combine to fight Disease!" Had he lived a century ago his "of course" would not have been so positive. At that time nations did not and would not unite to control disease any more than they join now to prevent war. Then as now the same obstructive influences—diplomatic intrigue, national cupidity, international stupidity—delayed unified action until a physically-sick world revolted against the tyranny of petty minds and petty ambitions. The message from Bangkok is the *liberté, égalité, fraternité* of this revolt.

Since 1925 Singapore has been the health-hub of a hemisphere that embraces Egypt on the west, Australia to the south, Vladivostok to the north, and Hawaii to the east. Within the circle are the peoples of continents, nations, and islands—Africa, Australia, India, eastern Russia, the whole Orient, the Pacific Islands—and black, yellow, or white, all are of the human family, all have a common weakness—susceptibility to disease—and all have a common urge to survive. The urge is the welding material that joins over a billion people in a solid front to combat their susceptibility, and Singapore is the center of strategy and tactics.

Stretching from Singapore, like the wire spokes of a wheel, are the cable

connections to over two hundred seaports. By Wednesday of every week each port gives an account of its state of health. The communication may be a routine "All's well" or, as in the case of Bangkok, an emergency message that the line of defense has been pierced. Bangkok's message calls for quick action and it takes the form of cables to all ports that are in shipping contact so that other countries may be put on their guard against products and passengers from the point of danger. In effect Bangkok's message to Singapore might have read, "Warn other countries against us immediately. Cholera has broken out and until it is suppressed we are a threat." A strange philosophy is this in a world with the predominant international principle of each nation for itself and God help the little ones!

Whether it be Bangkok or another port, an emergency message of a new attack or a weekly report of persisting danger means trouble for the sender. For example, Burma is listed as one of the plague centers of the world. It is also a rice-growing center and a large part of its rice is shipped to Colombo for the people of Ceylon. Each rice shipment when it reaches Colombo must be unloaded into lighters and then fumigated with hydrocyanic acid gas to destroy any rats that might carry fresh plague into Ceylon. The extra costs of handling the bags of rice and the expense of fumigation are charged against the shippers in Burma. To any complaint of the shippers Ceylon has a stock answer: "The fumigation of rice is not a profit-making venture; when Burma wipes out plague Ceylon will be glad to permit the direct entry of rice." In all this the significant feature is that Burma does not withhold the information that plague cases are occurring. By 1938 the cases were so few that it would have been easy to conceal them, yet eight cases of human plague were reported and Ceylon continued the restrictions that are so costly to the shippers of Burma.

The weekly information from all of the

ports in the health area is collected and summarized, and beginning on each Thursday, the bulletin from Singapore, the favorite radio program of health authorities, goes on the air. The Royal Naval Wireless Station at Singapore transmits the message in code and "in clear" at 2:00 P.M. At midnight and on Friday mornings the Saigon Station (French Indo-China) sends the same weekly report. The message is picked up by the Malabar Wireless Station (Java) and transmitted daily, beginning Saturday. Completing the circuit, the Tananarive Station at Madagascar retransmits the bulletin from the Saigon Station every Saturday. Intermediary stations also give their help—Siam, Hongkong, and Shanghai, Tokyo, Madras, and Karachi in India, and Sandakan in British North Borneo. The daily transmissions from the Java Station make it possible to add any emergency information that should be sent in advance of the regular weekly bulletins.

The reason for the repetition and multiple-sending, both in code and in clear, is to provide the information to all health administrations and to the masters of ships. Atmospheric conditions make it impossible for any one station to reach all who need the bulletins, and even with the many that now send the messages, the authorities at Vladivostok, Baghdad, and Berbera cannot pick up the information. To these places and some others a cable is sent weekly or when an emergency occurs.

Now and then the Bureau receives a wireless message that something suspicious is taking place aboard a ship at sea. The captain may report illness among the passengers or crew or—what may appear to the outsider as a strange message—that an unusual number of dead rats are being found on the ship. Now that the connection between rats and plague is clear, an inquiry into what caused the death of rats on ships has all of the gravity of a coroner's inquest.

A ship that has reported itself as dangerous runs up a yellow quarantine

flag, the sign to "stay away," and when it arrives at its port the health authorities are ready for it. The ship must anchor in a designated place, sick persons are removed to a quarantine hospital, and no contacts with the shore are permitted until all measures to insure safety have been applied. Two terse notes from one of the printed weekly bulletins of the Bureau provide examples of how the battle against disease is fought on this front:

Aden—The S.S. *Planter* from Calcutta bound for Liverpool landed at Aden on 2nd August a member of the crew who was suffering from mild modified smallpox. The unprotected members of the crew were re-vaccinated.

Bangkok—The S.S. *Kweiyang* from Swatow and Hongkong arrived at Bangkok on 5th August and landed a case of cholera which proved fatal. The ship was quarantined for three days and the necessary disinfection was carried out. The vessel was expected to leave for Hongkong on 12th August.

Both of the ships were subjected to costly delays and in each instance the authorities at the next ports checked the health conditions when the ships arrived. In spite of the trouble, neither the *Planter* nor the *Kweiyang* will try to conceal cases of smallpox or cholera that may occur on a future trip, for there is nothing gentle about the manner in which port health authorities deal with any ship that violates the regulations.

Another part of the international warfare against disease is the control of the annual pilgrimages to Mecca. From about September to February thousands of devout Moslems set out for the shrine of Mohammed. It is difficult to conceive a more perfect situation for the transfer of disease, and at one time almost every pilgrimage generated dangerous epidemics of cholera, smallpox, plague, or typhus brought by pilgrims from their home countries and, through the contacts at Mecca, distributed to other lands by those who had completed their devotions. No longer are the pilgrimages dangerous. At their home ports the pilgrims are now registered, given physical examinations, and im-

munized; on the sea rigid international rules control ship sanitation and medical supervision; at their destination they are under the supervision of an international commission with headquarters at Alexandria. Year after year the pilgrimages are officially recorded as "clean," meaning that not a single case of a major epidemic disease has occurred.

There are other matters that engage the attention of the Bureau. Speedy transportation by air is not an unmixed blessing to those who seek to block the channels of disease. If a susceptible person has unknowingly swallowed cholera germs just before boarding a ship the disease will manifest itself usually while the passenger is *en route* if the trip takes longer than three days. With air travel the passenger, under the same circumstances, may reach his destination at least two days before the first symptoms develop. For this reason air travel is viewed as a potential danger and intensive studies are being made to devise the ways and means of protection. One special study is seeking a practical method of freeing aircraft from insects, with special attention to mosquitoes. No one is under any illusion as to what will happen if mosquitoes carrying yellow fever are given a quick lift from Africa to India.

Samples of the miscellaneous tasks of the Bureau are the requests that come for help. The Director-General of Health, Australia, wants to know how to house and feed laboratory animals in a tropical climate. The information is obtained from selected countries and forwarded. The authorities in Siam need cultures of the germs that cause epidemic meningitis and plague. They are sent from the municipal laboratory and the medical college in Singapore. Cholera organisms are gathered, for some research in Warsaw, from Hongkong, Shanghai, Siam, and Calcutta. Laboratory-bred mice are sent to Indo-China from the medical college, Singapore. The call comes for cholera vaccine to control the 1938 epidemic in China, and more than

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two and a half million doses are contributed by Australia, Burma, Ceylon, the Malay States, Indo-China, and the American Red Cross in the Philippine Islands. Special courses of instruction are arranged in malariology and new and intimate facts about the life-cycle of the mosquito are presented—all of which means no good for the mosquito. Conferences on rural hygiene, surveys of what is wrong with certain national diets, the study of better ways to combat tuberculosis—these and other efforts make up the year's work that centers at 336 River Valley Road.

II

The amazing rush to confess by cable needs some explanation. If this were a fairy tale it would be permissible to reach for the ledger of International Affairs, turn to the page headed "Love Thy Neighbor" and enter the record of international health activities. But the organization which centers in Singapore was set up only as a long-delayed solution to an overwhelming problem.

A century ago there was no international health machinery at all. Pandemics of plague or cholera spread slowly but inevitably from country to country throughout a large part of the world. Gradually there began to be faltering attempts to outlaw disease through public-health regulations and quarantines; but meanwhile the menace increased. For as transportation became quicker and more efficient, diseases spread more rapidly. Two pandemics separated by sixty-five years tell their own story.

In 1826 an explosive outbreak of cholera occurred in Bengal. The next year the disease was carried to the great religious festival held annually at Hardwar, in the United Provinces. The homebound pilgrims spread it throughout the Punjab. In 1828 it was reported widely in Afghanistan; the next year, 1829, it moved across Persia following the trade route toward Russia. Russia was

attacked in 1830, the march of the disease continuing into western Europe and making the channel-crossing to England in 1831. Thus the disease covered a distance of five thousand miles from Bengal to England in five years.

Between this pandemic and that of 1892 India had developed railways and the improved transportation facilities elsewhere had brought nations into a more intimate contact. Cholera raged at Hardwar in March, 1892, and the next month was spread throughout the Punjab. In May it moved northwest through Kashmir and Afghanistan and by the end of the month reached Persia. During June the disease slithered across Persia and began to speed through Russia. In late July it arrived in western Europe. Time: five months as against five years for the earlier scourge!

Something had to be done. But only after interminable fumblings and half-measures and delays was it done. Not until 1907 was an International Health Office established at Paris to collect data on health conditions for use all over the world. Not until after the World War was an international health organization set up under the League of Nations and co-ordinated with the Paris office. The Singapore Station represents *both* the League and the Paris office, thus providing a neat way out of a diplomatic dilemma for nations, such as Japan, which have left the League but wish to go on enjoying the protection which the Singapore Station gives their peoples.

The last major health treaty, signed in 1926 by sixty-six nations, including the United States, is a comprehensive document that contains the detailed procedures whereby each nation prevents the transportation of disease along with passengers and goods. Theoretically, it would be possible for a country acting alone to prevent the entrance of disease by establishing a rigid quarantine at its ports and along its borders *and maintaining the quarantine year in and year out*. Practically, such a policy would result in

almost complete isolation. Every ship, every passenger, every consignment of goods would need to be regarded as "infected" and subjected to periods of isolation and other costly and irritating protective measures. If the quarantine were relaxed even slightly the country would become vulnerable, because disease does not send any formal declaration of war nor does it announce a specific date for the beginning of hostilities. (Fortunately neither does disease have any spokesmen to declare that an invasion of a country is governed by the purport of humanitarian motives.)

It is the lesson of bitter experience that international warfare against disease can be successful only when a nation knows the direction from which an attack may come. The lack of an effective exchange of emergency information in 1913 made it easy for plague to enter unsuspecting Ceylon with the rice from Rangoon; plague delivered its own message that it had arrived among the people of Colombo. Nor is the simple exchange of information enough; the sources of disease within countries must be smothered and at times this necessitates joint action. When epidemic cholera broke out in disorganized China it was a matter of world concern and the world gave its help in personnel and vaccine. The rule that the concealment of disease is a major crime in international relations is now firmly established. Concealment cre-

ates its own vicious circle and begets concealment; if Burma or Siam or Japan refused to protect other countries to-day other countries would refuse to protect Burma, Siam, or Japan to-morrow.

These are the principles that govern international health activities, and the efficacy of their application is seen when disease reaches a local high-water mark but does not spill over into other countries. In 1938 there was an epidemic of cholera in India with over a quarter of a million cases. Inside of India the picture presented by cholera was much the same as that in the years preceding each of the pandemics of the last century. But ships sailed in and out of India, tourists visited and went home, the pilgrimages to Mecca continued—and cholera was blocked at the western borders. Things like that do not just happen; they are arranged. All that the western world knew about cholera was what it learned from minor news accounts; the western world remained safe behind barricades constructed out of the strong material of international accord.

Singapore calls and every message from the house in River Valley Road fashions another strong link of understanding and unity among peoples. Against a common enemy, Disease, each country has learned that it must serve as its neighbors' health-keeper. Will another enemy, War, some day also have its house in River Valley Road?





SILENCE

BY DANIEL WHITEHEAD HICKY

*MAN'S eager mind, his cunning hand,
Have shaped no thing in all the land
That rises as a shadow might,
Assumes a certain form and height,
But in its smallest motion even
Shatters all silence under heaven.
He builds a tower that will last
Only until his day is past,
Yet struggling up or swinging down
Above the gaping of the town,
His derricks and his engines' roar
Will thunder for a mile or more.*

*From silence man has much to learn:
How frailest lamps that fireflies burn
Flash on and off and off and on
As silently as winds at dawn;
How lonely pines attain the sky
With less than any needle's sigh,
Attaining it, give back again
A forest thick as sudden rain;
Earth turning slowly, dark to light,
As quietly as a feather's flight.*

*Some day perhaps with War laid by,
In brothership, seeing eye to eye,
When armies of the world shall till
The ravished field, the blackened hill,
God will return to earth again,
Peace falling like sunlight over grain,
And calling men from every land,
Divulge the secrets of His hand.*

*Then shall we hear, with ears attuned,
The cool blue turbines of the wind,
The generators of the sea,
Their foam-white rhythms quietly
Drawing the silver of a tide,
Shaping its pattern far and wide;
Where April suddenly breaks and flows,
The scarlet diesels of the rose.*



VIOLENCE AND COLLECTIVE BARGAINING

BY MARVIN J. BARLOON

EARLY in 1937 Myron C. Taylor, then Chairman of the Board of Directors of the United States Steel Corporation, concluded a series of conversations with John L. Lewis out of which emerged a written contract between the subsidiaries of the Corporation and the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee of the C.I.O. Referring to the considerations surrounding this action, Mr. Taylor remarked: "The cost of a strike—to the Corporation, to the public and to the men—would have been incalculable." Mr. Taylor might well have added that his understanding with John L. Lewis probably saved a number of human lives. During the summer of that year four of the competitors of United States Steel refused to sign such a contract. In the resulting controversy eighteen people perished.

The literature of labor problems is replete with such terms as "warfare," "struggle," and "violence." Readers may interpret these expressions as figures of speech. But labor disputes too often are, literally, warfare, on however small a scale, in the essential sense that the terms of settlement are determined, at least in part, by physical coercion exercised by one or both of the participants.

Physical violence perpetrated by private citizens is in itself a natural cause for public concern because of the damage done to property and to persons. But the really significant features of violence in labor disputes are more subtle and largely unrecognized by the nonparticipating public.

Within the present framework of legal rights a striking union is a revolutionary government. Of course any organization of human beings may be said, somewhat figuratively, to be a government in the sense that such organization regulates the behavior of its individual members. But a striking union is a government in the more literal sense, as is the State of Indiana or the Third Reich, in the sense that it commonly imposes its rulings by means of physical coercion upon all those whose behavior falls within its assumed jurisdiction.

A union may be the government of a substantial community for an extended period of time. During the course of a large industrial strike one sees union men wearing badges labeled "Police," directing traffic and closing beer parlors in the interest of civic order. The union seizes property and holds it for weeks, maintains the property, neglects it or destroys it as union policy or expediency requires, quite without regard for legal title. One who observed the union force of nearly five thousand men occupying for a five-week period the large community about the Akron plants of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company recognized that within that area he was not in the United States. He was in Unionland.

The administrative officers of city and State from time to time regard a labor organization with some respect and its purposes with sympathy. In consequence during a strike they may assist the union in suppressing any lawlessness

inconsistent with the union program, but may yield jurisdiction over that area of human relations falling within the compass of union sovereignty. Policemen may look the other way as pickets overturn trucks or apply clubs to strikebreakers. Court orders may go unenforced, as in the Goodyear strike of 1936 and the General Motors strike of 1937. In those two cases the law of the State was suspended in deference to the assumption of a governmental function by an organization of workmen. Union policy was the effective law. As with the law of other governments, it was enforced physically by the sovereign union.

Open-shop management is the enemy of union sovereignty. To protect their interests from the hostile union authority, the managements of many companies have reverted to the old military rule that "the best defense is a good offense," and they for their part have resorted to coercive practices such as the employment of spies, company police, and professional strikebreakers. Vast quantities of testimony on this subject have been recorded by the LaFollette Civil Liberties Committee. "Why is the law of tooth and nail so prevalent in labor disputes?" an observer asked. "I don't know," responded a representative of the C.I.O., "but, from my experience, I should say that the teeth and the nails are usually in our necks." Remembering Akron, Flint, and Johnstown, employers fight fire with fire.

The company town represents the highest attainment of counter-government by the employer. Company government is usually more permanent, less opportunistic, than is community operation by unions. When one observes the company town with public services, fire protection, and police powers in the company's hands, he knows that, for this community, company policy is public policy. The police will inflict personal injury upon and deport without pretext of trial such persons as are deemed undesirable by the president of the company. Here again is an independent

sovereignty. Here one is in Company-land.

Now the ideal of any ordered society is that civil controversies should be settled by adjudication. The exercise of physical force is the exclusive prerogative of the state. It may be of course that private coercion—ranging all the way from trial by combat to barroom fist fights—may occur with some frequency in an apparently vigorous civilization. So long as this is confined to occasional petty disputes, circumscribed by the rigid limitations of a social code, or subject to supervision or prevention at will by the state, there is little occasion for concern. But when private coercion, organized at times on a military scale, becomes a typical implement toward settlement in any large field of civil controversy, and when such controversy represents a chronic conflict of interests between large population groups of relatively unchanging identity, the situation is quite different. This—at least to a degree—is civil war, dissipating the material resources of the State and violating its political integrity.

II

Violence in labor disputes arises largely from a mistaken public policy. A popular confusion as to the essential character of labor organization has found its way into a body of law which renders violence inevitable.

This popular confusion may be illustrated by recent findings of the Institute of Public Opinion. In June of 1939 the Institute released information indicating that:

1. The public wants trades and labor unions.

2. The public wants the open shop. (Seventy-one per cent of those canvassed declared themselves against the shop's requiring all eligible workers to join a union.)

To complete the picture, we may add:

3. The public wants observance of law in labor disputes.

The public can't have all these things.

Not only is this combination of objectives unattainable in a practical sense, but it is logically self-contradictory.

The open shop is an institution of individualism. Dr. Gallup states that the foremost reasons offered in favor of the open shop read: 1. "The matter of joining a union should be left to the individual." 2. "People should be free to do what they think's best for their own interests." But a labor organization is as collectivist in principle as compulsory education. A union is stripped of essential function in the individualistic atmosphere of the open shop.

The conflict in principle between unionism and individual discretion takes a concrete and specific form. The Carnegie-Illinois Steel Corporation has an agreement with the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee recognizing the union as the bargaining agent for its members only. Non-members, presumably, are to be represented by competing unions or are to bargain individually as they choose. The union is thus conceived as a voluntary association of workmen exercising no necessary influence over the terms of employment of non-members. Individualism governs. This may some day prove an invitation to trouble.

Assume that in its bargaining negotiations for its members only the union succeeds in procuring a five per cent advance in wages. Down in the mill are two workers, side by side at the same bench. These two workers are doing the same kind of work, previously at the same wage per hour. One of them belongs to the union. His wage is therefore advanced five per cent. The other worker does not belong to the union. Since the union is bargaining for its members only we might assume that this man's wage would not be advanced; for if it were the union would have been bargaining for him, a non-member, as well as for its members. Obviously this would be an absurd situation. No company management, having extended to the union recognition "for members

only," would discriminate against non-members in this flagrant fashion. For to do so would be to drive every employee eligible to membership directly on to the union rolls.

As a practical solution, when a union obtains a wage advance that advance is extended to all workers in the labor categories for which the union bargained, union men and non-union men alike. In the mass-production industries—in automobiles, in steel, in rubber, in textiles—there are to-day many thousands of non-unionists enjoying terms of employment which have been procured for them by union agents. It is inconceivable that a union should bargain for its members only. Either it bargains for everybody in the shop eligible to union membership or it bargains for nobody.

But only the unionists shoulder the costs and undergo the hazards which make the benefits of collective bargaining possible. Union membership in an open shop may be a risky undertaking. If the management has recognized the union unwillingly, Joe Spivis, machinist, must expect no favors from the boss on account of his union button. On the contrary, it is probable that union membership will cost Spivis his place on the preferred shift, the opportunity to work on the new lathe; and it may even cost him his job. The Wagner Act forbids anti-union discrimination in hiring and firing; but the machinery of the law turns slowly, and while the Labor Board is mulling over evidence and the courts over points of law, the remote probability of reinstatement with back pay is no substitute for an assured weekly check. Besides, union men may within the law be fired for reasons other than their unionism. The control of management over materials, machines, and supplies affords ample opportunity to build a case of incompetence against any worker selected for persecution.

Furthermore, union membership is always costly. There is an initiation fee to pay, monthly dues and special assessments to meet. Union meetings con-

sume time and carfare. Not only may the unionist risk his employment status; he also incurs an assured, continuous monetary expense. Union membership elbows in between food and rent in the family budget.

While it is advantageous to the worker to have a union in the shop bargaining for him, it is thus disadvantageous for him to belong to that union. Labor organizations commonly lay before the National Labor Relations Board impressive membership lists to demonstrate their right to recognition. These lists, however, are often compiled by means of physical intimidation—by the “lead pipe method.” Yet when a secret ballot is held to determine whether or not such organizations should be accorded collective bargaining status the union often wins by a decisive majority. The worker wants the union in the shop but he does not want to belong to it.

A prominent industrial-relations consultant chided a union leader: “Why do you fellows resort to threats and assault to secure a following? If unionism is any good why don’t you sell it on its merits? When I want to sell my services to a client I don’t have to black-jack him. I point out to him how I can do him good. If you had an honest service to sell the worker you wouldn’t need to threaten him to get him to subscribe.” What this observer failed to note is that the worker doesn’t need to subscribe to the union in order to enjoy its advantages. Aside from incidental benefits of a recreational or social character—benefits which an employer can extend as well as or better than the union—there is no rational argument in all rhetoric to convince an intelligent worker that his self-interest will be promoted by joining a union. It is simply not true. Self-interest dictates remaining a non-unionist in a union shop.

“People should be free to do what they think’s best for their own interest,” says the American public via Dr. Gallup. But if union membership is to be based on this principle, the alternatives are clear.

They are: (1) No labor organization, or (2) Enrollment by non-rational appeals or by intimidation.

Unions which are old and firmly established can enroll members by non-rational appeals. Where unionism is a tradition of the worker community, where young men entering industry carry with them a feeling for organization acquired through childhood in a union home, the non-unionist is a social heteroclite. In some of the mining towns where the United Mine Workers of America have been active for generations the union is an established feature of community life. Election to the District Presidency of the union is a social and political triumph comparable in degree to that of election to the State legislature. Social affairs are centered in the union hall. Union traditions are woven into the associations of church, school, and home environment. In such an atmosphere the worker joins the union impelled by primary social drives, the urge to conform, the need for fellowship and for social approval.

But in Flint, Akron, and Johnstown the union tradition is not established. Unionism in these places is not “natural.” Men act with respect to union membership largely on the basis of individual expediency. If the workers in such industrial areas as these are ever to be organized at all, physical intimidation must play its part. In the early stages of organization a few recalcitrant hotheads bearing old grudges against the company will form the nucleus round which the organization may grow. In the late stages of development the universality of union membership will induce some of the last of the unorganized to conform. But in the large intermediate stage, perpetuated by the American policy of the open shop, physical intimidation provides the primary incentive to join the union. To the unionist, the non-member reaping the fruits of collective bargaining is a parasite and a slacker who deserves whatever trouble may be coming to him.

A labor organization is thus a collectivism: that is to say it inevitably involves every workman whose employment falls within the scope of its activity. When the International Association of Machinists bargains with a group of employers it inescapably bargains—no matter what its intentions may be—for all machinists employed by these employers, whether members or non-members. If the Association is to be permitted to bargain at all the logic of compulsory contribution to its responsibilities and costs—of compulsory membership, that is, by all the workers represented—is difficult to evade. Mr. T. M. Girdler of the Republic Steel Corporation has stated in effect that union recognition in the form of a written agreement is but the first step toward the closed shop. If by “closed shop” Mr. Girdler means an area of employment within which all workers are compelled to join a given union as a condition of retaining their jobs, it must be confessed that he saw the issue clearly. Ultimately that issue is this: The *de facto* closed shop versus no organization at all. Any compromise is a declaration of war.

Many employers and union leaders will dispute the contention that the closed shop is the sole avenue to peace with organization. “Closed shop?” said a manufacturer of men’s clothing. “The union has never even asked us for a closed shop. And there’s no intimidation whatever practiced in our plants.” But how does one explain the unanimity of union membership in all of this company’s factories? “The workers join voluntarily,” the owner proceeded. “When a man comes to work here our employment manager explains what the union is, tells the new worker all about it, points out that all the other workers belong as a matter of course, and gives him a week or two to think it over.” The newly hired worker, harassed by insecurity, doesn’t need a week or two to think it over. To such a man, with unemployment and destitution barking at his heels, the recommendation of the

employment manager is a command. Union membership in the case of that company is, to all but the reckless, a condition of employment. What the owner meant was that he maintained no closed shop as a matter of written contract with the union. But the essence of the closed shop is not a matter of union contract. It is in the terms of employment as understood by the employee.

As between the two alternatives available within observance of the law, the fully unionized shop, on the one hand, and the complete absence of unionism, on the other, there are numerous advocates of the latter, of the suppression of labor organization. The program of suppression would include, on the one hand, the complete and expeditious enforcement of all local law against breach of the peace, against private coercion, coupled with the issuance and prompt execution of injunctions against trespass, and, on the other, the freezing at its pre-Wagner-Act status of the law governing union organization. This would prevent a union from recruiting members by coercion without substituting any means of recruiting them within the framework of civil law. It would effectively stop any further organization of the mass-production industries.

I am not denouncing this stand. Whether or not it is desirable that our industrial workers should be organized is a separate issue. But we have already noted that most Americans believe in labor organization when and in the form desired by the workers. The point I am making is this: Few of these Americans realize that in the view of the worker there is a difference between wanting union representation and wanting to be a union member; that a union is essentially a collectivist institution, which cannot operate on the individualist basis of “every man decide for himself”; and that the attempt to leave the worker free to decide for himself makes illegal violence an essential feature of union organization.

If violence is to be removed without

preventing union organization some avenue to organization must be established within the law as a substitute for the present illegal practice. Section Nine of the Wagner Act includes the provision that representatives (the union organization) selected by the majority of employees shall be the exclusive representatives of all the employees in the area of selection. The Labor Board is empowered to conduct secret ballots to determine the will of the majority. This provision is a step in the right direction. If the majority of employees desire representation by a given union the employer is compelled to deal with his workers exclusively through that union. The provision that the dissenting minority of employees shall be represented by the recognized organization is a mere observation of inescapable fact. Submission of minorities to majority rule is no new principle of democratic procedure.

But the Wagner Act fails to provide that all the employees so represented shall join and support the elected organization, and thus it fails to provide a substitute for intimidatory organizing.

III

It is violence in the course of strikes that makes headlines. Intimidation in the recruitment of members, while widespread and persistent, goes comparatively unnoticed. Such coercion is usually applied to workers one by one in the normal course of industrial life and in individual instances too trivial to warrant the attention of the city editor. But when the call of an organizing strike throws an entire industrial community into mass conflict, the scale of offensive and counter-offensive brings the coercive features of the controversy sharply to public attention. Out of this turmoil arises much of the popular demand for law enforcement.

Now law enforcement would be an obvious solution if violence in the course of strikes were merely a matter of civic

discipline. "Hot words lead to blows on the picket line," said the Court in *Republic Steel Corporation v. National Labor Relations Board*—as if physical assault in labor controversy were merely the thoughtless action of distraught and undisciplined men. But this Court failed to note—and public policy, in general, overlooks—the *organic* character of violence in the strategy of strikes. Within the present framework of labor law in the United States violence performs a function so vital to the success of organized labor that to suppress it would be to defeat the strike.

Labor has many weapons. In her arsenal are boycotts of various types, legislative lobbies, and advertising campaigns. The American Federation of Labor has maintained a "We Don't Patronize" list, an implement commanding some respect. The union label is widely promoted. But the one essential weapon of unionism is the strike. For the power to strike is the power of a labor organization to bargain collectively.

This pivotal position of the strike will be clear if we note the essential elements of bargaining. Workmen must be viewed as sellers of labor service. When a seller of any commodity or service bargains, he is trying to procure from the prospective buyer the highest price the buyer will pay *as an alternative to doing without the commodity*. This is true whether the commodity be a course of music lessons, a cemetery lot, or a horse. When, for example, the grocer says to his customer, "Butter is thirty-five cents a pound," he is saying, in effect, "I'll surrender to you one pound of butter for thirty-five cents," or, more to the point, "If you don't give me thirty-five cents, I won't give you a pound of butter." Similarly, when a workman bargains for a raise from ninety cents to one dollar an hour, he is saying, in effect, "Unless you pay me one dollar an hour I'll quit." Unless he accompanies his request for a raise with the threat, expressed or implied, of leaving the job

or, at least, of delivering less work, he is not bargaining. He is only pleading. Bargaining consists in laying before a buyer the alternative of paying the price stipulated or of doing without the goods.

Collective bargaining differs from individual bargaining in one essential respect. Most sellers of goods or services must formulate terms sufficiently attractive to meet competition. But in the labor markets when the vendor (the workman), through his union, states the terms under which he will sell his services, there are to be no competing vendors. The specific and essential service of unionism is to eliminate competition between workmen. Either the buyer, the employer, accepts the terms extended by the organization of his workers, or, within the labor categories for which the union bargains, that employer will engage no workers at all. This is collective bargaining.

The United Mine Workers of America is meant to be more than an organization of all coal miners on the continent. This body includes as well in its assumed jurisdiction all other human beings in their potentiality as coal miners. When John L. Lewis bargains for a five per cent wage advance his message to the operators, in effect, is this: "Unless you grant the advance we shall withhold your entire supply of mine labor, not only those now employed, but in addition, any others you might want to engage." The union leader of course may never use words as blunt as these, but, in the last analysis, it is only the power of that leader to control the labor supply which commands the respect of employers. No man can bargain over the sale of labor service without the power to refrain from selling it.

A lawyer might protest the designation of a labor organization as a monopolistic vendor of labor service. This interpretation does violence to the legal concepts of collective bargaining. But, inasmuch as the legal concepts do violence, literally, to collective bargaining, deference at this point to the legalistic interpreta-

tion would be only confusing. Indeed, it is the failure of the law to look collective bargaining squarely in the face which constitutes the point of this article.

To resume, therefore, when organized workmen go on strike they are merely refraining from the delivery of that which they have not sold, the labor service. The sole grocer in a small community, whose customer elects to eat bread dry rather than to pay thirty-five cents a pound for butter, might be said as he replaces his butter in the cooler to be "on strike." This is the position of the strike in the bargaining ideology of American unionism.

People in close touch with American labor disputes may view this concept of the strike as incredibly naïve. They know that strikes are often called by labor leaders in areas where those leaders have no following, that strikes occur while a labor contract is formally in full force, that strikes break out when there have been no preceding collective negotiations. Many strikes embody no dispute whatever over the terms of employment. The strike against Republic Steel in 1937 was a strike for union recognition and a written agreement.

The reason American strikes so seldom conform to the collective-bargaining concept of the strike is that there is very little genuine collective bargaining in America. The American employer commonly departs from the collective-bargaining principle at its most crucial point. When the employer and the union agent have proven unable to come to terms the latter, in effect, informs the workers that their labor, beginning on a certain date, has not been sold, that it is therefore not to be delivered. In other words, the union calls a strike. The employer then appeals to his loyal workers to remain on the job. He often tries to hire outsiders to replace the strikers. But the hiring of workers in the absence of a union agreement as to terms is not collective bargaining. If this is bargaining at all it is individual bargaining.

In reverting to individual bargaining the employer undertakes to violate the collectivity of the workers' bargaining at the very point where its collective character assumes significance.

Almost no union has an actual monopoly over the supply of labor available to any given field of employment. Most mass-production jobs are either semi-skilled or unskilled, jobs to which new men can be easily trained in a short time. There are millions of unemployed people, skilled and unskilled, eager for work. In many instances if striking workers were to go peacefully to their homes the employer, in the course of a few weeks or months of individual bargaining and training, could completely replace the strikers, leaving them permanently out of work and, in most cases, destitute.

The prospect of such a development would precipitate the utter rout of collective bargaining. No man would answer a strike call which meant his destitution. If there could be no strike in prospect there could be no collective withholding of the labor service, and thus no collective bargaining. It is to avert this catastrophe that strikers engage in picketing.

Picketing is almost necessarily coercive. Its purpose is to prevent any individual from going to work at the employments subject to strike.

"Peaceful inducement" is a meaningless expression in its application to the picket line. For there is almost no conceivable appeal to induce a man in terms of individual self-interest to participate in a strike. The individual worker recognizes too clearly that his best interests lie in continuing at work, his wage uninterrupted, his job secure, while his fellow-workers shoulder the risks and burdens of the stoppage. He knows that the improved terms procured by the strike will be bestowed on him as well as on the strikers. Appeals to the sense of fellowship, a non-rational motivation, may be of some effect where the tradition of unionism is well established. But in the mass-production industries where

organization is new, intimidation is the sole effective implement.

When the management engages substitute workers the conflict is direct and the stakes are desperately high. The substitute employees may be either professional strikebreakers or men salvaged from unemployment. The idea of "peacefully inducing" professional strikebreakers not to work is obviously ridiculous. The livelihood of these men depends upon their success in destroying the union.

To replace the strikers by recruiting unemployed men would just as effectively defeat the strike and destroy collective bargaining. Worse still, it would deprive the strikers of their jobs, plunging them and their families, with some prospect of permanence, into the want and degradation of unemployment. To the substitute workers, on the other hand, the chance at a job is a form of rescue from this same misfortune. Little community of interest unites these two groups. They confront each other at the plant gates with unmodified hostility. They are fighting for each other's bread.

"There is and can be no such thing as peaceful picketing, any more than there can be chaste vulgarity, or peaceful mobbing, or lawful lynching. When men want to converse or persuade, they do not organize a picket line." This observation of the court in *Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway Co. v. Gee* is, in general, valid.

To appraise cases one must identify picketing not by its form but by its function, for the effect of picketing is achieved by a number of devices. Coercion may be applied individually to the worker away from the place of employment. An employee who continues to work during a strike may be threatened and attacked on the street or at his home. His wife and children may be subjected to intimidation and annoyance.

The sit-down strike is a form of picketing. Workers do not remain in the chilly, uncomfortable shop for weeks of long days and nights out of sheer caprice.

If they could be sure their jobs were safe and the plant closed they would much prefer to stay at home. They keep vigil at the machines to be ready to spring to the defense of their jobs and their union. This is the type of picketing with which the General Motors Corporation had to contend in 1937. The Fansteel Metallurgical Corporation can testify to the damage suffered by buildings and expensive equipment when efforts are made to dislodge such strikers.

But the most common form of picketing is the line. In the Goodyear controversy of 1936, several thousand strikers deployed along the eleven-mile front bounding the company's Akron property. It was winter, and to do his share in tending fire each man was equipped with a poker, kept red hot. To pass the time pickets whittled handles on the end of heavy sticks. Posts were kept in communication by scheduled patrols. This line held, day and night, for five weeks in six daily shifts of four hours each. Secretary Perkins complimented the strikers on their conduct of this dispute without resort to violence. Violence, apparently, may be variously defined.

IV

Coercive picketing is clearly illegal; it should remain illegal, and the laws and injunctions against it should be rigidly enforced. The exercise of coercion in labor disputes has placed the controversy in the hands of ruthless and irresponsible men on both sides. Once the conflict is reduced to the terms of force, those who are most adept at force and unscrupulous in its application naturally emerge as leaders in the struggle. A man whose claim to eminence is the use of force finds no barriers to the ends toward which that force may be directed. It is thus that many of our unions have fallen into reckless hands and that some have come under the dictatorship of racketeers, while anti-union forces have sunk to depths of civic corruption degrading to the public conscience.

Why, then, is private coercion tolerated in American industrial life? For one underlying reason: that to suppress it would defeat the ends of labor organization, and the general public believes in the right of labor to organize.

There are only two ways in which private coercion can be eliminated. The first is to enforce rigidly the law against breach of the peace and to execute injunctions promptly within the framework of the present law of strikes. By this action the picket lines would be dispersed, the sit-down strikers evicted. Strikers would be replaced at the will of the employer, and strikes broken with comparative ease. The National Guard might keep the peace intact and the chimneys smoking. But the result of such action would be that the wage and hour negotiations of labor leaders would be a vacuous farce. A union which cannot effectuate a strike cannot bargain. It can only beg. The suppression of violence would be the suppression of labor.

A case might be prepared to support this policy. There are informed students who believe that the American economy would be more sound in the absence of unionism, that American labor and capital would produce more goods for the people. There are intelligent and public-spirited industrialists living with the conviction that they know better what is good for the people and for their workers than does the union agent. Indeed, it is, for the sake of argument, at least conceivable that wages might be higher and employment more steady if industry could proceed unhampered by the restrictions of unionism. Be that as it may, however, there is no real prospect that this case will prevail. The conception of civic order maintained under the bayonets of soldiery is repugnant to democratic sensitivities. Few will contend that the American people will ever pursue a policy which would thus completely suppress organized labor.

The other way to eliminate private

coercion also includes a rigid enforcement of the peace and a prompt execution of injunctions, but *within a modified labor law*. If coercion now performs a function essential to collective bargaining, and if democratic government is to sanction that collective bargaining, it follows logically that the coercion necessary to the effectuation of collective bargaining should be exercised by the government itself.

To see how this might be accomplished, let us return to Section Nine of the Wagner Act with its provision for a secret ballot supervised by a federal board. Such elections are held to determine the workers' choice of a union. If these elections could be conducted periodically—biennially, let us say—labor would be freed from the irresponsible dictatorship of self-appointed leaders.

But the crucial requirement is this: When a union designated by such a secret ballot calls a strike it might be made a violation of law for the employer to continue operations within the field of employment to which the strike applies until the workers, acting through their union, elect to return to work. Under this provision collective bargaining based on the potentiality of an effective strike might proceed without the implement of coercive picketing. This is the only way in which we can suppress violence in labor disputes without suppressing organized labor.

It may appear that such a provision would place a business enterprise completely at the mercy of the union. At the pleasure of the workers' organization the shop could be closed at any time for as long as the union wished. Would this power not reduce collective bargaining negotiations to a travesty of union dictation? Decidedly not. It must be borne in mind that a strike means a stoppage of wages, and that the staying power of the strikers is limited by their meager resources and the urgent pressure for the necessities of life. The employer of course suffers from the failure to recover

his fixed costs, from the loss of profits which a stoppage entails. But meanwhile the employees suffer from hunger.

It is commonplace in American experience that criminal parasites thrive on areas of community activity which, while technically illegal, are regarded by large minorities as ethically defensible. When during prohibition the sale of liquor was illegal vice took over its administration. When prohibition was repealed the racketeers were largely driven out. They then fastened themselves on mass gambling. Extortionists have always fattened on organized labor because, as with the sale of liquor during prohibition, the essentials of the program of organized labor include illegal processes. In consequence it is almost impossible to remove the parasites without suppressing as well the illegalities regarded by large groups of good citizens as ethically legitimate. If we could legalize those essentials of collective bargaining which can now be prosecuted only in violation of law we should be on our way to the extermination of extortionist elements which now prey on organized labor and small employers.

But if it is improbable that public policy will turn to the suppression of unionism it is equally unlikely that it will give legal effect to the necessities of the union program. Collective bargaining is sanctioned vaguely in the public sentiment. But the frank embodiment in our laws of the principles of labor collectivism is probably too much to expect of a people steeped in the attitudes of individualism. We believe in the collectivist right to strike. But we love also the individualist right to work. It is unlikely that the public intellect will recognize the right to work as the right to break strikes.

For this reason we may presumably look forward to a continued pursuit of the fantasy of individual rights within collective action, and to a continued prospect of beaten heads and bleeding ears along the picket lines.



MISSISSIPPI ROUSTABOUT

BY BEN LUCIEN BURMAN

FROM the time when the United States first became a nation there have always been in the rich pageant of its history certain typical figures who evoke a whole era. A painting of a stern-browed Puritan walking grimly past the village church instantly calls up all the troubled years of the founding of New England, with its witch hunters and its Indians. The picture of a weary, unshaven figure sitting behind his horses on the seat of a covered wagon at once recalls all the dangers and the trials of the Western pioneers. The view of a lean, rusty individual standing with his rifle beside the porch of his bleak log cabin immediately conjures up all the moonshine stills and the bitter feud killings of the Kentucky mountaineers. But of all these figures none is more symbolical than the negro steamboat deckhand, the Mississippi roustabout.

To the shopgirl in Seattle or the stately cliff dweller on New York's Park Avenue, to the Parisian strolling in the Champs Élysées or the Italian sipping his espresso at the Piazza Santa Lucia in Naples, the mere mention of the roustabout instantly evokes visions of racing steamboats with great flames leaping from their stacks, and pictures of broad-hatted gamblers with pistols at their belts defrauding wealthy planters from New Orleans. For to those remote from the Mississippi, and to many near it as well, the roustabout was better known than any other part of a steamboat, being considered a sort of colorful ornament, like the boat's gilded cotton bale, with no

duties except to sit in the sun playing a mellow banjo. The gamblers have gone now, with the planters and the pistols, but the roustabout remains—little changed with time. He still dresses in the same picturesque fashion, a piece of burlap for a shirt and a fragment of a lady's hat with a few artificial grapes clinging to the brim. At night he will sit on the prow as the boat steams on in the moonlight and chant plaintively:

Captain, Captain, is your money come?
I jest wants to know 'cause I wants to borrow
some.

But in one respect the shopgirl in Seattle and the Italian at his café in Naples were wrong: the roustabout is not an ornament. He is as vital a part of a steamboat as the engines or the paddle wheel. He is the steamboat man of all work: a combination stevedore and fourth-class sailor. If the boat is swinging into shore for a landing, and a rope must be thrown swiftly around a tree stump to arrest the vessel's course, it is the roustabout who tosses the line; if a tarpaulin blows free in a hurricane, it is the roustabout who goes out in the fury of the wind and lashes the cover down again. Though he may have been working for twenty-four hours rolling great bales of cotton on to the boat, and a new load unexpectedly arrives for hurried transport down the river, it is the roustabout who must bring the bales aboard. He groans a moment, stretches his weary limbs, then grins, and chanting a cotton-rolling song, starts striding up the gangplank. He must carry coal for

the fireman or be ready to leap into the water and dig the boat free if she is aground; he must go out on the tow to untangle a line that has fouled, at the risk of having a foot cut off by a twisting rope or being crushed to death between the barges. So broken is his rest that when a roustabout I knew died, his black friends assured me that the reason given by the doctors was that he was five years behind in his sleep.

The roustabout is generally a superb physical specimen, the pick of his race, with a resistance to injury that is sometimes astounding. I was on the *Tennessee Belle* one hot summer night at Natchez when Half Dollar, a lanky, amiable roustabout, was attacked with a razor by a negro hiding in the darkness of the bank. Before Half Dollar could resist he had been so desperately wounded that the doctors at the hospital to which Captain Dick, the master of the vessel, had rushed him abandoned all hope of saving his life. The *Belle* continued on her journey to Greenville, all the crew certain that Half Dollar was dead. Five days later the vessel returned to Natchez and began to unload. Suddenly the roustabouts ceased their labor, and grew pale. A lanky figure was moving down the hill. It was Half Dollar. Slowly he walked up the gangplank and made his way to Captain Dick, standing at the bow. His face was thin, emaciated, and his step a little unsteady; the unevenness of his clothing betrayed the thick bandages round his body. But his voice was determined.

"Captain Dick, I jest got terrible tired in that there hospital," he declared. "Can't see the river or hear the steamboats or nothing. So I come down to ask you to give me back my job."

It is this almost superhuman strength that makes the roustabout at once the envy and the terror of his fellows on the shore. The roustabout was generally in his youth a plantation negro. But he has long forgotten the days when he left his bandanaed mother and a rickety horse in the cotton patch to take his first job

on a steamboat; he has nothing now but scorn for the poor farm negro, and the sophisticated poolroom negro of the city as well. He steals the land negro's girl or his wife without compunction. When he doffs his tatters and puts on the purple striped suit he has purchased for ten times its value from some shrewd merchant in a country town, he is a dashing Don Juan whom no negress can resist.

His scorn for the shore negro does not cease even when the other has come to his aid. Several times when in some emergency the roustabouts had been toiling for thirty-six hours without respite, I have seen a steamboat captain hire several score land negroes to help them at their labor. On each occasion, though the roustabouts were at the point of exhaustion, their pride of craft was so intense they tried every means to bring about the discharge of their unwanted assistants, trampling on their feet when they were nearing the water with a huge cotton bale so that the bale would slip away from their inexpert cotton hooks and fall into the river. The roustabout's scorn extends even to the other negroes on the boat, the cookhouse negroes, generally a quieter, softer breed, whom he considers as dandies without strength and fit only to do the work of women.

Yet with all his Herculean powers and his fierceness in battle, he is like a friendly child in his nature, and in dealing with his white masters has a gentleness and tact that is remarkable. I know a little wistful-faced roustabout named Piece O' Man, who is acting as night watchman on a vessel, and is compelled to call the crew early in the morning. Worried, because like all sleepers, they bitterly resented being awakened, for weeks Piece O' Man pondered over a remedy. And at last inspiration came to aid him. Now as the hour of the captain or the mate approaches, he opens the door of the cabin, steps quietly inside, and standing by the sleeper's bed, begins to execute an ingratiating, comical dance that grows faster and faster as the drowsy figure

before him sits up and rubs his eyes. At the same time he begins to sing in a curious jargon a little tune, repeated over and over:

The old cow died at the fork of the branch
Jaybird died of the measles
Here come Mr. Rabbit with a fiddle on his back
Going home to Jesus.

"Seems like they's never mad now when I gits 'em up," he declares gravely. "They never swears or throws shoes or nothing. I reckon it's the Jesus in the song keeps 'em a feeling good."

The roustabout is like a child in most of his pleasures. A ring with a huge horse head set in the middle with great imitation emeralds for eyes and a glaring ruby for its lips, a watch where two negroes battle with their fists and feet at each swing of the balance wheel—these are enough to send him into ecstasies. Like a child, he makes a pet of anything which is at hand, and spends a large portion of his scanty income buying it presents. There is a rat living down in the hold of a boat I know which the roustabouts have tamed and named Mr. Wingfield, because he can travel so fast. To get Mr. Wingfield or his devoted wife Bunny Bee some tidbit from the cook-house, the roustabouts would gladly risk their jobs and their lives. When there is a pet pig on a boat they will keep it scrubbed immaculate, often buying a new collar of blue baby ribbon to tie about its neck; at night they will not stretch out on their bed of sugar sacks without first making sure that the softest place is left vacant for their porcine friend to snuggle at their sides.

II

Their imaginations are likewise childish and delightful; they are always living in a world of wonder. On a rainy night, as the boat slips dreamily past the endless cypress swamps, Piece O' Man will tell you the story of his friend Big Black.

"Big Black was a Greenville nigger a rousting on the *Tennessee Belle*," he declares. "But he got tired of the river

and went on one of them ships that goes out of New Orleans to the sea. The weather kept getting hotter and hotter. And the mate seen him looking at the water and said, 'Don't you go in swimming, Big Black.' He didn't tell him why though, and one day when it was terrible hot Big Black jumped in the water. And in a minute a lot of them Her-girls, half-women, half-fish, grabbed him and pulled him down to the bottom. They sit him up on a big rock, and then they all yelled at him: 'Greenville nigger, do you like fish?'

"Big Black was awful scared, and he didn't know what to answer. But he'd been getting too much catfish at Greenville, so he says mighty quiet, 'If it's something to eat you wants to give me, if you'll please 'scuse me, I'd mighty like some pork chops or a nice chicken wing. I jest hates fish.' And then all them Her-girls clapped their hands. 'If you'd a said you liked fish, we'd a throwed you to the sharks,' they told him. 'You're the prettiest man we sure ever seen. We're going to make you our king.' And they swum in with a big gold throne. He was their king for a mighty long time. Twice every year he used to go back to Greenville, and give his mammy and pappy all the gold money they could carry and the finest pearls in the sea. But once he walked in the house, and there was a can of canned salmon laying on the table. He never come back no more."

Piece O' Man will also tell you why the otherwise mild deer suddenly goes into a frenzy when it sees a turtle on the bank and crushes the shell to bits with fierce blows of its hoofs. The turtle and the deer once had a race in the fashion of the more famous contest between the hare and the tortoise; the deer, losing through overconfidence, vowed vengeance that he has not forgotten to this day.

Even when some happening is a fact actually within the roustabout's own experience it becomes transfigured. My friend Chicken, so nicknamed because of

his curious squeaky voice that sounds a little like the clucking of a hen, once left the *Tennessee Belle* on a visit to a city in the North, and saw there a giant policeman mounted on a beautiful horse. "I wasn't doing nothing," Chicken relates. "Jest a looking, when they come running after me. I started going down the street, and I figured they sure wasn't going to catch me, 'cause when I runs from a policeman, I runs. But all of a sudden this here policeman jumped down from that horse, and he come one way round the block to head me off, and the horse run round the other. It was the horse that got me. Jest pushed me into a doorway, and stood there kind of laughing his head off for a minute. And then he took my coat in his teeth and held me till the policeman come. It ain't right to have no horse like a man thataway."

And there is Chicken's famous adventure with royalty. Chicken was a patriot and in 1917 left the river to sign as a deckhand on the first mule transport to reach England after America's entrance in the War. "It was a terrible trip," he will tell you. "But after a while we seen London, and the mate come down to where we was working and yelled out: 'Everybody git yourself shaved up and put yourself on a nice clean shirt. 'Cause the King of England's coming down to meet you, and he's going to give you a basket of fruit.'

"We come into the harbor, and sure enough there the King was, a waiting on the bank. He was a big, fine-looking man, kind of like Captain Dick, with a gold crown on his head so big they had a couple of people standing by him to push it back when it got to slipping. He was holding a big basket of fruit in his hands. And he give each of us a orange, a apple, and a banana. He kept me there on the bank a talking a couple of hours, and I seen them fellows that pushed the crown getting awful mad, so I said I'd better be going. But he shook his head. 'Don't you go,' he told me. 'I want to keep you with me all the time. I ain't

never seen a Creole black man before.' 'Course I told him right away I couldn't. 'Cause I knowed Captain Dick 'd git mighty mad if I stayed away from the *Belle*."

The roustabout has the child's carefree attitude toward the future; the problems of to-morrow are matters with which he has no concern. The result is that he is one of the world's most prodigal spendthrifts; in five minutes he will be rid of the pay he has labored for weeks accumulating. And as he is a spendthrift, so is he also one of the world's most inveterate gamblers. Gambling to the roustabout is more than mere relaxation; it is a second occupation, almost as important a part of steamboating as wheeling coal to the fire boxes or tightening the ratchets on the barges. If he does not lose his pay immediately to some more skillful of his fellows on the boat he preserves it only to see it vanish a few hours later in some shabby waterfront café.

The two chief forms of his gambling are dice and cooncan, the latter a simple card game related to the rummy of the whites. The dice playing is one of the most colorful spectacles on a steamboat, with its score of negroes gathered in a tense circle about the ivory cubes clicking steadily on the floor, while the blacks follow each throw with a rhythmic sigh like the hushed panting of the smokestacks. At the head of the circle sits a negro with a great mound of silver before him and a loaded revolver in his hand; sternly he presides over the game as banker and armed judge to arbitrate any disputes before they end in murder. Occasionally on a boat the gambling is organized: the older roustabouts form a syndicate whose chief aim is to acquire all the money of the newcomers; the lot of the younger roustabout on such a vessel is burdened with melancholy.

The road of the roustabout gambler often leads to the jail door. Again and again the kindly captain of a steamboat early in the morning goes up the wharf to find one of his black crew in the custody of the sheriff, and brings back with him a

dishevelled, sad-eyed figure murmuring apologies. But all roustabouts are not gamblers. There are those who are deeply religious. There is scarcely a crew of roustabouts on the river which does not include a preacher; and I know one boat with a black crew totalling twelve of which three are practicing ministers of the gospel. The roustabout parson's conversion may date from some tragedy; or it may be the result of natural piety finding expression after many years. The churches in which they officiate are pathetic—a bleak little room with an old packing crate for a pulpit, and paper hanging in long moldering strips from the broken walls. So poor are these churches at times that if it chanced to be night the preacher before beginning his sermon must take up a collection to buy kerosene for the oil lamp. They are an amazing study in contrasts, these roustabout preachers, black giants who could fell an ox with a blow of their great fists, but who under the influence of their religion may become touched with a Christlike spirituality.

The result of the roustabout's piety sometimes takes curious forms. I know one thoughtful steamboat preacher who, despairing of ever obtaining a pulpit, was seriously considering a visit to a hoodoo doctor to secure a charm that would help him find a congregation. Another roustabout I knew, possessed of a beautiful voice, would never sing even a hymn for fear of offending the Lord. And one rouster, believing he was in danger of dying, and uncertain of the creed which would bring him salvation, finally joined the Baptist, Methodist, and Catholic churches so that there could be no chance of a mistake.

I journeyed to a church not long ago which numbered some roustabouts among its congregation, a bleak little building with the moonlight streaming through great holes in the roof. I mounted the platform and took a seat beside the preacher on the bench reserved for the visiting whites. An usher went about with a basket taking the col-

lection. I made my contribution and sat watching.

The preacher, a gentle, white-bearded old man, counted up the result and shook his head in sadness. "All we got here is seventy-nine cents," he remarked wistfully. "Ain't there going to be nobody come up here and give us some more money?"

Not a soul moved in the sea of black figures before me.

The preacher counted the collection again as though he might change the result. He grew more dejected. "All we got here is seventy-nine cents," he repeated, his voice quavering till it seemed ready to break into a sob. "Ain't there going to be nobody come up here and give us some more money?"

There was again no stirring in the rows of figures sitting like black statues on the hard wooden benches.

The preacher breathed a sigh, and shook his head in resignation. "Well, if we ain't a going to get it, I guess we ain't a going to get it," he murmured. "I don't know what we'd a done if it hadn't been for this precious white gentleman sitting up here on the bench giving us a quarter. We'd have fell mighty low."

The same mental quality that gives rise to so many preachers among the roustabouts makes them all deep philosophers. Though unable to read or write, they will sit for hours discussing some involved portion of the Bible with all the intensity of medieval theologians settling the problem of how many angels could dance on the head of a pin. I have sat with them far into the night explaining reincarnation, and discussing with them their preferences for an after-life if the Hindu beliefs became actuality. Their answers were a poignant commentary on human aspirations. "I'd like to be a peacock," declared Two Bits, a little negro noted for his ugliness. "Everybody looks at a peacock. They has such a pretty tail." While his companion, Sixty One, a tall, sad-faced negro, weary of battling a world of trial and pain,

answered after long reflection that he would choose to be a milk cow. "Nobody ever hurts a milk cow," he said. "All they does is pet her, and give her all the hay she can eat, and blankets to keep her warm, and all the finest things there is anywheres. And when she gits sick there's a doctor waiting right in the stable to give her some medicine. It'd sure be wonderful to be a milk cow."

The roustabout, like most negroes, is an accomplished singer. Whatever his task, rolling monstrous bales of cotton or carrying heavy sacks of sugar or flour, he is ever ready to break forth into some rhythmic chant that will help his liquid black arms and legs perform their strenuous labors.

A negro pulling with a dozen others at a rope to move a barge will start to sing in a hushed voice laden with melancholy:

Vicksburg was a hilly town,
Till the Yankies come and cut her down.

In a moment the whole toiling line is chanting in unison, their black bodies swaying with a rhythm as sharp as the beating of a drum. The song grows louder, faster, until the long rope seems to vibrate with the rise and fall of their plaintive voices. Suddenly the deck boss grunts a command. The rope is dragged away, the song is ended. Only the first singer, reluctant to abandon the melody, still hums it faintly as he starts carrying the nail kegs with which the barge is loaded up the long hill.

But all the rousters' songs are not work songs. There are melodies they chant as they lie under the starry sky: songs about beautiful yellow-skinned girls with mouths full of bright golden teeth that shine like the setting sun. There are the blues, which old roustabouts have told me began when the "outlaw women" that followed the levee camps sat on the bank and sang and played on mandolins, while the men coonjoined down the gangplank with their heavy loads. There are songs about steamboats and steamboat races:

The *Kate* and the *Nellie* had a race.
Kate threw water in *Nellie's* face.

There are songs of immediate events in their daily lives, composed by some unknown black poet as he sits at the end of a sultry summer day resting from his toil: the tragedy of a roustabout that killed the straight-haired girl who betrayed him, and now lies languishing in jail, awaiting the noose of the hangman; the eulogy of a rouster who bravely met death when he went out in a raging flood to rescue a drowning child. Whatever the song, it is generally in a low minor key, vibrant with sorrow, a reflection of the negro's tragic history.

III

The roustabouts live in a close-knit community. They lend one another needles to mend their torn clothing, and carefully trim one another's kinky hair; when one man catches a giant catfish it is a gay feast for all his fellows. Where there are no permanent quarters, their beds may be an empty wheelbarrow or a strip of burlap stretched to form a crude hammock; in colder weather they may sleep in the warm, luxurious space over the boilers known as the St. Charles Hotel. Once chosen, the rouster acquires a rigid proprietary interest in the location; the other roustabouts respect it as sacredly as though it were his cottage in some quiet river town. They make their own laws, with the deck boss and the mate as final judges and arbiters; when a thief, known as a cat, is discovered among them punishment is swift and terrifying.

But if the roustabout has one outstanding quality it is his superstition. As he is among the world's most inveterate gamblers, so is he high on the roll of its most superstitious. And with reason. Living on the water, his life constantly in peril from wreck, storm, or flood, there is little wonder that he comes to regard Old Al, the mythical giant alligator who is god of the river, as an omnipotent, sometimes demoniac creature who must

at all costs be placated. The Mississippi is a brooding stream, fringed with swamps and mystery; the world ashore is full of jails and sorrow. As a consequence the roustabout is always seeking some new way to outwit evil fortune, a Toby that will bring him luck at gambling or a job where the labor is scarce and the food abundant. He is thus regal prey for every black charlatan who takes a shabby furnished room in the negro section and sets up his establishment as a hoodoo doctor. A hundred feet from the main street of one of the largest cities in the South is a drugstore where, for a price of a few cents upward, every conceivable charm may be purchased, from Johnny Conquer Root, guaranteed to vanquish everyone you encounter, to scorpion dust that you can spill in your enemy's coffee and watch come to life again as a scorpion growing under his skin.

The hoodoo doctors of the Mississippi, like the voodoo practitioners of the West Indies, are direct descendants of the witch doctors I have watched in Africa, and their methods are as varied as their own imaginations. Some equip their quarters with all the crawling creatures of the swamp, the rattlesnakes, the moccasins, the lizards, and the huge hairy spiders. Others, more sophisticated, rely on mechanical devices, a crystal, some whirling colored lights, or a few tricks of the amateur magician they have purchased in a magic store. As a spell they may give their client a hoodoo bag, made of red flannel wrapped around powdered rattlesnake and a piece of magnetized iron; the charm may be scissors to cut the string with which the wife of a henpecked rouster is binding him to her. Whatever the method, it depends on awe and fear; and the negro always emerges from the gloomy room convinced of the charm's efficacy.

I can testify to the reverence accorded these spell-makers, for several times I have acted as a beneficent practitioner of the art of hoodoo. I was traveling on a steamboat one summer, when Turtle, a

fat roustabout who knew my interest in such mysteries, plaintively requested that I give him a spell to make him stop gambling. He was tired of losing his money, he declared; on every trip he went ashore without a penny to show for his labor.

After some reflection I consented, and in the dark of the moon taught him this verse laden with magic:

Gambler's money is not for me.
When I gamble my money rolls out to the sea.
Set my hand to shaking when I sit down by the cards.

When the verses had been mastered I informed the earnest Turtle that in the future whenever he was about to play cards he would see his right hand shaking like a leaf in the wind. In addition, since a concrete object is of primary importance in the making of any spell, I gave him a capsule filled with a magical white powder which I had been employing as a miraculous preventative of malaria in the cypress swamps. Advising him to put the capsule inside the band of his hat, I announced that when the powder melted the charm would take effect.

I left the boat, and returning three months later, went below to seek out my patient. The other negroes were in a tense circle, playing cooncan. But Turtle sat far away watching with mournful eyes.

"How are you, Turtle?" I asked.

He shook his head in sorrow. "Captain, I played cards twice after you put that there on me. And the third time it come over me all of a sudden. And I can't play cards no more."

Now he always urges me to remove the spell. But so far I have not relented.

The hoodoo doctor generally contents himself with tricking his client out of all his earnings. At times, however, he extends his field of operations, and engages in more criminal practices that may approach murder. There can be no question that on occasions negroes in the South are murdered by a hoodoo doctor at the request of some enemy bur-

dened with a fat pocketbook. Whether the crime is accomplished through suggestion, by the wishing-to-death method, in which the doomed man is modeled as a wax doll, the hoodoo doctor thrusting a pin each day nearer and nearer the heart; or whether the killing is effected by arsenic or some other slow poison added to the victim's food, I cannot pretend to say. But I have spent too many days in Africa where the witch doctors ply their trade to declare flatly that it is all fraud, all charlatanry.

Hoodooing in America is by no means confined to the South. There are no Mississippi roustabouts in Harlem; but there is many a stuffy little room on Lenox Avenue where a charm may be purchased with all the ease of tropical New Orleans, only the price a trifle higher. And it has been but a few months since all work suddenly halted when the negroes were unloading one of the Greene Line boats that run between Cincinnati and Pittsburgh. A roustabout found a needle and a fragment of red thread thrust into one of the sugar sacks piled on the wharf, an obvious sign that a hoodoo doctor was at work in the neighborhood. Not a negro would raise a hand until Captain Tom Greene had hurried forward and thrown the needle into the river. One police chief I know tries to protect the negroes of the community by forcing each arrested witch doctor to eat one of his own hoodoo bags.

The roustabout superstitions do not extend, however, merely to the practitioners of hoodoo. They affect every part of his daily life. Not long ago Possum Joe, a rooster noted for his flippancy, was drowned, and the reason is obvious. Every minute the negro kept throwing tobacco to Old Al, the river god, to make him smoke his pipe and raise a fog so that the steamboat would have to tie up to the bank and the roustabouts could rest. Old Al grew irritated at last and ended Possum Joe's impudence. If the roustabout's wife is suffering from a tumor, a doctor may not be necessary; if the negro can find a large snail and let it walk

slowly across the swelling the trouble will vanish by morning. If a rooster is crowing high up in a tree he is not casually saluting the sun; he is informing the captain and the crew that high water is on its way, and they had better hasten to moor the boat safely in a cove.

Ghosts are near the roustabout always. There is scarcely a vessel on the Mississippi to which some spectral figure does not return from the other world to terrify the black river man. There is a ghost on an Ohio steamboat with whom I have long been acquainted. A roustabout was murdered on the deck, and his body for several days was ferried back and forth from the Kentucky to the Ohio shores, the Kentucky authorities refusing to accept jurisdiction because the murder was committed on an Ohio boat, the Ohioans refusing with equal vigor because they insisted the crime was committed on the Kentucky side of the river. Ever since then his spirit has been forlornly wandering up and down the river seeking a final resting place.

And my wistful little friend, Piece O' Man, constantly sees the ghost of his dead comrade, Chattanooga. "That there Chattanooga was the smokingest rooster I ever seen," he will tell you. "Used to spend all his money gitting wonderful cigars. He kept 'em in the icebox to have 'em tasting right, he said. Every night after supper he'd take one out and smoke it, and make big smoke rings come up in front of him. And when he had three of the rings going in a row he'd take a match that was burning and throw it through 'em, all three of the rings at once. He seen it in a show, he said. One night he was wheeling coal off the fuel flat, and fell in the river, and was drowned. And I never expected to see Chattanooga no more. But sure enough, next night, the door of the icebox come open, and I seen him standing there, taking the cigars and feeling 'em to pick out the best one, like he always done. Then he set down and started blowing the smoke rings. He blowed the rings all right. But when

he tried throwing the match, he couldn't git it through more than two. Every night he comes and tries to git the three. It makes him awful mad, and he sits there cussing and burning his fingers. But he can't git the three noways."

There are ghosts that dwell on the land as well. A roustabout from the *Tennessee Belle*, when on a journey to Kansas City, met in a restaurant a beautiful negress, the loveliest girl he had ever seen in his many wanderings. They had supper together, then went off to a little café and danced gaily until dawn, when she suddenly made her excuses and vanished. Six nights in succession she met him, then on the seventh failed to appear. A week passed and the roustabout grew frantic; for the first time in his life he had fallen desperately in love. She had written her name and address on a piece of paper, but in a careless moment he had mislaid it somewhere in his room. He set out on a feverish search for the precious fragment, found it toward midnight and, hiring a taxicab, happily set out to visit her home. The cab drove for miles through the city and its dark outskirts, then halted at last at the address written on the paper. The roustabout disembarked. The car was standing at the gate of a cemetery. The girl had once been the negro belle of Kansas City

and had died in a fever epidemic fifty years before.

The roustabout is superstitious, spendthrift, shiftless; he is pointing nowhere, and never arriving. In a highly efficient world there would perhaps be no place for him and his fellows, and they could only languish and die. Yet I hope he will long be spared. For as he goes his carefree way, rolling his cotton or his dice under the moonlit sky, he is one of the world's colorful treasures, a rich, primitive painting in the museum of the universe. Perhaps in the future he will be threatened with extinction under the juggernaut of some super-mechanical monster whose only song is the horrible squeaking of machinery, and which can lift its cotton bales ten thousand at a time. But if he is thus menaced, there are many who will hope that Old Al, the river god, will arise in his wrath and annihilate with his rushing waters the monstrous machine and leave behind only a trail of muddy steel and twisted wire. And over the watchers standing along the shore will steal a great contentment and peace, as from the distance there rises a chant, hushed, but joyous:

Captain, Captain, is your money come?
I jest wants to know 'cause I wants to borrow
some.





LET BUSINESS ROLL ITS OWN

THE TNEC, STUART CHASE, AND THE NEW FINANCING

BY EMMETT F. CONNELLY

President of Investment Bankers Association of America

WHAT Mr. Stuart Chase meant in his HARPER's February article, "Capital Not Wanted," by his sub-title "American Business Rolls Its Own" is not entirely clear to me, but I gather he was attempting to prove that American business has grown so mature that it has no further use for new capital; in a word, it can provide everything that it needs to replace wornout equipment and expand operations out of depreciation reserves, and that with no outlet for rapidly growing "savings" the investment of these savings may have to be controlled by the government to prevent economic chaos. Perhaps this wasn't what Mr. Chase meant at all, but to me that seems to be the nut of it.

Mr. Chase's article is based on testimony given before the Temporary National Economic Committee. There is much factual evidence presented with which I am in complete agreement, but there are inferences drawn with which I disagree and errors of omission that becloud the issue. It seems to me improper to let Mr. Chase's first article and his second one, "Shadow Over Wall Street," in the March issue, go unchallenged. Had these articles appeared in a less responsible magazine than HARPER's the question of rebuttal would not be so important; but HARPER's readers are "thought leaders," in the language of the public relations expert. What they read and believe has a definite

social significance because they transmit their conclusions to others who accept them for gospel truth. If a type of thinking such as Mr. Chase's goes unchallenged long enough it is only logical that these thought leaders gradually accept it as being unassailable because no one has had anything to say to the contrary.

In order that you may not have to refer to your February or March HARPER's, I shall do my best to make brief references to Mr. Chase's articles in order that you may follow with minimum effort his thinking and my reasoning. Mr. Chase gives a very accurate picture of the set-up of the Temporary National Economic Committee. He portrays fairly the personalities of the Committee. He reports specific dialogue between the Committee and witnesses verbatim. His closing paragraph of the February article is my conception of how a committee appointed by Congress to study our economic ills should proceed. Mr. Chase's concluding paragraph reads:

If this dilemma were not so serious it would be funny. We have, as a nation, so much money that millions of us are close to the starvation line. It is serious to the point of tragedy. And the paradox will never be resolved by calling names, impugning motives, or summoning the shades of Adam Smith or Karl Marx. *It will be resolved when enough Americans of intelligence and good will sit down together to examine the facts, patiently and exhaustively, as they did in this lofty, marbled hearing room in Washington.*

That statement (the italics are my

own) would cause the uninformed to think that this inquiry was pretty much a round-table discussion. One might even gain the impression that this was just one big, happy family having a friendly chat about our national economic troubles. Such a conclusion is hardly accurate. I speak not from hearsay but as an observer when my industry was "on the stand" in December, 1939. Industry was the witness, the Temporary National Economic Committee the judge and jury, Mr. Nehemkis (counsel for the Committee) the prosecuting attorney. The fact that the inquiry was kept on a high plane, that there were no midgets introduced as in the Pecora investigation, and that Senator O'Mahoney presided in a most intelligent, just, and nonpartisan manner is beside the point. Let me explain what I mean by this statement. It should not be assumed that the members of the Temporary National Economic Committee themselves "prepared the case." The case was prepared long before the actual hearings began by young technicians permanently in the employ of various governmental bureaus or by specialists temporarily employed for this particular purpose. Some of these experts, by their own public utterances, have indicated that they lean heavily toward a new social order, and if they do not actually believe in the abolishment of the system of free enterprise, at least they are very much in favor of having it directed by the Federal government.

Upon the advice of these staff men, rules of procedure were formulated, the witness was asked to present his testimony prior to his appearance in Washington, and the staff "studied" the testimony so that counsel for the Committee was fully prepared to ask questions of the witness based not only on the submitted statement of the witness but also on other information taken from the private files of the witness by a staff of examiners sent out by the Securities and Exchange Commission. With this information at his disposal, Mr. Nehemkis was in an ex-

cellent position to ask the witness any question *he* wanted to, but there were many more questions that could have been asked that would have shed a different light on what actually went into the record. It was my feeling that many of the questions were of the "leading" type designed to establish a particular point. There was ample evidence that the witness was not expected to digress from his "directed testimony" nor to tell his own story in his own way. I inescapably got the feeling that the pattern for this economic jigsaw puzzle was thought out so carefully that when the testimony was pieced together in the final report of the staff the result would not be displeasing to those who did the initial designing. I do not mean to imply that this staff report will necessarily be acceptable to the Committee, or be passed on by the Committee to Congress, but I do say that the Congressional members of the Committee will have to read and study carefully the conclusions of the technicians before they affix their stamp of approval.

You may ask why successful business men have not been completely capable of "taking care of themselves" in these hearings. Well, here is one answer. Business men, unfortunately, are inarticulate for the most part. They can tell you in ten seconds what is wrong with a production line or why sales are dropping in the heavy steel division; but put them in the witness chair and they are at a loss for words. They get tongue-tied and confused, and after their efforts to inject some of their own thinking into their statements have been rebuffed a few times they give up in bewilderment. This is just one of the reasons why the record, when it is finally complete, will be full of one-sided testimony.

The foregoing background is necessary that you may understand properly why my impression of the Temporary National Economic Committee hearings does not coincide with that of Mr. Chase, who writes, "The atmosphere suggests a courtroom where the judge has taken off

his gown and counsel argue in suspenders. The rules are being observed, but informality is encouraged. The witness is sworn but he doesn't have to stick too closely to the evidence." The truth of the matter is, the record is full of instances where Chairman O'Mahoney, Senator King, Congressman Reece or Sumners had to *insist* that the witness be allowed to tell his own story over the vigorous protests of representatives of the bureaus, who claimed that the witness was violating the rules which prescribed what type of evidence might be given. Why the right of a witness, who appears in good faith, to say anything which he thinks may contribute to the solving of our problem should be challenged is more than I can understand. To the credit of Senator O'Mahoney and others presiding in his absence, the "cross fire" by members of the Committee and counsel was usually concluded when the Chairman insisted on letting the witness continue; but unfortunately by that time too many of the witnesses had stage fright.

II

Mr. Chase bases his contention that "Capital Is Not Wanted" largely on the fact that the chief executives of three or four of our largest corporations testified that they no longer need to go to investment bankers for money for plant expansion. If they want to build a new plant or rehabilitate an old one all they have to do is to turn to their depreciation reserve. Mr. Chase quotes the testimony of Mr. Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., Chairman of the Board of the United States Steel Corporation. He also cites some figures describing the money spent by the United States Steel Corporation in rehabilitating its plant and equipment. The figures are staggering. In fact these figures offer quite a convincing bit of "unplanned" evidence that private enterprise was no laggard in spending freely during the depression and was doing its share to alleviate unemployment. By Mr. Chase's own figures, the United

States Steel Corporation spent \$1,222,000,000 during recent years in its rebuilding program. The fact that most of this money came out of "depreciation reserve" doesn't mean that the spending of it put into circulation a different sort of a dollar than you and I spend. Mr. Chase comments, "Practically the whole revolution [referring to the rebuilding] was thus financed internally." How did it happen that he did not specifically mention that as recently as June, 1938, the United States Steel Corporation borrowed \$100,000,000 through investment bankers to complete this program? Depreciation cash was insufficient to finance the entire operation and investment bankers were ready and able to finish the job. If Mr. Stettinius didn't get this into the record, it's a pity.

Mr. Sloan of General Motors and Mr. Young of General Electric testified that their companies did not need any *new* money. Well, if I want an answer to come out a certain way I can ask certain questions of certain people and get it. Why didn't the Committee call Mr. Edgar M. Queeny, President of Monsanto Chemical Company, who was on the initial list of witnesses to testify and who, after sitting around Washington for a couple of days waiting to be called, was told that he wouldn't be needed? Mr. Queeny could have told the Committee that his progressive company had expanded its operations through public financing in 1937 and 1938, totaling \$10,500,000. Or Mr. Willard H. Dow of the Dow Chemical Company could have testified that this rapidly growing company had been to investment bankers in December, 1936, for \$5,000,000 to enlarge plant facilities. No effort was made to find out from Mr. Sloan or Mr. Young how their companies raised money when they were infant industries. There was no desire exhibited during this part of the hearing to delve into the early history of successful industries so that the record might show how new business ventures started and grew. Little attention was paid to the all-important ques-

tion of how new businesses financed themselves in the early stages of their development. Yet, as I will bring out later, counsel for the Committee was extremely interested in "ancient history" when investment bankers testified.

Mr. Frederick B. Rentschler, Chairman of the Board of United Aircraft Corporation, was another witness. Mr. Chase states that Mr. Rentschler "described a similar situation, except that his company drew a smaller part of its new capital from depreciation reserves than from profits. United Aircraft is a young company. It avoided the capital market in order to keep full control of the business." The inference of the last sentence, which does not need to be diagrammed to a normally intelligent person, is out of order if Mr. Chase is doing a factual, nonpartisan reportorial job. Nobody took the time to refresh Mr. Rentschler's memory on how his now prosperous company got its start. Counsel or Mr. Chase could have referred to Mr. Rentschler's prepared statement, which was presented to the Temporary National Economic Committee on May 18, 1939, in which he outlined how his company obtained its original capital and how in the late '20s through subscription by stockholders an additional \$6,000,000 was raised. This was new money—not money derived from either depreciation cash or profits, though, admittedly, both of these factors played a part in building up this company. Mr. Rentschler's statement contains the following interesting information:

Thus, it was in the spring of 1925 I began serious consideration of some way of going on with the development and manufacture of aviation engines. . . . This was obviously a highly experimental project at that time. However, here was the opportunity, if a successful engine could be developed, to start a company. . . . Now, at this time my hopes for a new company had therefore reached the point where we knew what we wanted to do and believed that we had the experience to do it, but we did not have the capital to begin our operations. I believed that this was not an ordinary banking proposition, due to the extra hazard of the new aviation industry.

Mr. Rentschler then went on to explain how he interested the Niles-Bement-Pond Company to provide the initial financing, both in cash and through the use of manufacturing facilities in one of their plants in Hartford, Connecticut. A little later on in his statement Mr. Rentschler explains how the Niles Company advanced \$750,000 in cash for which they received preferred stock and an additional \$280,000 covered by a demand note from the Aircraft Company, and he explains how at the end of the first several years the preferred stock held by the Niles Company and the demand note were retired through earnings.

Mr. Rentschler then talks about United Aircraft & Transport and says, "At the time of the formation of United Aircraft & Transport Corporation, it was deemed advisable to obtain additional capital. . . . In all, \$12,000,000 was obtained through the sale of \$50 par value cumulative 7 per cent preferred stock." This company was dissolved in 1934 and the preferred stock was retired at the call price of \$55; but the point is perfectly plain that during the development of Mr. Rentschler's company public money was raised. In March, 1936, United Aircraft Corporation offered to its stockholders the opportunity of advancing the desired amount of new capital through the issuance of additional stock and of this Mr. Rentschler says, "The result of this offering was completely successful, and all of the stock was taken up. The company realized approximately \$6,000,000 which was used to pay off bank loans in the amount of \$2,500,000, the construction of a new propeller plant and additional machinery in the amount of \$1,500,000, with the balance of \$2,000,000 added to working capital." Here again this corporation brought in money from the outside. The fact that it came through stockholders' subscriptions contradicts Mr. Chase's implication that the company expanded only through the use of depreciation reserve and profits. It is a clear case of resorting to outside funds or public money, whichever term you

want to use. I think it is an argument that capital *is* wanted.

Just by way of comment while speaking of this new industry that is playing such a prominent part in our social order to-day, some very interesting facts could have been brought out about other aviation companies. Lockheed, Vultee, and Pan American Airways have resorted to the investment banker for financing in 1939 and 1940. No effort was made to explore these interesting stories of business adventures on new economic frontiers.

Again Mr. Chase states that Mr. Berle in his testimony pointed out that Henry Ford built his entire mammoth plant out of earnings plowed back into the business. But Mr. Berle did not state that these "earnings plowed back" came from a company that was originally financed by a few Detroiters with "venture money" and that Mr. Ford was able in later years to plow back a large percentage of the earnings because in the meantime he had bought out his stockholders and had no need to pay dividends and could therefore use his own money as he saw fit. Incidentally, the fact that Mr. Ford can use depreciation cash to relieve unemployment was demonstrated in 1934, when, in the face of conditions that would have discouraged less courageous men than Henry and Edsel Ford, the Ford Motor Company spent millions of dollars at their River Rouge plant building and equipping a new tire plant, a body plant, and a tool and die plant; also erecting three new batteries of coke ovens and two gas holders, as well as carrying on their usual maintenance program which of itself gives employment to five thousand men daily. Whether this money came out of depreciation reserve or out of another part of the "till" is of little importance to anyone but an economist. Mr. Chase as an accountant knows full well that "depreciation reserve" does not consist of idle money in a separate account—it is not a segregated bucketful of cash. It is sufficient to the layman that this expenditure gave employment to thousands of steel workers,

bricklayers, steamfitters and day laborers at a time when the job problem was extremely acute in the Detroit area. It serves as conclusive proof that private initiative, courage, and foresight are worth preserving.

Next Mr. Chase reports testimony of John W. Barriger, III, chief examiner for the Railroad Division of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. Briefly, the testimony is supposed to show that railroads in recent years have had to turn to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation for financial help in a majority of cases. This is quite true, but the fact is that the credit of many roads is so poor to-day that investment bankers would be guilty of bad faith to investors if they underwrote the securities of certain railroads. And the plight of the railroads to-day, not in all cases but in many, might conceivably be traced to the last war when the government "took them over" and did an outstanding job of inefficient management.

Then reference is made to testimony of Dr. Oscar Altman, statistician of the Securities and Exchange Commission, and Dr. Alvin Hansen, professor of economics at Harvard, who, if I am correctly informed, was employed as an adviser to the Securities and Exchange Commission in the situation that we are discussing. It seemed to me in reviewing this testimony that much could have been gained if other economists whose views do not coincide with those of Messrs. Currie, Hansen, Altman, and Berle (whose social philosophies have been acceptable to the present Administration) had been put on the stand. It would have been interesting to hear Professor Sumner H. Slichter of the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration reply to Mr. Berle. Professors Reed of Cornell, Marget of Minnesota, Fairchild of Yale, and Lewis Haney, the columnist, who is also professor of economics at New York University, might have had something to say in rebuttal to those who believe that American economy has matured—that we have reached

our last economic frontier—and that therefore the “excess of savings” and the “reservoirs of capital” (referring particularly to the insurance companies) should be controlled by the State to relieve unemployment. Senator O’Mahoney has stated in a news release that toward the end of the inquiry interested parties would be permitted to appear and expound their own theories and that the discussion at that time would take on the nature of a “free for all.” Let us hope that in this “free for all” some economic authorities who have views divergent from those already expressed will be called, so that the record may be better balanced when the inquiry is complete.

III

In his second article, “Shadow Over Wall Street,” Mr. Chase makes it clear, at least to me, that his economic thinking is sympathetically attuned to that of Messrs. Berle, Hansen, etc. His inferences are much less veiled than in his previous article. I quote his final paragraphs and urge you to draw your own conclusions as to just what he means:

The hearings make it clear that, while agreement is becoming widespread as to the facts, many Americans are not prepared to accept Mr. Berle’s banks, or Dr. Hansen’s tax reforms, or Mr. Dennison’s program for public construction. They prefer to wait for some god from some machine to come and make everything click again as it did before the world turned upside down.

Perhaps the god will come. Perhaps it will be Mr. Dewey or Mr. Garner. . . . Perhaps he can even make the sun to shine in Wall Street. Here, in the careful testimony of these hearings, are the facts he must overcome to do it. It will be interesting to watch him battle with the facts; interesting to know where he will find \$19 billion, more or less, of productive investment, every year. If the facts defeat him, as I am afraid they will, it may *then* be psychologically possible to work out financial solutions which fit the facts. Even the bitter-enders will realize that the rhythm of the 19th century cannot be recaptured. With agreement general, we can, as a people, set about achieving that intensive expansion in living standards for all Americans which our magnificent industrial plant stands ready to give us whenever we say the word.

Surely this is a premature forecast of the final result. I should like to see someone like Dr. Slichter subpoenaed by the Committee to read into the record testimony that will have a compensating value when the report of the Committee is being written. For the life of me I can’t see how “an economic study” can be made without getting all the facts. Those of you who read Dr. Slichter’s article, “Business Looks Ahead,” in the *Atlantic Monthly* last November, will I am sure agree that he could answer the testimony which Mr. Chase, in his March article, thinks so important.

Dr. Slichter’s article recalled to our memory the fact that for more than a century there have always been those who in every depression set up the cry that we had reached our economic frontiers, that we had arrived at a “mature economy.” Dr. Slichter’s refutation of this line of thought is supported by an article which appeared in the *London Economist* on December 2, 1939, from which I quote:

It is difficult to take this theory seriously—or to know whether its partisans themselves take it seriously. If the United States with its vast areas, its low debt, its inexhaustible natural resources, its rising population is a mature economy, what is Great Britain? And yet our “decadent” economy has contrived, during the decade when America was standing still, to go ahead as fast as on the average of the great Victorian era of expansion. . . . If Britain, inherently much the more “mature” of the two, has found it possible to regain a high rate of progress after a decade in the doldrums, there is no reason whatever to expect any different course of events in America.

This is an interesting commentary coming from a nonpartisan observer. A detailed reading of the entire article leads one to conclude that our British cousins think that America has a bad case of “jitters” because it has forgotten for the moment how to grow.

IV

When the Temporary National Economic Committee first convened, Presi-

dent Roosevelt addressed a letter to Senator O'Mahoney in which he said:

The hearings before your Committee, I hope, will assume the task of analyzing the financial machine in its relation to the creation of more needed wealth. We know that the mechanism can be improved. Improvement can only be made on a basis of clear analysis. Having made that analysis, I hope that your Committee will then be able to indicate ways by which the machine may be made to function more efficiently.

The Temporary National Economic Committee has several months yet to run. It is to be hoped it will get a great deal more data on why the machine isn't working. To date, there has been little or no discussion about restrictive legislation or burdensome taxation. These are big economic factors. Why shouldn't they be explored? One school of thought on the Committee holds that any discussion of legislative matters is out of order in a study of this kind. Why? This is the answer given: "Because it is an encroachment on Congressional prerogatives." It is not a good answer. It is not my thought that at these hearings specific remedial legislation would be suggested. On the contrary, the sole purpose would be to let business men tell how certain types of existing legislation tend to slow up business. The Committee could then recommend to Congress appropriate legislative action.

Why shouldn't our tax set-up be studied by this Congressionally-appointed Economic Committee? Why shouldn't business men have a chance to discuss the Wagner Labor Act and the Wage and Hour Act as they affect our economy? It is inevitable that in a free discussion of this sort industrialists would be able to point out how their activities have been greatly curtailed by the Labor Act and the partisan administration of the National Labor Relations Board. Many business men to-day are reluctant to expand their operations because they have no idea how their activities may be affected by certain labor leaders who have the support, under the Wagner Act, of the National Labor Relations

Boards. It is imperative that this situation be studied because labor is vastly affected by our laws. No one should think that the manufacturer is the only sufferer when labor troubles close his plant. The 54-day strike at the Chrysler plant in Detroit last fall is ample evidence that thousands of laborers, skilled and unskilled, as well as the management and the stockholders, suffered tremendously.

Why shouldn't the Committee give investment bankers the opportunity to explain how the flow of capital might be improved if the Securities Act were amended to remove unnecessary deterrents without weakening the underlying purpose of the Act one iota? The information thus produced would be most helpful in view of the fact that there are to-day three sets of laws which affect the issuance and sale of securities: the Securities Act of 1933, the Securities and Exchange Act of 1934, and the Holding Company Act of 1935. There exists much conflict of law which permits undesirable interpretative administration.

I have mentioned that little attention was given to the study of the early history of some of our largest industrial concerns, but when it came to examining the investment bankers, counsel for the Committee quizzed them at great length on matters dating from 1908 to 1933 or 1934 without any effort being made to learn how investment banking has functioned since the passage of the Securities Acts. Much time and money was spent by government and witnesses going over past history and abuses, to prevent a recurrence of which the Securities Acts of 1933 and 1934 were passed. Why shouldn't some time be spent on present-day conditions?

As President of the Investment Bankers Association of America, I appeared before the Temporary National Economic Committee on December 15, 1939. I was permitted to read into the record a short statement in which I requested the Committee to grant our industry an opportunity to present witnesses of our own choosing. I explained that these men

would come from various parts of the United States and that they could fairly represent the points of view of their own geographical areas. We are hopeful that we will be called to sit down on a "conference table basis" and give our ideas on the subject. We have persistently maintained that only on such a basis can the discussion be really worth while. It seems to me that one of our troubles to-day is that few business men know anything about economics and not many economists know anything about business. Maybe we could each help the other and in doing so perform a valuable service to the nation.

I feel sure the Temporary National Economic Committee can bring out a most interesting and valuable report if it is possible for them to proceed on a "round table conference basis." On a "directed testimony basis" I believe the constructive results will be negligible.

I think President Roosevelt's letter of instructions to the Committee so definitely demands that the investigation be conducted on the basis of clear analysis to determine why, as he puts it, there is lag, leak, and friction in our financial machine, that no stone should be left unturned to unearth all of the facts. The President's reference to the financial machine strikes a sympathetic note with me. Perhaps it is because I come from the "Motor City" and am motor-conscious.

I think we should get the designers and the mechanics together to find out what is wrong with our financial machine. I look upon the economists as the draftsmen or designing engineers and

on the business men as the mechanics. The airplane designer may know all the mathematical equations of aerodynamics and yet when the test pilot "takes her up" if he comes down all in one piece he will have many practical suggestions as to how to make the creation of the draftsmen a more practical, usable, and safe instrument of aviation. Why can't we apply the same logic to our present dilemma? We have energy, courage, and brains. We have good theorists and good practitioners, man power, money power, natural resources, and every ingredient for a fine economic order. It is stupid and tragic if we don't work together and solve the problem.

Our "financial machine" can be compared to an automobile that has had its gas tank punctured and has at best but a small supply of fuel left; two or three spark plugs have also been removed by inexperienced workmen, so that the engine is missing badly. To prevent its running away, as it did in 1929, the brakes have been so firmly tightened that even with the gas tank full and the spark plugs back in place it would be extremely difficult to get the machine to run except in a jerky and unsatisfactory manner. I firmly believe it is wise to ease up the brakes and give the car a chance to function, provided we can get the spark plugs of public confidence reinstalled and the gas tank filled with the fuel of private savings. If we do ease up on the brakes, as any good driver does when he wants to move forward, I am satisfied that this country will again enjoy its former prosperity and that the unemployment problem will to a large extent be solved.



PASTORAL

BY ELIZABETH ENRIGHT

THE people in the garden stopped speaking while the Seventh Avenue Local thundered by under the earth like a charging minotaur in a labyrinth. Even when it had gone it was necessary to shout above the traffic which hurled itself past the high wooden wall.

"Yes," Arthur said laying down the trowel. "Last year we had a cricket."

"You could hear it during the stop lights," said Hildreth, his wife.

"We had Japanese beetles too," added Arthur with a touch of pride. "But of course we had to get rid of them." He stood up, clenched his teeth on his pipe, and surveyed the twelve-by-fourteen-foot garden with the eyes of a landowner in love with his land. Oomlout, the dachshund, gamboled about his feet and gnawed fondly at his shoe laces.

Sarah Tomlinson put her glass down on the flagstones and brushed a little of the soot out of her lap. She glanced about her with a bright expression of interest and approval. "You've done wonders, Arthur," said Sarah, "simply wonders."

In the third-storey window of the tenement at the right an Italian lady leaned her bosom comfortably upon a pillow and looked down at them with the steady unwavering stare of one who is provided with free entertainment. At the left a red-and-yellow gasoline advertisement, nine feet high, glared from the blind brick wall of a loft building. Between these cliffs lay the garden, like a pocket handkerchief dropped by Primavera in a musty and commercial region.

"The zinnias ought to be pretty good,"

agreed Arthur modestly, gazing at the two-inch sprouts which punctuated a triangular bed of earth. "But the delphinium doesn't look so hot."

"We plan to try the baby's formula on it next," said Hildreth. "Arthur! Oomlout's using the zinnia bed again!"

"What on earth is that thing?" inquired Sarah, her eye on a glossy green vine that coiled round a porch pillar.

"Clematis, would you believe it!" answered Arthur in an amazed voice. "We didn't know either. Last spring it suddenly came out of the ground like a snake and grew sixteen inches in two weeks."

"The gourd of Jonah," said Hildreth, "for which we have not labored, neither made it grow. Only it doesn't perish. If Oomlout can't kill it nothing can."

She lay back in the garden chair, on one arm of which was a scotch and soda, and on the other a ruled pad and a bottle of ink. She had been writing a short story when Sarah arrived and was going to begin again the minute she left. Beside her, the baby in his carriage peered rakishly over the hood and commented in his inscrutable language.

High overhead a flock of pigeons, each one destined to be eaten and digested, curved in a flight of spurious freedom, sharp and shining in the light.

A steady pounding began on the other side of the wooden wall. "Oh God, it's Saturday again," said Hildreth.

Arthur removed his pipe from his mouth. "You kids beat it!" he shouted. "I'm serious!"

The pounding redoubled in force and volume.

"You know what happened last time!" brayed Arthur impotently.

For answer an empty sardine tin sailed over the wall and landed at Sarah's feet. A jubilant wave of mirth was heard above the rumbling of the Atlantic Avenue Express which happened to be passing. The pounding continued, and in a few minutes a clothespin, two stones, and a broken monkey wrench had landed in the garden: two in the zinnia bed, one in the privet, and another (the clothespin fortunately) in the baby carriage.

"Well, really—" Sarah began, but broke off fascinated by the exultant light in Hildreth's cool gray eyes. She watched her rise, pick up the ink bottle in her delicate fingers, and walk smoothly and quietly to the wall. An instant later the ink bottle glittered, a dark projectile high in the air, and was seen no more. The thumping stopped at once. Full-blooded indignation took its place for a few minutes but soon departed.

Arthur looked at Sarah apologetically. "It's the only kind of treatment they understand," he explained. "We've tried everything: reasoning, blasphemy, telephoning the parents, even the police."

Hildreth stretched out in her chair again, tranquil and at peace. She crossed one long leg over the other. "Birds, flowers, little children," she said.

"They aren't usually so easily discouraged," continued Arthur. "Once nine of them climbed up on the wall like apes, and Hildreth had to keep them at bay with the hose till I got home."

The Italian lady sneezed uninhibitedly and withdrew herself from the window. A one-eared cat moved like a ballerina along the top of the wall, and Oomlout reacted dramatically with arching leaps and barking.

"All right, all right," said Hildreth, "we know you have the right instincts."

"Look, girls! My God, look!" cried Arthur suddenly.

A sulphur-yellow butterfly, like a pair

of petals, drooped and fluttered over the garden. It hovered for a moment among the ageratum; desultorily tasted some new pansy plants in a strawberry crate, lifted, hesitated above the wall, and was lost forever in the limbo of Seventh Avenue.

"Well!" said Arthur in tones of the deepest gratification.

"The real thing, by Jove," Hildreth said so that he wouldn't have to.

"Marvelous," murmured Sarah gathering up her bag and gloves. "In New York, imagine." She leaned over and tactfully as possible brushed Oomlout's pawprints from her stockings.

"Do you really have to go?" asked Hildreth, returning the ruled pad to her lap and unscrewing her fountain pen.

"You'll always find us here on Saturdays and Sundays," said Arthur cordially. "And when the evenings get warmer we're going to have dinner out here too."

"It will be very reminiscent of Renoir," said Hildreth, "with lots of grapes and pears all over, and a bottle of red wine in a cradle. Arthur will wear his opera hat, and I'm going to develop a bust for these occasions. You must come often."

"I will, I will," promised Sarah. "It sounds delightful. You've done wonders, Arthur; no, don't come in, I can find my way out perfectly."

She walked up the porch steps and into the house. On the mantel two luster compotes and an ash tray were jingling briskly to the vibrations caused by the Seventh Avenue Local.

She turned and looked back through the open door. As though through the wrong end of a telescope she saw a clear little picture of the garden and all it contained: Hildreth's dark head bent over her writing pad, the baby's pink feet waving in the carriage, Oomlout crouched in a sinister position among the zinnias, and Arthur slowly, raptly, transferring a trowelful of pansy plants from one corner to another, his whole attitude that of a man who labors in the fruitful soil of an abundant land.



THE WAR OF INDUSTRIES

THE ALLIES' TOUGHEST PROBLEM

BY FRANK C. HANIGHEN

Two incidents, both occurring since the outbreak of the war, reveal a fierce struggle between the industries of the Allies and the industry of Germany—a struggle that may have a greater effect on the outcome of the war than the battles between armies and navies.

On October 14, 1939, six weeks after the commencement of the war, the British Ministry of Supply requisitioned the services of a big firm of contractors which possessed some valuable excavating equipment. The firm had been working on a reservoir for the London Water Board. The Ministry stepped in, and with an air reminiscent of Economic Dictator Goering, took the contractor and his equipment away from the Water Board and put them to work on the foundations of three munitions factories. The Ministry acted under the "priority" regulations passed some months before, which gave the Government power to secure priority for orders necessary for "public service." This particular requisition, by reason of the ensuing publicity in the press, underlined the fact that Britain was getting down in earnest to real economic mobilization for war.

On February 3, 1940, representatives of the American machine-tool industry assembled hastily in Washington after a summons from Secretary Morgenthau. The Secretary of the Treasury complained to the group that airplane manufacturers—many of them trying to fill Allies' orders—could not get enough

machine tools. The machine-tool men, for their part, complained that they were loaded to more than capacity with orders, from their regular peacetime customers, from airplane manufacturers (many of whom were working for the Allies) and from the Allies directly. If the Secretary really wanted to be helpful, they said, he should relax revenue restrictions so that they could economically expand their plant to take care of what they described as a "war boom." Meanwhile Allied buying commissions at 15 Broad St., New York, were placing—or trying to place—the biggest orders the American machine-tool industry had ever beheld, even surpassing the piping days of 1917–18. Machine tools, which are essential instruments in large-scale production of munitions (as well as of other products), have become therefore as much a symbol of the effort of Allied war economy as priorities. In short, the uproar in Washington and Broad St. signifies that Britain and France are gearing up for a huge mass-production drive to defeat Germany.

Now these two incidents reveal, paradoxically, not Allied strength, but Allied weakness—as compared with Germany. The Water Board affair, for instance, is "old hat" in the Reich. During the past five years war priority in Germany has been the rule rather than the publicized exception. As for machine tools, Germany long ago tooled her industry for mass production. In fact, the German

machine-tool industry had waxed so strong that Germany in the past few years actually sold Britain and France large numbers of machine tools for their armament industries. There is no mistaking the picture—the Allies have taken late steps which Germany took early.

This is very important. It is a well-established fact by this time that wars are fought as much by industries as by the forces in the field. Hence it might as well be recognized that Allied backwardness in taking such steps constitutes a very serious handicap. This sort of thing lies at the bottom of Allied unpreparedness. This unpreparedness in turn has played a big role in the Allied diplomatic defeats in the pre-war period. For example, the fact that the British Fleet when it entered the Mediterranean in 1935 lacked shells had a certain influence on the backdown over Ethiopia. The Munich débâcle provides another, and far more striking case. Britain and France in September, 1938, suffered from a serious inferiority in planes and plane production. Britain lacked also anti-aircraft defenses, not to mention an army to send to the Continent. Whether or not these weaknesses were decisive in the Allied diplomatic defeat, it is conceded that they played a big part in the Anglo-French Cabinet and Staff considerations concerning a real showdown with Hitler. The discovery of this weakness at the time of Munich did give a big impetus to Allied rearmament. But, after a year's work, the results proved unequal to the situation of last September. Poland went down without any serious attempt on the part of the Allies to help her.

Time, it is said, is fighting on the side of the Allies. Yet if the Allies let such strategic areas as Scandinavia, the Balkans, and the Near East go the way of Poland time will have laid up a heavy handicap against them. At the same time they must face the possibility of Germany's tapping Russian raw material resources. Thus time, which the Allies hope to use to overtake German armaments, may also work in favor of Ger-

many. All this of course is a matter of speculation at this date. But, in view of the past record of Allied industrial unpreparedness, and of present Allied cautiousness in the field, it is well to consider the likelihood that Britain may be failing to win the war, not on the playing fields of Eton, but on the smoke-stained surface of Lancashire.

This of course does not harmonize with the current view held in this country and Allied countries about the Allies' chances in the war. These views rate the Allied position as invulnerable and certain of victory at least in the long run. Experts have subjected the economic war potentials of the three belligerents to highly detailed analysis and have rendered a verdict against Germany's chances. The balance sheet runs as follows: The Allies have overwhelming financial superiority over Germany. The Allies in their home territory and empires, plus countries which they can tap by reason of their naval and financial power, have raw materials to waste, while Germany suffers from a serious lack of many essential raw materials. Britain and France enjoy an improved position in respect to industrial plant (in point of number of factories, etc.) over their position *vis-à-vis* Germany at the beginning of the last war. Finally, they have a highly comfortable superiority in food resources so long as they keep their naval supremacy.

It's an impressive list—perhaps too impressive. The most important superiority of Britain and France lies in raw materials. But there exists some doubt about the decisive importance of raw materials except in a long war. The Twentieth Century Fund's survey, *Boycotts and Peace*, says, "It is a mistake to assume that nations at war necessarily require a larger amount of raw materials than in times of peace. Actually during the Great War many of the belligerents got along with less coal, iron, lead, and zinc than before." There are several reasons for this. For one thing, salvage of metals helps. Many raw materials—

iron, for instance—are not wasted assets. All sorts of munitions can be reprocessed. But perhaps the most important reason lies in the fact that once real war starts many peacetime activities such as building are curtailed, and hence smaller amounts of many raw materials are used. Oil, it is true, is a distinctly wasted asset and looms as a dangerous problem in Germany if real war begins. But even in the case of oil, stocks stored before the war may sustain the country for some time. Is it possible that we have over-rated the importance of raw material superiority in wartime? And can it be that there is another element, possessed by Germany, and omitted in the balance sheet, which may offset German raw-material weakness?

We can begin to get at the answer to this last question only by clearing away a current popular delusion. Commentators on the armament race have succeeded in giving the impression, perhaps unintentionally, that the Allies started to rearm from scratch just eighteen months ago, started to throw their enormous war potential into gear to overtake Germany's. The Allies, according to this view, suddenly became aware on the morrow of Munich of the fact that Germany's war machine was a threat to them. They thereupon started on a sort of hundred-yard dash to overtake Germany. But the facts do not support this impression.

The fact is that early after Hitler's accession to power the Allies, who then possessed a big military and naval superiority over Germany, did see the red light and tried to increase their lead. In 1935 the British arms budget touched a new high of £137 million. In the following years it rose rapidly: 1936, £186 million; 1937, £262 million; 1938, £400 million; 1939, estimated £630 million. France too increased her arms budget, though at a less rapid rate: 1935, 12.5 billion francs; 1936, 15 billion francs; 1937, 20.5 billion francs; 1938, 22.2 billion francs.

But these figures tell only part of the

story. The air forces of these powers, which brought about the biggest disappointment at Munich, received a handsome portion of these budgets. In 1934 Britain started a five-year plan for rebuilding the Royal Air Force—a year before Goering is said to have started his air force. In 1936–7 the Royal Air Force received over £49 million, almost double that of 1935–6, and treble that of 1934–5. The French air force received the unprecedented sum of 980 million francs in 1934 to start off a three-year plan, called the General Denain Plan, after the Air Minister. This plan was avowedly designed to increase the lead which the French air force—then the largest in Europe—had over any possible German threat. The Pierre Cot Plan (Cot was Air Minister from 1936–8) succeeded the Denain Plan in 1936. Cot proposed to reorganize and re-equip the newly nationalized aviation industry. It was in this same year that the French laid down a new four-year rearmament plan for rapid mechanization of the army, for reinforcement of existing fortifications, and for raising the air force to a first-line strength of 1,500 planes with about 2,400 in reserve.

Nor were the French unmindful of the necessity of plane production, as distinct from planes ready to fly. Pierre Cot in 1936 proclaimed the principle: "One never makes war with the planes one has but with the planes one manufactures." The British recognized the same principle in their plans. The famous nationalization of French war industries (including the aviation industry), in fact, was based as much on the need for Government control and co-ordination in the interests of efficiency (the General Staff gave their blessing to this "socialistic" measure) as on the necessity to reform the evils of the private manufacture of arms. The Allies, in short, did early recognize the menace of Hitler, did lay detailed plans, and did lavish huge sums of money on their armaments in order to keep the lead they already possessed.

The plans, then, were laid, the money

spent—and the Munich days brought a bitter accounting. The picture in all its deadly clarity revealed what had happened to the Allies' head start. When war threatened that September, Germany possessed a big superiority in the air. S. Paul Johnston, editor of the American trade magazine *Aviation*, estimates the relative air strengths (in first-line planes, reserves, plant production, quality, etc.) of the three powers, as follows: Germany 10, Britain 5, France 2½. (The French air industry during August, the month before Munich, was estimated to have produced between 18 and 40 planes.)

Mr. Johnston, who had visited European plants in 1936, made another tour of inspection in the months following Munich. In Germany he noted that German factories were maintaining their lead with an insolent lack of haste. They were working only one eight-hour shift and observing holiday layoffs. He said, "For instance, November 16 was *Buss und Bet Tag*, an ancient religious holiday. I found that I could not get permission to visit factories that day because they were all closed. This offered quite a contrast to conditions in England as I saw them, where many factories were operating full out on a three shift per 24 hour basis. . . . Conditions in England are quite different. After three years of intensive effort and expenditure of vast sums of money on the development of an aircraft industry and its shadow, the British are only now on the verge of something like quantity production of aircraft. Judging by what I had seen, I had expected the British position to be much better than I found it in the fall of 1938."

What had produced this striking Allied defeat in the "white war" of industries? According to the popular conception of war potential, they had a big superiority. They possessed, and utilized generously, their great financial power. They had started early in the race with a big head start. They should have faced Munich unafraid from the military standpoint,

and better prepared than Germany. What happened? The real truth is that one item in the balance sheet of war potential—a factor usually ignored by economic writers—had been working against the Allies and in favor of Germany. This is the item which looms so big to-day when Britain requisitions excavators and buys machine tools.

Professor William Oualid, Professor of Political Economy in the University of Paris, has emphasized the importance of this factor in war potential. War potential, according to his definition, is the "*present degree of aptitude for and the facility and rapidity of possible adaptation to the requirements of war.*" Thus the actual economic resources were not enough in this preliminary battle of industries. These resources had to be organized quickly and efficiently, and the war products had to be processed in large enough numbers to ensure victory. Not only raw materials were necessary, but also the "facility and rapidity of possible adaptation to the requirements of war" (of which priorities and machine tools are emblems) as well. The industrial and economic set-ups of Britain and France did not fulfill this requirement. Germany's did. Therefore Germany enjoyed a big economic advantage which outweighed those of the Allies in the "white war." In the present phase of actual war this German advantage is apparently still working. And we must face the possibility that it may continue to do so in the long run (depending on the success of the Russo-German economic alliance) and may prevent an Allied victory.

II

How is it that British industry, mother of all modern industries, has come to this pass? Why is it that world, and especially American, confidence in the prestige of British economic power must suffer such a disillusion?

The illusion of British industrial power is dying slowly here in the United States. (In the following analysis I shall consider

only British industry, since French industry is much smaller and the burden of Allied war effort admittedly falls on Britain.) But it expires rather rapidly among those Americans who have had an opportunity to observe it at close hand. In the course of three years' work in Europe as a newspaper correspondent I have talked to a great many American business men and technicians who visit or work in England and I have noted that they invariably take a very critical view of British industrial and business methods. I shall present one impression, very typical among these Americans.

In December, 1938, in the midst of a controversy in England about munitions output, I met an American technician who was quite outspoken in his views on British industrial methods. He was an engineer in the employ of a large American aircraft-accessory firm. His firm had sold the patent rights on one of their devices to a British firm engaged in the production of military aircraft and had sent him to England to show the English engineers how to put the device into production. His contract in England was for six months, a time considered sufficient by the American firm to get the lathes turning.

"I'm stopped," he said sadly. "I'm going back to the States with my job unfinished. I can't lay up a cent with these limies. They're fine bench workers, I'll say that. Can handle tools and work very careful like. But they won't do things the way we do them. They're stubborn. They say they've always done it their way and they're not going to change. They produce an article which isn't like our article. I admit it's well put together and that it may last longer. But while they're plodding away at the thing producing hundreds, our boys are slapping it out by the thousands. They don't get the idea of mass production—that's it.

"In the schools out in Ohio, where I came from, they used to teach us to look up to the English. Now I've changed my mind. I don't see it that way. I

think the English are just plain dumb."

The English of course aren't dumb. Their very high intelligence, as applied to industry, has simply been bogged down in a mass of tradition. The trouble is that they were the first in the field in industry and were inclined to let it go at that. British industry of course has not stood still since the days of their glory in the 18th century, when Watt's steam engine, Kay's shuttle, and Hargreave's jenny (which multiplied weavers' production eight-fold) made them pioneers. But an old industrial capitalism grew in on itself and as the decades passed had difficulty in competing with the newer industries of other nations. In the last half of the 19th century and the early part of the 20th American and German industries jumped into the field with more modern and efficient methods, with newer equipment and fresher enterprise. Ludwell Denny's *America Conquers Britain* has described this race with a wealth of documentation (which, I wish to acknowledge, proved a great help in making this study). It was a very natural process.

The International Labor Office in Geneva has published some figures about productivity per worker in the various large industrial countries, which throw much light on this British backwardness in the industrial race. Between 1860 and 1910 British productivity per worker increased 34 per cent. German productivity between 1882 and 1907 increased 69.8 per cent. The productivity of the United States between 1859 and 1899 increased 101 per cent. In post-war years, British productivity rose only about 1.8 per cent annually, while German rose about 3.5 per cent and American 4.8%.

The best brains in England have long been aware of these facts. Two reports, one of the *Liberal Industrial Inquiry* in 1928, the other by the *Balfour Committee on Industry and Trade* in 1929, repeat in one form or another the standard American criticisms of the backwardness of British industry. "Our plant," says the Liberal

report, "is not as a whole so up to date as that of Germany or Lorraine. Thus Sir Herbert Lawrence, the Chairman of Vickers, recently declared 'that it was a matter of common knowledge . . . that there was a very large percentage of the steel and engineering businesses which for one reason or another are ill adapted for modern production.' " This report especially noted the failure of British industry to measure up to that of Germany and America in various phases of industrial efficiency, such as: increased exchange of trade information by companies through trade associations; improved company and governmental commercial intelligence services, statistics and cost accounting; and scientific research. The report said, "We believe that secrecy in business is one of the greatest factors of inefficiency in British economic life to-day, particularly in comparison with the United States."

This report, discussing the lack of "statesmanship" of British industry in the face of changing circumstances, said, "This is probably in some degree a natural consequence of diminished vitality in industries which were in their prime and in the forefront of progress two or three generations ago. Then the leaders of these industries were nearly all pioneers; now few of them have reached their present position by their own unaided abilities, but partly at least because they are the sons of their fathers or grandfathers." Americans who have tried to do business in Britain can certainly confirm this last observation. They know too well the character of many English firms: the polite cockney clerk who runs the business with a highly developed lack of initiative, and the gentlemanly proprietor whose preoccupation with long week-ends in the country leaves him little time to deal with customers. British industry often seems a very devitalized grandson.

The Balfour Committee report emphasizes the timidity and conservatism of British capital in failing to supply funds for industrial modernization. It mentions the inability of "many depressed

British industries, including some of those on which our competitive position has hitherto largely depended, to find the necessary capital to carry out the re-equipment which is essential to the restoration of their health." It concludes that it is "abundantly clear from our survey that the first step to putting British industries in a position to compete successfully in overseas markets, is to subject their organization and equipment to a thorough process of reconditioning . . . [which] will undoubtedly involve a great deal of scrapping and replacement of plant, and enlargement of the industrial unit, both by growth and by re-grouping of units through consolidation or other forms of association, so as to obtain the full benefits of large-scale production, elimination of waste, standardization, and simplification of practice, and all other measures of economy usually included under the comprehensive term of 'rationalization.'"

Rationalization! It is little realized to-day, when Britain is blockading Germany and cutting off her sources of raw materials, that a similar blockade in the last war started Germany on the road to rationalization. Necessity for making the best use of what they had and could get inspired the Germans, under Walter Rathenau, the great organizer of war economy, to institute stern regimentation of industry. The blockade broke Germany and the ensuing dictated peace brought inflation and wide bankruptcy in business. As a result of this a small group of industrialists and bankers were able to consolidate ownerships and prepare the way for what has since become known as the Great Era of German Rationalization.

During the same years when the British were writing reports the Germans were acting. From 1925 to 1929 German industry went through, had to go through, a drastic process of rationalization. German industry struggling with the burdens of the war, revolution, and inflation, and facing a world bristling with tariff barriers erected against its large

export business, set to work to save itself. In these years it reorganized and re-equipped (incidentally, with the assistance of American money) its plant with traditional thoroughness and efficiency. Badly located and poorly equipped plants were closed down. Technically related units were realigned. Parts were standardized. Mass-production increased by leaps and bounds. In fact, *rationalisierung* became almost a national religion. "Flow production" and "assembly lines" as slogans commanded the submission of German business men with as much authority as some of the slogans of Goebbels to-day. Associations for the dissemination of trade information and technical knowledge made great progress and "trade secrecy" constituted an "enemy" which was as widely denounced as "democracy" or "Jewish capitalism" is to-day in the Third Reich. Germans, in fact, came to regard *rationalisierung* as a philosophy of life, controlling both consumers and producers, and destined to solve practically all their problems. The world depression of course destroyed that line of thinking. But its concrete achievements remained. When Hitler came to power he took over an admirably tooled and lubricated instrument to start the world's greatest armament race.

Under the Nazis the process continued. Fritz Sternberg, antifascist economic writer, said, "In the first period after the advent of National Socialism in Germany certain ideological tendencies hampered the process of rationalization, but it is now [1938] being accelerated because no country can afford to neglect rationalization, *i.e.* technical progress in just those branches of industry which are of importance for war production." And Karl Lange (whom Mr. Sternberg quotes), executive member of the engineering group of the German economic system, writes in the same year, "Technical progress is proceeding at an unprecedented rate."

Britain meanwhile stuck to the old methods and disregarded the warnings

of her official reports. From 1933 on, it is true, British production did increase and some parts of her industry did introduce modified mass-production methods. But in general Britain rejected rationalization.

III

With such a background—and with such a competitor as Germany—it was inevitable that Britain would make a disappointing showing in the armament race. Ferdinand Kuhn, for ten years head of the London bureau of the *New York Times*, summed up the predicament of British rearmament in his paper on January 9, 1939, "If there is any complaint about the quality of British weapons it is that they are too good—that they have been fussed at and tinkered with to make them absolutely perfect. The result sometimes is that they have become obsolete compared with the mass-produced output of other countries. This indeed is the real scandal of British rearmament—the fundamental shortcoming, which may yet jeopardize the British Empire itself.

"While Germany, Japan and, to a smaller extent, Italy, have gone on to a mass-production basis in their armament programs, Britain still clings to a multiplicity of types, still refuses to standardize sufficiently, and still has not learned to accept the assembly line as a symbol of her rearmament effort. . . . The psychology of the armament makers is still based upon the old search for quality and durability whereas the desperate need of the moment would seem to be to turn out shells, guns, and airplanes in overwhelming quantities."

Having worked in England at this time, I can confirm Mr. Kuhn's conclusions. Out of many talks with well-informed observers who were able to see the rearmament program from the inside, I select two which sum up the situation.

One was with an American munitions salesman. I met him at the house of a very ebullient military editor of a large London paper. The editor had been

enthusiastic about what he called the new British mass production of armament. I looked at my compatriot. He looked at me. Later we left our host. "He's not lying," said the American salesman; "he really believes the boys here have mass production of munitions. Of course they haven't anything of the sort. They're trying to get it, but at present they're just producing more than they used to, by the same old methods, but far less than if they employed American methods. You see, this country hasn't, by and large, got the idea of what we call progressive assembly. I've seen the inside of too many munitions plants here to be able to come to any other conclusion."

The other—a military attaché stationed in London, a strong Anglophile who mourned the descent of British prestige in recent years—was even more gloomy. "They simply haven't the right set-up for their industry—from top to bottom. Design of products, manufacture of products, sale of products—all are on an antiquated, small-scale basis. So when they turn to munitions they naturally make the same mistakes. Here's an interesting story. I know an American manufacturer in business here for some years. He got a munitions contract from the Government. Did he go right to work to build the plant necessary to turn them out? No, sir. He went to Berlin, had a German engineering firm lay out the plans and specifications; he placed orders in German factories for the equipment and practically built the whole factory with German assistance. It's finished to-day, and that's more than you could say if he had left it to the British."

This case is probably not unique. Indeed without the assistance of German and American factory equipment, British rearmament might well have lagged even more seriously. For it is no secret that Britain has imported large numbers of German and American machine tools. It was admitted in the House of Commons that German machine tools were

being used in the manufacture of heavy cannon. Figures on British imports of American machine tools—\$80,000,000 in the past five years—tell the story. But many machine tools can't be delivered over the counter on demand. This accounts for much of the slowness of British rearmament. The manufacture of machine tools takes time. For instance, to make a machine tool for boring large-caliber cannon takes over a year; to make a milling tool to work on the bases of anti-aircraft guns also takes over a year. Add this technological delay to British backwardness and you get a clearer conception of the reasons for the slow-motion spectacle of British rearmament.

It should be realized that rationalization has gained some ground in Britain, particularly in the past year. As the war continues, national necessity will force more and more rationalization. In fact, if Britain emerges victorious from the war her industry may prove better fitted to fight the international battle of trade in the peace that follows. For the present, however, the readjustment remains painful and slow.

But another element, priorities, rivals mass production in importance. It may be many years before the real story is told of the tremendous handicap from which British rearmament suffered because of a lack of a central co-ordinating body—such as they have now in the Ministry of Supply—which could compel peacetime industry (reluctant to turn away its customers in favor of the War Office and the Ministry of Aviation) to supply materials, parts, and products. In England in the past two years you could hear many stories about this handicap. For instance, in the Midland industrial region a factory foreman told me how production of planes in his factory was held up by lack of legs. The legs had been purchased from a Czech firm before the invasion of Prague. After that event these supplies were cut off. A month passed before the authorities could find a firm willing to curtail its peacetime produc-

tion for the manufacture of this aviation part.

The Government's reluctance to institute an all-powerful Ministry of Supply points to the root of British trouble. This reluctance was not merely conservatism. Britain depends for her very existence on the export of manufactured goods to pay for imports of food and raw materials. If Britain sternly regimented her industry to the sole end of producing munitions she might well make great progress in the armament race. But at the same time she would be losing her export markets. This would sooner or later bring about her economic demise. Here lies the grave dilemma of British industry. The fact that priorities did not go into force until a few months before the war and then only to a very limited extent offers evidence of the British inability to face this vital problem. In spite of signs that the Ministry of Supply is now working energetically, it still remains uncertain how far Britain has gone since the outbreak of the war toward a solution of this problem.

A word about French economic potential. France is not a big industrial country. French products in the world market are luxury goods: fine silks, perfumes, millinery, etc. While the French have expanded and modernized their steel industry since the last war and increased its productive capacity, the French heavy industry ranks far below that of Britain and Germany. But the French, even more than the British, have failed to adapt themselves to mass production in their industry. This has affected most seriously the airplane industry, where lies the real crisis of French rearmament. (Rearmament of the land army had gone on ever since the last war, and the French army suffered from no serious lack of equipment.)

France's difficulties in plane production rose from a number of causes: social unrest, a nationalization of defense industries hampered by the opposition of private manufacturers, bureaucratic incompetence, etc. But resistance to mass-

production methods played a big role. Even after Munich the French were still tooling up their airplane factories (with the help of German and American machine tools) and the production curve did not really rise until the spring of 1939. By August, 1939, they were said to be producing 250 planes a month. But the fact that they were still trying to buy large numbers of American planes indicates that they were well aware of the inadequacy of their plane production. Lack of priorities too had its effect. For it is well known that big French exports of bauxite, the ore of aluminum, went to Germany at a time when French plane authorities were complaining of delays because of lack of aluminum. In short, in the one arm where French industry desperately needed to accelerate production, French industry failed to develop the "rapidity and adaptability" which constitutes such a necessary element in war potential.

But the principal load of Allied industrial effort must rest on Britain. Since the war this burden has increased to enormous proportions. Britain is just beginning to equip, as well as train, a large land army—a task that can't be performed overnight. British industry has had to start virtually from scratch at this task. It is well known that the first batch of conscripts, called up last July, were drilling without weapons. In addition to equipping several million soldiers, British industry must strain at other burdens. It must replace sunken warships and merchant ships, and expand the navy. A big trawler fleet must be kept in operation, at full strength. Mines must be manufactured. Anti-aircraft equipment, still far from adequate according to some reports, must be greatly expanded. Meanwhile the colossal effort to overtake German airplane production goes on. All this must be carried on by a conservative industry, which however much it is trying to adjust itself to large-scale production, cannot accomplish a real transformation over night. No wonder, then, that one

can feel some legitimate doubt about the possibility of British industry winning in a battle with German industry.

Meanwhile evidence accumulates that even since the outbreak of the war British industry has failed to make expected progress. True, British plane production rose from 500–600 a month just before the war to 1,000–1,400 after the war started, by reason of increasing shifts. But an American machine-tool manufacturer, Mr. Joseph E. Wood, on his return to the United States from Britain on February 6, 1940, told a *New York Herald Tribune* reporter that British airplane production is not as great as it is generally believed to be, saying, "It is problematical how fast the British are turning out planes. The British don't know what high-speed mass production is so far as I can see." On March 14, 1940, Hanson Baldwin, Military Editor of the *New York Times*, wrote, "The British rate [of airplane production], more than 1,000 in December, is believed to have dropped temporarily to 800 monthly. The French are still producing not more than 250 planes monthly."

Also the London *Spectator* prints an editorial note entitled "Munitions Output Misgivings." It says, apropos of Churchill's speech of January 26th, in which he mentioned need for greater expansion of munitions industries, "He [Churchill] alluded to a fact that has caused some misgivings, in spite of the impressive statistics quoted by the Prime Minister on Wednesday that there are still 1,300,000 unemployed, a sign that 'we have not taken all our slack up yet.' He said that millions of workers will be needed, among them more than a million women. . . . This throws a rather disturbing light on the degree of expansion so far reached in munitions manufacture. If the industry is such that it still employs millions fewer workers, men and women, than it must do, does that not prove the need for a much greater speeding up?"

Expert American opinion bears out these misgivings. Frederick Graham, airplane expert of the *New York Times*, on

February 11, 1940, estimated that Germany has a "good edge" over the Allies in plane production. He adds, however, that when the American planes "that are expected to be produced for the Allies in 1940 are added to the Allies' output, the ratio becomes more even." Hanson Baldwin, summing up the strategic situation of the war, says, "France and England probably will not be able to train and apply their maximum power before late next summer, perhaps not until the spring of 1941."

IV

But is there no force to be thrown into the scales to give the Allies the margin in the war of industries? The answer is obvious—Britain and France must look to American industry to redress the balance. The modern, efficient mass-production plant of this country, by far the most powerful in the world, will undoubtedly have to be called in to invigorate the backward, slow-moving and overburdened industries of Britain and France—if the latter are to win. American industry so far has not been seriously drawn upon by the Allies.

The British will have to drop their policy of cautious buying in this country. They will probably have to conclude some colossal industrial deal. Up to this date of writing the American aircraft and machine-tool industry has remained coy to Allied proposals for enormous orders—for fear of losing South American and domestic customers, and for fear of over-expansion. The Allies must overcome this hurdle if they are to realize the necessary conditions of their industrial—and hence military—success.

If British buyers do begin purchasing on a large scale, naturally this must involve a reconsideration of the international financial set-up—American gold, the debt problem, Allied credits and loans, etc. This will naturally raise a very thorny political problem. Will the American people be willing to move from the status of a neutral to that of

a non-belligerent ally—with the possibility of ultimately joining the Allies in waging war? Assuming that America decides to take this risk, another obstacle looms. Can the industrial resources of the United States be thrown into the scales with their full weight, unless the matter of “priorities” is settled?—a very difficult problem to solve while the United States remains at peace. But if such conditions are satisfied, the conclusion is inescapable—industrial supremacy, complete and overwhelming, would shift to the Allies.

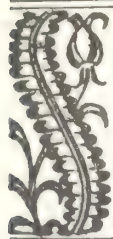
But meanwhile time passes—and not necessarily to the advantage of the Allies. The menace of a German attack on the west must hold supplies being produced in Britain and France, which are needed in other sectors. Allied power does not prevail in Scandinavia. In the Balkans and in parts of the Near East any real Allied power can be given only at a high

cost, since these regions are not industrialized and the long line of communications imposes a big burden on the Allies. Thus military considerations remain uncertain, while the factories in the Midlands and Lancashire finish tooling up, struggle with new methods of production, straighten out the kinks of priorities, etc. Raw materials and money are profuse. But the unseen item in the balance sheet of war potential exerts its force. Lack of “rapidity and adaptability” of the whole Allied industrial machine places in question the outcome of this war-behind-the-war.

“Give us three years and we shall be ready for them,” said a British arms manufacturer early in 1939, while his plant was working fifty-two hours a week, “Give us two years and we shan’t do badly.”

But Hitler and Stalin aren’t giving years away.





One Man's Meat

By E. B. WHITE



AWOKE this morning and from my bed I could look up Madison Avenue, and there saw a big sign on the side of a building: "World Peace Through World Trade." Lay a long while wondering how world trade might bring about world peace instead of world war, which it is so accustomed to bringing about. And a brass band came by a block away on Fifth, playing "Onward Christian Soldiers," though it was still quite early on Sunday and most Christian soldiers in this town were abed. But the police were up and marching, and I could see sun on the glass tops of yellow taxis and on the bare heads of priests on their way to the Cathedral, very mirthful and sociable and feeling better than I, who had eaten a bad fish the night before.



THE elevator boy in my hotel, after he has shut the grilled gate and started the car, always slips his hand through the bars of the gate so that as he passes each floor the sill-plate will give him a dangerous little kiss on the end of his finger. It is the only record he keeps of his fabulous travels. A doctor could probably tell him why he does it; but for that matter a doctor could probably tell me why when I pass through a long corridor I always kick lightly sideways with one foot so that it ticks the baseboard. A doctor *could*, but a doctor isn't going to. There are things about my life I don't wish to pry into, and that is one of them.



LOOKING at the Cathedral reminded me of Notre Dame and Quasimodo and of the troublesome time I often have at the movies. There was a scene in the "Hunchback" showing the King of

France taking his annual bath. One of his attendants urges him to take two baths a year instead of only one. And right there my attention wavered from the picture and I began brooding about the problem of personal cleanliness in the 15th Century and realized that if the King, enjoying all the advantages of wealth and position, took only one bath, then the gypsy girl Esmeralda, who lived among beggars and with no facilities whatsoever, probably took none. In spite of the apparent daintiness of Miss Maureen O'Hara, who managed to come out of every brawl looking lovely and sweet, the picture was spoiled for me, and I reflected that there was hardly a heroine in fiction prior to the present century whom I would feel attracted to at close range, so spoiled is the modern male by the clean girls that are found everywhere to-day.



THERE has been considerable opposition to the new census from persons who feel that the questionnaire would be an invasion of one's constitutional privacy. This hostility toward inquisitorial processes is a good sign—not that there's anything particularly devilish about census taking, but just that it's a fine thing for people to get stirred up about their rights, which otherwise tend to be nibbled away by the mice of time. We surrender our privacy too easily. The threat of a census has aroused the countryside because nobody looks forward with any pleasure to answering questions about his income or his bathtub. Housewives are haunted by the fear that when the census taker appears unexpectedly and peers into the tub he will find the brown ring of shame.

climbed into our car balancing a pot of baked beans wrapped in a paper bag, "here we go to the Chase & Sanborn hour."

It was a fine day for the meeting. About one hundred and twenty-five people turned out, or approximately one-seventh of the population. The hall is old and ugly—one of those Victorian mistakes with a mansard roof. The Masons own the top floor, the town owns the rest. Neither can decide whether to tear the thing down or leave it up, but the question is academic because neither could get the consent of the other anyway.

The meeting is held on the first floor, in a room whose walls are sheathed in tin with a decorative tin molding. The windows are curtained with strips of pink and white paper, à la Dennison. Near the door is a wood stove, and at one end, next to the dais, are four voting booths looking perilously like pay toilets. When we arrived the ladies of the church were upstairs preparing lunch. Others were taking their places round the walls on the wooden benches. The men were gathered round the stove, visiting, warming up, talking shop, girding for trouble.

There are lots of people in town whom you see only once a year, at town meeting. They emerge from the back country and put in an appearance early; the meeting is a get-together for the town the same as Fair day is for the county. The front row of benches was occupied by a delegation from the senior class at the high school who had come to report on government processes in a free country.

This was my first town meeting (I missed last year's) and I was surprised to discover that there was not much discussion on the floor. The warrant contained thirty-eight articles, covering election of town officers and appropriation of town moneys, as well as other matters of policy. Most of them aroused no debate. There were questions involving the schools, the roads, the library, public health, yet there was no general discus-

sion of any of these subjects. New Englanders are jealous of their right to govern themselves as they like, but in my town we have learned that town meeting is no place to decide anything. We thrash out our problems well in advance, working in small queues and with a long history of spite as a background. The meeting is just to make everything legal. For the assemblage the meeting virtually was concentrated in the first thirty minutes of bloodletting. It began when one of the citizens, who we all knew was loaded for bear, rose to his feet, walked to the front, drew from his pocket a small but ominous sheet of paper, and in soft pacific tones began:

"Mr. Moderator . . ."

This was when democracy sat up and looked around. This was the spectacle the townsfolk had walked miles for. Half way through the speech, when the air was heavy with distilled venom, my neighbor turned to me and whispered: "I get so excited here it makes me sick. I'll commence to shake by and by."

At the conclusion of the barrage the first selectman rose and returned the fire. Both men held the floor without yielding. There was no motion before the house—this was just pleasure before business. It had the heat and turmoil of the first Continental Congress without its nobility of purpose and purity of design. Old echoes of twenty years ago were awakened, old fires flared up and burned with original heat. At intervals there were bursts of applause when somebody scored a direct hit. At last the Moderator rapped with his gavel. Immediately the meeting settled down to business; cheerfully the taxpayers took up in rapid succession each article in the warrant and without a murmur voted the distribution of the twenty-five thousand dollars which, by dint of much scraping, we had managed to contribute to our community in the form of taxes. We had got our money's worth in the first half hour's skirmish—the rest was routine. You had to have roads and schools; that was all there was to that.



The Easy Chair



REMEMBER "THE PINK LADY"?

BY BERNARD DeVOTO

A YEAR or so ago an accomplished New York play-reviewer reached the end of his patience, pointed a forefinger at the Easy Chair in a gesture competently copied from Jane Cowl, and bringing to his voice the *timbre* of the early John Barrymore, said "The trouble . . . is . . . [bus.] you . . . hate . . . the theater." [Curtain.] The line, which is a curse, finished a discussion, or dogfight, in which the critic anticipated most of the points that Mr. Joseph Wood Krutch makes in a recent *Nation*.

Mr. Krutch has, understandably, grown tired of being asked how he has had the fortitude to endure fifteen years of reviewing plays. He might simply have alluded to Mr. George Jean Nathan. In Mr. Nathan's sight fifteen years of the theater are but as yesterday. He not only stands the theater: on occasions when squads of police have been detailed to keep him out of it he has invariably turned up in his usual seat made up as William Winter or John Mason Brown. He *likes* the theater. So does Mr. Krutch and he would have been wise to stop with saying so. But he seems to have felt that a personal idiosyncrasy is no justification for one who practices criticism on the *Nation*; so he went out to get some better reasons. He came back with little more than a finding that anyway there are more bad novels than bad plays, and a bad novel is worse than a bad play. Which is where the Easy Chair reenters, UL.

It is not true that I hate the theater.

But it is true that with the passage of years I have gradually developed a selective claustrophobia which is active only when I begin to think of going to a play. Its curve can be shown by a few figures. In the theatrical seasons of 1915-16, 1916-17, and 1919-20 I went to every play that came to Boston (this means just what it says), to every weekly production of one repertory company, and to a good many productions of the other company that Boston supported in that great age when Bostonians also liked the theater. At fifty cents a seat, that meant an expenditure of up to two or two and a half dollars a week sometimes, a ruinous fraction of an undergraduate's current funds. Furthermore, I smelled out most of the productions staged in lofts and stables and frequently traveled as far as Worcester or Providence in a blizzard to see some amateurs put on a Lord Dunsany fantasy with a Helen Hokinson character playing the Voice of the Gods. But in the season of 1939-40 I have gone, by March 1st, to exactly one play in Boston, "The Man Who Came to Dinner," and on several trips to New York, though I always intended to see three or four plays that people were talking about, I have found conclusive reasons why it was impossible. In the same season I have twice responded to Hollywood's ads, going hopefully to "Destry Rides Again" and "Ninotchka," and deciding that the latter was almost worth the effort.

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in several Dunsanys myself, stage-managed a number of similar tidbits, once held office in a chapter of the Drama League, and have been brought to my current convalescence only after a long agony of relapses and backslidings. It was I who saw Grace George as Major Barbara five nights running, and sent her (anonymously) a bunch of violets which I could by no means afford, and who wrote a sonnet, also anonymous, to Julia Sanderson. My perfumed reminiscences include Forbes-Robertson's "Hamlet" (though, a whiff of ham mingling with the perfume, they include also his "Passing of the Third Floor Back" and "The Light That Failed"), Ina Claire in the "Follies," Ann Pennington's knees, John Drew and Estelle Winwood and Ernest Lawford in Somerset Maugham's "Circle," and Helen Hayes telling William Gillette under a green spot that she wanted it to be true. I reveled in the Irish immigrations that made over our cultural life some dozen or fifteen times, the blue-silk dome that you shone some lights on and thus gave America a new birth in art (how beautiful Edna Millay was under that silk!), scores of sets and lightings that weren't a new art but were gorgeous—and, in sum, for years I found a pleasure in the theater that I don't find there any more. And let me not ignore "Chin-Chin," the "Greenwich Village Follies," "Blackbirds," a lot of tunes whose titles would make this confession sound like a Scott Fitzgerald story, and a succession of comedians and choruses that could hardly be matched outside of *Variety's* index. If all this goes back quite a distance, why it has to.

I think I can date the evening when the first premonition of what was to come pierced through that enchantment. Another group of Irish actors brought over one of St. John Ervine's plays. I had submitted to many worse Irish plays on my knees. But with a sudden dismay I found myself noticing greasepaint on an actor's face. (Was it Dudley Digges? If so, it was a better actor than we usu-

ally get to see.) This actor was sitting on a settle in an Oliver Goldsmith kitchen and Mr. Ervine was compelling him to intone "Weeping may endure for a night but joy cometh in the morning" while the landlord evicted him and raped his daughter, his son went out to commit murder, fire broke out in the attic, the baby died of bubonic plague, and thunder was heard offstage heralding the rainstorm which would stretch the rawhide and allow the rattlesnake to bite the hero in the carotid artery. Quite without volition, I remarked "Oh, hell!" and got up and went out to Boylston Street, and I still don't know whether anyone got to the rattlesnake in time. When you have once said "Oh, hell!" at such a moment the theater is never going to be the same again, and from then on I seemed always to be running into some actor forced by some playwright to talk that way at such a time, and I grew progressively less able to take it. Finally, as much for the freedom as for the art of the theater, I traveled to Quincy to see "Strange Interlude," which the Boston police would not license. Mr. Nathan has assured me that it is the highest reach of the American theater, and it may well be. All the papers were saying so when I made that pilgrimage, but for my part it turned out to be just Bertha the Beautiful Cloak Model suffering in the throes of extra-sensory perception for six hours' running time, and claustrophobia closed in for good. And whenever I try to break that phobia I run into a Clifford Odets prizefighter who wants to play the violin or a Philip Barry psychoanalyst clutching the curtains at an exit because the job of saving a little boy's soul is too harrowing for him to bear, or into Burgess Meredith playing Prince Hal as if the battle of Agincourt were a football rally and the Boar's Head Tavern were the Psi U house on an afternoon when some Smith girls had been asked in for tea.

Bernard Shaw said that four years of the London theater broke his very bones, and Mr. Krutch and Mr. Nathan have

proved that their zest and idealism are far more athletic than mine. The only reason one goes to the theater is to have a good time and the trouble is that it becomes increasingly difficult to enjoy yourself in the theater as your faculty of fantasy grows more fastidious with the years, as your critical judgment gets a higher lime-content, and as you become less willing to do nine-tenths of the actors' and dramatist's work yourself. The theater is always letting you down, either by tawdrily and pretentiously trying to do something beyond its province or by proving inept at its proper business. Mr. Krutch thinks that there are more skillful playwrights and actors than skillful novelists. I don't think so, but even if he is right it is remarkable how infrequently they get together. It isn't once a decade that you see Miss Winwood, Mr. Lawford, and Mr. Drew (there was a fourth fine practitioner in that cast—was it Mrs. Leslie Carter?) conjoined with a skill comparable to Mr. Maugham's. You can always go to see Miss Cornell or Mr. Huston or Miss Hayes or the Lunts, though when you do you usually find that after Miss Hayes had made sure of a competent leading man, she or the manager went on to protect her from any possible competition elsewhere in the cast. But after a while you get tired of watching Miss Hayes practice a personal excellence in a cheap play that amounts to a vacuum. Vacuums are what fate or preference or the lack of good playwrights compels our stars to appear in most of the time. For some years yet I shall probably go on fighting blizzards to see Miss Hayes, but she need not, for my sake, revive "Victoria Regina."

And these are our best actors—not the ones you usually encounter. Mr. Krutch seems to like the others; I don't. Either they try to convince me that they are experiencing genuine emotions because of occurrences which I am to recognize as possible to us all and doing things because of motives which I am to take as human, or else they try to lull and per-

suade me into the state of mind that is the theater's happiest possession, to make me live for two and a half hours in a world where excitement is its own reward, where dreams come true, and where life has greater resources of wit, gayety, heroism, nobility, ecstasy, and dedication than it has on Boylston Street. Both are worthy efforts and I am glad to co-operate with them to the utmost, but both commonly fail because so many actors cannot act. They get out there and mug and do silly things with their hands and make their voices sound phony, and even a good play becomes an assault on one's intelligence. Mr. Krutch salves his boredom with the thought that a novel would be worse, but I go out and hunt up a bookstore. In a novel you don't find a slice of ham thrust between you and what the writer meant. Hollywood's idea of getting along without actors entirely doesn't seem so bad.

Let us not be too hard on actors. They can make even "Hamlet" dull but for the most part they are licked before they start. The plays that Mr. Krutch talks about are plays I seldom get to see. He thinks that most plays are not topical in the way that many novels are; on the contrary, I find most of the "serious" drama of our times as topical as an editorial page, but cheapened and stultified because the playwright has to forgo his topicality at intervals to make the audience sit up. He says that the worst playwright who gets produced has to have a minimum expertness and the worst play has to have some kind of form. I seldom encounter the expertness, and the run of the mill play hasn't got any form whatever but only gags, build-ups, and curtains. What happened five minutes ago usually has no relation to what is happening now and both have only the foggiest bearing on the end of the act. The playwright goes for tears, laughs, and spinal shudders wherever he can find them; emotional or intellectual continuity is abandoned whenever there is a chance for theatricality. Asking

Mr. Krutch's forbearance, you can't get away with that in a novel.

What is a bad play? Whatever it may be, I have found fewer and fewer evenings of entertainment in the theater since that period of enchantment when everything was pretty good. Nobody need instruct me in the badness of novels—it has in part supported me for many years, I'm trained in it. But it seems to me, absolutely, less than the badness of the theater and, relatively, more easily remediable. At least a bad novel isn't made worse by inept actors. At least you can read it with a drink at your elbow. You can drop it without stepping on a neighbor's toes, and you can get twenty-five cents for it at a second-hand store.

But how good is a good play? Mr. Nathan once blew me up for saying that Eugene O'Neill falls short of Euripides, but I wonder if Mr. Krutch will assert that Mr. O'Neill has as much for us as Sinclair Lewis or John Dos Passos? Does he really believe that Maxwell Anderson works on as high a level as Willa Cather, Ernest Hemingway, or James Farrell? Isn't it altogether unfair to the theater in our time to hold it to the standard thus implied? Disregarding Mr. Massey's beautiful job, isn't the proper comparison for Mr. Sherwood's Lincoln play rather the *Saturday Evening Post* than higher levels of our fiction? It is, I mean to say, a shrewd, expert, and highly finished job of superficial portrayal, like the best story in any issue of the *Post*, and, yes, it is a good deal better than *Gone With the Wind*; but compare its intellectual content, the truth and distinction of its emotions, and what it has to say about its times with any of a half-dozen recent novels about the Civil War—which are by no means the best of recent novels—and it seems empty. Probably it is wrong to make such a comparison. Fiction in our time has

had more to say than the theater, has dealt more honestly and more profoundly with human experience, has come closer not only to describing life but to clarifying it. If you want to encounter life as you know it you turn to fiction, not the theater; and you turn there also if you want fantasy that has nobility in it, that is really well done, that is a fine art. Those, I think, are the facts, and I have come to believe that it is wrong to try to bring the theater and fiction under the same set of values. If it isn't wrong, my experience indicates that it is futile.

Mr. Krutch makes an exception for "really supreme works of fiction." Well, sometimes you get Bernard Shaw writing "Cæsar and Cleopatra" and Forbes-Robertson playing it. But that doesn't happen very often, whereas Mr. Dos Passos and Mr. Farrell bring out new novels every year or so. Far more often, if you get a pretty good play it's badly acted, or if you get Miss Hayes you also get that trumpery series of tableaux that turn green at the edges five minutes after you start home. So you—or at least I—decline on that part of the theater which does not compete with the novel and which seldom lets you down. On the theater as playhouse, make-believe, and variety show. On Mr. George Kaufman, Mr. Cole Porter, and successive generations of pleasantly designed girls. And after all you have Aristotle on your side. Aristotle said that whenever the drama gets very far from saxophones, the belly laugh, and the female hip, the drama is certain to go sour. Mr. Shaw rebelled against that thesis. He made his rebellion good, but there is a notable famine of Bernard Shaws on Forty-Second Street. When you pick up the theatrical section to decide which play to blow the price of two novels on, the odds are nightmarishly against you unless you choose Mr. Kaufman or someone who practices the same art.

